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THE PALLADIUM.

JULY, 1850.

THE PALLADIUM.

By the Olympian powers (so Homer sung)
An Image was on Troy conferred of yore,
And named Palladium, because it bore
The form of Pallas, sagest deemed among
The fabled godheads of the pagan heaven.
Fondly the race of Priam thought, that, while
That shape upon their city deigned to smile,
Thence could they never by their foes be driven.
As guide and stay, adornment and defence,
Custodian of their freedom, lives, and laws,
Prized they that statue. Here, in humble sense,
Is the name used to herald in a cause,
Whose fate must rest on just experience.
TO VINDICATE THE NAME, STRIVE WE WITHOUT A PAUSE!

CARLYLE'S LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS:

THE PRESENT TIME; MODEL PRISONS; DOWNING STREET; THE NEW
DOWNING STREET; SKETCH OF AN ORATOR; PARLIAMENTS.

We are not party politicians; indeed, we are only politicians at all from taking an intense interest in whatever concerns social progress and national well-being. Such questions as those of how ignorance, pauperism, and crime are to be dealt with—how parliament can fully embody the tested wisdom and the purified will of the nation—how liberty and good order can be practically harmonised—and how sovereignty can duly ebb and flow, circulating freely between the people and their rulers, so that, on the one hand, the people shall never feel the pressure of despotism, nor, on the other, shall the rulers ever be swayed by a capricious and fierce democracy; in short, that the relationship on neither side shall be one of masters and slaves, but of noble, manifold, and thorough co-operation for the common weal, are of transcendent importance, to be discussed by those who are neither Whig nor Tory partisans. We take the earliest opportunity of attempting a brief but unbiassed review of the opinions formed on such questions by Thomas Carlyle, who is a perfect Ishmaelite among politicians—his hand being against every man

and every man's hand against him. We have neither triumph nor mortification when he puts forth his formidable strength against any government, or any men, or any measures, our concern is exclusively about the good or the evil which he may do to the cause of patriotism and humanity. Indeed, we cannot suppose that even keen partisans will care much about his movements, for he attacks alternately not only Whigs and Conservatives, Radicals and Tories, but also the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the democracy.—thus summarily and contemptuously throwing away the very bones of contention from the mouths of the other dogs, and leaving these nothing to fight for, but to turn unanimously upon *him* and rend him if they can. He is a worshipper—not of what is called royalty, not of what is called nobility, not of what is called the people, nor even of all these three powers combined together and balancing each other—and he must, therefore, alienate not only all party men, but all political creedmongers. He is a HERO-WORSHIPPER; kings, according to his view, may be dethroned and put to death by one or more remarkable men, sprung either from the aristocracy or the democracy; the aristocracy may be supplanted, and even destroyed, either by one of the people or by the king; and the people may be trampled upon and trodden down into the most abject slavery either by a noble or a king. It does not matter to Mr Carlyle where his hero be found—whether in a palace, a mansion, a brewery, or the tent of a private soldier; he cares not by what means that hero seizes upon the government, his birth, and the character of his usurpation are nothing—absolutely nothing—if he do really govern. Mr Carlyle's hero-worship thus excludes him from the political ranks, and renders his views a matter of indifference to all partisans. We believe that it also makes those views radically erroneous, for it identifies *might* not only with conventional but also with real *right*. Carlyle's theory of hero-worship explains the monstrously extravagant, impracticable, and even brutal and bloody suggestions which we shall have occasion to denounce in our notice of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets."

Mr Carlyle's profound thinking never exercises itself upon abstract subjects. *Man* is always his theme. In his view humanity overlies all matter and spirit. His manhood ever asserts itself, and with the most imperious and constant instinct seeks brotherhood. Another characteristic is, that he never regards man as a mere phenomenon—a mere object to be described. To him, man is never isolated or solitary, but related to his species and to the eternal laws of the universe. He never looks at *individuality*, unless as denoting peculiar differences between one man and his brethren, or great anomalies in the system of things. Metaphysical speculation is his aversion. Hence he is emphatically a teacher—a vehement exciter to thought and action. For many years he has laboured, with prodigious force and earnestness, to improve men individually, and to turn each into a hero. Most solemnly has he expounded the awful grandeur of life—its relation to "the immensities and eternities"—and its duties to these. Occasionally he has tried to lecture nations as well as individuals, inculcating that governments and their people should work with insight and bravery. His "Chartism," and "Past and Present," took this wide range of teaching, but were totally unsuccessful. He has now, however, addressed himself more specially and formally to this important task

We have no doubt that the "Life and Letters of Cromwell," on which he was long engaged, along with the many serious political events which have occurred within the last few years—such as the revolutions on the Continent—have prompted him to write the "Latter-Day Pamphlets."

The unfortunate title which Mr Carlyle has given to his series of political tracts will sharpen and point the sneers that have often been directed against him as a *prophet*. We admire him as a bold and original thinker, as a keen-eyed spectator, and one gifted with and exercised in profound reflection; but we have no faith in him as a seer. *Do the prophets live for ever?* No; now they do not live at all, for the season of visions is gone, the race of seers is extinct, and the mantle of prophecy, instead of resting on human shoulders, is wrapped around the Bible—that solitary and everlasting oracle. We get wisdom as we get food; the former is no longer direct inspiration any more than the latter is manna. Men of genius are our teachers, but their bright eye has no supernatural beam, and their words, however magical and potent, are not the articulated breath of God. We have as little converse with prophets as with angels. It is ridiculous phraseology which finds the latter in women and the former in sages. We expect no oracles from Mr Carlyle to be added to or substituted for the Bible. We have no more respect for him as a prophet than we have for those knaves and fools who call themselves "Latter-Day Saints"—nor do we entertain a very high regard for him, either as a political or a social reformer. He is a destructionist, most efficient in demolishing existing plans and theories, but seldom does he exhibit any which may succeed those—or, when he does, the statement is vague, incoherent, and self-contradictory. His sketch of the "Present Time" (No. 1 of the series), its humbugs and hypocrisies, is graphic and powerful, but what the future should be, and how it may be brought about, we cannot learn from him. He abuses kings, nobles, and people with equal good will; the present constitution of parliament, and "universal suffrage by ballot-box," monarchies and republics. He is even doubtful whether parliament should not be altogether abolished. "It is possible," he says, "a parliament may not be the method! Possible the inveterate notions of the English people may have settled it as the method, and the everlasting laws of nature may have settled it as not the method."

In this first pamphlet he proposes a remedy for the overgrown evils of pauperism, but it is one which the British nation will indignantly repudiate. An able-bodied pauper, says Mr Carlyle, has lost the rights of a freeman; he is to be treated as a slave, and compelled to work. If he do so heartily and perseveringly he is to obtain remuneration, and at length—emancipation! but if he refuse, he is to be lashed, or even shot! Such brutal views are announced in grim earnestness. Most of his readers have been shocked by the cold-blooded humour of his descriptions of the poor negro race, and by the absolute ferocity of his plans for their future treatment. He has borrowed all his jokes against the blacks from Charles Lamb, without the fine and tender humanity in which they lay in Lamb's soul.

The second pamphlet is on Punishments, and is entitled "Model Prisons." The question of how crime, and especially petty crime, is to be dealt with, has become one of weighty and urgent importance.

Legislation will soon be compelled to take it up—and to do so will be no holiday work. The means of detecting and tracing to the proper parties the various offences that are committed against person and property, are nearly perfect, and offenders of every class and shade are almost certain of being brought to justice, for a numerous, vigilant, and efficient body of police watch both town and country, and scarcely a sparrow falleth to the ground without being noticed and reported; but the system of punishment, confessedly requires many changes; what is to be done with offenders after they are apprehended and convicted, is an unspeakably greater difficulty than how to apprehend and convict them; and after the police, the prosecutor, and the jury have done their respective duties, what the sentence of the judge ought to be, and how it should be carried into effect, are the most serious and burdensome questions of all. *Imprisonment* is the penalty that is inflicted upon petty criminals, both young and old. The person convicted of a brawl, or of an assault, or of theft, is sent to jail. A jail ought, therefore, when seen from without, to have a formidable aspect, and, when tried within, to have a no less formidable character. Freemen contemplating it, and captives knowing it by experience, should be strongly impressed with the evil consequences of crime. To the one it should not give, and to the other it should not promise, a refuge for poverty and starvation, and a home for idleness. As the term of confinement cannot be long, it is evident that it should be associated with circumstances which shall tend strongly to prevent the offender from repeating and all others from imitating his wickedness. The punishment should do more than simply give a brief pause, a temporary check, in his bad career. Yet, at present, imprisonment merely provides, as it were, a pleasant and comfortable sleep, lasting a few days, or weeks, or months, after which the criminal comes forth without having suffered any severe privations to teach him a salutary lesson, or to render him an obvious example and warning to others. Jails are highly comfortable houses, with cells far superior in every respect to the hovels occupied by the industrious classes, with warm and clean apparel, and with good and abundant diet, which honest poverty may well envy. In short, were John Howard, the great philanthropist, living in our days, instead of going through prisons that he might behold and alleviate wretchedness, he would avoid these as he used to do the abodes of affluence and wealth—he would no more enter the cells of crime—he would step into the cottages of industry, honesty, and piety. Let a man steal, and this qualifies him to get airy, yet warm lodgings, clean clothes, wholesome diet, the attendance of servants, and the instructions of a chaplain; and the worse that the theft was, he would only get these blessings for a longer time. It is true that there is the disgrace of captivity, but it requires a better heart to appreciate and realise that disgrace than may fairly be assumed as belonging to the individuals who have broken the law. Far be it from us to wish to restore the execrable barbarities and horrors of the jails of a past century. But, surely, there is an immense difference between the damp and loathsome dungeons and the palace-like accommodations of our present handsome prisons. The first took brutal and inhuman vengeance upon criminals, the last nurses them tenderly. The first was almost burying them alive, the second is not even a house of correction for them.

If the public will not be compelled, by the progress of crime, to consider this matter, we are sure that they will soon be induced to do so by the fast-increasing expense which those prisons are accumulating on the country. Our prisons are neither diminishing nor checking crime; on the contrary, they are encouraging it to multiply. Yet if this alarming fact will not force the country to reflect, surely the other fact, that prisons are becoming so enormously costly, and that this inefficient mode of punishing the bad is emptying the pockets of the good, will not be disregarded. We are pensioning crime; we are supporting criminals like gentlemen; and—therefore swelling the list.

What are Mr Carlyle's views on the punishment of crime? Ever since he fell in love with Cromwell, he has been an inordinate admirer of the magistrate's sword and physical force. He has taken up the "mission" of preaching that crime, vice, and even imbecility, should be exterminated by a military despotism, and that the world is to be redeemed by bare strength of arm. If, in the Millennium, swords are to be turned into pruning-hooks, yet Mr Carlyle's creed is, that the sword must introduce the Millennium.

His tract upon "Model Prisons" ridicules most unmercifully the idea of the humanitarian's, that criminals may be reformed by love and gentleness. Mr Carlyle says:

"Howard abated the jail fever; but it seems to me he has been the innocent cause of a far more distressing fever which rages high just now; what we may call the Benevolent-Platform Fever. Howard is to be regarded as the unlucky fountain of that tumultuous frothy ocean-tide of benevolent sentimentality, 'abolition of punishment,' all-absorbing 'prison discipline,' and general morbid sympathy instead of hearty hatred for scoundrels, which is threatening to drown human society as in deluges, and leave, instead of an 'edifice of society' fit for the habitation of men, a continent of fetid ooze, inhabitable only by mud-gods and creatures that walk upon their belly. Few things more distress a sinking soul at this time. Most sick am I, O friends, of this sugary, disastrous jargon of philanthropy, the reign of love, new era of universal brotherhood, and not Paradise! to the well-deserving, but Paradise to all-and-sundry, which possesses the benighted minds of men and women of our day. My friends, I think you are much mistaken about Paradise! 'No Paradise for anybody; he that cannot do without Paradise, go his ways,' suppose you tried that for a while? I reckon that the safer version.—Unhappy sugary brethren, this is all untrue; this other, contrary to the fact; not a tatter of it will hang together in the wind and weather of fact. In brotherhood with the base and foolish, I for one do not mean to live. Not in brotherhood with them was life hitherto worth much to me; in pity, in hope not yet quite swallowed of disgust—otherwise in enmity that must last through eternity, in unappeasable aversion shall I have to live with these! Brotherhood? No, be the thought far from me. They are Adam's children, alas! yes, I will remember that, and never shall forget it; hence this rage and sorrow. But they have gone over to the dragons—they have quitted the father's house, and set up with the Old Serpent: till they return, how can they be brothers! They are enemies, deadly to themselves and to me and to you, till then—till then, while hope yet lasts, I will treat them as brothers fallen insane; when hope has ended, with tears grown sacred and wrath grown sacred, I will cut them off in the name of God! It is at my peril if I do not. With the servant of Satan I dare not continue in partnership. Him I must put away, resolutely, and for ever; 'lest,' as it is written, 'I become partaker of his plagues.' You would have saved the Sarawak Pirates, then? The Almighty Maker is wroth that the Sarawak cutthroats, with their poisoned

spears, are away! What must his wrath be that the 30,000 needlewomen are still here, and the question 'preventive grace' not yet settled! O my friends, in sad earnest—sad and deadly earnest, there much needs that God would mend all this, and that we should help him to mend it!

Many are the sentimentalists who deserve such reproof: still some of Mr. Carlyle's words outrage both Christianity and humanity. If the Universal Maker has compassion and a Gospel for "the very chief of sinners," we do not exactly see why Thomas Carlyle should have an "unappeasable aversion," and a hangman's rope for scoundrels. Times are changed, for Mr. Carlyle once professed the closest "brotherhood" with the greatest ruffians, brutes, and scoundrels that ever wore the human shape—the incarnate demons of the French Revolution. So far from "cutting them off in the name of God," he almost worshipped them as saints—and instead of treating them "with wrath grown sacred," he cherished them with love grown unprincipled, flagitious, and absurd. It seemed to do his heart good to keep company with the most bloody, filthy, and wicked of men. After associating with and admiring human fiends, he repudiates all brotherhood with fallen man. The following paragraph brings out his views more distinctly:

"Hopeless for evermore such a project. These abject, ape, wolf, ox, imp, and other diabolic-animal specimens of humanity, who of the very gods could ever have commanded them by love! A collar round the neck, and a cartwhip flourished over the back; these, in a just and steady human hand, were what the gods would have appointed them; and now when, by long misconduct and neglect, they had sworn themselves into the Devil's regiment of the line, and got the seal of Chaos impressed on their visage, it was very doubtful whether even these would be of avail for the unfortunate commander of twelve hundred men! By 'love,' without hope, except of peaceably teasing oakum, or fear except of a temporary dinner, that was to guide these men, and wisely constrain them—whitherward? Nowhither—that was his goal, if you think well of it—that was a second fundamental falsity in his problem. False in the warp and false in the woof, thought one of us; about as false a problem as any I have seen a good man set upon lately! To guide scoundrels by 'love,' that is a false woof; I take it—a method that will not hold together; hardly for the flower of men will love alone do, and for the sediment and scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do. And then to guide any class of men, scoundrel, or other, *nowhither*, which was this poor captain's problem in this prison, with oakum for its one element of hope or outlook, how can that prosper by 'love' or by any conceivable method? That is a warp wholly false. Out of which false warp, or originally false condition to start from, combined and daily woven into by your false woof, or methods of 'love' and suchlike, there arises for our poor captain the falsest of problems, and for a man of his faculty the unfairest of situations. His problem was, not to command good men to do something, but bad men to do (with superficial disguises) nothing."

Now, we do not see how clean and well-aired prisons, and a humane jailor, represent such "love" as Mr. Carlyle denounces. Would he have criminals put into prisons where no sanitary laws are observed—where damp, foul air, and unwholesome food were the order of the place? We believe, as we have already said, that many of our prisons are something more than health-preserving. They are not only comfortable, but almost luxurious. Still a visitor is little aware of the irksomeness, the penance, the real punishment which a criminal endures, who has to re-

main for many months in such prisons, and who works at the light task of teasing oakum. Captivity and bondage are bondage and captivity in all circumstances. Mr Carlyle thus describes one of the London prisons :

"Several months ago, some friends took me with them to see one of the London prisons—a prison of the exemplary or model kind ; an immense circuit of buildings, cut out, girt with a high ring wall, from the lones and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one ; gateway as to a fortified place ; then a spacious court, like the square of a city ; broad staircases, passages to interior courts ; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment : surely one of the most perfect buildings within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts, or special and private : excellent all—the *ne-plus-ultra* of human care and ingenuity. In my life I never saw so clean a building ; probably no duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness. The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted—found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum, and the like, in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation ; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs : others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts ; methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort, reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing. In long ranges of wash-houses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us ; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to 'cherish their vanity' when visitors looked at them. Schools, too, were there ; intelligent teachers, of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves."

It was all very pleasant for Mr Carlyle to *pass through* the prison cells ; but would he have liked to remain there in durance for a year or so ? We may fancy him to have confined his attention exclusively to the condition of a murderer. Of course, in visiting him, Mr Carlyle would have made the same remarks about the architectural stateliness of the prison. On being admitted to the condemned cell, he would have found a clergyman attending gratuitously to the spiritual welfare of the poor wretch.

"What a happy man !" Mr Carlyle would exclaim. "He is far more privileged than the honest and the virtuous of his fellow-countrymen, for he gets the benefit of clergy for nothing, and without a church-rate !"

Mr Carlyle also sees a turnkey in attendance, and would again exclaim—"Happy man ! He keeps a valet without having wages to pay. The scoundrel is better off than the good man whose hard hands are his only servants."

On the morning of execution, the poor wretch is offered a glass of wine. Mr Carlyle tastes it, and finds it of "excellence superlative." "What a sin," he cries out, "to cherish this brute with generous wine, when thousands of virtuous men and women are doomed to drink coffee-slops !"

Mr Carlyle also gets a view of the nightcap to be put on when the criminal is about to be stretched for his last long sleep. He pronounces

it remarkable for purity, and declares that "no duke in England sleeps in a nightcap of such perfect and thorough cleanness." "Horrible!" he indignantly vociferates, "that the finest cotton should cover that villainous head, when the brow of honest industry cannot get even a red Kilmarnock!"

He also sees the rope. "A pretty soft collar that!" he exclaims, in wrath. "The brute's neck should have been clasped in iron. Why didn't the sugary folks put beads and jewels upon the rope, to make it as ornamental as a lady's necklace?"

Mr Carlyle then walks with the procession to the scaffold, muttering curses all the while that the criminal should have such respectable attendance. But his wrath is quite beyond restraint when he sees the huge bulk of a scaffold. "What!" he asks, "have King Solomon's carpenters been here to rear such a splendid structure? What honest man ever finds such a conspicuous platform as that ruffian is now to be elevated to? I, Thomas Carlyle, a pretty considerable man in my own eyes, and in those of the world, never stood so high."

Well, well; but now, O Thomas, comes the test. You, Thomas, have envied the wretch's comforts—do you envy the awful sequel which closes these? Will you condescend to taste a little of THE HANGING, as you did of the wine?

No we suspect that Mr Carlyle, on trial, would find confinement in a prison not quite so pleasant as visiting and inspecting the cell for a few hours.

His description of two Chartist prisoners is amusing:—

"From an inner upper room or gallery, we looked down into a range of private courts, where certain Chartist Notabilities were undergoing their term. Chartist Notability First struck me very much: I had seen him about a year before, by involuntary accident, and much to my disgust, magnetising a silly young person, and had noted well the unlovely voracious look of him—his thick oily skin, his heavy dull-burning eyes, his greedy mouth, the dusky, potent, insatiable *animalism* that looked out of every feature of him—a fellow adequate to animal-magnetise most things, I did suppose; and here was the post I now found him arrived at. Next neighbour to him was Notability Second, a philosophic or literary Chartist, walking rapidly to and fro in his private court, a clean high-walled place; the world and its cares quite excluded for some months to come; master of his own time and spiritual resources, to, as I supposed, a really enviable extent. What 'literary man' to an equal extent! I fancied I, for my own part, so left with paper and ink, and all taxes and botherations shut out from me, could have written such a book as no reader will here ever get of me. Never, O reader, never here in a mere house with taxes and botherations. Here, alas! one has to snatch one's poor book, bit by bit, as from a conflagration; and to think and live, comparatively, as if the house were not one's own, but mainly the world's and the devil's. Notability Second might have filled one with envy."

For the sake of getting such a book as Mr Carlyle could write, the public will be disposed to pray that he were in prison. Still, we half-suspect that then he would regard with strong feelings of "hero-worship" Jack Sheppard, and, instead of writing a book, would endeavour to effect an escape. Most certainly, he would not report so favourably of the governor of the jail as he now does in the following paragraph:—

"The Captain of the place, a gentleman of ancient military or royal navy habits,

was one of the most perfect governors, professionally and by nature zealous for cleanliness, punctuality, good order of every kind; a humane heart, and yet a strong one; soft of speech and manner, yet with an inflexible rigour of command, so far as his limits went; 'iron hand in a velvet glove,' as Napoleon defined it—a man of real worth, challenging at once love and respect; the light of those mild bright eyes seemed to permeate the place as with an all-pervading vigilance, and kindly yet victorious illumination; in the soft definite voice it was as if nature herself were promulgating her orders, gentlest, mildest orders, which, however, in the end, there would be no disobeying, which in the end there would be no living without fulfilment of—a true '*Aristos*' and commander of men—a man worthy to have commanded and guided forward, in good ways, twelve hundred of the best common people in London or the world: he was here, for many years past, giving all his care and faculty to command, and guide forward in such ways as there were, twelve hundred of the worst. I looked with considerable admiration on this gentleman, and with considerable astonishment, the reverse of admiration, on the work he had here been set upon. This excellent captain was too old a commander to complain of anything; indeed he struggled visibly the other way, to find in his own mind that all here was best; but I could sufficiently discern that, in his natural instincts, if not mounting up to the region of his thoughts, there was a continual protest going on against much of it; that nature and all his inarticulate persuasion (however much forbidden to articulate itself), taught him the futility and unfeasibility of the system followed here. The visiting magistrate, he gently regretted, rather than complained, had lately taken his treadmill from him—men were just now pulling it down; and how he was henceforth to enforce discipline on these bad subjects, was much a difficulty with him. 'They cared for nothing but the treadmill, and for having their rations cut short;' of the two sole penalties, hard work and occasional hunger, there remained now only one, and that by no means the better one, as he thought. The 'sympathy' of visitors, too—their 'pity' for his interesting scoundrel subjects, though he tried to like it, was evidently no joy to his practical mind. Pity! Yes; but pity for the scoundrel species?—for those who will not have pity on themselves, and will force the universe and the laws of nature to have no 'pity' on them? Meseems I could discover fitter objects of pity."

Mr Carlyle's deliverance on the whole subject of prison discipline is that, at present, it is conducted upon totally wrong principles, and with absurd aims.

The spirit of this tract, if it were breathed into the laws and judges that have to deal with criminals, would transform justice, the heavenly guardian, into a fury of hell. It is bloodthirsty and brutal, making Mr Carlyle's humour hideous, and his reasoning fiendish. The tract might have been written by "hangman's hands." He closes it by intimating that punishment is not the most pressing question of the day.

"My clear opinion farther is, we had better quit the scoundrel province of reform—better close that under hatches, in some rapid summary manner, and go elsewhere with our reform efforts. A whole world, for want of reform, is drowning and sinking, threatening to swamp itself into a Stygian quagmire, uninhabitable by any noble-minded man. Let us to thy well-heads, I say—to the chief fountain of these waters of bitterness, and there strike home and dig! To puddle in the embouchures and drowned outskirts, and ulterior and ultimate issues and cloacas of the affair; what profit can there be in that! Nothing to be saved there—nothing to be fished-up there, except, with endless peril and spread of pestilence, a miscellany of broken waifs and dead dogs! In the name of Heaven, quit that."

Nos. 3 and 4 of the series are entitled "Downing Street," and "New

Downing Street." The theme is one on which Mr Carlyle might fairly be expected to show his remarkable powers of demolishing shams. He makes a most characteristic exposure of the "dead pedantries, unvarieties, indolent, somnolent impotencies, and accumulated dung-mountains" in Downing Street. His descriptions of Downing Street, and the circumstances, habits, and doings of its officials, are often not more striking than true. But he is invariably more successful in pointing out evils than in prescribing remedies. Indeed, until lately, he never troubled himself to hint what the remedies might be to the evils which he so graphically described and so sternly denounced. But now he does talk of cures. When these, however, happen to be of a comprehensive character, he is singularly vague in all that he says about them, and never hints where they are to be got, nor how they are to be applied. The chief remedy for Downing Street is that the Queen should have the prerogative of calling from out of the nation, and not exclusively from out of parliament, fit persons to be "upper and under secretaries" both for home and foreign affairs, and that her majesty should also have the power of giving those officials a seat in parliament:—

"The proposal is, That Secretaries under and upper, that all manner of changeable or permanent servants in the Government offices shall be selected *without* reference to their power of getting into Parliament—that, in short, the Queen shall have power of nominating the half-dozen or half-score officers of the Administration, whose presence is thought necessary in Parliament, to official seats there, without reference to any constituency but her own only, which of course means her Prime Ministers—a very small encroachment on the present constitution of Parliament, offering a minimum of change in present methods, and I almost think a maximum in results to be derived therefrom. The Queen nominates John Thomas (the fittest man she, much-inquiring, can hear tell of in her three kingdoms), President of the Poor Law Board, Under Secretary of the Colonies, Under or perhaps even Upper Secretary of what she and her Premier find suitablest for a working head so eminent, a talent so precious; and grants him, by her direct authority, seat and vote in Parliament so long as he holds that office. Upper Secretaries having more to do in Parliament, and being so bound to be in favour there, would, I suppose, at least till new times and habits come, be expected to be chosen from among the *People's* Members as at present. But whether the Prime Minister himself is, in all times, bound to be first a *People's* Member; and which, or how many, of his Secretaries and subordinates he might be allowed to take as *Queen's* Members, my authority does not say—perhaps has not himself settled; the project being yet in the mere outline or foreshadow, the practical embodiment in all details to be fixed by authorities much more competent than he. The soul of his project is, that the Crown also have power to elect a few members to Parliament. From which project, however wisely it were embodied, there could probably, at first or all at once, no great 'accession of intellect' to the Government Offices ensue; though a little might, even at first, and a little is always precious; but in its ulterior operation, were that faithfully developed and wisely presided over, I fancy an immense accession of intellect might ensue—a natural ingress thereby might be opened to all manner of accessions, and the actual flower of whatever intellect the British Nation had might be attracted towards Downing Street, and continue flowing steadily thither! For let us see a little what effects this simple change carries in it the possibilities of. Here are beneficent germs, which the presence of one truly wise man as Chief Minister, steadily fostering them for even a few years, with the sacred fidelity and vigilance that would beseech him, might ripen into living practices and habitual facts invaluable to us all."

Now, really, this is a small and most trifling cure. Let us suppose that the Queen had the prerogative to make Thomas Carlyle, who is not an M.P. for any constituency, Secretary for the Colonies, and to give him a seat in Parliament, *how is the Queen to be induced to exercise her prerogative in favour of said Thomas?* Though she had it in her power to appoint to offices of state the very best men in the kingdom, who are not at present, nor are likely ever to be, members of Parliament, is it probable that she *would* appoint them? How will Mr Carlyle get over this difficulty?

No. 5 is the "Stump Orator," and its aim is to rebuke those endless words which, in and out of Parliament, take the place of necessary deeds. "Hansard" furnishes capital scope for Mr Carlyle's sarcastic descriptions,—long debates ending in nothing, occupying, with rhetoric bad and good, time which ought to have been devoted to the conception and execution of measures for the public weal. The country will never be delivered or preserved, or even bettered, by mere talk, however fine. How little good have our great statesmen—such as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Brougham, Peel, and Russell—*done*, compared with the words which they have spoken. The "Stump Orator" is by far the most vigorous tract of the series, wonderfully graphic, and occasionally giving profound glimpses into the philosophy both of thought and of language. The following paragraph is admirable, and may be placed beside the best passages which Thomas Carlyle ever wrote:—

"In the old ages, when universities and schools were first instituted, this function of the schoolmaster, to teach mere speaking, was the natural one. In those healthy times, guided by silent instincts and the monition of nature, men had from of old been used to teach themselves what it was essential to learn, by the one sure method of learning anything—practical apprenticeship to it. This was the rule for all classes; as it now is the rule, unluckily, for only one class. The working man as yet sought only to know his craft, and educated himself sufficiently by plugging and hammering, under the conditions given, and in fit relation to the persons given: a course of education, then, as now and ever, really opulent in manful culture and instruction to him; teaching him many solid virtues, and most indubitably useful knowledges; developing in him valuable faculties not a few, both to do and to endure, among which the faculty of elaborate grammatical utterance, seeing he had so little of extraordinary to utter, or to learn from spoken or written utterances, was not bargained for; the grammar of Nature, which he learned from his mother, being still amply sufficient for him. This was, as it still is, the grand education of the working man. As for the priest, though his trade was clearly of a reading and speaking nature, he knew also, in those veracious times, that grammar, if needful, was by no means the one thing needful, or the chief thing. By far the chief thing needful, and indeed the one thing then as now, was, that there should be in him the feeling and the practice of reverence to God and to men; that in his life's core there should dwell, spoken or silent, a ray of pious wisdom, fit for illuminating dark human destinies;—not so much that he should possess the art of speech, as that he should have something to speak! And for that latter requisite the priest also trained himself by apprenticeship, by actual attempt to practise, by manifold long-continued trial, of a devout and painful nature, such as his superiors prescribed to him. This, when once judged satisfactory, procured him ordination; and his grammar-learning, in the good times of priesthood, was very much of a parergon with him, as indeed, in all times, it is intrinsically quite insignificant in comparison. The young noble, again, for whom

grammar-school masters were first hired, and high seminaries founded, he too, without these, or over and above these, had from immemorial time been used to learn his business by apprenticeship. The young noble, before the schoolmaster as after him, went apprentice to some elder noble; entered himself as page with some distinguished earl or duke; and here, serving upwards from step to step, under wise monition, learned his chivalries, his practice of arms and of courtesies, his baronial duties and manners, and what it would beseech him to do and to be in the world—by practical attempt of his own, and example of one whose life was a daily concrete pattern for him. To such a one, already filled with intellectual substance, and possessing what we may call the practical gold-bullion of human culture, it was an obvious improvement that he should be taught to speak it out of him on occasion: that he should carry a spiritual bank-note, producible on demand for what of 'gold-bullion' he had, not so negotiable otherwise, stored in the cellars of his mind. A man with wisdom, insight, and heroic worth already acquired for him, naturally demanded of the schoolmaster this one new faculty—the faculty of uttering, in fit words, what he had. A valuable superaddition of faculty; and yet we are to remember it was scarcely a new faculty; it was but the tangible sign of what other faculties the man had in the silent state: and many a rugged inarticulate chief of men, I can believe, was most enviably 'educated,' who had not a book on his premises; whose signature, a true sign-manual, was the stamp of his iron hand, duly inked and clapt upon the parchment; and whose speech in Parliament, like the growl of lions, did indeed convey his meaning, but would have torn Lindley Murray's nerves to pieces! To such a one the schoolmaster adjusted himself very naturally in that manner, as a man wanted for teaching grammatical utterance, the thing to utter being already there. The thing to utter, here was the grand point! And perhaps this is the reason why, among earnest nations—as among the Romans, for example—the craft of the schoolmaster was held in little regard; for, indeed, as mere teacher of grammar, of ciphering on the abacus, and suchlike, how did he differ much from the dancing-master or fencing-master, or deserve much regard? Such was the rule in the ancient healthy times. Can it be doubtful that this is still the rule of human education—that the human creature needs first of all to be educated, not that he may speak, but that he may have something weighty and valuable to say! If speech is the bank-note for an inward capital of culture, of insight, and noble human worth, then speech is precious, and the art of speech shall be honoured. But if there is no inward capital; if speech represent no real culture of the mind, but an imaginary culture; no bullion, but the fatal and now almost hopeless deficit of such? Alas, alas, said bank-note is then a *forged* one, passing freely current in the market, but bringing damages to the receiver, to the payer, and to all the world, which are in sad truth infallible, and of amount incalculable. Few think of it at present, but the truth remains for ever so. In parliaments and other loud assemblages, your eloquent talk, *disunited* from Nature and her facts, is taken as wisdom and the correct image of said facts; but Nature well knows what it is, Nature will not have it as such, and will reject your forged note one day, with huge costs. The foolish traders in the market pass it freely, nothing doubting, and rejoice in the dexterous execution of the piece; and so it circulates from hand to hand, and from class to class; gravitating ever downwards towards the *practical* class, till at last it reaches some poor *working* hand, who can pass it no farther, but must take it to the bank to get bread with it, and there the answer is, 'Unhappy caitiff, this note is forged. It does not mean performance and reality, in parliaments and elsewhere, for thy behoof; it means fallacious semblance of performance; and thou, poor dupe, art thrown into the stocks on offering it here!'

Yet Mr Carlyle, in his strong denunciations of the too copious use, and,

in most instances, the positive and flagrant abuse of speech, would annihilate language altogether, and reduce the world to silence; fondly imagining that then some true prophet's voice would break through the hush and tell the nations what to do, and whom to follow and obey. He wishes to cut the tongue both out of Church and State, but how the patients are to be coaxed to have this operation performed on them, he does not concern himself.

The sixth tract is entitled "Parliaments," and is but a repetition of the views in tract first. Mr Carlyle has no faith in reforming Parliament by ballot-box, or universal suffrage, or, indeed, by any conceivable means; but he has a strong wish to abolish it! He then grandly sketches the man who is fit to govern the destinies of England, and makes him brave, wise, and pious; but never hints how such a man may step into the seat of authority.

All the pamphlets are filled with the gloomiest views of the present state of our country, and with darkest forebodings about the future. We dare say that our readers will, on reflection, admit the following to be a true characteristic of Mr Carlyle in his views and spirit as a reformer:—When the good is pretty large; and is rapidly (rapidly, considering the many and fearfully influential counteractives) leavening the bad, he has little or no admiration; but when the bad has reached such an enormity as to begin to be *suicidal* (though, alas! evil is never allowed to finish a case of suicide, for the devil, or some of the devil's innumerable servants, always come in opportunely, and cut the rope, and restore suspended animation to the monster, who by and by revives and works again)—when times are so bad that a revolution takes place, dethroning, by dire convulsion of systems and immense shedding of human blood, one kind or form of iniquity for another which is perhaps only a little less repulsive and mischievous, then Carlyle is seized with profoundest interest and admiration. Our space will not permit us to give examples; but let our readers take our remark in hand, and go through any of Mr Carlyle's productions, and they will find it amply verified in every page. He has but small sympathy with quietly progressive good; he does not see, he does not hear, the grass growing, and he will not acknowledge that it grows.

We know not how long the series of "Latter-day Pamphlets" is to be, yet we suspect that we have already got the best ones. The tract which, probably, will have appeared ere this sheet be in the hands of our readers, is entitled "Hudson's Statue;" and Mr Carlyle must have uttered all his solemn views upon grand political and social questions when he turns his attention to such a small and contemptible object as Mr Hudson and his scrip. He must have got all his national projects stated when he proceeds to give his opinion of the Railway King. We may then confidently assume that the forthcoming pamphlets will be inferior to those already published, which appear to contain the pith and essence of Mr Carlyle's principles and views; and if so, all admirers of his genius, who expected valuable discussions resulting in a creed as clear and permanent as the estimate of Cromwell's character, which he recently brought out, will be greatly disappointed. It is **FEUDALISM** (though, in some respects, of a novel kind) which he preaches and labours to establish.

The "Latter-day Pamphlets" will only obtain a wide reading and keep

up their interest by their publication in the light serial form. Had they appeared complete in a volume, we believe that they would soon have been numbered with his "Chartism" and his "Past and Present"—works which are scarcely known.

LINES ON THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS, AT HINDELBANK,
NEAR BERNE.

Madame Langhans was the wife of the pastor of the rural parish of Hindelbank, and died in 1790, on Easter morning, after giving birth to an infant who did not survive her. A monument was erected to commemorate her many virtues and rare beauty; it stands in the church where her husband officiated, and represents her as bursting from the sepulchre, with her infant in her arms, at the resurrection. It is the work of the artist Nahl, and is regarded as a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind; unhappily it is only in freestone, and that, not of the finest sort. The inscription was furnished by the celebrated Haller, and concludes thus—"Lo here am I and the child thou hast given me."

She died in her young beauty; like a light
That for a little season o'er the night
Sheds its sweet lustre, and then shuts its eye.
And in one tomb she and her infant lie:
For she took with her to the vast unknown
The babe for whose brief life she gave her own.

Oh! what a tale of love and grief 's here!
What tides of sorrow flow'd around that bier!
A husband's love—a father's joy—all gone!
And that once happy circle, where she shone
Its central light and fire, left, like a sphere
Robb'd of its star, all desolate and drear!
Ah! who can tell what bitter tears were shed
When that fond wife was laid among the dead!
And yet her husband sorrowed not as those
Who have no hope. Up from the dust he rose,
And wiped his tears; and, smiling midst his pain,
Cried with firm faith, "Yet shall we meet again,
I and my loved ones. They have gone away
To dwell with Death—yet are they not Death's prey,
But only for a little season lent."
Then for a genius-gifted man he sent,
And bade him in enduring sculpture tell
Of his heart's griefs and hopes the chronicle.

And there it stands—that thrilling monument,
On which is sculptured, springing from the rent
And shatter'd tomb, the mother with her child,
Smiling as, ere she left this earth, she smiled.
Her death-sleep now is o'er; the night hath past;
The world's bright Easter morning dawns at last;
The Master comes and calls; and she, with sweet
And glad obeisance, bending at the feet
Of Him whose Passion on the ruthless tree,
Hath from all evil set her ever free,
Holds up her babe, and cries, "Blest Lord of Heaven,
Behold me and the child whom thou hast given."

W. L. A.

THE INVASION OF NEPAUL.

"An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentle genius of the plain ;

And while their rocky ramparts round they see
The rough abode of want and liberty.

(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below."—*Gray*.

[What a wonderful change has come over the destiny of India! Instead of an Ambassador to the Great Mogul on the plains of Hindoostan, as facetiously described in this article, we behold a Hindoo vizier passing the bounds of the forbidden Attock, and crossing the globe to make his salaam in a far distant island in the west, to the successor of the Timor sceptre, in the person of our illustrious beloved British queen. We hope, therefore, to have the pleasure, quite apropos at this juncture, of making our readers better acquainted with some of the features of the romantic kingdom of Nepaul. It is also highly interesting to us Scotchmen to read of the effect that our native music had on the far-travelled ambassador at a late public entertainment, when he delighted to declare "that he, too, was a mountaineer, and that such were the strains that inspired him on the battlefield."]

More than half a century had elapsed since the battle of Plassy was fought—a battle that not only decided our fate as to our existing as traders at a petty factory at the insignificant village of Calcutta, but which was, by its consequences, if successful, in the course of time to make us merchant-monarchs of the Mogul empire. "We fought and conquered," and it was no longer at our option to accept or refuse a mighty monarchy—this was forced upon us by our new position, for it brought us successively in contact with viceroys who had made themselves independent in the misrule and decline of the Timor dynasty, and whose only hopes of security against our arms (erroneously supposing that the conquest of India was our ultimate aim), was that of extermination of the foreign invaders. We may figure to ourselves Lord Clive, on the morning of Plassy, like the conquering genius of England, drawing his sword, and casting its scabbard into the Ganges, on whose banks he stood, never to be sheathed again till the current of time had carried that scabbard to the sea, round Cape Comerin, and only to come again to light, when, after the consummating battle of Goojerat, it was drifted ashore on the Indus, and the conquering blade of Plassy was restored to its sheath, amid shouts of final triumph, and promise of peace and prosperity to India. Then was the declaration of the Marquis of Wellesley, the greatest governor India ever saw, realised, that our Indian possessions would never be consolidated and secure, till the Indus formed the western boundary of our Eastern principality.

From Bengal we had proceeded in our conquering career to the Sutlej, over one vast, unvaried, interminable plain, rich with luxuriant harvests, watered by gently flowing sea-like rivers, reflecting magni-

scent cities, temples, and towers, teeming with inhabitants, and civilised by eastern lore, and excelling in the most delicately wrought manufactures. All this time we knew little or nothing of Nepaul, save that it was an abrupt, stupendous mountain range that bounded, on the north, our triumphant march to the north-west; and at times, when the line of march lay nearer to the impenetrable-looking barrier, and when the rainy season lifted the misty vale, we gained a glance of the mysterious sublimity of pure white peaks, rising far beyond and far above the magnificent blue range in the foreground, whose height far surpasses our loftiest Grampians. On these we gazed with conscious solemnity, the effect being increased by their contrast to the vast level champaign expanse over which we were travelling, and contemplating the distant Himalaya, we experienced an overpowering sensation, in beholding a portion of our earth projecting its unsullied spires to such an unimagined altitude in the pure azure abysses of heaven.

So long had these mountains been considered a kind of *terra incognita*, even during the long dynasties of the Mahommedan kings of Hindostan, that about the time of Arunzebe, when the Mogul empire extended from those mountains to the sea, an embassy from Nepaul arriving at Agra was regarded almost as an embassy from another world. It is recorded, that the king, at the magnificent durbar that received the mountaineer ambassador from these rugged regions, anxious to know something of the strange country, desired the envoy to describe the nature of his master's dominions. He, by a truly Eastern, effective, and primitively statistical demonstration, merely held aloft his open hand, with the fingers expanded from each other, thus giving at least a truly graphic section of the successive precipitous hill and narrow vale that characterise Nepaul.

On one occasion, a scientific British traveller, Buchanan, had been admitted into the Vale of Katmandoo, and one or two enterprising officers had taken a stolen glance into the outworks of the jealous iron-bound mountain bulwarks, and brought back stories which we could scarcely credit, that so near our tropic plains they had seen pine-trees, primroses, strawberries, hawthorn, &c. &c., and heard the notes of our home enchanting merle. About the year 1812 or 1813, the time had nearly arrived when the British cannon was to blow open the adamantine portals of Nepaul. The celebrated traveller Morcroft, accompanied by the adventurous and romantic Major Hearsey, had penetrated, disguised as pilgrims, to the source of the Ganges, and at the little solitary temple amid the chaos of rock and cataract, ice and snow, those unsuspected palmers were told by the oracular priest of the shrine, that whenever two pilgrims of the western world stood undiscovered at his altar, the fate of Nepaul was doomed, and would pass into the rule of a fair-haired race. However vague that coincidence might be, we may conceive what a thrilling effect it must have had on our adventurous concealed countrymen. The fulfilment of this pretended Asian Delphos was at hand.

About the time that the British conquered at Plassy, the Goorkas, a tribe of Tartar-blooded, Nepaulese, inhabiting an eastern district of the kingdom, resolved on the conquest of Nepaul; and being a brave, stalwart, hardy race, easily bore down the more enervated and gentler

aborigines of the mountains, and first conquered Nepal proper; and then, while we were advancing in our conquests along the plains, they held a parallel victorious line of march along the mountain tops. And had they been gifted with a due sense of the prowess and resources of the lowland invaders, they would have avoided any cause of offence or collision, and remained contented with their accessions in their own proper altitudes. Both armies had advanced as far as the Sittlej, subduing in succession the different provinces on plain and mountain, and the prize of the vale of Cashmere was close at hand for the Goorka force; but, in spite of British remonstrances and threatenings, the mountaineers would not be restrained from occasionally stepping aside from their own proper highway, to help themselves to some of the good things on our plains; and no doubt the fertile fields in the vale of the Ganges, viewed from the barren mountain sides, must have been very alluring to hungry uncommisserated marauders. But, knowing the insuperable difficulties in carrying the tactics of European warfare into such a country, and the little advantage to be gained by the conquest of it, each retiring governor-general left the punishment of Nepal as a legacy to his successor.

The soldier governor, the noble Hastings, at last arrived in India, entrusted with the combined high commissions of Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. Indignant at the insults offered to Great Britain by the mountaineers of Nepal, he was not long in shaking his veteran gauntlet at the heaven-seeking hills, and despatching his dignified ultimatum to the court at Katmandoo, demanding apologies for the past, guarantees for the future, or the invasion of their country, commenced his voyage of inspection on the Ganges, in all the splendour of an Eastern potentate. It was at the city of Patna, we think, that his lordship received the answer to his menacing communications. It was something to the following effect, "If you provoke us by such presumptuous demands we will extend our territories, in revenge, to the banks of the Ganges." "There," said Lord Hastings, throwing the paper on the breakfast table for the amusement of his staff, "there is a bold defiance from our mountain neighbours." His lordship immediately declared war, and undertook the arduous task of chastising the Nepaulese in their own stupendous fastnesses, and to carry war into a country unparalleled for sublimity and difficulties. It is not our intention to give an account of the Nepal war, that is the business of the historian, and has been already done; we wish to give an illustrated episodic description of the new and striking position in which we felt ourselves placed, and the highly excited feelings given to the dwellers on the plains by such a sudden and sublime transition.

Lord Hastings had ordered the assault on Nepal to be made at several different points along the range, and soon after he left his boats and proceeded by camp, in a parallel line, and at no great distance from the foot of the mountains, that he might be in the vicinity of the scene of action, and receive reports of the invading army as he moved along; but, alas! his progress was marked by nothing but disastrous despatches from every invading division, and he soon found that the chastisement of Nepal was to be no easy matter. The point of attack, which the regiment to which we belonged was destined to reinforce, was that in the

province of Nahn, which, being nearly the most western of the Goorka conquests, had, of course, been more recently subdued.

There is no gradual intermingling of mountain and plain on approaching Nepaul; the hills descend at once abrupt and sheer upon the level champaign; the transition is in an instant, and the traveller may almost plant, at the same moment, one foot on the torrid and the other on the temperate zone. Arrived at the base of the first mountain range, our noble pavilions of the plains were abandoned for little gipsy-looking tents—a piece of canvass suspended on three sticks; instead of the tall camel for carrying our grand camp equipage, our beasts of burden dwindled into little shaggy hill ponies; the palanquin and charger were exchanged for a stout bamboo walking stick, while vast depots of strong European peasants' shoes lay there in readiness, to supply the sepoy with a more sufficient defence against flinty goat-paths, than the sandals of the sandy plain. Our first sudden dive into Nepaul was by the channel of the Jumna. That mighty river which we had so long only witnessed flowing with its slow, deep, silent, turbid flood through the flats of Hindostan, now met us in its bright, musical, and rejoicing course. Over the dry portions of the gravelly bed, overhung by confining rocky precipices, we pursued our novel and highly interesting line of march, encamping at last at the spot where our aerial ascent was to commence on the following morning. No sign of human dwelling appeared; all was desolate and "tremendous sublimity."

We may here mention that the scene of operations in front of us, consisted of two parallel stupendous mountain ranges rising in succession almost perpendicularly from the level of their base. We were told that on the summit of the first, almost right over our heads, at the height of two thousand feet, was situated the deposed rajah's capital and palace of Nahn. This, at so great an eminence, where nothing was to be seen from our post but tiger-haunted trees and brushwood, appeared somewhat surprising. From the city of Nahn we were informed that the mountain range made a precipitous descent on the other side to the bottom of a narrow, profound valley, from whence the succeeding range arose, in like manner to the first, to the height of four thousand feet above our camp; and that on the peak of Jeytuck, five hundred feet still higher, the enemy had taken up his fortified position. We retired to rest, for the first time since our arrival in India, lulled, in the language of Ossian, by the "roar of streams."

To men who had, during their Indian career, only seen, day after day, and year after year, the sun rise at once with level beams along the ocean-like plain, it was with a strangely interesting and novel feeling in the morning, that we looked out upon the small expanse of sun-bright skies overhead, from the mountain abyss, without seeing, for many hours after, the tropic luminary that lighted them up; and most delicious it was, instead of looking out on the dull, dry, unvaried plain, to see around, dashing water, dewy caverns, and ivy-mantled cliffs. An early breakfast over, we prepared for the ascent, the nature of which will be best understood by conceiving, if possible, a turnpike stair with two thousand steps. So steep are the mountain-sides, that the easiest mode of ascending has been found to be, by taking two steps first to the right and then to the left, in zigzag fashion. The order was given to

advance in such a line of march as had never before lain before either the Europeans or natives. The officers, leaving their ponies to follow in the rear as they best might, joined the file-rank on foot, and we began to scale the mountain. Loud resounding peals of laughter was our music band; it was like a holiday excursion to schoolboys, for the first time permitted to ascend to the top of the highest Highland mountains. This was all very well for a little, and the active and younger Briton and Indian pushed nobly on, bending and *pegging* over their walking-sticks; but many of the veterans, long unseparated from charger, elephant, and palanquin, felt it a most arduous task, and one more suited to their will than their power. Some mountaineer natives in the train now taught those who had ponies and wished for their aid, a new and laughable mode of bringing them into play to assist us in our toilsome progress. A tent-rope was brought and placed across the breast, forming traces extending a yard or two in the pony's rear. The end of these traces the gentlemen were directed to twist round their hands, and, holding fast, to lean back with their whole body, at right angles with the mountain. These hill ponies, being all trained to this mode of harness and draught, understand well what is required, and on they move; all that the gentleman has to do is merely to lift one foot after another in succession, which, by the advance of the pony, is brought, *volens volens*, again in contact with the path. It is interesting to observe the tact of these little animals in their aerial progress; they never shrink from their duty, or attempt an inviting retreat, but ever and anon, to recover their breath, make, of their own accord, a decided stop, with their legs arrested in advancing position, graceful and firm as statuary; and oh for Punch's pencil to give it and the honourable gentleman reclining at the end of the traces in the rear, for an illustration of his next number! Of his own accord, having recovered his wind and strength, the noble creature again moves upwards with his human appendage. I shall never forget the scene upon coming up with one of the oldest, noblest, and bravest subadars (native captain), whose only *drawback* was his great obesity. On the plains his bearing had always been an almost caricature military erectness. Alas, what a change was here! I now beheld him with his brave turban off; his scarlet coat unbuttoned to the breeze, and, not being able to secure the assistance of a hill pony, he had called into requisition two young stalwart sepoys. With a hand in each of theirs, he lay back at the same angle as the gentleman behind the pony; only using, like him, his legs mechanically up and down, in compliance with his go-a-head supporters, helpless as a child, with his fine broad face expanded parallel to the skies, whilst his hoary locks drooped, agreeably to the laws of gravitation, directly to the earth. "What is all this, subadar?" said I; "what has come over you?" The brave, good, old man, no doubt a little ashamed at his ignoble and unmilitary position, resolved, however, as he could not put "a stiff back to a stae brae," to put a good face on what he could not help. "Sir," said he, "I am *lächär* (helpless). You ask what has come over me. I reply, I am overcome by the mountains; I am vanquished at last."

After this fashion on we toiled. We met with nothing human on our upward progress; dense tiger-hunted woods and rocks bounded the

view. About half-way up the mountain, we were much surprised on seeing, all at once, a little to the right of our path, a field-officer's large plain pavilion standing pitched in the jungle. On inquiring we found that old Joe, the major of a detachment, who had preceded us, in spite of his age and infirmities, had attained this altitude, but was unable, with all the mountain contrivances, to proceed further; the thing was impracticable. Unable to ascend, and disdaining to retreat, he resolved to hold the position he had attained during the campaign; and all allowed that the intrepidity required on his part to abide in this solitary spot, surrounded by ravenous beasts of prey, and inviting, by his unprotected situation, the roving, predatory bands of the enemy, was greater than bearing his share in all the conflicts that could possibly take place during the Nepaul war. Finding, however, that his was to be a standing camp, he resolved, after the old Bengal fashion, to make his abode in the wilderness as comfortable as possible. With great difficulty had, therefore, contrived to get his large tent of the plains conveyed piecemeal to this unwonted encamping ground, and there, putting them together, might really be said to reign the prince of the desert. Had I time, or the gentle reader patience, I think I could furnish an interesting episode on old Joe, who was indeed a character of the Clive school; but we must leave him for the present in his jungle and glory, and perhaps shall give him a call on our way back to the plains.

It is curious to observe how circumstances change our appreciation of things. In Scotland a mass of nettles is to some people a disagreeable sight, associated with the description of the sluggard's garden and the weed's envenomed sting; but the sight of them on the mountain-side of Nepaul was hailed with a shout of exultation. "Bring me," said a waggish young officer to a sepoy, "a slip of that plant, Jack." Jack, ever eager to serve his officer, rushed forward to cull a stalk; but what a rebound took place amid the shout of laughter from the Europeans, and wonderment and pain from the stung Hindoo. A somewhat affecting scene took place at the first pine-tree that was met on the march; a young Highlander rushed forward, and fondly embraced it.

The lower parts of the mountains were beginning to darken in with the shades of evening, when, through the foliage overhead, suddenly the summit of the mountain was seen, crowned with domes, and minarets, temples, palaces, and handsome dwelling-houses. In most other countries the top of a mountain two thousand feet high is generally left to nature's solitary desolateness; here the character was most interestingly reversed, and after a day's journey up a gloomy, uninhabited mountain, the haunts of bears, tigers, and elephants, we entered an elegant city, with its bustling market, cheerful streets, with elegant white stuccoed houses with their arched porticoes, temples lighted for evening service, and vocal with sweeter Hindoo vespers than ever I heard in the cities of the plain; whilst the noble palace of the old dynasty of Nahn, on the most elevated part of the city, gave to the whole its crowning charm.

Our regiment, proceeding through the city, soon found itself on the verge of the northern stupendous declivity of the mountain. Sheer down it went to a depth nearly equal to that from which we had ascended, where flowed a narrow, dimly seen river; and from it the second range of mountains, rugged, stern, and denuded, rose to the

height, as has been already observed, of four thousand feet above the plain. Along the summit of that wild range directly before us, lay the scene of operations then going on; and beyond them the pure white peaks of the Himalaya were still glowing with the lovely blushes of the long-set sun. From the somewhat level outline of the opposite mountain-ridge just mentioned, rose an isolated conical eminence five hundred feet still higher, which I cannot better describe than by desiring the reader to conceive Arthur's Seat placed on the top of that ridge, for it is almost a fac-simile. Fancy, then, the peak of this eminence (Jeytuck), five thousand feet above the plain, crowned with a citadel, and we have realised the poetical allusion to "a castle in the air."

Brave as the Goorkas were, they showed little skill in the art of war. What a fine opportunity, and fearful advantage, they possessed to dispute every step of our advance up the mountain, where, by laying obstacles across the narrow path, and practising the guerilla system from the concealment of the jungle on all sides, they might have rendered an entrance into their mountains almost impracticable, or at least to be effected only after great delay, labour, and bloodshed. Instead of this, however, they retired at once to their strongholds on the peaks, which they considered invulnerable, and where, had they been versed in British literature, they would have exclaimed in the words of Macbeth—

"The cry is still, they come ; our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn ; there let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up."

The fortified peak of Jeytuck formed the eastern extremity of the ridge. Upon a rounded eminence on the western end we could distinguish white specks, the British encampment, a mile intervening between the two forces. About half-way, but scarcely distinguishable, little dark mounds marked the position of the British batteries; and betwixt them and Jeytuck stood, in more prominent relief against the snowy range, a Hindoo temple, which was frequented, by turns, by worshippers from both armies.

Early in the following morning we reversed the order of march, by descending the northern side of the mountain—a less arduous but still very fatiguing journey. Having reached the bottom of the sublime chasm, we ascended the opposite range much in the style of the day before; and just as the sun's last rays were still gilding the tops of the mountains, we were climbing the last feet of the eminence crowned with the British encampment. I shall never forget the sublimely ridiculous object that at this moment presented itself to my view. I was looking up to the turf-crowned rock just above my head, with its miniature hill tents, when, for the purpose of enjoying the evening air and contemplating the sublimity of these regions, stooping from under the low entrance of one of the small pavilions, an officer, famed over all India for his surpassing height and corresponding breadth, issued forth, and then stood erect, in supernatural-like relief against the unclouded sky. I gave vent to my surprise and wonderment by exclaiming, in the words of Byron, "Lo, where the giant on the mountain stands." On reaching the summit, and looking round me on an ocean-like tempest of rifted mountain billows, crested to the north with the white foam of Himalaya,

that heaved on all sides, far as the eye could reach, with the exception of the Punjab campaign, which might be considered as the sea-shore, I turned round to my native tutor, who was an aspirer to the lyric laurel, but who, in his loftiest poetic flight from his native plains in spirit, never expected to be at such an elevation in the body, and said, "Well, Moonshree, in writing to your friends on the plains, how will you express your feelings at being here?" "I will merely say, sir," he replied, "that if there is a spot on earth more favourable than another for holding communion with the skies, we have now attained it." Our posts for the night were now assigned us. Mine, with a party of sepoy, was to occupy a succession of narrow rocky ledges projecting from the northern side of the mountain. Here we were stuck up in endurance for the night; a false step in front would have precipitated us to destruction into the fearful gulf below. My servants contrived to lower my little sleeping cot to the ledge on which I stood, but the pleasure of occupying it was greatly diminished by the danger of its sliding with its reposer into empty air; I found, however, a partial remedy against this, by stretching out my foot upon the stem of a solitary pine-tree rifted in the mountain-side. Night now "descended with clouds" on our more than romantic perilous post; and to crown the gloomy grandeur of the whole, the breeze of night awoke its *Æolian* wild notes, heard for the first time after a long lapse of years, with its solemn *ough* amongst the branches of my native pines. "And now," said I, pressing my foot firmly against the friendly fir, "who among the sepoy will give us a song on this great occasion." "Ah, sir," said one of the invisible guard, "how can you speak of singing in such a situation as this?" So for that night I had neither song nor supper.

Wishing the gentle readers serene slumbers in less insecure resting-places; and, if not too tired with the first two days' journeys, we invite them to meet us again, early in the morning, on the mountain-tops of Nepaul.

GILFILLAN'S "LITERARY PORTRAITS."

FIRST AND SECOND GALLERY.

WE place these two volumes together, though published at an interval of four years, because another edition of the first has been announced as forthcoming, and because we prefer to consider them, not as individual books, but as two chapters of a yet unfinished work. In reviewing them, our duties to the general reader will be particularly light, and our responsibilities towards the author especially heavy. Because these books are precisely those which the public should read for itself, from the first chapter to the last; and because the author has assumed a function of paramount importance in these times—a function "which no man taketh to himself but he that is called," and which offers to its candidates the grave alternatives of the oil of anointing or the whip of cords. Of this function we shall speak more at large a few pages hence.

And before proceeding to the intrinsic qualities of these "Galleries," we must pause to take a preliminary objection to the title. A "Literary Portrait" may mean a pen and ink sketch of the outward visible signs which make up the *personnel* of a literary man, or it may signify a picture of his mental countenance. The "Portraits" before us are not the first, and cannot be the second. Mr Gilfillan is too prudent to bring his pen into competition with the burin—he has a higher mission than "making faces." In his two noble volumes there is hardly an attempt at personal delineation; and in essaying a draft of an author's *mental* countenance, he would have undertaken what no right hand on earth but the one which was born with that countenance is competent to draw. His works are the only "Literary Portraits" which an author will acknowledge or posterity recognise.

True of all authors, in the main, this is especially true of the poets, and theirs are the names which shine most thickly down on us from the walls of these "Galleries." Every true poet is a Proteus, and every work of a true poet—in the whole and in its parts, be those parts never so varied—is a portrait of one of his many faces; daguerretyped often in some moment of unwonted gesticulation, some abnormal attitude or expression—but *portrait* no less. A dewdrop blood-red with the slanting sun is the same dewdrop that was colder than the stars. When the imagination is so strong as to supply the place of reality, the man who owns it, *ceteris non imparibus*, is a poet. Ideal circumstances act on his other mental faculties, as real circumstances act on the minds of ordinary men. And herein arises one great distinction between the poet and the poetaster. The poet imagines the circumstances, and feels as a man under them; the poetaster imagines feelings and all. He has no alternative, for the creations of his feeble ideality cannot act upon his passions. The poetaster, therefore, writes in Arabesque. The poet is always true to nature, *because he is true to himself*; and it is happy for us that he speaks from a heart which if "marred more than that of man" is still human. If the harp were as celestial as the hand that strikes it, what mortal bosom could give sympathetic chords? The poetic imagination, then, is supplementary, complementary, and deplementary. Supplementary only as regards the circumstances, complementary and deplementary as regards the mind, of the poet; for we have every one of us the germs of all good and bad passions, which have only to be magnified or diminished to the relative intensities of the character required. This power of changing the stop of the moral feelings, of regulating and inverting the perspective of the soul, this transmutation which is not metempsychosis, is one of the distinguishing characteristics of "the poet's dream." Reverse the passes—lay the imagination, and he awakes from the meæmeric sleep to his normal character.

We have been tempted to this digression by the fact that the popular penchant for extremes makes it very difficult to view this subject justly. Nothing is more true than that, in the majority of cases, a poet's life does not harmonise with his works. Nothing is more false than to suppose that a real poet ever created any character, high or low, great or small, male or female, young or old, good or bad, human, angel, or demon, which—by virtue of the poetic *metastasis*—*he was not himself*. The mistake is in supposing that he is *permanently* what he has been

temporarily. The children of Florence were right when they cried, "See, the man who was in hell;" the blunder lies in fancying that he eats, drinks, sleeps, and prays there.

To resume: a "Literary Portrait" is equivalent to an author's life and works. A gallery of thirty-six such portraits is synonymous with a respectable library. We cannot, therefore, look upon the books before us as such a gallery, and shall not treat them as "Literary Portraits" at all. We prefer to consider them the studio-talk of an accomplished artist. We need no reference to title-pages for the respective dates of the volumes, they are written in every line. In the first we hear the lectures of the young professor, proud of his subject, fresh from his books, and blood-warm to the tips of his ears. Healthy, hearty, vigorous, clear-eyed, deep-lunged, as a mountaineer, with the fervid gesture of unaffected zeal, the fine self-sufficing enthusiasm of genius and youth, he goes through his part in a rapturous energy, which never acknowledges, by one stray glance, the presence of an audience. No man will criticise him at the first reading. The vigorous home-thrusts of his short sentences, the earnest thundering momentum of his long stops, startle the reader from his critical equilibrium, and hurry him, panting, till his blood is up, and "the pace is too good to inquire." In the second, we have the gossip of the maturer artist, striding, brush in hand, from favourite to favourite on the wall, here bringing out some old "fade" colour with a careless passing touch, there stopping to point with hair-breadth pencil-tip to some unnoticed stroke, some strange chromatic, some glaze of atmosphere. Now loud in the enthusiasm of sympathy with aspiring excellence—now hushed and reverent before the consummated glories of some "Michel pin che mortale Angelo divino!" or standing wrapt and earnest, as some significant face, or historic group, or beloved memorial, warns him to the eloquence of panegyric or reproof, dissertation or disquisition, elegiac sighs, or heartfelt benediction.

Each volume has its peculiar excellencies and characteristic faults. We lay down the first with a warmer cheek than the second, but we feel that we could less easily dispense with the second than the first. Some grand fundamental properties are common to both. Honesty, charity, poetry, and courage, appear to be the leading features of the author's mind; and these features, informed and vivified by an unflinching faith, look out from every chapter in his work. And uncompleted as we must consider that work, it would be injustice to view it otherwise than as a whole. There are some houses—Aristophanes to the contrary, notwithstanding—which can be very fairly bought and sold by the brick; we are not now dealing with one of those. True, there are stones, not a few, about the building which one might pick out and set like jewels. Such gems as these: "Milton drew sometimes out of other men's wells with a golden pitcher, which consecrated and hallowed what he drew." He plagiarised "as Apollo might place upon his own golden bow arrows cut from the woods of Delphi." "The Milky-way—that unbanked river of stars—that abyss which is foaming with worlds." "Keats's genius lay in his body like sunfire in a dewdrop—at once beautifying and burning it up." "Byron—a demoniac, exceeding fierce, and dwelling among the tombs." "Paradise Lost—it stands alone unequalled;

Man's Mountain." "From the great psalm of the autumn blasts to the stammering sparkle of the stars." "The ocean—the shadow and wed sister of the earth." "Or the description of Milton,—unsurpassed since the Agamemnon of Timanthes—"I saw gods ascending from the earth, and one of them is an old man whose face is covered with a mantle." But the brightest tessera is not a tessellation; and the fairest collection of stirring sentences would ill represent the poetic power of some of our author's happier passages. Such, for instance, as that page in the review of Godwin, where the sun-dried, storm-beaten figure of the Alchemist—his face pale with watching, his eyes blood-shot with prayer—seems to pass you as in a cold rushing wind. Or that trumpet-blast of the wilderness—the description of the Prophet of Israel. Or the sublime egotism of that Christian rhapsody in which he sets his foot upon the sun, and warns aside the universe from the path of his immortality. But the best tessellation—to keep up our figure—is not the palace it adorns; and the best passage or chapter in these books is not the ground on which we expect their author's fame to be built, nor on which we rest our claim to consider them, intellectually, among the most important signs of our time.

There are many single papers, and scattered pages, in these volumes, which would be enough of themselves to place the writer high among the best intellects of the day. Such are his masterly estimate of the character of Brougham—"that isthmus uniting two times;" his critique on Cobbett—that healthy, breezy chapter, clear, bold, and bracing as the air of a shining winter day; his strong, earnest treatment of Isaac Taylor; his brave, great-hearted comparison of Mirabeau and Danton; the pure, bright, fragrant, streaming eloquence, in which he sets forth Wordsworth's labours; the fine poetic deprecation, which is as near a description of Coleridge as one who *could* describe him would dare go; the picturesque and living language into which he renders that strange, rude, wild, distorted, portrait, which Carlyle has given us of his great sturdy soul; his affectionate over-estimate of Longfellow (whose works are rather golden recollection than present vision, the elegiac words and tender mien, and mellow music, which tell some well-remembered tale of youth, than the poet's outcry at the *things seen*, or the poet's gesture at words which it is not lawful for a man to utter); and his classic exhibition of those chiselled statuesque creations of Lanier, with their purple light of life like the blush of a Greek sunset on an Athenian marble. Such is his chapter on Mrs Hemans; subtle and simple, graceful and strong, generous and severe—the leisure work of a just and genial critic, waiting at ease in the boudoir of the poetess, and dipping her silver pen into her perfumed ink. Such is his tribute to Elizabeth Barrett Browning; the strong, warm, earnest, tender speech—as it were "the admonishing smile"—of that "man my brother," to whom this pure-eyed poetess has looked with such touching confidence; and such the graceful homage to Herschel's departed sister, the sister of his heart and labours—she who so long loved "some bright particular star," and who, wearied with watching, has at length fallen asleep. Such is the astute and fearless estimate of Macaulay—"Macaulay the wise"—that "gifted but not great" man, who "has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius." Such the masterly

analysis of "Description" in the essay on Dr Croly. Such is the criticism, brimming with generous acumen, on Lytton Bulwer, "whose style is vicious from excess of virtue, weak from repletion of strength." We could have wished that, while on the subject of Bulwer, our author had given us an estimate of "King Arthur," not only because its size, ambitions, and the trumpet-clang of its debut entitle it to notice, but because it would have given him the finest evidence of the justice of that nice distinction which he has elsewhere drawn between the gifted and the great—the eminence of development and the excellence of genius, the highest man and the lowest angel. Intellectually speaking, King Arthur is worse than a fault; it is a mistake. The author is an orator, and has tried to be a poet. Does he ask the distinction? The orator works to move others, the poet to move himself. The whole calibre of Bulwer's mind is essentially oratorical, and no amount of that cultivation, of which, perhaps even more than Macaulay, he is the most magnificent existing specimen, can pass, on this side death, that inexorable line which separates the *natus* from the *factus*. Dickens's John the Carrier, was perpetually on the verge of a joke, but never made one. Bulwer's relation to poetry is of the same provoking kind. The lips twitch, the face glows, the eyes light—but the joke is not there. An exquisite *savoir faire* has led him within sight of the intuitions of poetic instinct. Laborious calculation has almost stood for sight; but his maps and charts are not the earth and the heavens. Glorious as some of his novels are, a careful eye can detect his idiosyncrasy; in the verses of "King Arthur" it stands naked. His vision is not a dream but a nightmare. You have Parnassus before you, but "the light that never was on sea or shore" is wanting. The whole work reminds you of a lunar landscape—rocks and caves to spare, but *no atmosphere*. It is fairyland travelled by dark. How you sigh even for the chaos, the "*discordia semina*" of genius, while toiling through the impotent waste of this sterile maturity!

But we are wandering from Gilfillan. Fine and startling as are some of his pages and papers, there is something in these volumes finer and more startling still. Here is an author who has written *con amore* of thirty-six characters; from Hall to Keats, from Dawson to Bailey, from Moore to Milton, from Cobbett to Shelley, from Pollok to Hood, from Jeffrey to Byron, from Brougham to Coleridge, from Bulwer to Carlyle. Here is a clergyman who regards "Cain not only as Byron's noblest production, but as one of the finest poems in this or any language. It is such a work as Milton, had he been miserable, would have written." Here is a critic boldly renouncing his infallibility, "Rosamond Gray, that beautiful story of Lamb's, on which we once, we regret to say, presumptuously passed an unfavourable opinion, but which has since commended itself to our heart of hearts." Here is a poet believing that "scientific culture is sure to beget scientific calm," and preaching from the fulness of the belief. Here is the laborious student, standing side by side with the poet, and "so listening to the melodies of nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, that he cannot completely lend an ear to the minstrelsies, however sweet, of men however gifted." Here is the essayist, writing in five golden lines the noblest

recipe of history, "a history forming a transcript, *as if in the shorthand of a superior being*, of the leading events of the age; solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect." Here is the keen censor who will resist the temptation of a great guilty corpse, and feeling that "mere criticism over such dread dust is impertinent, mere panegyric impossible," turn from it sighing. Here is the genial sympathiser who can place "the Psalm of Life" among those odes by which "the children of Israel might have tuned their march across the wilderness," and listen to Tennyson's "Two Voices" till "*Death* seems the one thing lovely in the universe." Here is an orthodox divine who proclaims that "a powerful cause of our recent refined scepticism may be found in *the narrow, bigoted, and unworthy notions of Christianity which prevail*, in the obstinacy with which they are retained, and in the contrast thus presented to the liberal and fluent motion of the general age." Here is a man, reverend and grown, who, seeing "that never yet there was an age with so many young, ardent, and gifted spirits," can look without jealousy on the youth he has left, and apostrophise the infant Hercules, "that young mind of the time," with attesting love and hope, and pride and prophecy. Here is a Celt who speaks Scotch and *thinks British*, and asks "*at*" his Caledonian soul questions which it answers from either side the Tweed. Here is a philosopher, the friend of Carlyle, the panegyrist of Emerson, "sitting, and in his right mind," at the feet of Christ. Here is a man, burning in zeal, adamant in faith, but who steps out to spiritual combat with the difficulties of the day, crying, "It will not do now to skulk from the field under a flight of nicknames. It will not do to call our opponents miscreants and monsters. While we state their doubts let us pity the pain and sorrow, amounting almost to distraction and despair, which attended them; and let us inquire, if we have no difficulties, may it not be *because we have never thought at all*." Here is the speculative enthusiast who can yet turn from the ideal to the real, with eyes in which "a meek and humble disciple of Jesus," is that noble moral poem sublimer far than the "Paradise Lost." Ay, this is the true "Paradise Regained." Here is a trained theologian, who, looking at the "religious authorship of the day," "which represents the Deity as a dreadful king of furies, whose dominion is overshadowed by vengeance, whose music is the cries of victims, and whose glory requires to be illustrated by the ruin of his creation"—that authorship which "would sacrifice all the records of creation to the arbitrary interpretation of a Hebrew particle," or "to prove Christianity the most excellent of the sciences, raves like a maniac against all science, and cares less for sun, moon, and stars, than for a farthing candle glimmering in the corner of a conventicle," cries out in indignant reprobation, "This, indeed, thank God, is *not* religion." Here is one who has been on the heights, and into the depths of doubt, and everywhere finds them peopled by men and brothers; who has dived into the mines of disbelief, where the eye of the indweller has lost capacity for sunshine—has stood on that mount of confusion where the sight is blinded with bare light, and with the calm clear voice of sympathy, lays bare the hearts of their inhabitants—the sceptic of the eighteenth and the sceptic of the nineteenth cen-

turies.* Here is a comprehensive believer in God and in man, who asks in hope, and hails in love every human effort to solve the great problems of the earth—who feels that “to believe in man is an indispensable requisite to a proper conception of Deity”—but looks for their highest resolution to that “unearthly advent, for which the weary world and wearier church are beginning to pant with unutterable groanings.” Here is the metaphysician, theologian, philosopher, censor, student, poet, and critic, walking forth in his vocation, with this maxim on his lips, his forehead, and his phylacteries—“LOVE, AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND.”

Accepting for a moment the dictum that “Shakspeare was the greatest of men *because he was the widest of sympathisers*,” we shall have difficulty in denying to the author of such a moral cosmos the title of a great man. In fact, when considering a book of this kind, the proper point of view is not literary but personal—our business is with the author more than with his work. We ought not so much to ask, “are these portraits, or lectures, or poems, or conversations, or soliloquies?” but, “who or what are you, George Gilfillan, who have thought your portraits, or lectures, or poems, or conversations, or soliloquies, of sufficient importance to paint, sing, or say them, in the eyes and ears of men?” For this is no time for *small ambitions*. We leave to the silk-stockinged century behind us, all sticking of flies, bombarding of spartows, and fencing with buttoned foils; all elaborate paring of nails, pruning of beards, polishing of pebbles, carving of cherrystones, and *diletteur* luxury of microscopic proprieties. No man need now think to stand before the world and count the moles upon a hero's face.

He who would come forward with the name of critic must be prepared for nothing less than this, *to sit as moderator in the sublime assembly of this age*. He who is not addressed to this candidature may step out of the sight and hearing of men. It is expedient for the assembly that the chair of arbitration be filled; but we are assembled in times too awful, for objects too momentous, with gifts too imperative, and with determinations too earnest, to waste any time upon unqualified aspirants. Neither must the chair be filled “by commission,” lest, as Louis Napoleon well said of another authority (whence hath the man this wisdom?) “in place of effecting a fusion of opinions we only arrive at a neutralisation of force.” The youth of that age in which “there never were so many young, ardent, and gifted spirits,” have come together. We will have no dictator or king, for “the former things are passed away;” not a leader, even, for we know not as yet who is “as Saul among his companions;” not a president, for we are unorganised; not a chairman only, for we are “in permanence.” But we would hail gladly some lay elder, some apostolic Episcopos, who, coming to us by the right divine of superior wisdom and superior love, young enough to “be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” too old to be “tempted like as we are”—learned in all that has been—hopeful in all that will be, and heedful of all that is—with one hand clasping Carlyle's, and touching with the other the hem of the garment of the Lord—should sit down in the midst of us with the light of the future on his face, the

* See page 418 of the “Second Gallery.”

wind of the past stirring the unsilvered locks about his ears, and his eyes turned now with tenderness to the earth, and now with trust to the heavens. To repeat: the moderator whom we require must not seek to be a tutor—for some of us are born to teach; nor must he degenerate into a servant—for the young must not rule till they have conquered; no autocrat—for he comes to develop not his own power but ours; no demagogue—for we think little of numbers, we who have set at naught the universe of men—the peoples, and tongues, and languages, of the innumerable past.

As the alchemist subjects the forces of nature, he must tame us by the purged pre-eminence of fasting, and watching, and prayer, and knowledge, and patience. He must stand before us as the virgin before the lion; he must ride us as the ship the sea—by the skill of earth and the winds of heaven. We must find the critic, the theologian, and the philosopher, with the soul of a saint, and the smile of a friend, and the face of a man. Critic, theologian, philosopher—a word of these. Unhappily, Criticus is a large genus. The most frequent critic is a kind of spiritual mechanic, an adept in literary mensuration, a solemn-faced artisan, mighty in scales and gauges, who takes his stand upon avoirdupois and the foot-rule. This man tries the line of beauty by the perpendicular, and throws it aside with the superiority of a carpenter; or he weighs the gas of genius on his steelyards, and casts from him in disdain the ponderable skin—sometimes, by good fortune, into the fire of his hearth, where it explodes to the singeing of his beard and the scorching of his eyes—haply, also, to the burning of his house and the conflagration of a city. A grade higher, and he has done all when he has given you the gravity of the sun, and the square yards of the holy of holies. A grade higher, and he is a chopper of dog-latin formulæ, a master of precedents, a doctor of authorities, a very alphabet of the letter of the law. A grade higher, and he is a tailoresque Lavater, in the outward visible sign oracular. Higher still, and he is the pen and ink general of engineers (deep in sapping and mining, scarp, counterscarp, approaches, covered ways, and every art of assault, entry, or reconnoissance from without), who draws you, by his science, a plan of the beleaguered town in black strokes, that serve alike for street and river, field and garden, inn and temple, cot and palace, things public and private, holy and profane; and who stands at last an inmate, but no citizen, in the heart of the city whose walls his bombs have dismantled, and whose homes and sacred places his entry has made desolate. All these men begin *from without*; the true critic commences *from within*. His first care is to apply the idiosyncratic rule of each to the performance of each, and show where each is to himself untrue. He cannot damn Carlyle because he is not Addison or Pope. He dare not think that a volume is to be demolished by an article, and the "Sartor" answered by a review; but he may fearlessly assay the thoughts of this great thinker, by tests which the thinker himself would acknowledge; may show him, for instance, how often he mistakes a *reductio ad absurdum* for a demonstration—how often the sorites on which he relies is but the Greek analysis which should have proved the futility of his hypothesis, and how often in an eager overbelief in his own imagery, he declares of his facts what is only true of his metaphors, like some Egyptian priest, who should teach of the unseen

truths all that he could prove of the painted hieroglyph. "Out of thine own mouth," must be the only formula of condemnation for the ordinary critic in these times. There is no presumption in this. So far and no farther may he dare.

But there is a yet higher kind of critic, unhappily rare upon the earth, who, adding to the judicial faculties much of the poetic instinct, has been induced by directing circumstances to exercise it otherwise than in written poetry. To him only belongs the high function of discerning of prophets. And this man—this angel in plain clothes—this *νικη αγγελος*—who shall recognise the children of light by the freemasonry of kin, is the literary want of our time. For those "dryasdust" men of precedent—those men who killed Keats, maddened Shelley, and damned Byron, are bad enough in the tamest, placidest, and most definite of times. But in these years of disorganisation, anarchy, and universal melée, when everything that can fight—young and old, rich and poor, good and bad, venerable and contemned—has girded, or is girding on its armour to the battle-field of the nations, who heeds commissions signed by overturned dynasties—"articles of war," to which bag-wigged regiments stepped, last century, the minuet of polite slaughter—or orders of the day, which fulminated to listening Europe the length of a jacket or the colour of a feather? Who cares for the gazette at Armageddon?

THE CRITIC OF THIS AGE MUST COME BAPTISING WITH WATER. "He who cometh after me!" must be his cry. By his soul he must declare upon whom "the Spirit descended"—no matter from what Nazareth "the good thing" comes. He must not disbelieve the seeing of his eyes, even though the denunciation of the Anointed should be against the priests of the temple and the stones of the holy place—though Caiaphas order him to judgment, and the Pilate of universal empire assign him his portion with the transgressors. Never was there a time when the functions of the great critic should be exercised with a more awful and prudent care. In the words of Divine lips, applied to an age which had many points of resemblance to our own, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force." Men's hearts are failing them in doubt and fear, and for looking after these things; and men which are coming upon the earth. To be a herald of advent is the first great duty, the diagnosis of a seer the first great study of the critic in such times—to separate the gifted from the giftless—to know the men of Pisgah from the maniacs of Delphi—the gesture of the prophet from the grimace of the python; and in the discharge of this mission, to him first is spoken the adjuration of the apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some have thereby entertained angels unawares."

In this age, therefore, the true critic's duty is with men, rather than with their works—with their works only in so far as they are the miracles which attest the man. Let us now see our "moderator" as theologian. The essential qualities of the religious student in all ages are not within our province here. We have to do with him as he relates to present wants; and perhaps the first qualification indispensable in him is this: that he be "a man of the age," according to God, and not "a man of the age," according to men—that he belong to the cycle rather than to the century—to the thousand years rather than to the

"day." He will thus inhabit an era beginning with the apostles, and ending with the day and hour of which "knoweth no man." It must be his to demonstrate the unity of that era. Having free transition therein, it will be his to remove that debris of ages which hides the beginning from the end. It must be his to accept at once the living present and the remote past, and point to those marks which, as in gulf-riven rocks, proclaim that they are in essence one. Hearing Emerson declare the universality of the human soul, he must argue thence the present adaptability of apostolic institutions; and when Carlyle preaches that "blessedness is better than happiness," he must remind him *who* first cried, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." Having an infinite faith in the word, he must have as steadfast a faith in the works of God, and be frightened at nothing when he is once convinced that *it is*. Believing that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea," he will open his ears with religious awe to every sound, however harsh and distant, of the advancing deep. In the Communist he sees the blind savage forging, with blasphemy on his lips, the chains that are to bind his children's children to God, and framing a machinery of giant centralisation for an "Omniarch" of whom he little dreams; and in every blood-stained sans-culotte, who shouts "Liberté, égalité, fraternité!" he sees a pioneer of that yet far-off, universal church, where, beneath "the law of liberty," equality shall be consummated, under him who is no respecter of persons, and fraternity made perfect, among those children of One Father, whose first earthly duty will be to "love as brethren."

Believing, in a higher, holier sense, in that "good time coming," which the instincts of men, "like those blind motions of the spring, which show the year has turned" already, attest, it must be his to call science to the side of religion—display the law of progress, which has made the world of the Saurian the world of man—point to that next step in the sublime procession, which is to make the world of men the world of angels—demonstrate that the prediction is as the shadow of the history, and show the unity of word and work, "the two-celled heart beating with one full stroke—life." But he has a yet sterner, more awful, and more glorious task. "A witness at the nuptials of truth and beauty," it must be his to prepare religion for her marriage with philosophy; it must be his to strip from her the garments of the world, and to array her "in fine linen, white and clean." Determined, in matters of faith, to know nothing among us but "Christ and him crucified," he will set himself, body and soul, to verify the features of Christ. And he will commence his work with severe self-purgation—with much plucking out of noxious eyes, and hewing off of offending arms—vowed to cleanse the temple, though it be with his heart's blood, and to show that there is a Christian heroism above the inflexibility of Manlius and the fortitude of Scævola.

When the theologian has done his part in preparing religion for philosophy, it will be the holiest duty of the philosopher to prepare philosophy for religion. That duty, alas! is still prospective. We have to do with the specific obligations of the man of our day. "This do, and leave not the other undone," is, in its broadest and highest extent, the maxim for the philosopher of this age. A seeker of *things*, not *words*,

he will often discover unity of fact in opposition of language, and will often see in apparent extremes *only the counterparts of a divided truth*. He will oftenest say—and say well—not *in medio*, but *in ambobus tutissimus*. Like the angel in the Apocalypse, he must hold a book open, but lift up his right hand to heaven. To him a *present God* must explain the universe. A *theistic* must take possession of every evidence and argument of a *pantheistic* philosophy. He will translate natural law, the custom of God; miracles will be to him neither impossible, nor inconsistent, nor insignificant; a verbal revelation to the mind of man will seem to him as natural and necessary as a principle of gravitation for his body; cause and effect will be (who has proved them more?) the order of divine action; great and little things will be alike wonders; and he will smile at the complacent sciolism of a day not yet gone by, which explains one mystery by discovering another, and thinks it less divine that the meeting of two transverse nebular streams in heaven should give the incipient rotation to their atoms, than if the hand of God had bowled the round planet spinning into space!

But though the true place of the philosopher is on the throne of heaven—and from that height alone he must endeavour to see the universe—he will remember, that neither he nor his human brethren can act at that height, and that the perspective of creation thence is far other than what it is, or ought to be, when viewed from the seat of the moralist in the centre of the heart of man. Hence the moralist is often wrong in the theory, and the philosopher in the practice of religion. The one makes a mortal of Omnipotence; the other would be a god before his time. He alone who combines the theologian with the philosopher descends from his vision-height, the profoundest of optimists; and while believing of the universe that it “is very good,” accepting, without let or limit, that “whatever is, is right,” can yet remind Carlyle and Germany that they have often confounded the human and divine office—what is right in human duty with what is right in Divine dispensation; and that a fair application of their morality would make a saint of that man who should import the cholera and inoculate the plague.

The philosopher of this age must have neither master nor disciple. A faith in the goodness and the imperfection of our nature must teach him that he cannot by possibility be right who wholly believes or disbelieves in any man. He must be a profound student of *anacletics*. The great Expounder of the “truth in things false,” and, if we may so say, the falsehood in things true, he must wage sleepless warfare with the unnatural creations of the tongue—the bugbear *Simulacra*, which begin and end in *language*. (He who could lay them would redeem our age.) Above all, and comprehending all, the philosopher of the time must remember that the young mind of the age, whether infidel or Christian, will accept only a philosophy in the *best sense* transcendental—not a philosophy which explains the beautiful by showing that man has always had “a sweet tooth,” but a philosophy which, neither idolising nor degrading the beautiful and the true, shall set them in reverent love upon the steps of that throne, whereon sits SOMETHING which we need a new faculty to comprehend. Such a philosophy, for instance, as shall explain our love of beauty and truth, our sense of the sublime, our feelings of wonder and worship towards the material or the spiritual, by no love of

sugar or "fear of death," but by showing that they are obedient to exciting causes, in the proportion of the resemblance of those causes to some one or other of the attributes of God, and by inferring that he has endowed us with this involuntary disposition towards the divine—an *energetic* philosophy, radiating directly from the throne of eternal power—a *natural* philosophy, gravitating like nature, not only to the centre of the universe, but to the centre of creation.

Thus briefly and imperfectly we have endeavoured to give the characteristics of the Isocrates of our time—the critic, theologian, and philosopher in one, which that man must aspire to be who comes forward in these days as the spiritual adviser of their ruling and rising spirits. Are these the characteristics, latent or patent, of the author of the two volumes before us? Let every reader, bearing those characteristics in mind, search and judge for himself. We confess that we have risen from the perusal of these books with very decided opinions. That Mr Gilfillan has already arrived at all the qualifications of that "moderatorship," to which, or to utter rejection, he must address himself, we are not prepared to say. That there are points in which he has not yet seen or reached all that the age requires of him, we unequivocally affirm; but that he possesses such powers, properties, and aptitudes for this office, as have been combined by no other modern author, is a conviction from which, we think, the impartial reader cannot escape. That his first book bears the stamp of youth (a glorious blemish), and that his second has here and there the marks of haste and preoccupation, his warmest admirers will readily admit. They are evidently—what the preface proclaims the second to be—the recreations of a mind employed in loftier labours—essays written in the intervals of authorship—the very holiday-work of genius. "Have you read Gilfillan's first Gallery?" was asked in our hearing. "I never read poetry," was the laconic and sufficient reply. We have elsewhere said, the poet works to move himself; the orator to move others. To an obedience to this law, in the first volume, and a temporary oblivion of it in the second, we may trace the excellencies and defects of both. The temperament of Gilfillan's mind is poetic. In the first volume he gave it scope, and wrote for himself; in the second his eyes are too often upon the audience. In the first, consequently, we put down the book, or the chapter, with a sharpened appetite; in the second we are sometimes tempted to remind our author, that, on earth as in heaven, men are not "heard for their much speaking." Let him compare the noble tribute to his father, in which he wrote neither to public nor critic, but to his own overflowing soul, with the style of some other essays in the same volume, and he will understand us. Evidences of subordinate attention break on us, as might be expected, here and there, in the shape of what, in the work of so deep a thinker, we pass over as the half thinking of a careless moment, the shot of a bow half bent. To some such moments we set down much of the critique on George Dawson, and some of the remarks on Charles Dickens. The lecturer on "Things not seen," and "Popular Proverbs," can hardly be accused of a want of reverence for "the mysterious," or for "the past." In such a moment, too, he must have suffered the brilliant monoculism of that literary cyclops, Croly, to address, unrebuked, creation to the created—to make a sermon of the universe, and a preacher of his God.

The emanation of Divine mind must be full of Divine attributes, as surely as the thought of man is coloured by his character; but to suppose that we can yet compass the purpose of the emanation, is to suppose that the worm which feeds upon the brain can conceive the glorious visions which have informed it. In such a moment, also, (we think) our author has allowed himself to require *too apparent a purpose* in the works of human genius. Whatever purpose may be in a poet's life will be in his works; but any more obvious purpose in them than the cast of his mind and the selection of his subject involve—any straining at “a moral,” beyond what the natural treatment of that subject exhibits, is a special pleading of which the true poet will not be guilty. The best poetry is oftenest no more than *exudation*—whether, as in Byron, the bloody sweat, or in Tennyson the fragrant breath and tears of myrrh, or in Coleridge the luminous efflorescence of the electric light within.

But all these things are blemishes which our author can shake off like the dew; passing clouds in a landscape, wherein, like Claude's, the very shadows are soaked in light. In estimating the natural place of a strong mind, we must look, not so much to the temporary position in its orbit, as to the centre, from which the circle of its beliefs and sympathies is described. The radii of two orbits may be equal, and the arcs for a time may be coincident, and yet the centre in the one case be before, and in the other behind the age.

We look, therefore, on the shortcomings of a mind like Gilfillan's with no fear of the future. To such a mind all things are possible. For such a mind we feel convinced there is no place of rest. For such a mind it is not a matter of choice or ambition, but of inevitable necessity, to ascend in due course that chair of which we have already spoken—to become the “common measure” of rising genius—the central truth in the intellect of our time.

VOICES OF NATURE.

The moonlight winds play'd through the leafy trees,
 Making sweet music o'er the sleeping flowers:
 The old stars told the hours,
 And, like the swell of mournful symphonies,
 The ocean surges, wafted by the breeze,
 Echoed among the bowers.
 I caught the solemn music—bent the knee,
 Joining the glorious hymn of Love and Liberty!
 Across the far-blue “*Morgen Land*” the storm
 Hung its dark mantle, and the gathering clouds
 Came down like sable shrouds
 Over the distant mountains. Heavy, warm,
 With a sepulchral breath, the dead air hung
 As waiting to be stirr'd. The lightning flash'd
 Rapid and far, rains dash'd,
 Swelling the mountain torrents. Each a tongue
 Proclaim'd in loudest accents, “We are free”—
 In thrilling concert sung,
 The same all glorious song of Love and Liberty!

The wild night winds howl'd down the mountain passes ;
 The crescent moon steer'd like a fairy bark,
 'Mid reefs of vapour dark,
 And silver'd with her beams the waving grasses,
 Or lighted up the pine-tree's sombre masses,
 On the far hills. The sea-bird caught the gleam
 On her white wing—the beam
 Reveal'd the mountain torrent's sparkling spray,
 Its fountain free:
 Field, river, ocean, tree,
 Join'd the all glorious lay—
 Chaunted the same glad hymn of Love and Liberty!
 The round sun climb'd the zenith, shining down
 Into the bosom of the fragrant rose.
 A deep and sweet repose
 Hung over the thick wood, and not a frown
 Darken'd the placid lake: the river play'd
 With the bright yellow lotus-flowers, and made
 A thousand rainbows as its waters rose
 In crested foam. Each beautiful and free,
 In noon-day jubilee,
 Chaunted the joyous hymn of Love and Liberty!

The hurricane with fierce and rapid motion,
 Cross'd the blue deeps from which the planets gleam'd,
 Aurora-splendours stream'd
 With roseate hues, down on the floating ocean,
 Of rain and storm cloud, that in wild commotion
 Roll'd on from pole to pole. The stormy north
 Its golden bands sent forth,
 Flick'ring athwart the zenith with a light,
 So spiritually bright,
 Making the vault of night
 One gorgeous mantle, gemm'd and clasp'd with gold;
 And, ever as of old,
 When sang the morning star, they whisper'd me—
 “Joyous we are and free,”
 Still chaunting that old song of Love and Liberty!

K. B.

• REMINISCENCES OF ROME AND ROMANISM,

• DURING THE DAYS OF THE LAST REPUBLIC.

The lonely, ageworn, and majestic in decay appearance of Rome, as you approach it from the south, makes an impression on the imagination, which no subsequent experiences of travel can efface, or even sensibly modify. The traveller seems as if he gathered in, in one view, the whole mysterious history of this wonderful city; and it appears as if nothing remained even for the city itself to explain, when he will have entered it, which is not suggested in some dim way to the feeling,

as he moves, pondering, towards the gates, through the dismal Campagna. It is impossible to rise above the tide of ideas which rush in from every point of the prospect: due, not to any crowd of details in it, but to the suggestive immensity of the conceptions with which the Eternal City is invested. The world's history is involved in its own. Nor, partly owing to fact, and partly to fancy, does he see anything absurd, or in the least inexplicable, in associating the tale of humanity with the relics lying out before him.

I say relics: for, even when you enter the papal city, everything is coloured by antiquity; but still more is the term true, as you look upon Rome from a distance, across the solitudes of the Campagna. It was about eleven o'clock one hot day in April of 1849 that, leaving Albano, I began to descend by the Appian Way into the Roman plains. I had walked but a few steps when the Campagna came in view; and, almost instantly after, a grey collection of stones, like the ashes of an extinct fire, rose out of the bosom of the wide desolate region. The road ran down into the waste, twisting away into the heart of it towards Rome, till it seemed to narrow into a footpath, and at last to lose itself altogether, before it reached the city, some ten or twelve miles off. Shapeless ruins, with a few stripes of arches, sprinkled the bare prospect. Looking inquisitively towards Rome, I sought to descry the dome of St Peter's. A hazy atmosphere, and a confused pile of cloud that skirted the horizon, hanging over the city, hid it from the sight; but, looking up again for relief, lo! against the lurid sky stood out the cupola of the pontiffs! By this time the city was gathering into shape and order around the august object. I seemed able to rest with certainty on the Capitol and the Palatine. A few hours brought me to the gate of San Giovanni. I entered.

Nobody could have done so at that moment, whether Papist or Protestant, without a conflict in his mind between the new and the old: between Rome under the Triumviri and the Constituent Assembly of this period, and Rome with a pope in exile, the craft of centuries seeming to totter, and the characteristic associations of the city itself disappearing before the modern ideas of a young and vigorous republic. Everything met with along the road, coming from Naples to Rome, indicated a change, even an overthrow. Not only were the border towers fortified, and straggling troopers found everywhere, scrutinising every symptom of the expected approach of the enemy; but groups of quiet villagers, in the squares and high streets of their little towns, were to be seen eagerly attempting to discuss the new problems which the republic had given them to try their wits upon and solve; and, what was yet more significant, the walls of every garrison and public building were scrawled over with rude oaths and execrations, betokening, by their brevity and clenching power, how, for the moment at least, the general sentiment was one of immitigable hate towards the Papacy and the rule of the sacred college.

The indications of this feeling were distributed over everything that came in one's way, on crossing the frontier between the Neapolitan and Roman States. But the fact, in the form rather of contempt, or, to be yet more exact, expressive of the very general and profound breaking-up of superstitious reverence for the Pope and Cardinals (not, as will

be afterwards explained, of Romanism, properly so called), met me in a half affecting, half ludicrous way, beyond the states of the church, even at the portals of Gaëta, where the Pope was then harbouring. I had reached on Saturday the Mola di Gaëta, a small town built on the high road between Naples and Rome, and forming, if one may so say, a lodge to the fortified city of Gaëta, which rises on a bold promontory, a pleasant morning's walk distant, and runs down to the edge of the blue waters, that flow into its sparkling bay, lined by orchards, then in the golden bloom of these luxuriant plants. The sanctity of the next day, and a desire to see the Pope, disposed me to pass the forenoon at Gaëta, and pick up what religious impressions the symbols and ceremonies of Romanism could afford to a child of the rival church; especially, as I learned that the Pope himself was to preside in the cathedral services, attended by his state of Cardinals and other titled functionaries. Arriving at the military outworks, and presenting my passport before the southern gate, I was hastening to move on, when I was stopped. "This passport is for Rome, signore." "True," I replied, "and I am on my way thither." "How!" retorted the soldier, "your road is by the Mola. You cannot enter." I remonstrated. My passport was handed to the chief officer of the guard. "Why, signore, 'tis impossible. Your passport is for Rome; and here, you enter Gaëta." I explained my position, —a stranger from England; eager, most eager to see the Pope, the spiritual father of so large a portion of Christendom. "What will you see about him?" was the answer, in a whisper; "his holiness is like other men;" and here he grinned in my face, as much as to say, the day is over for all that humbug. As I slowly traversed the Campagna, catching, in glimpses,

"The city, that, by tempe. ance, fortitude,
And love of glory, tower'd above the clouds,
Then fell—but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of wo,"—

every revolutionary incident of the past few days, and, above all, a poor mewed Pope whom the meanest of his children could despise, rolled in upon the memory; recalling, across the multitudinous thoughts of the moment, the chant of the shepherds of the plains, now dirge, or song of jubilee, according to the whim of the feeling,—

"Roma ! Roma ! Roma !
Roma non è piu come era prima !"

for Rome, whether you greeted or bewailed her case, was, truly, no longer what she once was.

It was not, however, till the pilgrim had entered the city of the Pontiffs, and visited her Vatican and churches, as well as taken in that awful impression of her power, derived from the bewildering skill with which every trophy of her successes, even the successes over her early self, has been converted into bolts and rivets of ecclesiastical despotism, that he could realise both how little and how much had been done by the modern Romans, to shake themselves free of the temporal Popedom. The conviction was irresistible, that, what ages of the best brains and hands of Christendom had been sacrificed to raise, the energy of a few feverish days or years could scarcely hope to do more than shake.

Viewing the spiritual and temporal reign of the Pope as one pattern in two colours, woven by one power into one and the same piece, it seemed impossible, without rending the fabric into threads, to disintricate the political from the priestly authority. The arch rose on two piers, with the Pope for keystone. Nor could you see how one should be struck to the ground, without the other, keystone and all, tumbling in like manner. In the meantime, however, and without reasoning, the masses of fixed thought, growing out of the whole history of Rome, even, one should say, from the birth of her fabled Romulus, which rose ever above the tumult of the streets, in the shape of Pantheons, Coliseums, honorary columns, triumphal arches, obelisks, and especially cathedrals and other imposing ecclesiastical structures, seemed much like the granitic cliff amid the waves which leap and froth at its base; or the great ocean itself, which tides may agitate, but cannot finally, nor except through long centuries, remove even appreciably out of its ancient basin. Still, this was but the suggestion of sense, having equally its source and object in the senses. When the Spirit of God descends into man, and animates him with faith, mountains vanish before him. Nor, if the tenement be not renewed by the indwelling of the Divine Spirit, can mere bulk do aught but precipitate the fall. It was clear that, insignificant as seemed the rage of the multitude, when measured against the idea of papal generations, the existing life of Rome was on the moving side. The past, however great its accumulations, is in this respect inferior to the present times: that, if it finds no place in the heart of the times themselves, it cannot forcibly take one. Its active energy is over; and some facts in the state of Rome at this period, showed how critical was the moment, if not for Romanism, yet for the Roman Papacy.

One of these was, the clearness and constancy with which the end of the temporal Popedom was declared to be the sole object of the republic; leaving the spiritual power unattacked, and thereby preserving the religious sympathies of the people whole and undivided during the struggle. The Pope was not so much an object of antipathy as the Cardinals; whose notorious civil delinquencies were a mark for every revolutionist to hit at. The consequence was, that, without dreaming of what the movement might come to, the superstitious attachment of the faithful to the Pope's person, so much as still existed of it, or seemed to themselves to exist, received no obvious shock; the sanctities of their belief, yet untroubled, remained in the dim recesses of the imagination, where they have in all ages sought a refuge; and, from the incommensurable difference, in vulgar fancy, between the Pope and his officers, they could rain a perfect tempest of arrows at the latter, without ever for a moment fearing that one should by any accident fix in the person of the former. The aim of the people was therefore definite, and, from the rise to the fall of the republic, undistracted by counter-tendencies or rival passions. Religion even was invoked in behalf of the republic. The churches resounded with prayers for its prosperity. The walls of the city were whitened with placards appealing to the most sacred emotions of the Catholic community. The office and functions of the faith were contrasted with the damning acts of its servants; and the very words of spiritual consolation made to rise

in condemnation of the men, whose lives were so exquisite a satire on everything which they suggested.

Another thing which popularised the revolutionary movement, and indeed endeared it to all classes, was the fact that the spirit of order which characterised every proceeding of the new government was more especially directed to the safety of all the great works of art deposited in the city. The public collections were as jealously guarded as ever; and every facility for visiting them and carrying forward one's studies, if studies one had, was afforded to the residents, up to the latest possible moment before the bombardment. The halls of the Vatican, filled first with a small detachment of soldiery, stationed so as to overlook every chamber and recess in which its precious treasures were contained, flew open to crowds of strangers and to the general population, on fixed days, as usual. If this reverential care for art and its diffusion were a stroke of policy in the new government, nothing which it could have done was so likely to conciliate the minds of the common people. The fact, however, had nothing political in it. It grew quite naturally out of the form of the revolutionary sentiment, which aimed only at the division of the civil and ecclesiastical powers, not at the overthrow of Romanism, nor even, as it seems to us, at its direct reform.

At this period, Rome was, as usual, pretty well stocked with English, of all ranks and idiosyncrasies, who seem to have a wonderful knack of poking their noses into all corners of the world, and of discussing politics à l'Anglaise, when their neighbours are desperately bent on acting them well out. The Café Grèco was the resort of all us English, northern and southern, whither every piece of interesting news was immediately brought, and which was, as it is, the chief rendezvous at Rome for strangers from our quarter of the globe. The thing which most puzzled the politicians of the Café, in the conduct of the Romans, menaced, as they were, by the French, who, already landed at Civita Vecchia, had offered their mediation with authority, was the simple, child-like glee of the population; who, with threats of unknown horrors hanging over them, and a day only intervening between the threats and their possible execution, were enjoying themselves on the Corso as ever, looking perfectly at ease, as if rather in want of stimulus, than having too much of it; in short, doing as every Roman signor and signora know so well how to do, namely, postponing to the last instant the cessation of their amusements. Judging, therefore, from ourselves, we were all liable to be taken aback, if we found the Romans at last prove in earnest; accordingly, the general opinion was, that there would be no fighting, nor even feint of opposition; that, when the veritable French should present themselves before the gates, the gates should be courteously opened. The most of us felt a dastardly comfort in the conclusion; but I, at least, was doomed to have my consolation disturbed, before the events of the evening threw light upon the Roman character and proceedings.

I had wandered into St Peter's, and was leisurely eyeing the famous lions of Canova, in his monumental group of Rezzonica, when two young officers approached, and, with the child-like simplicity of Roman manners (a descriptive epithet possibly inconsistent with our popular notions of the Roman character), blandly made some commonplace

introductory remark, and pointed to the figures before us. The excitement of the times could not destroy their appreciation of art; but, naturally enough we passed from the fixed marbles to the fluent events of Rome at that moment. The morning politics of the Café were running through my thoughts, and, with an impertinent freedom, anxious to sound their value, I said: "You will not fight, I suppose, if the French push you to it?" "Fight!" both replied, paling with rage as they spoke, "ay—and to the last drop!" The gesture with which the words were accompanied was positively frightful. Their features became suddenly distorted, and they flung their clenched fists up, appealing with an oath to Heaven. The sentiment of these men animated every Roman bosom, I believe, that day. The very gaiety of the Roman looks measured the depth of revenge which secretly consumed them. Even the dames were preparing for the slaughter, should it come to the worst, being armed beneath their dresses; while the Roman women generally, headed by the nobility, were all occupying themselves, when within doors, in making up ball-cartridges and bandages for the expected wounded.

A few hours had scarcely passed, when a sudden change in the aspect of the city left no longer any doubt as to the spirit of the Romans. The streets were swept for a brief interval of all loungers; and suddenly, as by simultaneous movement, the whole population seemed to pour itself out again upon them, dressed in national-guard fashion moving about everywhere, with quick step, full of one great purpose, whatever that might be. The causeways and pavement began to be torn up into barricades, at which everybody worked, for love or money. You heard the clang of hammers in every quarter of the city, as bolts and bars of ponderous strength rose across the street-doors and gateways. The roll of the drum mixed its piercing notes with other sounds, while some recruiting detachment struck into your path for a moment, and then, as another quick peal was muttering in this, died gradually away in that direction. Foreigners were besieging their respective consuls in anxious groups: for, despite all the severity of the Republic in guarding property from licentious hands, the rise of certain low predatory bands in the city was apprehended, so soon as the French should have gained entrance, and the confusion of the barricades have commenced.

Few went easily to bed that night, if they went at all, with a glare of light breaking in upon them from their own window-sills and the opposite sides of the streets (for the entire city, in the expectation of the French, was illuminated), and with the deep, monotonous tuck of the drum, rising from below at all hours, inspiring them, for the first time, with the feeling and the horror of military butcheries. Garibaldi and his legions were in the neighbourhood. A thousand Lombards had come to assist the Romans. The National Assembly was sitting night and day. Provisions had been stored within the walls. Nobody could now doubt the Roman resolution; and you closed your eyes, if at all, expecting to be roused by the struggle at the barricades, or by some villanous fellow, with his knife at your throat, demanding your gold. The panic, as on all such occasions, was indeed ridiculously great; but the chances of war, and especially of street warfare, and still more, for Englishmen, of Roman street warfare, easily assume, to an active fancy,

all hideous forms possible in the circumstances. The greater number of our countrymen had resorted to the apartments of Signor Sezni, on the Piazza di Spagna, with the English flag and a body-guard to defend them; but the wiser and the poorer sort, for different reasons, it may be supposed, though equally good ones, preferred keeping separate quarters: the poorer, from motives not needing mention; and the wiser, because it was believed that, in the event of an attack, the body-guard would fly, and the rabble, like a swarm of bees, be attracted by the golden sweets imagined to be always about the persons of the English.

Monte Pincio, especially, and every accessible eminence, were next day resorted to by those having more curiosity than interest in the proceedings; and beyond, with a spy-glass, you could see where the French must be, though invisible; while every ascending cloud of smoke was watched as, throughout the day, report followed report from the guns on both sides, and the wounded, not indeed in great numbers, were brought within the gates. The Princess Trivulzio di Belgioioso, at the head of a committee of ladies, ministered to the necessities of those falling in their country's defence. Everything, indeed, likely to inspire confidence in the republic—order, preparations for the wounded, bulletins of progress full of patriotic enthusiasm, addresses from the different departments of government, concentrating the energies of the people and animating them to heroic efforts by pictures drawn from the glorious pages in Rome's past history—everything which could knit the people to the Triumvirate and Assembly, and fuse different passions into one channel, was resorted to with a skill and vigilance astonishing in their degree, and carrying, as it seemed, the promise of eventual success, problematical though it was in the circumstances. The general population, accompanying bodies of the national guard appointed to give the odour of law and regularity to the proceedings, were trooping on the piazzas, and enjoying the edifying spectacle of burning chariots, once the toys of the cardinals, now ascending—scarlet paint, gilding, and all—in flames and smoke. The sentiment of our own brave Knox, when he pulled down the images of the churches nursing Papistry, lest the crows might return and rebuild their nests in an evil hour, seemed to be animating the Romans at this time. Everything was done, however, with singular calmness; not in a spirit of revolutionary frenzy, but simply as a matter of necessity; while the noble black steeds, which had once graced those carriages, were now clattering through the streets with bearers of despatches, or serving in the Roman cavalry and artillery. At San Angelo, Avezzani, minister of war, in a speech full of pith and ardour, harangued the national troops, who responded with boundless enthusiasm.

Of all the secondary causes of unanimity, however, no one, I am persuaded, acted so strongly on the imaginations of the poor Romans, as the wretched treachery of the French government. Rome, single-handed and forlorn, might well pine at the base intrigue that, despite recent proclamations of fraternity, recent braggadocia speeches, could so coolly betray the republic. "For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him: but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance."

Everything else was natural: the Neapolitan, the Spanish, and Austrian opposition. The Pope and Cardinals were avowed enemies, and their attitude at this moment was neither better nor worse than was to be expected. But France—that was another thing. One can scarcely conceive of so concentrated a passion in an individual, as that which convulsed the heart of a whole people on this occasion. It seemed as if, for a time, all other grounds of hate and opposition were buried, or rather included in this one—as if there was but one enemy, and all other foes were, by comparison, friends. As may be imagined, the best feelings of human nature, if our better feelings may ever animate a sentiment of wrath and a passion for revenge, rose up in bitter enmity against the French invasion. The French proceedings were like the acts of madmen, who, it is well known, have a tendency, when under a fit of mania, to attack those to whom, in their reasonable moments, they had witnessed the marks of strongest attachment. What embittered the sentiment, was the fact that, ever since the flight of the Pope, the *Marseillaise* hymn had been the popular song, and “Viva la Republica Francese” the popular toast and watchword. As if to represent to themselves the full extent of the French meanness and profligacy, the hymn was continued to be played every day at the war-office, at the change of guards; nor could the Romans devise any more inspiring war-cry when they advanced to meet the French troops, than the Viva la Republica, which brought the present and the past attitude of France so vividly before them.

The interval between the repulsion of Oudinot and his return to the attack, was improved by strangers for quitting a city which was no longer propitious for the idler, the invalid, or the artist. I left at night-fall by the Porta Angelica, with my face towards Florence, doubtful whether safety lay in or out of the city; for, within, was anxious turmoil, and without, if reports were true, the traveller, at this moment, was exposed to the attacks of brigands prowling in the neighbourhood, waiting for the defenceless wayfarer as he forsook a place no longer able to protect him.

In another paper, the aspects of Romanism at this epoch, more especially, will be indicated.

EMERSON'S “REPRESENTATIVE MEN.”

MR EMERSON, in this singular book, has followed uniformly the plan of splitting up his heroes, somewhat in the fashion he himself describes—“The microscope observes a monad, or wheel-insect, among the infusories circulating in water. Presently a dot appears on the animal, which enlarges to a slit, and it becomes two perfect animals.” He slits up his animal into even slices of praise and blame, putting the praise first, the blame last, and then leaves it without ever attempting to connect the two into a whole again. This plan we mean to follow in the review of his own work, with two differences—first, we mean to put the

blame first and the praise last; and secondly, to try, at least, to get the two to coalesce ere we be done.

Were a book without blemish to appear some sunshiny morning, what a commotion were the consequence—a commotion, not of applause verily, but of envy and rage. “How dared you write such a work,” might be seen written on the faces of nine-tenths of the professional critics in the empire. In the corner of every newspaper and review office would be seen this and the other snarler, scribbling at his shell of ostracism against the hapless author. And to the work itself what millions of magnifying, diminishing, distorting glasses would be applied, if so be that somewhere a speck, or its shadow, or its shadow’s-shade, could be detected. And the author himself would feel that to have no fault was the fault of faults, and that the most damning of phrases might be “angelic” and “divine,” when they had become not approximately but absolutely true.

We may infer from this, with too much truth, what a heartless business reading at last frequently becomes, and how the critic differs from the boy. *He* regards every book as his friend, i.e., if he be a boy of enthusiasm and mind, he takes it up with eagerness, he glares into its face for beauties, and, if disappointed, his grief is greater than his indignation: whereas, the thorough-bred critic holds every *new* work, unless written by an author of established name, at arm’s length—receives it as he does the visit of a foe—plunges into its midst, not for pearls, but for platitudes, or plagiarisms, or faults of taste—and if compelled to admire, does it with a reluctance which renders his praise forced and ungracious. Sad the change which in a few years so often reduces books from friends and play-fellows into duns to be repelled from the door, or enemies to be insulted within it. If it be said, but this is the mere result of the multiplication of books, many of them bad, and of the necessary disenchantment of years—we answer by asking, if the multiplication of *moneys* become ever so wearisome and hateful—if good books be not frequently thus treated—and if the mind which *can* be disenchanted of all generous enthusiasm be that of a genuine critic, who, in accordance with Coleridge’s definition of genius, should carry forward the freshness and geniality of youth into the powers of manhood, like those trees in Arcadia, where blossoms and full-grown fruit are found together. No, the secret of much of our chilling and censorious criticism lies in a word—the critics are blockheads, if blockheadism consists in the want of insight, added to the want of heart, and often supplemented, besides, by the presence of base party, or baser personal piques.

Holding such views of criticism, and aspiring, with sufficient self-distrust as to the fulfilment of our attempt to exemplify a more excellent way, we must, nevertheless, speak somewhat freely of Emerson’s faults—placing them *first*, advisedly, that we may have the disagreeable part of our task first done. Our charges are not “few,” and perhaps they may not be, “well-ordered;” but they are sincere, and certainly express the disappointed feeling of more than one admirer of Emerson’s—disappointed because in each successive production his cometary splendour seems approaching nearer its aphelion, and, worse still, is mistaking “the ground-burning *frore*” for the neighbourhood of the sun—excessive cold for heat intolerable.

* We need not dwell as a preliminary upon the abrupt, enigmatical, often confused, always curt, and sometimes affected mode of utterance and style our author chooses to adopt. This is comparatively of little moment. If an author prefers to write truth in acrostics or Alexandrines, let him do so, provided the choice of the mode or measure be manifestly the work of whim and not of mere vanity. And we, for our parts, do not quarrel with Mr Emerson that his use of the first personal pronoun sometimes tempts us to think of Argus and his thousand eyes—that the use of the other pronouns he often magnanimously disdains and tramples on—that in search of gramarye he frequently contemns grammar—that he delivers himself occasionally in such periods as the following: “You cannot institute without *peril of charlatan*”—and that his sentences sometimes, like those of Cromwell, *break down*, less from weight of matter than from the ambition of depth. But, besides, more elaborately or contemptuously abrupt periods, formed more carefully to assume a rugged aspect—thoughts of years made more closely to resemble the intuitions of yesterday—the air of a recent deliverance from the aboriginal mind more successfully given to long, old, involved, and painful cogitations—we have seldom noticed than in these and other of Emerson’s essays. And yet we are far from wishing to urge this as a charge against him of a *grave* and *grievous* kind. He has been led into it by the assumption of a perilous style of writing, the oracular—perilous alike in its thunder, and in its still small voice. He that tries at one time to see and speak from the clouds, must ever and anon be content to peep and mutter from the dust.

We pass to other matters of quarrel with this great transatlantic author, of more pith and moment. We blame, first, his selection of “Representative Men,” and the principle on which he has selected them. That appears to us extremely arbitrary. Does Mr Emerson mean to intimate that the six men he has selected are the six foremost men of all this world. Might he not have given us Paul instead of Plato, Jacob Behmen instead of Swedenborg, Cromwell instead of Napoleon, and so forth? And is it not strange that, with the exception of Swedenborg, not one of the number has any great moral pretensions—nay, that three of them, Montaigne, Napoleon, and Goethe, were little else than sublime scamps. It cannot be, in short, according either to a strictly intellectual or purely moral criterion that he has chosen and arranged them. The term “representative,” indeed, leads us to think that their names “count for nations” of kindred spirits; but are there no other names equally vast and populous, nay, infinitely more influential? What power, for example, has Montaigne ever exerted, compared to Voltaire? Emerson, we imagine, has peppered his page with those names from a daring spirit of paradox rather than a wise and just choice. Alas for the world if the six—Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspeare, Napoleon, and Goethe—are its six highest, holiest, or most influential men!

But we object to the omissions, more than to the insertions, of the list. Where is Milton, the most finished of men as well as most magnificent of poets? Where is Newton, the most modest and receptive of all sages, as meek a child of physical law, as Moses was at Jehovah’s feet on Horeb, of moral? Where Bacon, broad-browed parent of method, with a head like the first rude charts of the world, with eyes like bay-

windows looking out into the varied expanse of nature, science, and life? Where Coleridge, the *bust* of the Bacon of transcendentalism.

"Who all things seem'd to understand,
Of old or new, at sea or land?"

Where the winged psalmists of Israel, who told the fortunes of empires,

"Whose spirits stumbled on the corner-stones
Of realms disjointed, and of broken thrones,"

and whose ragged "screams," of all human voices, have risen highest toward heaven, nay, have mingled with its melodies? And where, above all the Divine Man, whose day Plato as well as Abraham saw afar off, and was glad; who lived what Plato taught; who, ere thirty-three years of age, had taught a perfect morality, led a perfect life, and died a death of substitution so vast, as to stop the pulses of nature till it had passed away. What, O gifted child and poet of the bush, what thinkest thou of Christ?

But we have to speak not merely of omission but of disparagement. Mr Emerson has enumerated various "uses of great men," but forgot to state one, which, however, he is perpetually practising, the use, namely, of burning others at their blaze! Thus merrily, for example, does he dispose of eight at Plato's altar:—"Each brisk young man, who says in succession fine things to each reluctant generation—Boethius, *Rabelais* (!), Erasmus, Bruno, Locke, *Rousseau* (!), Alfieri (!), Coleridge (!)—is some reader of Plato translating into the vernacular wittily his good things." Compared to his words the prophets of Israel only "scream." Calvinism and Christianity are in Plato. (Yes; but it is just as "Milton's Paradise Lost" is in the alphabet.) With what contempt in "Swedenborg" he treats the insignia and vestments of ancient spiritual and divine power! "What have I to do with jasper and sardonyx, arks and pass-overs, lepers and emerods, chariots of fire, dragons crowned and uncrowned, behemoth and unicorn? Good for Orientals, they are nothing to me." Christianity, as usual, he regards with a civil sneer. "The gods of fable are the shining moments of great men; our colossal theologues of Judaism, Christism, Buddhism, Mahometism, are the necessary and structural action of the human mind."

We are not careful to reply at length in such matters. We leave the question of the "briskness" of such small beer as "*Gargantua*," "*Emilius*," and the "*Rime of the Ancient Marinere*," to those who have tasted it, and found it dæmoniac fire, "bottled lightning." Few men have "screamed" as Isaiah did when he saw across the gulf of hundreds of years the name of "Cyrus" shining on the conqueror's banner, or as Ezekiel when he saw the glory of the Lord God of Israel colouring the eyed-wheels, or as Daniel when he felt the touch on his shoulder of Gabriel's clayless hand about the time of the evening sacrifice. Such "screams" have awed and melted millions, have raised the dead, have shivered kingdoms, and are sounding on their wild unconquerable way, to meet with those more awful voices from within the veil, which, uttered once more, are to shake not earth only, but also heaven—while the evening talk of the groves of the academy for one philosopher has created a hundred sophisters—for one it has benefited has bewildered hundreds,

teaching them to lisp of the Infinite by new methods, and to babble of the Eternal in terms more elaborately and artistically feeble. We accept joyfully the word "scream" as descriptive of the bards of the Bible. Their voice is the scream of those who see a sight we cannot see, who hear a voice we cannot hear, and who, caught up to Paradise, hear things unutterable, which it is not possible for the "tongue of man to utter." It is the scream of vision, of power, of earnestness, of the eagle ploughing the blue depths, and sending down a scream of triumph to tell tidings of her supreme dominion to those who cannot and dare not follow her.

The undue or exclusive use of Jewish types and terminology we do not defend. But is there no reverence due to even the cast off cloak of a dead hero, to the goat-skin mantle dropped from an ascended Elijah? The Jewish system is dead; but its scenery is still dear and sacred to every lover of that divine truth which has escaped from it into other vehicles and forms. Who, even while leaving the precincts of the mount that might be touched and turning to the little hill Calvary, but must linger in admiration of the grandeurs of that peculiar economy; what with the thunders amid which it was cradled—the meteors of eternity which, as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, guided and guarded it—the supernatural circle of miracles which hedged it in—the mysteries of its tabernacle—the unearthly brightness of that shekinah which filled its holy of holies—the oracular lustre shining around its priests—the pomp, the solemnity, and the terrible minuteness of its sacrifices—the wailing cadences, the brisker measures, blended with the awful bursts of its minstrelsy—the temple shining like a palace in the New Jerusalem, with its marble and its gold, its molten sea and bulls of brass, its pinnacles turned like the fingers of suppliant hands to heaven, its "carved angels ever eager-eyed;" its mercy seat, so inviolable, so overshadowed, so darkened, amid all its golden glories, by a penumbra of divine anger; the atmosphere of holiness suffused, like strange sunshine, over every bell and breastplate, candlestick, and cherub; the typical character which filled even the solitudes of the place with meaning and shook them with silent eloquence—the feeling of expectancy and the air of prophecy which reigned over the whole—surely all this did from the beginning, and ought still to cast a more than mortal interest and poetry around a system of ceremonies so unique and profound. And yet Emerson would substitute "sassafras and lachry" for "palm trees and shittim wood, and prefer the tame "thrush and robin" to the "pelican" plaining in the wilderness where had passed the march of the Almighty, and to the stork making her nest in one of the "trees of the Lord," which are full of sap, the cedars planted by his hand, and whose murmur even now on Lebanon's summit seems the belated voice of God. Till a richer rhetoric and a nobler imagery arrive, men must continue to use, for the greatest purposes both of poetry and prose, those transplanted from that land, where the wings of angels and the words of prophets have glorified the air, and where the feet of God's Son have for ever consecrated the soil; and, till a higher cultus has been taught us, we will continue to admire and assert the divine origin of those awful rites which Moses appointed and which David sang.

But how all his husbanded hero-worship is produced to honour the

name of Plato, the "synthesis" between the east and the west—the man who could "see two sides of a thing"—the "balanced soul"—the man who alone combined "freest abandonment" and the "precision of a geometer," "daring imagination" and "solid grasp of facts," "patrician polish," "intrinsic elegance," "subtle irony," "sound health and strength of frame." And yet after all he leaves us with the impression that this man was but a splendid plagiarist, a compiler of genius, a man who, from materials and a plan found for him, built up a shapely mansion, and the most of whose wisdom and wit might be printed in inverted commas. "Every book is a quotation; and every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone-quarries; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors—and this grasping inventor puts all nations under contribution."

The question of plagiarism lies, we think, in little compass, although it is not quite so easily disposed of as Mr Emerson seems to think. 1. In regard to literary appropriation authors may be divided into the following classes:—1st, Those who are too rich to need to steal, and too proud to do it without necessity; 2d, Those who being poor enrich themselves by plunder; 3d, Those who, though they are too rich to need to steal, are too negligent, or careless, or indolent to refrain on all occasions from doing it, and who take, consequently, "fits," not of thrift, but of theft; 4th, Those who, never guilty of wholesale plagiarism, are eternally quoting, or imitating, or alluding, or compiling, or disguising borrowed thoughts; and 5th, Those who subsist upon mere vapid commonplace, which *they* certainly never stole, but which has been stolen fifty times, and passed through fifty hands ere it reached theirs. 2. It may further aid us in getting at the root of this matter to inquire what it is to *steal*—a word capable of miserable and manifold misconstruction. To follow faithfully, in one's own way, a signal given by another, to take up the thread of a great inquiry at a point where a dead hand has dropped it—to finish in an unexpected and independent way to the torso of another—to deliver by a masterly touch a pregnant hint—to light our torch fairly and openly at the sun—to change a mass of dead fuel into quick flame—to snatch, in the keen and desperate melee, an axe from the next yeoman and deal our blows therewith—to quote freely but moderately from other authors—to draw, like Milton, from other wells, in a golden pitcher which shall hallow and beautify whatever it draws—to bear down upon a noble and native design, by the stress of our own torrent energy, the spoils of all the regions we have traversed; this is not—bear witness all good and great writers—to steal, but to make an intelligent and legitimate use of what has been done and said before us. But to lie down in the warm lair of a prophet—to gather, forsooth, his heat and his shape—to keep an author slavishly before the eye—to "roll his raptures and not catch his fire"—to copy his costume, or to pilfer pieces of his raiment, or worse, to bedizen ourselves with tattered shreds and withered patches of his gaudier clothes—to be always thinking, how would Wordsworth have turned this sonnet, or Coleridge have closed this dithyrambic, or Byron have clenched this heroic couplet, instead of abandoning ourselves to the current of the power behind us—to see nature and man only through the loopholes of the one figure who walks before us and whom we have made our autocrat; this—disguise it as

we may—call it imitation or hero-worship—is, in plain English, downright theft. “Convey,” according to Ancient Pistol, “the wise it call.”

Mr Emerson prefers the word quotation, but, in his use of it, seems guilty of a fallacy. The charge was, that while we are praising Plato, it seems we are praising quotations from Solon, Sophron, and Philolaus. Be it so. “Every house is a quotation,” &c. But the question is, is every house or man a quotation in the sense in which Plato quotes, without acknowledgment, former authors?—and the fallacy is so transparent, that to expose is as much a schoolboy task as to commit it.

Quotation or not (and some very wise and learned men have deemed that Plato has quoted from very different sources than from any indicated by Emerson—quoted from those poets who sang “hard by the oracle of God,” and stood nearest of their countrymen to that transcendent vision—have said, indeed, that “Plato was composed of sublimity and slipslop equally—the sublimity being borrowed from the Hebrews, and the slipslop his own”) the system of Plato remains the wonder of the world. To use the language of a forgotten but true poet, he is

“Plato, the all divine, who, like the fowl
(They call) of Paradise, doth never foul
His foot on earth, or sea, but lofty flies,
Higher than heaven from hell, above the skies.”

Emerson himself, in this sketch, and more fully and eloquently in his essays on “Compensation,” “Spiritual Laws,” and “Love,” is the best expounder of his leading ideas. He translates him as the clear lake the sun, into a milder version—as autumn softens the ardours of summer. And yet it is singular to find the pith of those celebrated and most Platonic papers quietly enclosed in a few sentences from the Hebrew Scriptures, which are older than Plato himself. Plato asserts the coincidence of science and virtue, and consequently of folly and vice. Solomon asks the question, “Do they not *err* who devise evil?” And what sentences in Plato more profound, so simple, or more coincident with his doctrines, than these, from the Proverbs:—“Man’s goings are from the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way? The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.” “The righteous considereth the house of the wicked;” and, not to specify a hundred others, the whole soliloquy of the Eternal Wisdom. There are in the Scriptures a practicalness and a simplicity which are not in Plato; there is a clearness in their glory, a certainty in the sound they give forth, and a child-like unconsciousness, blended with God-like intelligence. The bush beside your way suddenly begins to sigh forth an oracle in words unutterable. It is as if a child were to pause amid her play, and, looking up, should tell you the secrets of your heart and the particulars of your after history. That unconscious page seems, like the wheel in Ezekiel’s vision, to be “full of eyes;” and, open it wherever you may, you start back in surprise or terror, feeling this book knows all about us; it eyes us meaningly; it is a “discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” Those herdsmen, vinedressers, shepherds, fishermen, and homeless wanderers, are coeval with all time, and see the end from the beginning. Plato had travelled in many lands, and “absorbed all the learning of his time;” whereas the majority of the Hebrew writers were plain and half taught.

men. Plato makes no pretensions to supernatural gifts; Isaiah and Ezekiel are "seers," and the ruins of empires are yet smoking with the molten ire of their curses. Plato, to recur to the figure of the forgotten poet, "flies" above us, and is often lost amid the clouds of the upper firmament; the Bards of Israel and the Apostles of the Lamb walk, but it is as gods, along the earth. Plato has enriched us with certain general ideas, which "put a girdle round about the globe" of thought; the Bible has, besides its laws and doctrines, narrated a life at once ideally perfect and trembling all over with humanity, really spent under this sun, yet lit along its every step and suffering, by a light above it—a life which has since become the measure of all other lives, the standard of human and of absolute perfection, the *ideal at once of man and of God*.

The paper on Swedenborg is perhaps the most interesting of the whole. The mystical tone of his mind, and the dark shadowy grandeur of his system, have exerted a powerful charm over Emerson's cognate spirit. To us the Swedish baron sometimes seems a huge, black, begrimed Cyclops, moiling amid the sooty fire of caverns communicating with Erebus. He has no time to wonder at the gloomy grandeur of those regions in which he has been set to work; he has no enthusiasm to spare from labour, and why should his language be poetical, while every stroke of his hammer and every glance of his lamp-black eye is a poem? And yet Emerson, who at one time complains that he "remains entirely devoid of the whole apparatus of poetic expression," says, at another, of his "Animal Kingdom," "It is an anatomist's account of the human body, *in the highest style of poetry*." Such inconsistencies are common in his pages. He must here, also, have his hit at the Hebrew theology. "That Hebrew muse had the same excess of influence for him it has had for the nations." But whether does this argue the weakness of Swedenborg or the power of the muse? Such a giant would not dance to a penny trump—a Pan's pipe only would move him. He is better employed in denouncing, but should he not rather have wondered at Swedenborg's coolness in "visiting doleful hells as a stratum of chalk or hornblende." It is, indeed, wonderful. He was a mere meter to the gas of the everlasting fire. Intellect acted as did concentrated despair on Dante, in keeping him cool amid the most fiery and horrible details of damnation; nay, it was positive delight. We have heard of a student in Glasgow College, who haunted dissecting-rooms from a morbid delight in their evil scents, and was nicknamed the "Stinking Philosopher." So Swedenborg loves to sit in, and analyse, the foul savours flowing from moral corruption and decay, and to snuff up as incense the putrid exhalations of all unclean, monstrous, prodigious, and abominable things. A glorious ghoul, he hangs over the crumbling shrouds and fire-painted sepulchres of the *second death*.

Inconsistent and faulty as in some points the view of Swedenborg given is, nowhere do we find many of his peculiarities more powerfully portrayed, such as, his shade-affecting genius (like the old goat in Robinson Crusoe, whose great eyes glaring from the thicket made him to be mistaken for the devil)—his power of perceiving identity or sameness in all things—his insight into the "fine secret that little explains large and large little"—his doctrine of the "scale" or degrees—his belief in the symbolical meaning of the universe, and that a dread, necessary,

noiseless morality pervades it all, from the minutest to the largest object. Swedenborg was unquestionably a seer, not of future events nor of future rewards and punishments, but of those great broad principles which are the trunk and branches of the tree of the world. He saw, through the thick summer foliage which conceals it from common eyes, their stern, iron, wintry, yet sky pointing nakedness. Emerson has been able to see, to some extent, the same vision, and to clothe it in the colours of a more florid fancy, till it seems as if the fairest of *January* sunshine were glorifying the bare and barren outline.

From the earnest eyesight and firm faith of this Swedish seer, to the scepticism, easy-minded indifference, and monumental mockery of Montaigne, is a steep descent; yet Emerson comes down in as masterly a manner as did the archangel of old into the toad at Eve's ear. In fact, his sympathies with Montaigne's spirit are but too deep, and his rep to him may be called a "sceptical solution of sceptical doubts." He have repeatedly tried to read the Gascon's "*Essays*" through, but repeatedly failed. The French filth and garrulity were too much for us. The sneer upon his face did not seem to come and go, but was carved upon it. The man himself was but a slight sublimation of sensual indifference. The character of a doubter, often interesting, and even respectable, was here presented in colossal caricature; and the eternal vibration of the balance became at last wearisome and intolerable. Who can, for volumes together, stand a cold, pitiless drift of doubts, doubts, doubts?

"Shakspeare" is the least characteristic and original of these essays. One half of it is taken up in defending Shakspeare's use of previous writers, a subject about which the public neither now cares nor did ever care one straw. He belonged, it is known to every one, to that third variety of writers who, too rich to need to steal, are too careless to refrain from it, but who steal in a princely fashion, reminding you of his own words:—

"I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction,
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun."

Mr Emerson then proceeds to notice the obscurity which hangs over Shakspeare's private life and sentiments, in part to admit, and in part to deny it. Admitting that we have few facts, he maintains, that through his works "he is the one person in modern history best known to us." This must seem rather paradoxical to those who remember what hundreds of questions have been asked about his youth, the order of his plays, his happiness with his wife, his religion, his temper, the strange mystery of his sonnets, and the cause of his death—which have not been answered. Yet Emerson gravely asks, "what point of philosophy and religion has he not settled?" To us he seems like a munificent and modest benefactor who has knocked at the door of the human family at night, thrown in inestimable wealth, fled, and left the sound of his retreating footsteps as all his tidings of himself.

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wand'ring voice?"

Nor can we entirely coincide with our author's notions of Shakspeare's constant hilarity, either as a writer or a man. Who can close his *Timon*, his *Lear*, his *Othello*, or his *Hamlet*, without a shade of sadness left on the mind, and without suspecting that the smile of the "gentle Willy" might be as deceptive as that of the mild moon, with all those Heelas and demi-hells in her breast?

"Napoleon" suggests by contrast Channing's elaborate paper on the same subject. Both papers are typical of the two men; Channing's is a stern indictment plied by the conscience—Emerson's is a calm analysis conducted by the intellect; Channing's has the *animus* of a pleading uttered while Napoleon was yet alive, although, in fact, written after his decease—on Emerson's table the dead omniarch lies for minute and cool dissection; Channing's paper is the most eloquent—Emerson's the most subtle; Channing is the indignant seraph flapping his burning wings around Napoleon's guilty brow—Emerson is the clear-eyed cherub prying into the curious construction of his brain, or asking, in *Lear*'s language, "Is there any cause in nature that makes this hard heart?"

In a similar calm spirit has he treated Goethe; indeed, in a way which would have contented Goethe's very soul. He treats him as the "Secretary to the World Spirit"—the writer into whose pen-point ran the essence of all the lore of the past, all the art and science of the present, all the experience of his own heart, and all the suffering, folly, and vice of his own history. Goethe transmuted all things into ink; he analysed his tears ere suffering them to fall to the ground; his tortures he tortured in search of their inmost meaning; his vices he rolled like a sweet morsel, that he might know their ultimate flavour and what legacy of lesson they had to leave him; his battles he fought o'er again, that he might become a mightier master of spiritual tactics; like the ocean, whatever came within his reach was engulfed, was drenched in the main element of his being, went to swell his treasures, and at last

"Did suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

This unique power of assimilation, which was conjoined with the highest original genius, Emerson has admirably expressed, as all his readers will grant. But many of them will be startled to learn that Goethe has succeeded for ever in demolishing, by modernising, the devil, and proved that Satan is just pure intellect serving the senses. Many, too, will think the condemnation of the niaiseries of *Wilhelm Meister*—its heartless wisdom, and green sun-gilded filth, like that of a summer standing pool—rather tame, and that a stronger protest should have been taken against Goethe's having exemplified in himself the *inversion* of his idea of *Mephistophiles*, by devoting the senses to the service of pure intellect. *Mephistophiles* sought to sink the dry light of intellect into the gross fat flame of sensuality—Goethe to sublimate that fat gross flame into the dry light of intellect again—but throughout both processes the warm and holy fire of heart and Christian love is ignored.

Indeed, throughout all these essays, Emerson dwells not with sufficient explicitness or expansion upon the grand distinctions of morality, and on the beauties of disinterested love, although he does vaguely refer to the supremacy of the moral sentiment. This, with other defects,

renders his book on the whole unsatisfactory, even as an account of the special men, and much more as a contribution to the progress and philosophy of mankind. We rise delighted, struck, but crying "give, give." He is, after all, only a "voice," musical, melancholy, sincere, but bodiless, airy, and leading us farther and farther into the wilderness, and the silence succeeding it seems that of despair. His book has irritated instincts it has not gratified, awakened a hunger it has not appeased, started hopes it cannot fulfil,—

"Has led to bewilder, and dazzled to blind."

— We have left ourselves less time than we expected for our more agreeable task, that of enumerating its beauties; in this too, however, resembling the author's practice, who sometimes crams his "*Per contra*" into the compass of a page. Emerson is, in the first place, a sincere and honest man; he believes every word he speaks; he never hints a doubt, nor hesitates dislike; his every pause is a period, his silence "answers very loud;" right or wrong, he always declares his opinion. Then, secondly, he is very eloquent, and never more so than when expressing his most peculiar and extraordinary notions; he sets his despair to music—he makes his pantheism blossom like a spring apple tree—he so eloquently describes the life and immortality of the general soul, that we think, *for the moment*, that of the individual which he virtually denies, mean, and long to be included in the great absorption, like a river panting to lose its petty identity in the sea; he possesses much power of generalisation; his summings up of the incidents of a life and the features in a character are most masterly in their full, free, and rapid execution; although deeply prejudiced against the Hebrews, his sympathies otherwise are wide and warm; his subtlety is amazing; as Goldsmith said of Burke, "he winds into a subject like a serpent;" he paints the darkest portions best; he is "native and endued to the element" of night; all shadows sit to his pencil, nor sit in vain; hence the respect in which the bewildered among the Transcendentalists hold him—he sees what they strain to see—he is a "hooded eagle among blinking owls," the "one-eyed monarch of the blind."

One great merit of Emerson is that he *descends* upon all subjects from a height—the height of a decided, although erroneous theory of nature and man. Hence there is no chance or random speaking, and no climbing effort. He speaks with authority, advisedly, systematically, even when speaking in mistake. Even his errors have thus a wholeness in them; and while his march onwards is broad, he makes a *full retreat*. Passages and thoughts perpetually occur of golden beauty. We quote one with very natural self-gratulation, inasmuch as we said something like it years ago—"Nature herself is a painter, and perpetually imitates and re-produces all her great effects and grand phenomena, so that from the giant shadow of the mountain, stretched across the glen, to the autumn leaf which carries its shadow with it amid all its wild whirlings, there is a continual process of pictorial representation going on." Emerson thus grandly expands the thought:—"Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channel in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the

coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone; not a foot steps into the snow or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds—the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

We must not pause on his other qualities—the *sweet-bloodedness* which distinguishes him (contrasting well with Carlyle's savage sourdness and raw rabid rage, so recently discovered in his lamentable "Model Prisons"), and has even by some been mistaken for the "peace which passeth understanding"—on his exquisite scientific allusions—and on his artistic selection and management of facts, which he uses as anatomical lecturers do the bones they hold up to their students. We have no room to fulfil our intention of estimating Emerson as a whole: this we may or may not afterwards attempt. • We close by simply expressing our regret that we cannot report progress, but must rather speak of retrogression. The "Representative Men" is not in advance of his "Nature" or his "Essays;" its eloquence is not so great; its views are not so complete; it has more of the style, and less of the spirit of an oracle. Above all, it discovers, we fear, a more deeply-rooted aversion to Christianity; that "cross" which is the glory of earth and heaven, casts not a gleam of lustre upon its pages; and although we cannot and dare not denounce its tone as "worldly, sensual, devilish," yet it is not that of a humble and happy disciple of Jesus Christ, who expects from him, and him alone, the complete solution of the great enigma of the world and of man.

PROPOSED NEW SCHEME OF NATIONAL EDUCATION FOR SCOTLAND.

National Education is not to be confounded with the education of the nation. The latter means, that education (whatever that may be understood to include) is, or ought to be, commensurate with the nation; in other words, that every person in the community is, or is expected to be, or ought to be educated. The former means, that the machinery necessary for this purpose should be provided at the national expense; that its efficient working should form part of the nation's business in its corporate capacity; and that means of some sort should be employed by society to prevent its members from growing up destitute of education. As, therefore, the objects of which these expressions are the symbols respectively are so different, it is of importance in all discussions on the subject of popular education, to keep distinctly in view that the one expression is not identical with the other, nor the admission of any proposition involving the one, tantamount to the admission of a similar proposition involving the other.

As to the education of the nation, there is now little difference amongst men of all parties whose opinion on any subject is worth

the having. All are agreed that, whether as respects the well-being of the community or the happiness of individuals, it is of the last importance that the elevation, the rationality, the good feeling, and good sense, which education can alone communicate, should be as widely as possible diffused throughout the entire mass of the population. A few, indeed, may still be found here and there in remote corners, or amongst the gloomier and less explored recesses of collegiate institutions, who are not of this opinion. A vulpical squire or two, somewhere about the midland counties—a few oleaginous rectors in Kent, Sussex, or Hampshire—certain antiquated ladies, both in petticoats and in breeches, scattered at intervals, in old scarecrow-looking mansions, over the northern districts of Scotland—a few rubicund fellows of Oxford or Cambridge, “much bemused in port”—with here and there a “crinitus Iopas,” guilty of poetry and a white vest—may, on diligent search, be found; who will acknowledge that they are not without serious doubts as to the good results of generally educating the working classes, and are, on the whole, inclined to believe that the people were better and happier when they knew less. But persons of such opinions are, happily, not numerous. They are manifestly out of place in this advanced century of ours. Luckily they feel themselves to be so, and accordingly keep in quiet places, and peep and mutter in secret, not presuming to declare openly their antiquated dogmas. The age, we fear, would be apt to treat them roughly if they did otherwise. Perhaps they might be tolerated as curiosities; perhaps even one might feel interested in them if they would be consistent in their antiquarianism, and renounce as naught and vile everything modern. But when, nourished amidst all the luxuries and comforts of modern life, they persist in clinging to opinions which ought to have disappeared with the carpetless floors, uneasy settles, and cumbrous garments of a bygone age, one is apt to wax impatient of them, and to bid them begone. A gentleman who eats his dinner with the aid of a silver fork, has his nether parts clothed in trousers and French-polished boots, and sits on a morocco-covered, spring-stuffed seat, pleading for popular ignorance, is clearly such an anomaly as no stretch of charity can excuse or tolerate:

“Non homines, non Di; non concessere columnæ.”

The unanimity which has been thus happily secured in favour of the education of the nation does not, however, exist in favour of National Education. On this point the greatest diversity of sentiment prevails, from the extreme of those who would have all the children of the community submitted to a rigid, compulsory and uniform educational drill, to the extreme of those who maintain that it would be better the nation should be uneducated than that the state should, in the least degree, interfere in this matter. Into these diversities of opinion it is not our intention at present to enter; nor do we mean to discuss here the abstract question of National Education; for that a fitter opportunity may ere long occur in our course as journalists. We cannot refer, however, to these differences of opinion among the friends of education without expressing the satisfaction we feel, on the one hand, at the indication they afford of the multitude of thoughtful and earnest minds which are at present turned to this great question, and, on the other, at the increas-

ing fairness, good temper, and sincerity in which the advocates of the different opinions seem inclined to view the doctrines of each other. This question has too long been a mere battle of sects, inflamed with bigotry and spite against each other, and apparently prepared to peril all, rather than yield one jot or tittle of their supposed prerogatives or rights. We are thankful for any symptom, however slight, of a disposition to compose such unseemly squabbles, and to pursue a course which may have the effect of bringing the wise and the good of all parties into earnest conference respecting a matter which ought to be the common care, as it is the common interest of all.

In this good course we are proud to feel that Scotland has set an example to the kingdom. This, the most disputatious of nations—this, the most polemic section of Christendom, has had the merit, we believe, of being the first to present a union of men belonging to several religious parties, in one grand scheme of National Education. The intrinsic merits of that scheme, as propounded in the resolutions adopted at a meeting held in Edinburgh, over which Mr Adam Black presided—the right or the wrong of its fundamental principles, the wisdom and expediency, or the folly and impracticability of its details, are points on which, at present, we offer no opinion. We simply point to it as a striking and interesting phenomenon—a sign of the times, which we would fain hope will not be without fruit. In this point of view it is to us both pleasing and significative; and we cannot help thinking that this circumstance alone, apart from everything else, entitles this scheme, and the movement of which it is the basis, to the most serious and respectful consideration of the Government and the country.

There is no accounting for Dukes, either as to the words they utter or the deeds they do; otherwise we should feel some anxiety to comprehend how a clever, enlightened, and fine-hearted nobleman like the Duke of Argyle, could possibly imagine that he had offered any *objection* to this scheme when he pronounced the body from which it issued, “heterogeneous.” It would appear, however, that he did think so, and that some of his peers thought so too, for they cried, “Hear, hear,” in response to his remark. Strange, that it never occurred to these noble legislators, that of all recommendations of any political measure, the first and most cogent is this very heterogeneity of which his Grace complained! For what does such an assertion mean? Does it not mean that the measure in question is anything but a *class* measure—that it is based upon broad and equitable principles, to the extent, at least, to which it succeeds in harmonising the pretensions of the different parties united in its support—and that in proportion to the heterogeneity of the parties thus united, would be the satisfaction conferred by the passing of such a measure into a law? Are these reasons *in favour* of a measure, or reasons *against* it? His Grace of Argyle says the latter, and sundry noble lords cry, “Hear, hear,” when he says it. We wonder if there is any other assembly of British subjects where such a saying would have been received otherwise than with surprise or scorn.

What is it that has hitherto been regarded by the advocates of National Education as the greatest barrier in their way to success? Is it not the bigotry and mutual hostility of religious sects, each refusing to make the slightest concession, or to go into any plan that did not vir-

totally oppress and injure some one or other of the opposing sects? Has not Lord Brougham again and again told the country that this sectarian animosity has ever been the grand obstacle which has met him, and the friends of National Education associated with him, in all their efforts to attain their end? Has not his Lordship even waxed solemn, and one might say pious, on this subject, discoursing of responsibility and a future judgment, exhorting his countrymen to "chasten their spirits and extirpate from them every weed of spiritual pride that chokes up the growth of true, because effectual, benevolence;"* nay, in the excitement of his heart appealing to God himself to rescue his "holy ordinances" from being "impiously profaned," and his "best gift to man, his reason," from being "bewildered by such blind bigotry or savage intolerance, or wild fanaticism," as the conflict of sects in opposition to any proposed plan of National Education has been wont to exhibit? And lo! when his Lordship's wishes and prayers are answered in the union of a large and influential body of men of nearly all religious parties, earnestly bent upon sacrificing every thing but principle for the very purpose of removing this hitherto insuperable obstacle out of the way, up starts the Duke of Argyle and asks the House of Lords to repudiate the measure because of the "heterogeneous" character of the body with which it originated!

From this judgment of his Grace we utterly dissent. Whether, like him, in favour of National Education, or opposed to it in point of principle, it appears to us that the mere fact that this scheme has secured the suffrages of so large a body of men belonging to so many different sections of the Christian church, entitles it to the most grave and candid consideration. We propose, therefore, to submit to our readers an outline of this scheme, trusting that by so doing we shall promote that examination of its merits by the community, to which we hold it entitled. As our object at present is simply to expound the principles and plan of the proposed scheme, we shall, as already intimated, abstain from either commending or criticising it.

1. The authors of this scheme set out by affirming the existence of gross destitution of the means of education for the young of Scotland, as well as of England. They maintain not only that multitudes of our juvenile population are actually growing up in illiteracy of the grossest kind, but that there is no adequate provision in the country for its being otherwise. Exact statistics on this head have not yet, we believe, been procured; but by a simple process of calculation a very near approximation to the truth may be obtained. The number of schools in Scotland of all kinds—Parochial, Free Church, Dissenting, Charitable, and Adventure—is not much beyond 5000, and the number of children who ought to be at school (one-fifth part of the whole population) is 600,000. To distribute these among the existing schools, therefore, would require that each school should be attended on an average by 120 children, which every person in the least degree acquainted with the subject knows to be larger than is possible. When we consider the scattered state of the population in many parts of the country, the irregular distribution of the existing schools, and the very slender accommodation many of them possess, it is believed that the true average cannot

exceed 50 or 60 ; so that (taking the higher of these numbers), it would require 10,000 schools in order to meet the wants of the nation, or double the existing number. It is believed that in point of fact not nearly so many as this average would indicate, are actually attending school. Dr Begg states * the number at 260,000, which would leave a residue of upwards of 300,000 not attending any school, and most of whom, it is presumed, are growing up in ignorance. These calculations are, of course, necessarily inexact ; but after every deduction is made that can be justly made on this ground, the conclusion is held to be irresistible, not only that Scotland is a nation but half educated, but that it, provided with very inadequate means for being otherwise.

2. It is farther affirmed by the promoters of this scheme, that the education communicated in the existing schools is as defective in quality as it is inadequate in amount. With few comparative exceptions, the teachers are so miserably remunerated that men of education and abilities will not submit to the thankless office ; and hence, in the country districts especially, the duty of instructing the young is very much in the hands of men who are entirely unprepared for such a task—men often who do this because they are unfit to do anything else ; so that a “ Scotch dominie ” has become a byword and a proverb in the earth, as an impersonation of conceited imbecility and flagelliferous ignorance. Exceptions, no doubt, it is admitted, there are—noble exceptions, not only in our urbane institutions, but even in our rural districts ; but incompetency, it is maintained, is the rule for the country at large, and this, it is believed, will continue to be the case until the office of teacher is elevated, both by a higher remuneration being provided for his labours, and a higher standard of preparation being exacted of those who offer themselves as candidates for the office.

3. To remedy these evils, by securing an adequate and effective provision for the education of the juvenile portion of the community, the promoters of this scheme hold to be the duty of the State. They cannot consent to leave this with religious sects, nor can they trust it either to the commercial principle that the demand will create the supply, or to the efforts of private benevolence. They believe that to educate the community is no duty of religious bodies as such—no duty either as laid upon them by the Divine Author of Christianity, or as flowing naturally out of their constitution as bodies incorporated for the profession and propagation of certain religious convictions. They believe, also, that to make education an affair of sects, would be to poison society with the virus of intolerance and discord at its very root ; and thereby to deprive the community of one of the mightiest and holiest of those influences which now come in to soften the ambition and soothe the passions, which differences of religious opinion among the adult part of the population are apt to excite. With regard to the competency of commercial enterprise to supply the community with adequate means of education, they hold that experience has amply settled that question : the mere fact that, in an age when the importance of education is so generally admitted, the half of the juvenile population, of the best educated part of the United Kingdom, is growing up untaught in schools, they

* “ National Education for Scotland Practically Considered,” &c., p. 5.

view as of itself sufficient to show that this matter cannot be left to the ordinary operation of the commercial law. Nor are they at all impressed with any sanguine hopes as to the power of private beneficence to meet the emergency. They think with Lord Brougham, that noble as are the efforts which have been made from this source, it is too precarious in its nature, too local in its operation, and too unequal and unfair in the incidence of its burdens, to be trusted to for the education of the people.

"I know full well," says that foremost advocate of this great cause, "that the resources of private bounty are precarious, and are local—that in great towns where the want of education is the greatest, they are the most inadequate—that they impose a burden most unequal—most unfair in its pressure, taxing severely the worthy and generous poor, while the churlish rich oftentimes escape. I know full well that voluntary exertions are of necessity made at an enormous expense, compared with the good they accomplish, because experience must be purchased, by the costs of failure, through ignorance or unskillfulness; and the expertness that has been acquired in one place, cannot, for want of system, and, indeed, for want of communication, be made available to any other. I know full well that, in many parts of the country, schools established twenty years ago are now gone to decay—that the death of an individual, the quarrel of two families, the splitting of a committee, a hundred other accidents, have extinguished many seminaries, and may every day destroy more. I know full well that in hardly any schools are the best methods of teaching adopted or the proper branches of knowledge taught; while in very many the incapacity of the instructors and the neglect of the pupils, is such as to leave no pretext for calling the operations which are carried on within their walls by so respectable a name as Education!"

The force and truth of these remarks, the promoters of this new scheme are prepared to admit, and, therefore, they turn their eyes in another direction than that of private benevolence, for the boon which they desire to see secured to the country.

4. The duty which they think the nation alone competent to perform, they no less regard as one which the nation in its corporate capacity is entitled and bound to discharge. They repudiate the doctrine which limits the duty of a State to the mere protection of person and property against overt acts of violence; believing that the principle which lies at the root of all Statehood, and in virtue of which alone the State can put forth its energies to protect anything belonging to the individuals of whom the community is composed, is that Society's first right and duty being self-protection, it is entitled and bound to use the best means for that end. It is upon this principle alone that a community is entitled to seize, try, imprison, banish, or hang any of its members who commit crimes such as are incompatible with the maintenance of society; it is upon this principle that society is entitled to compel parents to feed their children, and those who are in affluence or comfort to sustain the destitute; and it is upon the same principle that the advocates of this scheme would rest their assertion of the right and duty of National Education. Of course this general principle is viewed by them as, in certain cases, susceptible of limitation; as, for instance, when the means to be used are of such a kind as the State cannot by any agency proper to itself command, or when the State's interference in the matter would set aside some divine injunction which all Christians are bound to respect, or when the work will be as certainly and much better done by being left to the influence of principles naturally operating on the human mind. But as, to their thinking, the subject of education

does not come under any of these limitations, or any other they can justly admit, they contend that the State is both entitled and bound to secure, as the thing of all others most essential to its wellbeing, that the nation shall be thoroughly and rightly educated.

5. For this end no confidence is placed by the advocates of this scheme in the extension of the existing parochial system of National Education. This system labours, in their judgment, under three grievous defects, which render it utterly unfit to be adopted as the model of a National System. 1st, It is essentially *sectarian*, being, in fact, a mere appendage of the Established Church, and therefore regarded with growing jealousy and hostility by the community, as its members increasingly have seceded from that church. 2d, It vests the election of teachers in a special class in the community—the *heritors*; thereby violating the right of heads of families to nominate the teachers of those for whose training they are responsible, and transferring a very serious power into the hands of a very small class in each parish—often so small as to include only one man, the great lord and proprietor of the district; and that, in every case, the class least interested, personally, in the fitness of the party to be appointed for the duties he has to discharge, as their own sons are usually (or at least may be) educated elsewhere. 3d, It empowers the same class of persons to determine, in effect, what shall be taught and what shall not be taught in the parish; thereby putting it in the power of an ignorant, bigoted, or wrong-minded set of heritors, to regulate the education of the people in their district, so as virtually to make it worthless or pernicious. On the ground of these objections the parties united in this new movement object to the extension of the present parochial system, though they have no objections that the parish schools should be incorporated in a really national system, and placed under the efficient and liberal management to which such would be subjected.

6. With respect to religion, they are of opinion that without it no education can be substantially a blessing to the people; but they believe that as secular learning and religious learning are *two* things, they are best communicated apart. Not that the same man *may* not teach both; to this they see no objections, nay, on the contrary, such an arrangement is one which, *ceteris paribus*, they would prefer. What they stipulate for, is, that the two kinds of education shall form distinct and separate departments of teaching, so that all the children may reap the benefit of his instruction in secular things, but only those whose parents approve of him as a teacher of religion shall be his pupils in things spiritual. By this plan it is believed that the all-important matter of religious training for the young will be left, where God has placed it, in the hands of parents and guardians; whilst no offence will be given to the consciences of those who think the magistrate ought not to interfere, in any respect, for the propagation of religion, inasmuch as the teaching of religion by the schoolmaster at all, will be something distinct from, and additional to what the State employs him to do, and which he shall do only for those children whose parents wish it, and specially engage him to do it.

7. Whilst advocating a system of National Education, however, the originators of this plan are studiously averse to undue centralisation in the management of the scholastic machinery, or anything like a

"Prussian drill" for the youthful intellect of the community. They deprecate as much as any the entrusting in the hands of the Government so mighty an agency over the unfolding mind of the age, as would follow from placing National Education under the control of the Executive, or any Board responsible only to Government or even to Parliament. They deprecate also the idea of one rigid, uniform, unbending system of instruction for the whole community, believing that not only have parents and guardians the unalienable right of selecting for the children under their charge what they shall learn, but that liberty to adapt instruction to different minds and to minds under different circumstances is essential, if we would not turn education into a species of torture, nor have the intellects of the community developed in forms as uncouth and awkward as are the bodily frames of a set of charity-school boys, whose garments have been furnished, by contract, of one uniform shape, texture, and size for all. To avert such evils, it is proposed in this new plan: "1st, That Local Boards shall be established, the members to be appointed by popular election, on the principle of giving the franchise to all male heads of families being householders; and with these Boards should lie the selection of masters, the general management of the schools, and the right, without undue interference with the master, to direct the branches of education to be taught. 2d, That there should be a general superintending authority, so constituted as to secure the public confidence, and to be responsible to the country through Parliament, which, without superseding the Local Boards, should see that their duties are not neglected, prevent abuses from being perpetrated through carelessness or design, check extravagant expenditure, protect the interests of all parties, collect and preserve the general statistics of education, and diffuse throughout the country, by communication with the Local Boards, such knowledge on the subject of education, and such enlightened views, as their authoritative position, and their command of aid from the highest intellects in the country, may enable them to communicate."

Such are the leading outlines of this proposed scheme of National Education for Scotland, as we have gathered them from the resolutions adopted at the public meeting, and the other documents issued by its promoters. We place it before our readers, as we have promised, without note or comment, simply requesting for it their grave and earnest consideration. Ere long we shall revert to the subject, when we shall submit to our readers our own thoughts upon it in its different bearings.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM HAUFF.

CHAPTER I.

Never had the carnival been celebrated with such pomp and splendour at Stuttgart as in the year 1737. Had a stranger entered the spacious apartments prepared for this occasion, decorated in the handsomest style, had he gazed upon the thousand gay and glittering masks, listened to

the laughing and singing of that crowd, which was heard even above the many flourishes of the musicians, he could hardly have believed himself to be in Wurtemberg, in that strict and serious Wurtemberg—severe in consequence of a zealous and often ascetic Protestantism—which hated amusements of this sort as the remnants of another religious party; the inhabitants of which city had now become grave, almost gloomy and melancholy, in consequence of their doubtful condition, their misery and poverty, brought upon them by the systematic and artful gripe of an all-powerful minister.

The most brilliant day of the whole was the twelfth of February, the celebration of the birth-day of the Jew—Süss, the Cabinet Minister and Finance Director—the originator and provider of this diversion, and many others, which, however, were not devoted to pleasure only. The Duke had this morning sent him presents of all sorts; but the most agreeable of any to the Cabinet Minister was an edict of this date, an edict which made him independent for ever of all past and future responsibility. Swarms of individuals of every condition, faith, and age, whom he had set in the places of better men, besieged his stairs and ante-chamber, for the purpose of wishing him joy, while the fear of causing misfortune to their families made many upright and high-minded persons, holding situations under him, lay aside their pride, and forced them likewise to go to the house of the Jew and kiss his hand.

In the evening, the same motives filled the apartments at the carnival. To his followers and friends this was a feast of joy, which they hoped to see often repeated; those who in private hated him, and yet were obliged to do him public homage, gnashed their teeth, folded themselves in their dominoes, and, with their wives and children, took their way to the splendid gathering of folly, that their names might be entered in the list, since the absent were sure to be punished; the multitude looked on the affair as the dream of an hour, in the intoxication of which they might forget their wretchedness, and never reflected that even the high price of admission was a fresh though indirect tax levied upon them by the Jew.

The most dazzling scene of the evening was the moment when the folding-doors opened, and a glance full of expectation dwelt among the multitude, when there entered a man of about forty years of age, possessed of striking and strongly marked features, with sharp and sparkling eyes, which keenly surveyed the different groups. He wore a white domino, a white hat with crimson feathers, on which he had carelessly placed his black mask; there was nothing splendid in his dress, except an unusually large solitaire, which held together the crimson shawl of flowered silk that fell over the domino at the throat. He led a slender and handsomely formed young lady, who, dressed in Oriental costume, laden with gold and gems, soon attracted all eyes.

“His Excellency the Finance Director, the Minister,” whispered the crowd, as he passed through the lines, greeting on every side, as the assembly quickly opened its ranks to make way for him. When he had reached the centre of the principal room, he was saluted by a flourish of drums and trumpets, while a tolerable portion of the assembly applauded, although another turned away as from a disagreeable spectacle. But the admiration was universal which was bestowed upon the fair Eastern

who accompanied him. The manners of the minister were too well known for the crowd not to have surmised one of his female friends to be the richly-dressed lady in the mask ; but opinion was divided as to which of them the appearance of her now present peculiarly applied ; one seemed too short for this figure, another too stout for the slender shape, a third too heavy, to glide thus easily, nay floatingly across the floor, and to a fourth, at whom they fain would have stopped, there did not belong the dark and shining hair which fell in rich locks over the stately neck, or those superb dark eyes, which were seen sparkling through the mask.

The multitude, on occasions of such a dazzling and exciting kind as this carnival, are not wont to confine their attention long to one object, if their curiosity be not quickly gratified. "When she takes off her mask, we shall see her," said they, without bestowing further attention upon the lady than was necessary to observe her stand a minuet. Three young men, however, who stood unoccupied behind the dancers, seemed to follow her unweariedly with their remarks.

"Who can she be ?" exclaimed one with impatience. "I would take fifty admission tickets from the confounded Jew, if he would tell me where this girl comes from, whom he led like a princess into the rooms."

"Brother," answered the second, while as he spoke his eyes continued turned towards the Oriental. "Brother, upon my honour, I can by no means reconcile this contradiction, even though I may have studied logic with Catesius, together with the *cogito ergo sum* ; such an uncommonly fine figure, such an air, these measured movements all according to the newest and most distinguished rules, this art altogether, which I have beheld only in the first circles of Paris and Vienna, the grace with which she carries her head——"

"By heavens ! you are right, brother," interrupted the third. "All this—and to come to the ball with Süß ! Such a contrast I never before witnessed in my life !"

"She cannot be known among us," continued the first ; "she cannot belong to our circles, unless it be true, as reported, that some miserable fellow of a father has sent his daughter with a petition to the Jew ; no one surely would let his disgrace be made so public, as to send his own child to the ball with this rascal."

"For the love of Heaven, brother, not so loud, I beg of you ; he has his spies all around us, and he is already not over favourable to us ; think of your family ; would you make yourself unhappy ? But it is certain that this can be no girl from the upper ranks, and yet her bearing is too distinguished for the daughter of a citizen. But hold, who is that Saracen coming towards us ? The colour of his turban is the same as that of the charming companion of the Jew."

The young men turned round, and beheld a slender but finely proportioned man, who, dressed as a Saracen, was distinguished from the crowd of maskers as much by his walk and deportment as by the richness of his costume. He seemed to fix his eyes upon the youths, and came slowly forward, until he stood opposite to them.

"What is your word ?" asked one of them addressing him, as he thought that in this mask he recognised a friend. "Have you only Allah for your watchword, or do you know a sentence ?"

"*Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus,*" answered the Saracen, standing still.

"It is he, it is he," exclaimed two of the youths, shaking the hand of the Saracen. "It is well we gave the word, or I should not have known you; for I was so sure that you were to be here as a peasant, that I wagered with the captain you must make your appearance as such."

"Let us adjourn to one of the side-tables," said the second. "I must introduce to you, brother Gustavus, one who will rejoice in your acquaintance, and you are aware that we know each other badly in masquerade."

"Friend," answered Gustavus, "I must not take off my mask; I have reasons for this. However agreeable to me an introduction to this gentleman may be, I must deny myself till to-morrow."

"And what if it were Pinassa, about whom you have so often inquired?" replied the other.

"Pinassa, with whom you contended? That alters the case; now then, I will see him and salute him, but I will take off my mask only for two seconds, and in the farthest corner of the refreshment-room."

"We are content, brother Saracen," answered the captain. "But let us only come to the second flask, and then you will make confession to us of the reasons why you will not uncover your face to your friends!"

CHAPTER II.

There were not many people in the refreshment-room selected by them, for here were to be had only chosen wines, fine fruits, and warm liquids; while the greater number of persons frequented the larger drinking-rooms, where were to be had the wines of the country, beer, and more solid refreshments. There was a small table unoccupied in a corner of the apartment, where the Saracen, when he had turned his back upon the other part of the saloon, could take off his mask without danger of being recognised. They chose this place; and when the large full glasses stood before them, the two young warriors laid down their masks, and the captain began—"Brother, I have the honour to present to you the incomparable Cavalier Pinassa, the most famous fighter of his times; it has been his lot to put me—think of *me*, the senior of the most 'friendly order' (*Amicisten ordens*)—hors de combat in the unforgettable Rosenthal of Leipzig, by an open tierce-quart-tierce. Like me, he has abandoned the muses, and has sung, 'Minerva will not have me, and so may Bellona lead me;' and has exchanged the old instrument and its huge guard, whereon he was accustomed to eat his breakfast, for the sword of parade of a lieutenant to the Duke of Wurtemberg."

"The exchange is not a bad one, Signor Pinassa, and my country may congratulate herself upon it," said the Saracen, while he bowed to the new lieutenant. "When you have once entered the service you will find the career to be an agreeable one. The civilian has little chance at present, unless he buys a situation from the Jew, with five thousand florins, or with his conscience and honest reputation. But these thin boarded walls have ears! I must be quiet; it cannot be helped yet. How different are your conditions! The duke is a brave man, to whom I would not grudge a state of two hundred thousand warriors; for us—he is too great. War is his pleasure, a regiment with shining arms his

joy; we have seldom an idle hour, and hence it is that these Jews and Jew-Christians sway the sceptre. He passes for a great general, has done deeds of arms with Prince Eugene—and a slim young man with a scar upon his forehead, and courage in his look, like you, Signor Pinassa, is at all times welcome in his army.”

“How precociously the Saracen can speak of Jews and Christians!” said the captain. “But open your visor, and show your colours; my comrade must know with whom he speaks; that is the prudent, well-informed, and estimable Herr Juris utriusque Doctor Lanbek, the son of the distinguished provincial consul Lanbek, for *whom he is substituted* as actuary; a worthy youth, on my honour, when *he does not*, as of late, sacrifice himself to a strange melancholy, and still *worthier* had there been a taste implanted in him for the fair sex.”

At these words Lanbek took off his mask, showing to his new acquaintance a flushing face of great beauty. Fair, curled hair flowed from beneath the turban, carelessly unpowdered, surrounding his forehead. A bold curved nose and dark blue eyes gave to his countenance an expression of enterprising strength and a deep seriousness, which formed a strong contrast to his fair hair and delicate complexion. But a pleasing expression of his mouth softened the power of his features and eyes, as he replied, “I open my visor, and show you a face which you have made heartily welcome among you. I drink this glass to your health, and I must excuse me now taking my leave.”

“*Pro poena*, you must drink two,” exclaimed the captain, with mock pathos, while he took from his pocket a huge house key, and waved it towards the Saracen like a sceptre. “Have you so little respect for your senior, that you dare to drink from a glass *in loco*, without leave of the president? *O tempora! o mores!* Where are the discipline and good breeding of this fox? Pinassa, in our times it was otherwise.”

The youths laughed at these dolorous reminiscences of the old senior of the “Amicisten;” but the captain looked more sharply at Lanbek and said, “Brother, do not take it ill, but for a long time past something has stuck by you like a fever, and this evening is the crisis; I set aside my last flask; it goes for nothing, but I will wager ten more; be honest, Gustavus, you were here before this evening, as a peasant, and your father knows nothing of the Saracen.”

Gustavus reddened, extended his hand to him, and nodded assent.

“The devil!” exclaimed the captain. “Young man, what are you about? Who would have thought this of the quiet actuary? To change your costume at the carnival! and so cautiously, so mysteriously, so abruptly; you perhaps wish to go and attack the Jew?”

The questioned one coloured yet more deeply, and hastily seized his mask; before he could reply, Reelzingen said, “Brother, you bring me upon the right scent. Where have both you and the Oriental who accompanies the minister bought the stuff for your turbans? Gustavus, Gustavus!” added he, pointing with his finger, “you reside opposite to the Jew; I wager you know who the proud donna is that he has conducted hither.”

“What know I?” stammered Lanbek behind his mask.

“Stir not from this spot till you tell me,” exclaimed the captain; “and if you persevere in your obstinacy, I will steal beside the Oriental

and whisper in her ear that the Saracen has initiated me into her secret."

"You will not do so, when I earnestly entreat of you to desist," answered the young man, as it seemed with great earnestness; "besides, if I may venture to conjecture, it is Leah Oppenheimer, the sister of the minister. And now, farewell! When you meet me in the rooms, do not notice me; and, Reelzingen, if my father asks——"

"I know nothing of you, I understand," answered the other. The Saracen rose and went away. The friends now looked at each other, but none of them seemed to know whether they had heard aright, or whether they must doubt what they had heard.

"Has the Jew, then, a sister?" asked Pinassa.

"Some time ago it was said he had taken a sister home. She was believed to be very young, because she was nowhere seen," answered Reelzingen, thoughtfully. "And," as he coloured, "brother, you may perceive that Satan once more is at his silly tricks with this sensible youth."

CHAPTER III.

When Lanbek left his friends he wandered through the rooms; his look shot restlessly through the crowd—his face glowed behind the mask—he often panted for a breath of air, so oppressive was the heat, and so heavily did expectation, desire, and anxiety lay upon his heart. The crowd was still more dense and boisterous when he entered the middle of the second room; for a while he toiled laboriously through it, but at length the stream bore him involuntarily along, pressed him to one side, and before he knew where he was, he stood beside a gaming-table, where Siiss was playing cards with some of his counsellors of finance. Large sums of gold lay upon the table, while the curious multitude gazed upon the most distinguished man of their country, sharing with each other their whispering and murmuring observations upon the immense amounts which he lost or won with unaltered countenance.

Gustavus had never before observed the man of power so closely as now, when, rooted fast by the crowd which formed around him like a wall, he became an unwilling spectator. He confessed to himself that the countenance of this man was nobly and finely formed by nature—that, moreover, his brow and eyes, from the habit of command, had in them something very imposing; but repulsive and malignant lines lay betwixt the eyebrows, where the open forehead joined the finely formed nose, while the small beard upon the upper lip could not conceal the malicious expression of the mouth; and it was truly horrible to the young man to hear the forced hoarse laugh with which the Jewish minister accompanied his losses and his gains alike.

While these gentlemen continued to play, surrounded by the crowd, which appeared to be waiting for something, a man in a peasant's dress came from the passage, and joined the ranks of the inquisitive observers; an old hat upon his head, a coarse blue jacket, a red vest with large tin buttons, yellow leather breeches, and black stockings, formed his unpretending costume; but he wore, withal, a very handsome mask. He supported himself, in the manner of the country people, with his hand upon

a knotted stick of five feet in length, and said, in the well imitated dialect of the Steinglachthal, "You have much money lying there, sir; have you deserved it all?"

The minister looked round, and tried to smile at this masquerading familiarity. Perhaps he was glad of the opportunity of making himself popular, for he answered in a friendly manner, "Good evening, countryman."

"Your countryman I certainly am not," answered the peasant, with great tranquillity: "such as I am, do not usually produce Jews."

A suppressed laugh ran along the line of observers. The minister did not seem to perceive it, for he continued, very affably—"You are witty, my friend."

"God preserve me from being your friend, Herr Süß," rejoined the peasant. "Were I your friend I should not be in this bad coat and hat full of holes. You make your friends rich."

"Then all Wurtemberg must be my friends, for I make all rich," said Süß, concluding his speech with a constrained and disagreeable laugh.

"You might be an alchemist to all the world," replied the peasant. "How beautiful are these ducats! How many drops of the sweat of the poor are in each heap of gold?"

"You are a capital fellow!" exclaimed Süß, quietly continuing his game.

Just as the peasant was about to begin a new sentence, another form drew the attention of all upon it. This was a man, whose costume was nearly the same as that of the other, except that he had a long and pointed beard upon his chin, and wore a laced coat. The peasant looked at him for a while in surprise, then grasped his hand, and exclaimed—"Hans, whence came you, and thus so gay and stately? Certainly no longer like one of us!"

"That may be," answered Hans, while he took snuff from a silver box. "I have entered the service of a master of high rank."

"Who, then, is your master?" asked the peasant.

"A public flayer, but still one of high rank. You think, perhaps, that he flays common cattle—horses, dogs, and such like? No, he is a flayer of men, and, moreover, a card manufacturer."

"A card manufacturer!" exclaimed the peasant.

"Yes; for every card in the country must be bought from him. He is also a coiner."

"How?—a coiner?"

"Yes, he makes all the money in the country."

"That is false," said the peasant. "You mean to say, he turns all that is in the country to gold. Yet, for all this, he is no coiner. There is only *one* coiner in Wurtemberg who has impressed his name on the country."

The crowd until now had only murmured applause, but at the last allusion to the mint, they burst into laughter. The brow of the man of power became dark, yet still he quietly continued to play.

"But why have you allowed your beard to grow so pointed?" continued the peasant. "That looks quite Jewish."

"It is considered the fashion," replied Hans, "since the Jews became masters of the country. I will soon become altogether Jewish."

As Hans spoke the last words, a voice distinctly exclaimed from among the crowd, "Wait a few weeks, Hans; then you may become a good Catholic."

Whoever has looked upon the fearful sight, when in a street crowded with people a barrel of powder, kindled through carelessness or design, has burst, scarce beheld such a singular scene as that now occasioned by these few mysterious words. The minister, pale as a corpse, leaped from his seat, and, with an enraged countenance, flung the cards upon the table. "Who says that? Seize him, in the name of the duke!" he cried rushing through the crowd, as if impelled by an invisible power. His companions, more prudent, though not less alarmed, seized his arm and drew him back, while they endeavoured to pacify him. His dark eyes seemed to pierce the crowd, as if to seek out the object of his wrath, while the masks around murmured indignantly, and forced themselves back into their places; and, as the dreaded man next extended his hand towards the peasant, crying, "You shall answer to me for the other!" he was suddenly surrounded by threatening numbers. "Masquerade liberty, Jew!" was heard in sullen, menacing tones; the peasant and his companion were in an instant liberated from his grasp and vanished, when, as quickly as he had been surrounded, he was again abandoned; for the crowd, put to flight by secret fear, now dispersed on all hands.

The multitude bore away Lanbek with it; his thoughts became confused, and he could not with any clearness imagine what had given rise to this extraordinary scene. He had stood thus for some moments, endeavouring to recall his thoughts, when he felt his hand grasped by that of another person. He looked round, and the fair Oriental stood before him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Where grew the rose that is in your turban mask?" said she, in a trembling voice.

"Beside the lake of Tiberias," answered the Saracen.

"Quick! follow me!" exclaimed the lady, threading the groups with difficulty, while her turban alone now and then showed him the way she pursued. His heart beat; his ear still heard the last sound of that sweet voice, and his eyes beheld no other object than her. In a darkish corner of the second apartment she stood still and turned round. "Gustavus, I entreat of you, tell me what has happened to my brother? People whisper his name everywhere. I know not what they say, but I think it is nothing good. Has there been a quarrel? Ah! I know well these people hate our nation!"

The young man was painfully embarrassed. Ought he at once to destroy the innocent illusion of this fair creature—ought he to tell her that the curses of the Wurtembergers rested upon her brother—that while they prayed for all mankind, they excluded him from their supplications—that it had become the custom to pray, "Lord, deliver us from evil, and from *Stüss* the Jew?"

"Leah," replied he to her, much embarrassed, "your brother was disturbed by some masks while playing, and there were words exchanged, which perhaps reached even here; but do not be uneasy."

"What a foolish girl I am!" said she. "I have had such terrible dreams, and all day. I have been melancholy and depressed. I am so sensitive that everything frightens me. I continually fancy that some misfortune may befall my brother."

"Leah," said the young man, in a low voice, in order to dissipate these thoughts, "do you remember what you promised when we met at the carnival? Will you not grant me a single hour, that we may talk of many things together?"

"I will," said she, after a pause. "Sarah, my nurse, will accompany us, but whither?"

"That is cared for," answered he. "Follow me—do not lose sight of me—straight towards the entrance."

The inventive mind of the Jewish minister, when he arranged the carnival of Stuttgart, and with great expedition erected these wooden apartments, had so planned them that, as is usual in extensive buildings, small rooms should lead out from larger ones, wherein limited groups might partake of their evening's refreshment, without being obliged to abandon their incognito in the common refreshment-room. The actuary had procured the key of one of these apartments from a third hand, by means of ample remuneration. A little collation was set out here, and Leah rejoiced at the skill of the young Christian, who had done his best in this to satisfy the taste of a fastidious dame, although the narrow chamber, after all, contained merely a table and some seats of simple wood, and boasted of little convenience.

"How glad I am to take off this troublesome mask," said she, as she entered with her nurse, looking around for a mirror, and, when she beheld only the bare walls, adding, with a smile, "You must tell me, Gustavus, whether that suffocating crowd has not destroyed my head-dress!"

With a kindling glance, the youth looked at the fair girl, whose countenance might have been termed the perfection of eastern beauty. The proportions of her finely-chiselled features—those wondrous dark eyes, shaded by long silky lashes—the boldly-arched black eye-brows—and the dark shining locks, which were in such pleasing contrast to the white forehead and beautiful neck—while the thin red lips and white teeth rendered this still more prominent; the turban which was intermixed with her locks, the rich pearls which hung around her neck, the dazzling yet chaste costume of a Turkish lady, combined with such a countenance, caused so complete an illusion, that the youth thought he beheld before him one of those splendid beings described by Tasso, as the excited fancy of the traveller depicts his return home. "You look like the enchantress Armida, or such as I have thought the daughters of your race, as you dwell in Canaan. Such were Rebecca and the daughter of Jephthah."

"How often have I said this," observed Sarah, "when I looked at my child—my Leah in her splendour. The hooped dress, the high-heeled shoes, and the fashions of the day, never became her so well as this dress."

"You are right, good Sarah," replied the youth. "Place yourself here at the table. You have lived too long among Christians to draw back from this punch and this pastry. Amuse yourself for a while with these things."

Sarah, who was well acquainted with the wishes and manners of her neighbours, did not long resist, and enjoyed herself over the skilled productions of the confectioner; the young man seated himself some steps distant beside Leah.

"And now to be sincere," said he—"you are sad; yesterday your tears were never dried, and to-day there is still a cloud upon your brow, which I would gladly disperse. But perhaps you think, you unbeliever, that I am not your friend, and would not do my utmost to restore your serenity?"

"I know you would; I see it constantly. To-day I see it still," said she, restraining her tears with difficulty, "and it makes me happy. When you saluted me for the first time beside our garden hedge; when, afterwards, at the beginning of October, you spoke to me across that hedge, and since then have always been so kind and consoling, so different from other Christians towards us, I knew well that you meant what was good to me; and this is now my only, my silent happiness!" As she spoke, tears streamed from her fine eyes, while she tried to smile and seem cheerful.

"But why?" asked Gustavus.

"I am not happy—not quite happy. In Frankfort I had my own little amusements, my own world; I cared nothing for the rest of it. I thought not of our condition; it did not annoy me that the Christians did not respect us. I sat among my friends in my little room, and knew nothing of what went on out of doors. My brother brought me here to Stuttgart beside himself. People told me that he had become great, that he governed a country, that in his house there were both splendour and joy, and that Christians lived with him as we lived with each other. I confess I was delighted when my friends described such a dazzling future for me. Who in my place would not have been so?"

She wept afresh, while the young man, though full of sympathy for her sorrow, yet felt that it was better to let her tears take their course. There is one feeling in the human breast which causes more grief than any other sorrow; we may call it sympathy with ourselves, and it nearly overpowers us when we must lay our ruined hopes, as it were, in the grave, while these hopes yet appear to be alive, as we recall the joy with which we approached a bright future. Such a bitter contrast has plunged many a stouter heart into misery than that of the fair Jewess.

"I have found all to be the reverse of this," continued Leah, after a pause. "In my brother's house I am more solitary than even during my childhood. I am not allowed to enter when he gives his grandest entertainments; the sounds of the music reach my lonely apartment, refreshments and wines are sent to me as if I were still a child, not old enough yet to join society. When I lately besought my brother to permit me to take some interest in such affairs, if only for once, he coldly refused me, and at another time, when his humour seemed very strange, actually terrified me by his answer."

"What was his answer?" asked the youth, anxiously.

"He looked at me for a long time, and sighed; his eyes were restless, his features dark and sad, and he replied, 'I must not too be lost; I must entreat unceasingly the God of our fathers to keep me pure and devout, that my soul might be a chaste offering for his soul.'"

"Idle superstition!" exclaimed the youth, in displeasure. "For this you must deny yourself all the joys of life!"

"Has he then sinned so terribly?" demanded Leah, as her friend interrupted himself in the midst of the sentence. "How shall I atone for it? Such strange words make me unhappy; it seems to me as if some calamity hung over my brother, and that what he did was not all right. No one has said this to me, but I cannot comprehend the words of Sarah, who, when I inquired at her as to this, avoided an answer, or called him mysteriously the avenger of our people."

"She is not prudent," answered the young man, with embarrassment; "your brother, as it is reported everywhere, has a powerful party against him; several of his transactions in the finance department will be censured. But you may be at rest about himself," added he, smiling bitterly, "for the duke this day sent him a grant of privilege, which assures him of safety and irresponsibility."

"Oh, how grateful am I to the good duke for this!" said she, overjoyed, while she pushed aside the dark locks from her fair forehead. "Then he need fear no one: the Christians cannot persecute him. You do not answer, Gustavus; you dislike my poor brother!"

"Your poor brother! If he were poor, I might perhaps respect his intelligence. But what is your brother to us?" continued Lanbek, smiling darkly. "I love you, though you had every bad angel for a brother. But one thing promise me, Leah; give me your hand upon it."

She looked at him innocently, yet full of anxiety, while she laid her hand in his.

"Never ask your brother again for leave to enter his society. He may have what reasons he likes for this, but it is right that you should never be there. Thus much I can assure you," added he, with kindling eyes—"if I knew that you had been there but once, I would never speak to you again!"

Embarrassed and with tears in her eyes, she would have questioned him further about this fresh advice, when a loud altercation in the next room disturbed the lovers. Several men appeared to be struggling with the police; the door of the closet had been forced open, and thus intruding, they came hastily into the very midst of the carnival, and were contending with fury.

"Heavens! that's my father's voice!" exclaimed young Lanbek. "Step back again with Sarah into the rooms; take the key of this door with you; perhaps we may see each other again at a later hour."

He hastily imprinted a kiss upon the brow of the amazed Leah, put on his mask, and before she could recollect herself, the actuary had already rushed through the door. In the corridor which he now entered, there stood a dense crowd gathered around the open door of the adjoining room. He easily distinguished the deep and powerful voice of his father; he pushed his way through like a madman, and at length gained the apartment. Five old men, who were well known to him as esteemed friends of his parent, stood round the old provincial consul, Lanbek: some disputed; others tried to tranquillise. It was at this period a dangerous affair to come into collision with the police; the latter were under the special protection of the Jewish minister, and several reports were in circulation of honest and quiet citizens who perhaps had spoken against

a servant of this secret police, or who might have resisted their power, having for several weeks been imprisoned, and afterwards set at liberty with the poor excuse, that it was a mistake. But the elder Lanbek seemed to know no fear of these men; he insisted that the police were obliged to leave the room, and it might perhaps have led to a serious affray, as well as an altercation, had not at this moment another matter taken off the attention of the leaders of the police wholly from him. Young Lanbek had pressed himself through, and now stood by the side of his father, ready, should the matter come to force, to support the old man with all his power. He had fastened on his mask more firmly, that it might not be lost in the scuffle, when an officer of police looked at him, and with a loud voice, while he pointed to him, cried—“In the name of the duke, seize this man, the Turk there—he is the right one.”

The surprise and six arms which were suddenly upon him, made him powerless. So near to his father, who might have saved him, still he ventured not to make his presence known by any exclamation, because he more feared the anger of his father than the power of the Jew.

The old men were struck dumb with amazement at this event; the leader of the police, since he had attained his object, now became more polite, and excused himself, whereon the others thanked him coldly. Unwillingly the youth allowed himself to be led away. The crowd who had assembled before the doorway divided; many looked at him inquisitively, in order to guess who it was that was thus torn off in the midst of a public diversion. As Gustavus was borne away, he heard a stifled cry; he looked round, and by the faint light of the lamp he thought he observed the turban of the fair Oriental. Much affected, he went on; and as the cold and snowy winter night-wind blew around him, he, for the first time, roused himself from his stupor, and tried to reflect upon the consequences likely to occur from his imprisonment.

CHAPTER V.

The assistants of police had brought the Saracen, apparently from a survey of his handsome dress, into the officer's room in the chief guard-house. The officer of the night watch, with a surly nod, assigned to him a bench which stood in a corner of the room as his place of sleeping; and, wearied with his long attendance at the ball, the youth did not find this bed so hard as to prevent him soon falling asleep.

The beat of drums awoke him next morning. Still half-asleep, he looked around on the naked walls, at his hard bed, then at his dress; and it was only after a while that he could recollect where he was, and how he came there. He stepped towards the window; all was yet still in the square before the guardhouse, and the exchange of guards before his window alone broke the silence of a misty morning in February. Meanwhile, the noise of the drums in the streets ceased; he heard the clock of the cathedral strike eight, and the sound of this clock sent him back again full of uneasiness and anxiety to his bed. “He will soon ask after me,” thought he, “and how disagreeably surprised will he be when he hears that I have not returned home during the night!”

In the house of the elder Lanbek, all went on in such regular order

that this occurrence must very much disturb everything there. At this hour, the old man had been accustomed for many years to take his breakfast; with the first stroke of the clock his son appeared as regularly as the servant with the coffee; they conversed upon the news of the day, upon the progress of affairs; and at these periods the all-powerful minister failed not to furnish materials for such conversations. The conversation usually concluded with the breakfast; the actuary kissed the hand of the old man, and went every day at a quarter before nine to the office in the Chancery. These, the habits of his home for many years, recurred to Gustavus at this moment. "Now John will be bringing in the coffee," said he to himself; "now he will be anxiously looking towards the door for me, surprised that I do not enter; now he will be calling for me—why must I cause such vexation to my good old parent?" He angrily threw away his turban, leant his brow upon his hand, and resolved to ask the officer, when he next made his appearance, as to the cause of his arrest.

The drums beat again, the exchanged guard drew off; he heard the arms collected together, and then an officer entered the ill-lighted apartment. He cast a hasty glance upon his prisoner in the corner, laid his hat and sword upon the table, and sat down. Lanbek, who could not be the first to speak, moved, however, as if to indicate that he no longer slept.

"Good day, sir," said the officer, while he looked at him; "you will perhaps share my breakfast with me?"

The voice seemed to Gustavus to be known to him; he arose, approached nearer, and saluted him courteously, and, with an exclamation of surprise, the two young men stood opposite to each other. "On my honour, brother!" cried Captain von Reelzingen, "I would not have sought you here! How comes it that you are under arrest? Heaven knows, Blankenberg was not in the wrong, as he pretended; you have *rieked something contra rationem?*"

"I may ask you, captain," replied Lanbek, "why I sit here? No one has assigned any reasons why I should be imprisoned. You are on guard, Reelzingen; I beg of you, since you must know——"

"Heaven defend me! I?" exclaimed the captain, laughing. "Do you think he has honoured me with his peculiar esteem, and taken me into his confidence? No, brother. When I was relieved, the lieutenant in command last night said to me, 'There is one above, whom we have brought here from the carnival by express orders.' He commonly goes on thus."

"Who is accustomed to go on thus?" asked Lanbek, turning pale.

"Who," answered the other, in a low tone of voice. "Your brother-in-law in the Jew."

"What?" exclaimed the other, reddening, "you think it is he? I thought until now this would turn out to be a mistake. You will have heard of the occurrence which took place with the Jew soon after I left you: some one cried out about becoming a Catholic, and at this the director of finance rose up——"

"What do you say?" interrupted the captain, with a serious air, while he drew nearer his friend, and grasped his hand. "It was thus? We were told otherwise. How it went it? what was said?"

The actuary was not a little surprised at the seriousness which overspread the features of his usually gay and careless friend. He related the incident to which he had been a witness, and observed that his friend's curiosity increased, and his eyes kindled more and more; and when he described how Süß became furious at the mysterious sentence, and had leaped up in wrath, he felt the captain's hand move in a strange way within his. "What affects you so much?" asked Gustavus, in surprise. "Why do you sympathise so much with a mere carnival freak like this, which in the end runs a chance of turning out a mere piece of foolery? If I did not know that you were evangelical, I should think that my information had offended you."

"Brother," replied the captain, while he endeavoured to conceal his seriousness beneath a smile of indifference, "you know this much of me, that every thing interests me, and I am curious in the highest degree; but, besides this, many are more serious than they are believed to be, and there is frequently a signification in a jest."

"What do you mean?" said the actuary, astonished. "What makes you so thoughtful? Are you again in debt? Perhaps I may be able to assist you?"

"Brother of my heart," answered the soldier, "you must have been much enamoured for some weeks, or that would not have escaped your quick observation, which has not escaped even my lighter head. Tell me, what says your father of the times? Do you never see Colonel von Röder with him? Were not the prelates at your house on Friday evening?"

"You speak in riddles, captain," answered the young man, in amazement. "What has my father to do with a colonel of the life guards, or with the prelates?"

"Friend, let us cut this matter short," said Reelzingen. "Do not in these affairs look on me as mad. I will not intrude upon your confidence, but I may tell you that I already know a good deal; and on my honour," he added, "I think thereon as becomes one of the nobles and my sword-belt!"

"What is your old patent of nobility or your new sword-belt to me?" replied the actuary, in displeasure. "How comes it that you boast in this way? I tell you I do not understand a syllable about the affairs of which you talk so mysteriously; I give you my word on this, and that is enough, Herr von Reelzingen."

"Bless me! brother," exclaimed the other laughing, "we are no longer in Leipsic, nor is this room the divine town cellar, but only a guard-room; we are no longer muses, you are now a ducal actuary, and I—a soldier; but, friend, we are in trouble and in death—so be rational, and storn no more. I will believe your word that you know nothing; but it had been well for your father to have apprised you. Your amour with the Jewess is not suited to the times; we all intreat you to take leave of your charmer, with whom, trust me, you never can effect any prudent or honourable connection."

"What know you of this?" interrupted the other, gloomily and bitterly; "I thought that as I had not asked for your advice, you might use greater moderation in your exhortations to me."

The fiery soldier, who really wished to be of service to his friend, was

about to reply in suitable words, when some person knocked at the door. The captain opened it, and one of his serjeants beckoned to him to come out. Gustavus heard some words exchanged, and directly saw his friend return with a troubled countenance.

"You receive a singular visit," he whispered to him; "he will quickly enter, and I must not be present."

"Who? My father?" asked Gustavus, anxiously.

"He comes," said the captain (while he hastily took up his hat and sword from the table)—"the Jew Suss!"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP: a Story of Domestic Life. By GRACE AGUILAR. London: Groombridge & Sons.

This is a handsome volume; just such a book as we would expect to find among the volumes composing a lady's library. Its interior corresponds with its exterior; it is a most fascinating tale. There is no silly descriptive introduction occupying nearly half the volume, and exhausting one's patience ere we commence the tale. We open the book—the first page attracts our attention; nay, the first sentence introduces us to the heroine of the story. We read on, and feel deeply interested, and that interest is never permitted to flag; it is most ably sustained throughout. We think it almost a fault, the brevity with which our authoress treats of some of those sacred and hallowed scenes to which she introduces us, and which she so eloquently and truthfully describes. It is evident that she does not try to spin out her book to an unnecessary length, but rather wishes to please and benefit her readers. We have read the work with so much pleasure, that we are in no mood for pointing out its faults: these, indeed, are neither numerous nor important. We would especially invite the attention of our lady readers to this interesting tale. It is full of noble and just sentiments; it contains many eloquent and beautiful thoughts. There are characters delineated worthy of the highest admiration; there are some, too, whose faults it would be well to ponder, and beware of imitating.

HOME INFLUENCE: a Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By GRACE AGUILAR. London: Groombridge & Sons.

It is very pleasant, after reading a book, to be able to speak of it in terms of high commendation. This we can do in the present case without hesitation. The tale before us is an admirable one, and is executed with taste and ability. The language is beautiful and appropriate; the analyses of character is skilful and varied. We have brought before us, in a very interesting and striking manner, the value of proper early training, and the happy results of it. This mode of treatment is ably contrasted with the opposite; and how melancholy, how dreadful are the

consequences flowing from it! We would fain have introduced our readers to the Hamilton family, in which is realised the beneficial effects of a judiciously-regulated home; but we must forbear. There is the less cause for regret since the work is within the reach of all, and, indeed, ought to be in the hands of all who are interested in the proper training of the youthful mind.

DAILY BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS. By JOHN KITTO, D.D. Vols. I. and II.
Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Sons.

There is certainly no lack of helps to the understanding of the Bible. There are "notes" and "commentaries" of all degrees of excellence, whose object is to unfold the doctrines of the book, expatiate upon its promises, and enforce its preceptive parts. There are, besides, several works constructed on different principles, but, though by a different course, they seek to guide the reader to the same goal—the better understanding, and the higher appreciation of the Book of God. These last arrange certain portions of Holy Scripture to be used daily in the closet or in the family; or they contain devout reflections on certain portions or events to strengthen the faith, stimulate the zeal, and excite the hope of the reader. To this class belong the volumes under notice; and it would be but scanty praise to say that they are the best of their kind, for, in truth, this class of religious works do not occupy a high place.

Of this class generally, there may be little ground to affirm that they are unsound in doctrine, or devoid of devout earnestness; but there can be no question that they are but sparingly imbued with other qualities, which are quite essential to the growth of the Christian mind, and the fitting of the Christian man to occupy his place, and to do his part in the day in which we live. The writers seem to have had but little anxiety, perhaps none at all, if we may judge from their productions, about the cultivation and development of the intellect; and hence all those questions that have a bearing on other departments of truth, that require profound and prolonged thought, the consideration of which might lead to the merest divergence from the beaten path of a cold, inflexible formalism, are ignored. We are aware that the seat of religion is the *heart*; but a heart excited and heated by the presence and operation of a strong religious feeling, dissociated from a mind well-informed, and an intellect well-cultivated, may make a restless enthusiast and helpless fanatic, but it will furnish a Christian man, far below the stature, to which he should, surrounded as he is by so many advantages, have attained. He is neither a proper representative of the Christian character, nor is he likely to do the necessary Christian work. Dr Kitto entertains a high idea of the Christian character, and perceives the importance and peculiar difficulties of the Christian's work. This undertaking—the Daily Bible Illustrations—has been conceived, planned, and is, so far as yet published, executed under a deep conviction, that food of a stronger and more substantial kind must be provided, that this character may be fully developed, and that the friends of the Bible may be better fitted to serve their day. The conception of the idea is beautiful, appropriate, and timeless; the execution of it is, to our judgment and taste, felicitous, able, and satisfactory.

TWELVE LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN. London: James Nisbet & Co.

These twelve lectures were delivered in London, during the winter that has just passed, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association. They are the production of as many minds. The lecturers belong to the leading sections of the Christian Church. Ten belong to England, one to America (Professor Mahan), and one to Scotland (Dr W. L. Alexander). There is such variety in the volume, that we cannot, in a notice like the present, furnish any critical opinion of it as a whole. The following subjects are discussed in the order in which they are here inserted:—The Bible Self-Evidential—Rev. H. Stowell; The Influence of Romanism on the Intellectual and Moral Condition of the People subject to its Sway—Dr Alexander; The Literary Attractions of the Bible—Rev. James Hamilton; The Relation of Christianity to the Freedom of Human Thought and Action—Professor Mahan; The Church in the Catacombs—Rev. William Arthur; The Nature of Romanism as Exhibited in the Missions of the Jesuits and other Orders—Rev. M. H. Seymour; The Bible: its Provision and Adaptation for the Moral Necessities of Fallen Man—Dr H. McNeile; The Apostle Paul—Rev. W. Brock; Money—Rev. S. Martin; Music in Relation to Religion—Dr Cumming; William Allen—Rev. J. Sherman; and the History of French Protestantism: its Present Condition and Prospects—Rev. R. Burgess. We naturally, in examining this volume, look in to the production of our own countryman, Dr Alexander. His subject is the influence of Romanism on the intellect, morals, and religion of those nations subject to its sway. The writer brings with him two indispensable qualifications to the discussion of this important subject—a large acquaintance with the literature of the theme, and extensive observation in countries where Romanism holds dominion. The lecture is consequently characterised by breadth of view, keen penetration into the system, and a just estimate of its influence upon the intellect and the heart. That influence he pronounces extremely injurious; and we cannot conceive of any one reading this clearly conceived and ably executed production, without being forced to the same conclusion. We should equally denounce any system that should produce the same consequences. This is a handsome and valuable volume; and as we have the ear of many young men of thought, we would respectfully request them to give it a careful perusal.

HUNGARY AND THE HUNGARIAN STRUGGLE: Three Lectures. By THOMAS G. CLARKE. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

Men of all opinions, and belonging to all parties, were struck with great admiration of the recent Hungarian struggle; and now, since that struggle, for the present, is over, few can contemplate the catastrophe without overwhelming feelings of sympathy and sadness. Here is a people whose history is ancient—whose liberties date as early as our own—whose loyalty was never impeached, but often found steady when that of others was wavering—who cherished no dislike to the reigning monarch, or to monarchy—who sought for no dangerous, subversive alteration in the constitution; but who asked with one voice, and in a legal manner, for the just distribution of public burdens, for the exten-

sion of municipal rights, for civil equality, and for security to credit and property, treated with all the insolence of despotic power, and exposed to all the horrors of civilised savageism. The heart of humanity bleeds in beholding such a scene; and, as sure as God is just, Austrian treachery and atrocity shall yet meet their desert.

Hungarian grievances have been long felt, and long and deeply working in the national mind. A combination of circumstances—some existing within, and others coming from without—brought matters to a crisis. Just at this time the author of this work arrived in the country. All was bustle and excitement for the present; they were strong in the national unity and loyalty of the past; hope brightened the future. No time could have been more propitious, no circumstances more favourable than these, to enable an intelligent on-looker to form an accurate idea of this noble people and the preparations being made to meet the coming conflict.

In the first Lecture, Mr Clarke, after giving an account of the journey to his place of destination, furnishes a spirited epitome of Hungarian history. The second is devoted to the Diet of 1847-8; while the third is entitled the Conflict, and describes the animated scene when the Magyars took to arms. In forming an opinion of this work, it must be remembered that the Lectures have been printed as delivered, and that the space at the author's disposal was very limited. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, he has produced a work of considerable interest. It breathes a strong, but not a blind sympathy with the high-minded and chivalrous Magyars: it gives a just representation of their character, their complaints, and their claims; it gathers up, with ability, the scattered elements of indignant resistance, and presents them, arrayed in firm phalanx, against the power of the oppressor. The author left Hungary just when the conflict had begun; and, consequently, his work does not contain an account of the war, and its disastrous termination; it only brings the reader up to the conflict. The author appears to us to have done himself great injustice by casting his lectures into such a mould. In taking the reader, if we may so say, into his confidence, and making the scene pass pictorially before him, two evils have been produced: Description, in itself admirable, passes too-much into detail, giving to the work the character of daintiness, rather than of strength; and an air of egotism is thrown over the whole, foreign to the modesty of the amiable author, and not a little injurious to the character of the work. To those, however, who wish to have a brief, accurate, and interesting view of Hungarian affairs, up to the time when the patriotic feeling became thoroughly roused, and the rush to arms became universal, this work will be a great acquisition.

VIEWS OF NATURE: or Contemplations on the Sublime Phenomena of Creation; with Scientific Illustrations. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. London: H. G. Bohn.

This is a beautiful edition of Baron Humboldt's valuable work. It was originally composed when the distinguished author had more of the elasticity of youth than he has now; he carries his enthusiasm with him into extreme age. But it has undergone careful revision, and received in

the process all the advantages of greatly enlarged experience and matured consideration. Here are found the principles on which his great work, the "Cosmos," is based, though not arranged into system. It is interesting thus to have the opportunity of tracing the working, and growth, and expanding of a great mind; and though the exercise may lead us to feel how dwarfish most minds are in comparison, yet it is wholesome and stimulating. The volume is enriched with most valuable notes, embodying the results of the more recent researches and discoveries of the author. The present translation is admirably done, and the work is altogether a fine specimen of the very useful series which Mr Bohn is at present presenting to the public, at a price so uncommonly low. Every one interested in the progress of human enlightenment, must wish the great undertaking a large measure of success, even though occasionally compelled to take exception to some of its parts.

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THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND: from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Adapted for Youth, Schools, and Families. By Miss JULIA CORNER. London: Thomas Dean & Son.

Miss Corner's Histories are well known and highly appreciated by many. The present volume, as appears from the title-page, has reached the sixteenth thousand. It has undergone a rigid process of correction, and has added to it a full and accurate Chronological Table. This is a feature of great importance in such a work as this. Were we to criticise, however, we fear that what we might endite would not be unmingled approbation. The work we believe to be executed with ability and no small degree of tact. There is a charm thrown around the succession of subjects that arise in the course of the narrative; and what, in other hands, might have been nothing more than dry and fatiguing detail, in those of Miss Corner assumes the freshness and interest of fiction. But on certain points we are inclined, even in this brief notice, to enter our protest. At page 17, the account given of the introduction of Christianity into England leads the authoress to announce a general principle. Now, we demur to the principle there announced as that in accordance with which Christianity has found its way into and obtained a footing in every country. This may appear a small matter; but it must be remembered that nothing is unimportant that produces first impressions on the minds of youth. On the knotty question of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, Miss Corner is not sound, to our thinking. We admit that she uses not many hard words, but she does what is quite as bad— withholds a frank and full acknowledgment of the Protector's merits (as in the case of England's relations with foreign powers), and ascribes to him unmingled motives of ambition. That Cromwell was not ambitious we shall not say; but of this we are sure, that the position which he latterly occupied was reached fully as much by the flow of circumstances as by the development of his ambitious plans.

THE PALLADIUM.

AUGUST, 1850.

AGRICULTURE AND FREE TRADE.

WE presume that the great proportion of our readers are satisfied with the general soundness of that axiom of political economy, which states it to be for the individual interest of all, to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest. Some, however, may have doubts regarding the successful application of this principle to the agricultural productions of the kingdom. Were we to judge solely from the outcry that has been raised, by a portion of the agricultural body, against the liberty lately bestowed as a favour, but received as an inalienable right by manufacturers, who export the produce of their labour and skill, to obtain in exchange for it (if it so please them) the bullocks of Holstein, the flour of France, the wheat of Poland, or the Indian corn from the vale of the Mississippi, we might naturally, if not rationally, suppose that there really was something in the business of growing corn, and in the manufacture of beef and mutton in the rich, fertile, and temperate realms of Queen Victoria, which annihilates that beneficial influence which free trade, or unrestricted competition, has been found to exercise on all other professions. We certainly anticipate that this country will now receive larger and more regular supplies of foreign corn than it has hitherto done, and that the evils attendant on a scarcity of the necessaries of life will be materially diminished, though it is too much to expect that they will ever here or elsewhere be wholly abolished. From our known readiness to receive the surplus produce of the world, we may reasonably calculate on prices being more steadily moderate than we have had any experience of since the beginning of the century; at the same time we are unable to learn from what countries or country we are to obtain those overwhelming supplies that are to drive our own agriculturists from the field.

When we contrast with their opposites in other nations, the amount of capital and scientific skill possessed by our practical farmers—the honesty, activity, and intelligence of our farm-labourers—the genial and temperate climate of Britain, which permits the labours of the field to proceed almost unceasingly every day in the year—we must speedily become sensible of our natural superiority. If industry, intelligence, capital, and climate are worth anything, the prime cost of agricultural produce in Britain must be less than in any country in Europe, or even

in America. It is true that the English farmers have lately coined the word "unfreighted" as applicable to the foreigner, while here "rent" swallows up a large proportion of the produce of our farms. But, in reality, this item does not enter into the cost of production at all. Its amount may indicate at times the prosperity of a country, but that it does not do so always, a melancholy instance may be found in the past and present state of Ireland. The welfare of the kingdom demands that rent shall depend on prices, not prices on rent. The main attempt to render it otherwise has hitherto been, and will continue to be, productive of misery to both producers and consumers. A glance at the history of this country for the last thirty-five years is sufficient to show this. All who have ears to hear must be aware that the cry of "agricultural distress" has not been heard now for the first time. Constant warfare amongst the nations of Europe, joined to the lavish expenditure of the British government from the closing years of the last century until 1815, had the effect of completely nullifying the moderate corn-bill of that period, so much so that the importation of grain was not only permitted, but actually encouraged. However, at the return of peace and the resumption of cash payments, which had been suspended by legislative authority, the nominal value of almost every commodity was reduced one half. This quickened the wits of the landlord class, either from self-interest or a mistaken policy, to try to realise war prices for the articles they themselves trafficked in, viz., the food of the people; and, having undisputed possession of the reins of government, they found it easier and pleasanter to do this, than to reduce their establishments, and to come to an adjustment of rents with their tenantry. Accordingly, the importation of foreign corn was prohibited until wheat reached the price of 80s. per quarter; and it should ever be remembered, that when this deed was accomplished, the Houses of Parliament were surrounded by soldiery to protect the members from the threatened violence of a London mob. Experienced farmers had solemnly declared before a Parliamentary Committee, that wheat could not be raised in Britain under 82s. 6d. per quarter. But, in place of this measure, which secured the home market to the British agriculturists, having the desired effect of maintaining this price, and of rendering them prosperous, there has not been a single year in which, under the blessing of Divine Providence, the crops have been of average abundance, without the wail of "agricultural ruin" being heard throughout the land. Indeed, there has only been a temporary lull, when gaunt famine stalked abroad, and threatenings of rebellion were whispered in manufacturing towns. It is curious and instructive to note that the loudness of the complaints has been in exact proportion to the existing amount of protection, and, in fact, the greater also the suffering actually experienced; for rents were promised, and engagements entered into, on the faith of a law which has ever proved a delusion and a snare. Those farmers who were in business in 1821-22, under all the advantages that could be derived from actual prohibition, cannot have forgotten the numbers of their class that were then swept away, or the thousands that each succeeding year has rendered unable to continue the struggle longer than necessary to enable landlords to find more suitable persons, which, from the law of distraint, they can generally do without loss to themselves. Parliament continued ever chary

of recommending a reduction of rent to remedy the sufferings of their "pet" interest; but the conviction was ultimately forced on them, that it was absolutely necessary, for the sake of all parties, to remove a portion of the coveted protection. Consequently, in 1828, the price at which wheat was to be kept by act of Parliament fell from 80s. to 60s. per quarter: Then, as now, interested politicians and speculative men, short of capital, loudly complained of confiscation, and asked how it was possible to continue cultivation, much less to pay rents, under such altered circumstances. Notwithstanding, on trial, matters were found by the agriculturists to go on, certainly not worse, to say the least of it, than before; and, strange to say, there was almost directly a perceptible improvement, in agricultural science and practice, which has continued to grow and spread with a constant and increasing velocity. In 1842, Sir Robert Peel modified the sliding-scale, and fixed 56s. per quarter, in place of 60s., as the parliamentary remunerating price for wheat. He carried, at the same time, his cattle and provision tariff, which by many was reckoned a heavy blow and sore discouragement. The panic it occasioned created a temporary but needless reduction in the value of live stock, and which would not have taken place, had the measure been put into operation without the knowledge of the parties who thus injured themselves. Finally, in 1846, the bill for the total abolition of protection passed both Houses of Parliament; and since February, 1849, British artizans have had their bread at the world's market price; but as yet we are unable to discern any signs of an ebbing vitality in the agricultural body. Notwithstanding the groans of some, whose rents may require an adjustment to the new state of things, we fancy we can discern in the dim future, a more settled serenity than the British farmer has hitherto enjoyed; the cloud has been removed that distracted his attention from his legitimate business, and no longer forms a disturbing element in his calculations. In some purely arable districts, such as East Lothian, rents have long been made payable according to the price of grain, in order to remedy the violent fluctuations occasioned by fiscal interference; and there many most extensive farmers do not hesitate to confess, that crop 1849 has left them as handsome a profit as ever before fell to their lot.

It is quite true that the high and unprecedented prices for agricultural produce during the last European war, stimulated production to a great extent over the whole kingdom, and more particularly in Scotland, where, from the absence of tithes, and from the system of granting leases, the industrious cultivator was allowed, at least for a time, to enjoy the fruits of his labour. Still farmers, as a body, reaped in the end but little advantage from this. Having faith in the omnipotence of Parliament, as being capable of continuing an exceptional state of matters, they freely entered into new engagements, and applied their surplus capital to enhance the value of the property of another, so that, when prices again fell, they were rarely relieved from the obligations they had undertaken, until their capital was well nigh exhausted. But, after all, it is an undoubted fact, that agriculture made greater advances as a science, during the twenty years immediately succeeding the year 1815, than it had done the twenty years preceding. More than that, the increase of skill, and the value of the practical improvements known and

applied, to augment the quantity, and cheapen the cost of agricultural produce, have been greater during the last fifteen years, than all that were in operation in the previous hundred and fifty. We may shortly enumerate some of these, beginning with thorough draining by means of tiles or pipes, first introduced to public notice by the late lamented James Smith of Deanston. This of itself has achieved a complete revolution in the mode of farming in whole districts, rendering them more easily and effectively wrought. Everywhere it has added greatly to the average produce of the grain crops, and mightily extended the breadth of land suitable for green crops, either for the food of man or the fattening of animals. As if it had been on purpose to accomplish this, we had the almost simultaneous introduction of guano, in company with a host of artificial fertilisers, distinguished for their mixture of phosphates, or of salts, but all more or less adapted to the growth of root plants. These, again, afford food for live stock, which yield the farmer a return for beef and mutton, and leave him also in possession of a manure heap of the richest quality, still further to fertilise his soil, and to cheapen the production of cereals. The value of linseed-cake for feeding stock, and thereafter for manure, has been longer known, though its use has only become general within the last few years. The method of applying grain economically to the feeding of stock, by a mixture of bruised linseed, cannot yet be said to be generally known and appreciated; while the feeding of cattle in boxes, and protecting the manure from wind and rain until fit for use, so that its most valuable properties may not be prodigally wasted or destroyed, has only begun to excite attention. We need not refer to the valuable instruments of husbandry now to be seen on every well-managed farm, in the shape of drills, sowing machines, horse hoes, or clod crushers; but we may remark, that the application of steam to the threshing and dressing of corn for the market, and, we may add, the bruising of oats for the horses, will, upon farms the average size of those in the Lothians, effect a saving of horse-labour in these times by no means to be despised. As contrasted with the flail, steam-power enables the farmer to pay fully 5s. an acre of additional rent. When we join to this the benefits derived from that net-work of railroads which now intersects the kingdom, and affords both extraordinary facilities for personal locomotion, and a cheap and rapid carriage for corn and cattle to market, as it were annihilating space betwixt the distant hamlet and the wealthy and populous city, where the produce of the farm is ever in demand, surely we may laugh at the idea of the backwoodsman of America, with his primitive culture, being able to undersell the British farmer in his own market. If we compare the market value of land in the neighbourhood of a town, with soil of a similar quality twenty miles distant, we will then be able to form some idea of the worth of locality. We contend, that though a difference, even in this island, will still continue, it has been and is being materially reduced. It is well known that the whole of the potatoes grown in East Lothian for the last two years have been sent to Glasgow and Manchester; and that in that county this season, the breadth of ground under that root has been quadrupled, in expectation of a market for them in these cities, which is illustrative of the fact of new markets and modes of culture being rapidly developed. It has been stated by the *Times*' Commissioners—and

remains, so far as we know, uncontradicted,—that Mr Hudson of Castle-aere, in Norfolk, had found, by careful experiment, that the difference in the value of the sheep and cattle, sent by him annually to Smithfield market, was £200, from their having been conveyed by rail, in place of travelling on their feet—that is, they diminished in value that sum, by losing weight on the road walking to market, which they always did, previously to the opening of the Eastern Counties line. If the saving on one man's stock amounts to this sum, what must the whole kingdom gain by the additional quantity of beef and mutton brought to market. It at least affords some compensation to consumers for the diminished surface the formation of railways has left for the production of corn crops. It would seem, however, that the land-owners, who have already derived the principal advantage from them, in having generally received two or three prices for their land, will to the end continue the great gainers, from the enhanced value it permanently gives to the whole of their estates. The enterprising shareholder gets nothing; the quiescent landlord has a fair and legitimate reason for raising his rents, and, besides, can make his annual journey from Scotland to London, with his wife, family, and servants, more comfortably and in one fourth the time it took to post it, and at fully £100 of less expense.

We have no intention of endeavouring to comfort the agriculturist by proving that the prices of this year are exceptional, or of entering into any speculation as to what point they may ultimately tend to under free trade. We and they know, that, under the most rigorous protection, farming, as a pursuit, has, on the whole, been anything but profitable, which is easily explained by the constantly falling prices and the frequent ruinous depressions of the value of farm products, in proportion to the rent stipulated to be paid. On the other hand, we confidently anticipate that, under the new order of things of unrestricted competition, the British farmer will obtain a gradual and sure increase of price, and that ultimately, from an augmented and wealthy population, he will have, under free trade, what he never had under protection, *a large crop and a comparatively high price at the same time.* We may, however, ask those who are doubtful of this, and who can see nothing but ruin to our home agriculture in the great “free trade experiment,” to compare the state of Great Britain with that of France or Belgium, and to examine into the actual position and agriculture of those countries from whence we expect the largest supplies. From the two countries we have named, we have received fully *one-third* of all the wheat imported during the last twelve months, notwithstanding that, like ourselves, though to a much less extent, they have heretofore been unable to supply their own wants. If the outcry has been loud in Britain, it has been even louder in France, where they still retain a corn law. The average price of wheat in France, for ten years previous to 1848 (the date of their last revolution) was 51s. 2d. per quarter. In 1847 it was 69s. 7d., though, in November, 1849, with not one imported quarter, it was down to 33s. 7d.; while in Great Britain, at the same date, it was 40s. 8d., being a difference of fully 7s. per quarter in favour of the English market, in spite of all our large importations. This shows the advantage the British farmer has by living in a regularly importing country, in place of an exporting one. This difference will be found practically to be rather over than

under 7s. per quarter; besides many other kinds of agricultural produce, not so easily conveyed as wheat, must fetch relatively a much higher price in a country requiring, or capable of taking off, such large importations as we lately experienced in the face of an abundant home harvest. But we have never seen it seriously maintained, that the farmers there had anything to fear from either France or Belgium, in seasons with them of only ordinary plenty, and of common security for life, property, and the rewards of industry.

Alarmists tell us that it is from the shores of America, and from the countries around the Baltic Sea, that that deluge of bread-stuffs is to come which is to ruin the country. We will, however, put into the witness-box two competent persons, who, from their character and agricultural experience, are well qualified to give evidence as to what they have seen—the one in America, the other in Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden—and both, we think, witnesses unexceptionable to the agricultural body. In regard to America—as we intend to content ourselves at present with relying on the testimony of the well-known Mr Johnston, the talented professor of agricultural chemistry—we will not insist on the striking fact that wheat at this moment is higher in New Orleans and New York than it is in Liverpool. But can we expect, so long as American agricultural labourers get a dollar a day, that there is much chance of continuous large supplies of grain, being sent here from that continent, at a figure so as to undersell the home growers? This difference in the price of labour comes to more than the average rent of land in this kingdom, high though some people think it is. In a speech of Professor Johnston's, which he delivered at a late dinner of the East of Berwickshire Farmers' Club, he gave an account of his recent tour through the United States. In no instance does he state the crops raised there as large, while in many places ten and twelve bushels an acre were an average produce. "In New Brunswick, New England, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and New York, the growth of wheat has almost ceased, and it is now gradually receding further and further westward." He describes the general condition of agriculture as very backward, and similar to what "Scotland was eighty or ninety years ago." And, in conclusion, he does "not think that the United States need be any bugbear to them," the farmers of Britain. But the Professor is not altogether free from alarm, as "he is of opinion that the great source of competition the agriculturists here would have to contend with, was the Baltic and the countries on the Black Sea." It is evident Mr Johnston had only been in America, and we believe he spoke of the other countries from hearsay. In August, 1842, immediately after the passing of Sir Robert Peel's modification of the sliding scale and new tariff for live stock, a highly respectable farmer in Norfolk, Mr T. F. Salter of Attleborough, being then of the same opinion that Mr Johnston now holds, made an agricultural tour round northern Europe, his "Rough Notes" on which he published in 1846.* Mr Salter informs us, in his introduction, that "when he left England, he did so under the

* *Rough Notes of a Farmer, being an Agricultural Tour through Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, in August, 1842.* By T. F. SALTER of Attleborough, Norfolk. London: J. Ridgway.

impression that Russia and Prussia possessed the power to supply an unlimited quantity of corn." He returned, after a tour of 6000 miles, convinced that this power has been greatly over-rated, at least for a long period to come, and that the inhabitants neither possess the skill, the knowledge, nor the means of injuring the British farmer in their present state. He describes the Russian plough as an implement worth, in the British market, from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.; the harrow as a number of slabs of the fir-tree, with the spurs or branches left on, about fifteen inches long, the slabs fastened to crossbars at the end with a withe—their value not above 1s. 6d. to 2s.; and the waggon as adapted for a donkey on a common road—value from 50s. to £5—but to this two or three horses or oxen are attached abreast. He also states that "the land is chiefly cultivated by women, children, or old men"—that it is not an unusual sight to see one hundred women at plough, within a very short distance of each other, without hat, cap, shoes, or stockings—their only covering being a loose kind of blue smock frock, with a string to draw it round the waist and above the breast.

The able-bodied men in Russia are chiefly engaged as soldiers and as servants to their lords, or they work as mechanics in towns. Consequently the lands look poverty-stricken and neglected, and would require an immense outlay to improve them, besides the difficulties in the way of climate:—one month of the year being divided into spring and autumn, four months into extreme heat of summer, and seven months of severe winter, during which the earth is closed against all cultivation. From this it may easily be inferred that the crops cannot be heavy; the staple crop, rye, yielding, on an average, "from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 corn, that is to say, from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 times the seed sown;" and as the crop he saw was said to be the best they had had for twenty years, "my decided opinion was that 8 to 12 bushels per acre would top the average of many seasons." Wheat, barley, and oats yielded in the same proportion. Mr Salter was offered land at Kief, understood to be the richest soil in Russia, at 4s. an acre, and as many serfs as he liked "for £7 or £8 per annum, boarding themselves. In my opinion that was not so wondrous cheap; I would rather have given an English labourer £21, and should have got money by the exchange." Russians work only 240 days, the rest being either saints-days or Sundays. The driving to market the crops above described may appear no great matter, yet the roads are universally so bad, that three horses at least are required to draw what one could have done on a common road. When near Riga, he writes, "To give some idea of the badness of the roads, and the difficulty of transit, we had ten horses attached to a diligence with six people in it, for nearly 250 miles of the journey, which was nearly all the time in deep sand."

Fortunately matters are described as much better in Prussia, some of the soil being fertile, "especially along the banks of the Vistula." The farmers in the neighbourhood of the Baltic ports are very intelligent men, and much better farmers than their Russian and Polish neighbours; those of the southern districts, however, were said to be suffering from poverty, ignorance, and indolent habits, and living in wretched hovels. Mr Salter states that land in the neighbourhood of Dantzic had increased in value nearly 100 per cent. within the last 12 years; and he describes

minutely the in-comings and out-goings on a well managed property within nine miles, of that port, consisting of 3125 acres, and where the general average of the cottages is good—much better in many cases than those of Norfolk, and the cottagers are better off in their living than the generality of English labourers. The total value of produce of all kinds, including wood sold, £1840 1 0
 Charges against the above, including interest at 4 per cent.
 on the value of the estate, 1330 0 0

Leaving a balance of £510 1 0
 for tenants' profits, for himself and family to live upon, and pay all little incidental, market, and other expenses, and interest of floating capital, —being a profit of about 3s. 3d. per acre.

The home farm consisted of 1700 acres, the live stock and implements on which were worth £1543, and from a detailed statement regarding its management, it appears that after deducting interest at 4 per cent. on its value, being the rent, or £445 : 14s., there was still left a balance of £191 : 16 : 3d. for the tenant to live on. It is added, that the same kind of farm would be worth, to rent in England, £1260. But the conclusion he draws from the whole is, "that instead of labour being cheaper in Prussia (when paid in produce) it is considerably dearer—land, however, being of considerably less value."

On visiting Denmark, which was decidedly the best country in his route, Mr Salter was surprised to find pasture land letting at from 40s. to 50s. per English acre upon ten years' leases, and that where the tenants were allowed to mow, from 60s. to 70s., and in some few instances, near towns, even 80s. per acre. From the severity of the winter, which lasts about six months, all cattle are housed and kept alive upon dry food, which occasions a great demand for hay and straw. In the neighbourhood of Keil small farms let at from 20s. to 25s. per acre; larger farms, from 18s. to 20s. Holstein is altogether a very fertile district, let at high rents, and, for the country, also taxed high, from 4s., 6s., to 8s. per acre (no rent charge or poor rate), especially from Keil to Lüttenberg and Prietz Ploen, on the road to Lubeck, though the soil is very inferior the rest of the way.

• We have never met with any one who professed alarm at the probable importations of grain from Sweden, neither does our idea of the country improve by Mr Salter's account of it, so we need not burden our pages with his remarks. We have already given the spirit and substance of his notes; and we now confidently ask, has he not effectually dissipated the idea of overwhelming importations from the Baltic? Yes, as completely as Professor Johnston has laid the bugbear of America!

Though we do not for a moment suppose that a single farm or a single acre in Great Britain will be thrown permanently out of cultivation, by importations at a price that would not remunerate the home-grower; yet, we believe that either a considerable reduction of the money-value of land must take place, or the adoption of a generally improved system of cultivation, sufficient to counterbalance the fall in price that has lately occurred, and may probably continue. The first alternative is by no means desirable, on many accounts besides the interest of the owners, while it may easily be proved that, in 99 cases out of the 100, the second,

if only judiciously gone about, will be discovered to be an amply sufficient remedy. We had written so far, when there was put into our hands a pamphlet directly bearing on the latter point, by Mr Talbot, M.P., for Glamorganshire.* In a very clear and business-like manner, Mr Talbot details the mode of management formerly followed at Penrin Castle farm, which is the common system in the neighbourhood. Then, after describing the evils of that system, or the miserable results obtained from it, even under protection, he classifies numerous tables, exhibiting at a glance the numbers and values of the different kinds of stock, formerly and now kept on the farm; also the quantities of grain raised each succeeding year under the new mode, progressively increasing. Statements are also given of the gross receipts and expenditure on the farm for ten years, being the last five years of the old system with the first five years of the new, showing the balance under both applicable to the payment of rent and tithes, and interest of capital employed. Under the old, this balance amounted to £110 per annum, and under the new to £428, notwithstanding that in the first two years of it there was a positive loss. The whole extent of the farm is 380 imperial acres, of which 250 are arable, and 130 permanent pasture rather thickly wooded. The capital invested is given at £2514, being at the rate of £6 : 12s. an acre. We mention this before coming to the receipts and expenditure for crop 1849, which, notwithstanding free trade, leaves a balance for rent, tithe, &c., of £680, when it should be recollected that the most the farm was ever let for was £240, and which was found too high. But after all Mr Talbot is not satisfied, as he then gives a table to show if prices had not fallen, or, in other words, if he had still had the power to put his hands into the pockets of the operatives of England, he would have had £1110 in place of £680. Oh, for shame, Mr Talbot! He grumbles, too, that the working stock on his farm has diminished in value, and commends this simple fact to the attention of those logicians who maintain that the permanent reduction of prices of agricultural produce is not a tenant's question, "for that a corresponding reduction in rent would set all things straight." It seems to be in Mr Talbot's view for the interest of tenants not only to pay a rent of £300 in place of £200 a-year, but also that the greater the sum necessary to stock a farm so much the more beneficial for the occupier. However, we must not press Mr Talbot too hard, seeing he admits, though most reluctantly, that he will be able to continue "to cultivate his farm with wheat at 40s." He dolefully concludes thus—"As a landlord I can never expect to improve the value of the land, and as an occupier I must be contented to conduct a hazardous business with but a trifling chance of profit." We would now only recommend Mr Talbot's shrewd and intelligent Scotch bailiff, who has obtained for him the "trifling" profits mentioned above, to set his active brains once more to work, and try and discover some new mode to satisfy his rather insatiable master; for he may consider it

* Remarks on the advantages of the East Lothian system of farming, as compared with the system commonly pursued in the vicinity of Swansea; addressed to the members of the Swansea Farmers' Club, by the President, C. R. M. TALBOT, Esq., M.P. London: H. G. Bohn. 1850.

certain that a tax for the benefit of the wealthiest class in Britain will never again be submitted to by the people of England.

But it may be said, though this plan of improved cultivation may do very well in some backward situations, what is to become of those districts, such as the Lothians of Scotland, where the best of farming is already practised? We answer, that there the rent is a very different matter from what it is in most of the English counties. Lord Kiinnaird's now celebrated farm of Mill Hill, in Forfarshire, is higher rented than Mr Talbot's by 150 per cent., while the average of the parish of Dunbar in East Lothian, is fully £4 per imperial acre, or betwixt 500 and 600 per cent. higher. Now, if nothing else can be done, we say that here is an ample fund capable of supplying all deficiencies. But we utterly deny that even in East Lothian the land is generally farmed nearly so well as it might be. No one can pass through it even by the North British Railway, without being struck by the contrast that farm presents to farm, often field to field. Did landlords and tenants properly understand their relative position and faithfully discharge their relative duties, this would not be; but as long as the system exists of feeding a farm at the beginning of a lease, and scourging it before it comes to a close, matters can hardly be better. The land is not for one-third of the period of a 19 or 21 years lease, attempted to be kept at the highest degree of fertility. Every intelligent farmer knows that it requires, on the great proportion of soils, years after years of continued outlay and expenditure before they can be brought into the highest and most profitable state of cultivation. The first half of a lease is generally spent in bringing the land into this condition, the last half in undoing it. No rules, or regulations, or modes of cropping can prevent it. All may be and are kept to the letter, but broken in spirit. The capital and skill of the tenant farmer must be recognised by law as a marketable commodity, separate and distinct from the freehold on which it may be expended, before we can look for any great change. We confess we have no great hopes of seeing this brought about until considerable suffering has been felt by both landlords and tenants. Notwithstanding the evidence taken before a select committee of the House of Commons, and their report; the discussions in Parliament on Mr Pusey's landlord and tenant bill, which is simply a permissive measure, show too clearly the ignorance that yet exists in high places on this all important question. The self-interest of parties will by and by find it out. Hitherto deteriorated farms have let about as readily as those in better order; *condition* has not yet occupied that place in the estimate of value, to which the lower price of produce is destined to raise it. That it has not done so sooner is mainly owing to the strange hallucination entertained so long by many that an act of Parliament could render a whole profession prosperous and happy. No delusion has been more industriously circulated, than that the expenses of cultivation in Britain are so enormous, as entirely to preclude the idea of the British husbandman successfully competing with those in America or in any of the nations of Europe. Nothing can be more erroneous: the principal difference betwixt Britain and other countries consists in the money-value of land, or the amount of rent that farmers are willing to pay for its use. In no other country is grain brought to market at less cost than here; always, however, excluding rent, which is

simply a matter of bargain between two parties, and with which the public have no concern. Now what are the expenses of raising agricultural produce or carrying through a given rotation on an acre, or any other known quantity of land, and what is the value of the average returns therefrom? Few questions apparently so simple as this have been the subject of greater controversy. It is a matter in which it is scarcely possible to find two practical men who will give exactly the same replies. If they enter into details they are sure to differ; yet everybody knows an acre to be but a small and well-defined extent of measure, and one would think that the general amount of expenses incurred, and the average value of the returns obtained, would be easily ascertained and calculated. But the truth is, that both expenses and returns vary on every farm, and on the same farm are never two years exactly alike. Besides, few farmers are disposed to give a *bona fide* statement from their books, as to what these are on the average of years; for, should a handsome profit be shown, the chances are they would be immediately told that their rent was too low; and were a loss exhibited, the reply would be, either that they paid too much rent, or that they were bad farmers and did not understand their business. Rent is simply the excess of the value of the produce of land after deducting all the expenses of cultivation. No land of itself will produce a crop of wheat, or anything beyond a scanty herbage; it must first be properly tilled and manured, and have that seed sown of which a crop is wished to be grown. These operations it is the duty of the occupier or tenant to perform; and though the result is much influenced by the nature of the soil, its situation, and climate, as well as by the season being favourable, yet in any given number of years the amount of produce reaped, is mainly dependent on the management of the person who directs the proceedings. His skill and intelligence are shown by the value of the surplus produce left after paying expenses, or the amount of the fund he may have realised available for profit or rent. Different individuals take different plans to obtain this surplus; one is content with a small produce, if obtained at a small expense—another calculates that by a large outlay he will have still larger crops, and by this means an increased fund for profit or rent. Intelligent and enterprising farmers affirm that on the great majority of soils the latter is the true plan, or the one most likely to succeed, if judiciously gone about. The principal objection to it is, that it requires years after years of patient outlay before the returns become sufficiently remunerative, when the lease may be drawing to a close, and few choose to have their farms in high condition then, from the great probability of their being called on to pay rent on their own capital and skill. But whether this is correct or not, the different items which enter into, and form the bulk of the account of farming expenditure, are themselves mainly dependent on the price of farm produce. The statements of the Scotch farmers, who gave their evidence before the committee of the House of Commons on agricultural distress in 1836, clearly show this. It does not signify which of them is taken; but we will begin with that of Mr Howden, Lawhead, East Lothian, a gentleman well known and much respected. He gave in a note of the gross produce, and also of the rent and expenses of his farms of Lawhead and Traprain for the three years 1832-33-34.

The rent and expenses amounted to	£8,854	6	10
The rent alone was	3,378	1	3

Which leaves for expenses of cultivation	£5,481	5	7
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This sum may again be divided under two heads, one payable in money and the other depending on the price of grain. The following items appear to be made up of produce raised and consumed on the farm, viz. :—

Seed Wheat for 423 acres at £1 4 2	£511	2	6
„ Barley for 27 „ 0 14 1½	19	0	4
„ Oats for 300 „ 0 10 0	150	0	0
„ Beans for 150 „ 0 13 0	103	2	6
„ Potatoes for 15 „ 2 0 0	30	0	0
„ Turnips for 225 „ 0 2 3	25	6	3
Grain payable to hinds, and consumed by horses	1995	0	0
„ „ to farm overseer	75	0	0
„ „ to shepherd, cattle-keepers, and labourers	375	0	0
Expense of keep of riding horse	60	0	0
Food for reapers in harvest	168	15	0
Food for dairy-maid and boy	38	0	0
	£3550	6	7

Which leaves for tradesmen, harvest expenses, women workers, taxes, and all other expenses payable in money	1930	19	0
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Constituting the total of Mr Howden's expenses	£5481	5	7
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The value of the gross produce Mr Howden states to be £9608:5:11½d., and we see from the above, that all the payments really made in cash to obtain this large sum only come to £1930:19s., or about 20 per cent. of the whole. In the account of produce, the turnips, potatoes, and grass are put down at £2340. Part of this would go to maintain the horses, but the greater part would be converted into beef and mutton, with the sale of which free trade does not materially interfere, as the importation of live stock and cured provisions has never yet exceeded 3 per cent of the consumption of the country, and is, besides, gradually falling off.

In the statement of the income and expenditure, by the late Mr Bell of Kidduff, of his farm in Berwickshire, for crop and year 1835, wheat is reckoned at 40s. per quarter, oats at 22s., and barley at 26s.; and the total gross produce is given as amounting to £2333:15s. In the expenses, lime, bone-dust, and draining are charged at £143:7:4d.; besides £40 a-year for keeping up implements, over and above £61 for tradesmen's accounts—the whole expenses amounting to £1143:13:1d., which, taken from the gross produce, leaves £1190:2:11d. for rent and profit. Three items alone of the expenses amount to £636:3:9d., which are paid in farm produce, viz., seed-corn, corn consumed by horses, and wages to yearly servants; so that in this case also the payments in cash are comparatively small.

Mr George Robertson, a farmer, and agent for several estates, residing

in Kincardineshire, within six miles of Montrose, gave in a statement of the product and expenditure of a strong clay sand farm, containing 253 imperial acres. The expenditure, including wear and tear of implements and stock, tenants' expenses, going to market, and £200 a-year for remuneration and interest of capital, amounts to £710 : 10 : 5d., or about 56s. per acre. He gives the total income of the farm—charging wheat at 45s., beans and barley at 30s., and oats at 22s. per quarter—at £1204 : 14 : 1d., which, after deducting expenses and tenant's profit, leaves £494 : 2 : 8d. for rent—being about 39s. per imperial acre, or 49s. per Scots. Mr Robertson also gives the cost of production where no rent is paid, by which he makes out that wheat can be raised for 28s. 6d. per quarter, beans for 17s. 6d., barley for 18s. 6d., and oats at 13s. 6d.; hay for 3s. a stone, and potatoes for 4s. a boll. The true way to discover the actual cost of a quarter of grain, or any other agricultural production, is to ascertain the proportional part it bears to the value of the total produce, and then to divide the actual expenses by this proportional part. On trial, it will be found that, in many cases, the cost will be positively less than the sums condescended on by Mr Robertson. From this it will be seen, how idle are the fears of those who affect to believe that land in this country will go out of cultivation, and how ridiculous are the calculations made to show, that the repeal of the Corn Laws is a loss to the agricultural interest of a sum far beyond the rental of the kingdom. Even non-agricultural readers must perceive that it is only on a small portion of surplus produce that prices have any effect whatever.

Anxious as we are for the prosperity of agriculture, and the well-being of all connected with it, we cannot conclude without pretesting against the extraordinary step taken by the government, of lending to proprietors millions of money for the drainage of their land, and that at a period when private capitalists have the greatest difficulty in finding safe investments. It certainly does not form part of the duties of the state to supply money for private undertakings, whether for the manufacture of corn or of cotton. The one class of manufacturers are surely as well entitled to favours as the other. There is no want of wealthy tenants, ready to execute properly every description of improvement, provided they obtain leases of suitable duration, and be guaranteed the value of their improvements at their close, in so far as they enhance the value of the farms. And yet, at least in Scotland, calculating proprietors obtain the money of the state to drain their lands. The tenants pay $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as interest for twenty-two years, and at the end of that time the proprietors find their estates increased in value, without their having contributed to it one farthing. This is unfair to the tenantry, and to every other class in the community. Let the British farmer have a fair field; let him be encouraged to lay out capital by some guarantee that others shall not come in and reap the benefit of it; and let him bring to his assistance all the aids which skill, and science, and contented perseverance supply, and then, we venture to predict, the condition of Agriculture under Free Trade will be ultimately better than under Protection.

IN MEMORIAM.*

THERE is now left of the greatest poet of modern times nothing that is mortal. No English bard has ever been so deeply and widely beloved in his life, and so profoundly regretted in his death, as Wordsworth. Thousands have felt his loss as they would that of a near friend, or a dear relative; and these thousands are made up from the best hearts and most cultivated minds in the empire. Bad and ignorant people have paid to him their tribute of honour in the only way they could; that is, by indifference, ridicule, and hatred. These dogs have had their day; and now the fame of Wordsworth shines lustrous, serene, and permanent—and as little liable to obscurity, by the doubts and mocks of the few infidels who have yet to discover that their heresies are obsolete, as is the glory of the moon endangered by the yelping of curs, that are said to become insane when they look upon her beauty.

For a few days, we were without a poet whose right to the throne and sceptre of the dead king had been fully and publicly asserted and allowed. This brief interregnum has been closed by the appearance of a volume of verse, as remarkable for its excellence as for its peculiarities. Very general report attributes this production to a poet who, in the absence of this new claim, must still have occupied a position made solitary by its eminence. Assuming, upon what we take to be unquestionable internal evidence, the accuracy of that report, we shall speak of this volume as the matured work of a mature writer; and we desire that our praise of it (for we have little else than praise of it to utter), may be understood to be without the least allowance for defect of time or practice in the poet.

"In Memoriam" consists of a series of elegies upon the death of a friend; they are all more or less related to each other; they are all written in one and the same measure, and this displays the excellent and most rarely united qualities of complete novelty, simplicity, and adaptation to the subject. The theme and its mode of treatment present unusual difficulties to the writer, who is called upon to give an account of, and to judge concerning them. The critic of a really new poem is always in a hazardous and often in a false position. He can scarcely fail to form his judgment upon principles which have been deduced from foregone developments of art; indeed, unless he be an artist himself, it is impossible that he should do otherwise: and yet the subject of his judgment, if it is what it pretends to be, must include either unprecedented artistical principles, or pre-existent principles acted upon in a manner so unprecedented as to conceal the fact of their pre-existence. Deep and loving study, renewed from time to time, with long intervening periods of repose for intellectual digestion and assimilation, are necessary, as it seems to us, in order to qualify even the most just and tender apprehension for delivering anything like a safe judgment upon a true poem: nor is our sense of the difficulty of speaking rightly concerning a work like that which is before us at all diminished by the perusal of the dashing criticisms of certain of our contemporaries, who

manage to cut the leaves, read the book, write their judgment, and correct the proof of it, in surprisingly rapid, and perhaps nearly equal periods of time. The process whereby the results of the labour of, maybe, half the life of a great man are thus summed up and disposed of in the course of half an evening, by sometimes a very little man, reminds us too forcibly of that, by which, (as it is averred) one ass may deny more in one hour than can be proved by a hundred doctors in a hundred years.

We say that it is always an onerous task to arrive at a true judgment of a true work of art; it is so, when the form of the work is an accepted and established matter, as in the case of a tragedy, an epic, or an ode; but, in the present case, we are aware of but two works which offer any sort of precedent of form: these are, the sonnets of Petrarch upon Laura, and the (so called) sonnets of Shakspeare. Yet, even to these the resemblance of "In Memoriam" is so slight that we are not tempted to elaborate a parallel. Persuaded as we are that time will place the poem before us side by side with those famous monuments of personal attachment, we feel that our safest course is to avoid detailed comment, and to make the new and crowning work of our first poet, as far as possible, explain itself.

The two following elegies, although not among the earliest in the volume, supply its preface and apology:

I sing to him that rests below,
And since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

"The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak—
'This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men!'

Another answers, 'Let him be;
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.'

A third is wroth—'Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?—

A time to sicken and to swoon,
When science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?'

Behold! ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust;
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And unto one her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged
And unto one her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

If these brief lays, of sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers were proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn.

Her care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love:

And hence, indeed, she sports with words;
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords:
Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

Our next quotation contains an assertion of the tenderness of the attachment and grief whereby these poems have been inspired, in words of a loveliness which has been rarely equalled. Let the tears and swelling hearts of those who read and feel such verses as these interpret our silence concerning their merits:

He pass'd—a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot;
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn ; The foolish neighbours come and go,
 She sighs amid her narrow days, And tease her till the day draws by ;
 Moving about the household ways, At night she weeps—'How vain am I !
 In that dark house where she was born. How should he love a thing so low ?'

The following verses contain the justification of the grief which is shadowed forth by the foregoing passage :

Thy converse drew us with delight, The men of riper and riper years : The feeble soul, a haunt of fears, Forgot his weakness in thy sight. On thee the loyal-hearted hung, The proud was half disarm'd of pride, Nor cared the serpent at thy side To flicker with his treble tongue. The stern were mild when thou wert by, The flippant put himself to school And heard thee, and the brazen fool Was soften'd, and he knew not why ; While I, thy dearest, sat apart, And felt thy triumph was as mine ; And loved them more, that they were thine, The graceful tact, the Christian art ;	Not mine the sweetness or the skill, But mine the love that will not tire, And, born of love, the vague desire That spurs an imitative will. <hr/> As sometimes in a dead man's face, To those that watch it more and more, A likeness hardly seen before Comes out—to some one of his race : So, dearest, now thy brows are cold, I see thee what thou art, and know Thy likeness to the wise below— Thy kindred with the great of old. But there is more than I can see, And what I see I leave unsaid, Nor speak it, knowing death has made His darkness beautiful with thee.
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So much for the depth of the grief, the adequacy of its cause, and the surpassing loveliness of its expression. But the poet does not content himself with recording his loss, and with raising a monument of immortal words to the memory of his friend. This loss and this monument soon become, as far as regards the reader, wholly secondary to the tearful glories which begin to radiate about them, and to illuminate the world with heavenly light. Here is a poem, one of many, each of which would be enough to preserve the name of the writer alive for ever. It expresses one of the earliest stages of the happy and natural change from earthly sorrow to spiritual joy :

With trembling fingers did we weave The holly round the Christmas hearth, A rainy cloud possess'd the earth, And sadly fell our Christmas eve. At our old pastimes in the hall We gamboll'd, making vain pretence Of gladness, with an awful sense Of one mute Shadow watching all. We paused: the winds were in the beech ; We heard them sweep the winter land ; And in a circle, hand in hand, Sat silent, looking each at each. Then echo-like our voices rang : We sung, though every eye was dim, A merry song we sang with him Last year ; impetuously we sang.	We ceased: a gentler feeling crept Upon us. Surely rest is meet. 'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,' And silence follow'd, and we wept. Our voices took a higher range ; Once more we sang: 'They do not die, Nor lose their mortal sympathy, Nor change to us, although they change : Rapt from the fickle and the frail With gather'd power, yet the same, Pierces the keen seraphic flame From orb to orb, from veil to veil. Rise, happy morn, rise holy morn, Draw forth the cheerful day from night ! O Father ! touch the east, and light The light that shone when hope was born.'
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The greater part of the poem is like a clearing sky, half azure and half obscured by clouds—some dark, but most of them dashed with fragments of rainbow. We subjoin examples of various tones of thought and feeling :

Calm is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only through the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground.

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold.

Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
 And crowded farms and less'ning towers,
 To mingle with the bounding main.

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that reddens to the fall;
 And in my heart, if calm at all,
 If any calm, a calm despair.

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,
 And dead calm in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

—
 To-night the winds began to rise
 And roar from yonder dropping day;
 The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
 The rooks are blown about the skies.

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
 The cattle huddled on the lea;
 And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
 The sunbeam strikes along the world.

And but for fancies, which aver
 That all thy motions gently pass
 Athwart a plane of molten glass,
 I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;
 And but for fear it is not so,
 The wild unrest that lives in wo
 Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
 And onward drags a labouring breast,
 And topples round the dreary west,
 A looming bastion fringed with fire.

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
 That rollst from the gorgeous gloom
 Of evening over brake and bloom
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare
 The round of space, and rapt below
 Through all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
 And shadowing down the horned
 flood

In ripples, fan my brows, and blow
 The fever from my cheek, and sigh
 The full new life that feeds thy breath
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and
 Death,

Ill brethren, let the fancy fly
 From belt to belt of crimson seas,
 On leagues of odour streaming far,
 To where, in yonder orient star,
 A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

—
 Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
 Rings Eden through the budded quicks,
 O tell me where the senses mix,
 O tell me where the passions meet,
 Whence radiate: fierce extremes em-
 ploy

Thy spirits in the dusking leaf,
 And in the midmost heart of grief
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy:

And I—my harp would prelude wo—
 I cannot all command the strings;
 The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go.

Although the poet's loss is felt all through the poem, as the theme and inspiration, the poetry becomes less and less personal, and the purified sorrow illuminates the world, and endows all objects with a preternatural brightness, like that which pervades the air, immediately after the clouds have been exhausted by heavy torrents of rain, and the sun bursts upon vivid pastures and steaming rocks. The grief, at first subduing, is at length subdued: and many and beautiful are the passages in which sorrow appears under complete curb, without having lost anything of its tenderness. We are soon taught to feel as well as know the truth of the moral which is so exquisitely expressed in the concluding stanza of the following section:

I envy not in any moods
 The captive void of noble rage—
 The linnet born within the cage
 That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.

Sorrow is gradually shown to be the teacher of a pure, or rather the

only pure philosophy. Secular knowledge is humbled before loving faith, and although the expression of truth in dogmatic forms is carefully (perhaps too carefully) avoided, we are charmed and exalted by strains of what seems to us to be the best religious poetry that has ever been written in our language—if we except a very few of the lovely and too seldom appreciated effusions of George Herbert. Here are some "Rhymes for the Times," of first-class significance:

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall
rail

Against her beauty? May she mix
With men, and prosper! Who shall
fix

Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and
fifth,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:
For she is earthly of the mind,

But wisdom heavenly of the soul.
(O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,
I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but from hour to hour
In reverence and in charity.

A heartless heroism of these, and, more or less, of all, times, is exquisitely touched upon, and effectually protested against, in the following verses:

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general Soul,
Is with as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good;
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of love on earth? He seeks at least
Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'Farewell! we lose ourselves in light.'

We are not partakers of the fashionable contempt for Paley and his school; but we assuredly believe that the following half-dozen stanzas contain "evidences" having stronger power to convince than are commonly to be found in half-a-dozen chapters of eighteenth century divinity:

Yet if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house:
The cheeks drop in; the body bows;
Man dies: nor is there hope in dust.
Might I not say, yet even here,
But for one hour, O love! I strive
To keep so sweet a thing alive?
But I should turn mine ears and hear
The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that, swift or
slow,
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be;

And love would answer with a sigh—
'The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more,
Half dead to know that I shall die.'
O me! what profits it to put
An idle case? If death were seen
At first as death, love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut,
More fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or, in his coarsest satyr-shape,
Had bruised the herb and crushed the
grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

Our next quotation is one of the longest elegies of the series, and

perhaps it is the finest. The reader would do well to give it two or three perusals, in order that he may pierce the veil of symbolism, and attain to the simple and sacred sense beneath it:

On that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead,
Which left my after morn content.
Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me: distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills,
A river sliding by the wall.
The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang;
And which, though veil'd, was known to me
The shape of him I loved, and love
For ever. Then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea.
And when they learn'd that I must go,
They wept and wail'd, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;
And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed;
And still as vaster grew the shore,
And roll'd the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather'd strength and
grace
And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, waxt in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart;
As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;
Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.
The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck:
Whereat those maidens, with one mind,
Bewail'd their lot. I did them wrong:
'We served thee here,' they said, 'so
long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?'
So wrapt I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips; but he
Replying, 'Enter likewise ye,
And go with us,' they enter'd in,
And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

In our opinion, there is nothing nearly equal to the above, in splendour of language and imagination, depth and classicality of thought and feeling, perfection of form, and completeness in every way, in the whole scope of modern English poetry.

Our last quotation shall be one in which the poet shows that, in his inmost being, he has conquered the "last infirmity of noble minds:"

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true
The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath.
I curse not nature; no, nor death,
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass: the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds.
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.
O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

In making the foregoing selection of specimens, we have not always followed the order of the poem, which does not exhibit such a strong progression and such regulated change. There is, indeed, a true progression and a gradual and decided change operating from beginning to end; but the poet has followed nature by frequently juxta-posing highly contrasted moods.

We conclude this slight notice by directing the reader's attention to one or two of the peculiar and general characteristics of the most im-

portant poem that has appeared since the "Excursion." The first thing that strikes us is its absolute refinement, and what is commonly understood by "classicality" of tone and finish. The finish, unlike that of some other productions of the poet to whom this work is attributed, seems to have been obtained without labour, and to have been the almost spontaneous effluence of a long disciplined pen and highly finished mind. Closely allied with, and indeed greatly contributing to, the refinement of this poem, is the character of the emotion depicted. The lover of raw and naked passion will be disappointed at finding nothing of it here. The profoundest grief, despair itself, is seen through the subduing medium of thoughtful memory; and therefore its immediate effect upon the mind of the reader is not so remarkable as the way in which that effect clings to and imperceptibly grows around his heart.

CUMMING'S ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

MR CUMMING is indeed "a mighty hunter;" and he has produced a work brimful of the most animated description, the most romantic adventures, and the most thrilling incidents. Long before the appearance of this book, numerous reports had got into circulation at Cape Town and throughout the colony, of 'strange encounters which a Scotchman had had with lions and other noble game, in the far interior; and these reports had reached England. But, exaggerated and almost incredible though they seemed to be, we may now safely say, that they did not tell the half. This eclipses all former records of field sports: we wonder what the Bengal sportsmen will say to it.

Roualeyn Gordon Cumming is a native of Morayshire, where he spent the early portion of his life. At a very early age the love of natural history and sport developed itself, and became stronger and more deeply rooted with his years. "Salmon-fishing and roe-stalking," says he, "were my favourite amusements; and during those early wanderings by wood and stream, the strong love of sport and admiration of nature in her wildest and most attractive forms became with me an all-absorbing feeling, and my greatest possible enjoyment was to pass whole days and many a summer night in solitude, where, undisturbed, I might contemplate the silent grandeur of the forest, and the ever-varying beauty of the scenes around. Long before I proceeded to Eton, I took pride in the goodly array of hunting trophies which hung around my room." In 1839 he sailed for India to join his regiment—4th Madras light cavalry. The climate did not agree with him, and he returned home to engage again in his early and much-loved pursuits. Growing weary, however, of hunting in a country where the game was strictly preserved, and longing for the glorious liberty of the hunter in countries where no such absurd restriction exists, he resolved to visit the rolling prairies and rocky mountains of the Far West, where his nature would find congenial sport with the bison, the wapiti, and the elk. To accomplish this object

* A Hunter's Life in South Africa. London: Murray.

he obtained a commission in the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Companies; but he speedily discovered that little opportunity would be granted him in his new position to gratify his deeply-rooted desires. Our hero consequently effected an exchange into the Cape Riflemen. In 1843 he found himself again in the country (he had touched at the Cape on his way to India) upon whose frontiers ranged those vast herds of game which had so often fired his imagination, and made him long to revisit it. But although, immediately upon landing, he marched with his division of the army of occupation, into the country of the Caffres, he was again disappointed in his expectations. The fact was, that, with his love of liberty, and roaming, and natural history, and sport with noble game, it was impossible to combine subjection to a master and permanency in any locality. He accordingly sold out, and became free; and was now at liberty to penetrate into the far interior—to visit those vast regions which would afford abundant food for the gratification of the passion of his youth—the collection of hunting trophies, and objects of interest in science and natural history. This passion he gratified to the full; these objects he largely realised.

Mr Cumming now returned to Grahamstown to make preparations for his hunting expedition. A waggon, a number of cattle (for the travelling and trading waggons are all drawn by cattle), a few horses and dogs for the chase, and a set of servants, being procured, and the necessary provisions and articles for barter being laid in, Nimrod sets out for the regions of the antelope, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and the lion. The numberless annoyances, and delays, and provocations to which he was exposed on his journey we cannot attempt to recount. Neither can we linger over the graphic description of the countries and tribes through which he passed in his course; and the dangers and hardships which he endured so submissively, and battled with so perseveringly and so successfully. All these, not without interest in themselves, we pass, and introduce our hero in the field, indulging in sporting to his heart's content. Our first extract shall be in connection with antelope-hunting. There are several species of this graceful creature in the regions where Mr Cumming was at this time—the neighbourhood of the Orange River—and in all the country to the far north. The following extract will give some idea of their numbers:—

"On the 28th I had the satisfaction of beholding, for the first time, what I had often heard the Boers allude to—viz, a "trek-bokken," or grand migration of springboks. This was, I think, the most extraordinary and striking scene, as connected with beasts of the chase, that I have ever beheld. For about two hours before the day dawned, I had been lying awake in my waggon, listening to the grunting of the bucks within two hundred yards of me, imagining that some large herd of springboks was feeding beside my camp; but on my rising when it was clear, and looking about me, I beheld the ground to the northward of my camp actually covered with a dense living mass of springboks, marching slowly and steadily along, extending from an opening in a long range of hills on the west, through which they continued pouring, like the flood of some great river, to a ridge about a mile to the north-east, over which they disappeared. The breadth of the ground they covered might have been somewhere about half a mile. I stood upon the fore chest of my waggon for nearly two hours, lost in wonder at the novel and wonderful scene which was passing before me, and had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was reality which I beheld

and not the wild and exaggerated picture of a hunter's dream. During this time their vast legions continued streaming through the neck in the hills in one unbroken compact phalanx. At length I saddled up, and rode into the middle of them with my rifle and after-riders, and fired into the ranks until fourteen had fallen, when I cried 'Enough.' We then retraced our steps, to secure from the ever-voracious vultures the venison which lay strewn along my gory track. Having collected the spring-boks at different bushes, and concealed them with brushwood, we returned to camp, where I partook of coffee while my men were inspanning."

There is interspersed throughout the narrative interesting observations on natural history, of which the author is very fond. His remarks on the habits of the antelope tribe are fresh, and well worth attention. The oryx, or gemsbok, is the most beautiful of all the antelopes; and it is supposed that it gave rise to the fable of the unicorn, from its long straight horns seen in profile. It presents the general appearance of a horse, with the head and hoofs of an antelope. It inhabits the arid deserts; and it is perfectly independent of water, which we are assured it never tastes. The party met, in their northward journey, with many ostriches, whose eggs were of material service to them, when game was not immediately at hand. Sometimes they would find no fewer than between thirty and forty in one nest—a hollow scooped out of the sand, about seven feet in diameter. It is a popular mistake to fancy the eggs left by the birds to be hatched by the heat of the sand; the male bird relieves the hen in the process of incubation. It is a curious circumstance, that should only a portion of the contents of the nest be removed, the birds will destroy the remainder. It is even said, that, should a hunter or a native pass within a few yards of the nest, the birds will deliberately set themselves to smash the entire contents. We shall give an extract to show the excitement and danger of buffalo-hunting. Our party are now on the borders of the great desert to the north-west of the missionary station of Bakatla:—

"Early on the 4th we inspanned and continued our march for Booby, a large party of savages still following the waggons. Before proceeding far, I was tempted by the beautiful appearance of the country to saddle horses to hunt in the mountains westward of my course. I directed the waggons to proceed a few miles under guidance of the natives, and there await my arrival. I was accompanied by Isaac, who was mounted on the Old Grey, and carried my clumsy Dutch rifle of six to the pound. Two Bechuanas followed us, leading four of my dogs. Having crossed a well-wooded strath, we reached a little crystal river, whose margin was trampled down with the spoor of a great variety of heavy game, but especially of buffalo and rhinoceros. We took up the spoor of a troop of buffaloes, which we followed along a path made by the heavy beasts of the forest through a neck in the hills; and emerging from the thicket, we beheld, on the other side of a valley which had opened upon us, a herd of about ten huge bull buffaloes. These I attempted to stalk, but was defeated by a large herd of zebras, which, getting our wind, charged past and started the buffaloes. I ordered the Bechuanas to release the dogs; and spurring Colesberg, which I rode for the first time since the affair with the lioness, I gave chase. The buffaloes crossed the valley in front of me, and made for a succession of dense thickets in the hills to the northward. As they crossed the valley, by riding hard I obtained a broadside shot at the last bull, and fired both barrels into him. He, however, continued his course, but I presently separated him, along with two other bulls, from the troop. My rifle being a two-grooved, which is hard to load,

I was unable to do so on horseback, and followed with it empty, in the hope of bringing them to bay. In passing through a grove of thorny trees I lost sight of the wounded buffalo; he had turned short and doubled back, a common practice with them when wounded. After following the other two at a hard gallop for about two miles, I was riding within five yards of their huge broad sterns. They exhaled a strong bovine smell, which came hot in my face. I expected every minute that they would come to bay, and give me time to load; but this they did not seem disposed to do. At length, finding I had the speed of them, I increased my pace; and going ahead, I placed myself right before the finest bull, thus expecting to force him to stand at bay; upon which he instantly charged me with a low roar, very similar to the voice of a lion. Colesberg neatly avoided the charge, and the bull resumed his northward course. We now entered on rocky ground, and the forest became more dense as we proceeded. The buffaloes were evidently making for some strong retreat. I, however, managed with much difficulty to hold them in view, following, as best I could, through thorny thickets. Isaac rode some hundred yards behind, and kept shouting to me to drop the pursuit, or I should be killed. At last the buffaloes suddenly pulled up, and stood at bay in a thicket within twenty yards of me. Springing from my horse, I hastily loaded my two-grooved rifle, which I had scarcely completed when Isaac rode up and inquired what had become of the buffaloes, little dreaming that they were standing within twenty yards of him. I answered by pointing my rifle across his horses' nose, and letting fly sharp right and left at the two buffaloes. A headlong charge, accompanied by a muffled roar, was the result. In an instant I was round a clump of tangled thorn-trees; but Isaac, by the violence of his efforts to get his horse in motion, lost his balance, and, at the same instant, his girths giving way, himself, his saddle, and his Dutch rifle, all came to the ground together, with a heavy crash, right in the path of the infuriated buffaloes. Two of the dogs, which had fortunately that moment joined us, met them in their charge, and, by diverting their attention, probably saved Isaac from instant destruction. The buffaloes now took up another position in an adjoining thicket. They were both badly wounded, blotches and pools of blood marking the ground where they had stood. The dogs rendered me assistance by taking up their attention, and in a few minutes these two noble bulls breathed their last beneath the shade of a mimosa grove. Each of them, in dying repeatedly uttered a very striking, low, deep moan. This I subsequently ascertained the buffalo invariably utters when in the act of expiring. On going up to them I was astonished to behold their size and powerful appearance. Their horns reminded me of the rugged trunk of an oak-tree. Each horn was upwards of a foot in breadth at the base, and together they effectually protected the skull with a massive and impenetrable shield. The horns, descending, and spreading out horizontally, completely overshadowed the animal's eyes, imparting to him a look the most ferocious and sinister that can be imagined."

There are four varieties of rhinoceros in South Africa, distinguished by the natives by their colour and size of horn. Two of the varieties are represented as extremely fierce and dangerous. They will rush headlong and unprovoked at any object that attracts their attention. The horn is not attached to the skull, but separates with the skin. It is solid throughout, and various articles are manufactured from it, such as drinking cups, mallets for rifles, &c. &c. The fierceness of the creature is well illustrated in the following extract; but it cannot be said that he received no provocation. Though unsuccessful in this instance, Mr Cumming bagged a number of splendid specimens of this game:—

"On the 22d, ordering my men to move on towards a fountain in the centre of the plain, I rode forth with Ruyter, and held fast through a grove of lofty and wide-

spreading mimosas, most of which were more or less damaged by the gigantic strength of a troop of elephants, which had passed there about twelve months before. Having proceeded about two miles, with large herds of game on every side, I observed a crusty-looking old bull borele, or black rhinoceros, cocking his ears one hundred yards in advance. He had not observed us; and soon after he walked slowly towards us, and stood broadside to, eating some wait-a-bit thorns within fifty yards of me. I fired from my saddle, and sent a ballet in behind his shoulder, upon which he rushed forward about one hundred yards in tremendous consternation, blowing like a grampus, and then stood looking about him. Presently he made off. I followed, but found it hard to come up with him. When I overtook him, I saw the blood running freely from his wound. The chase led through a large herd of blue wildebeests, zebras, and springboks, which gazed at us in utter amazement. At length I fired my second barrel, but my horse was fidgety, and I missed. I continued riding alongside of him, expecting in my ignorance that at length he would come to bay, which rhinoceroses never do, when suddenly he fell flat on his broadside on the ground; but, recovering his feet, resumed his course as if nothing had happened. Becoming at last annoyed at the length of the chase, as I wished to keep my horses fresh for the elephants, and being indifferent whether I got the rhinoceros or not, as I observed that his horn was completely worn down with age and the violence of his disposition, I determined to bring matters to a crisis; so, spurring my horse, I dashed ahead, and rode right in his path. Upon this, the hideous monster instantly charged me in the most resolute manner, blowing loudly through his nostrils; and although I quickly wheeled about to my left, he followed me at such a furious pace for several hundred yards, with his horrid horny snout within a few yards of my horse's tail, that my little Bushman, who was looking on in great alarm, thought his master's destruction inevitable. It was certainly a very near thing; my horse was extremely afraid, and exerted his utmost energies on the occasion. The rhinoceros, however, wheeled about and continued his former course; and I, being perfectly satisfied with the interview which I had already enjoyed with him, had no desire to cultivate his acquaintance any further, and accordingly made for camp."

Did any of our readers ever meet with anything like the following description of a sea-cow hunt!—

"I soon found fresh spoor, and after holding on for several miles, just as the sun was going down, and as I entered a dense reed cover, I came upon the fresh lairs of four hippopotami. They had been lying sleeping on the margin of the river, and, on hearing me come crackling through the reeds, had plunged into the deep water. I at once ascertained that they were newly started, for the froth and bubbles were still on the spot where they had plunged in. Next moment I heard them blowing a little way down the river. I then headed them, and, with considerable difficulty, owing to the cover and the reeds, I at length came right down above where they were standing. It was a broad part of the river, with a sandy bottom, and the water came half-way up their sides. There were four of them, three cows and an old bull; they stood in the middle of the river, and, though alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger. I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first bill I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired

a second shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower. As I approached behemoth her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so, running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle; and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time and I holding on at her rump like grim death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rhein from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead."

The camleopard, or giraffe, an exquisitely beautiful, but withal a timid creature, is very abundant in the interior of Southern Africa. It stands, in the case of the bull, full grown, eighteen feet in height; and roams, in herds of from ten to thirty, the boundless forests untrodden by the foot of civilised man, perhaps, in many instances, not even by the savage, in the vast regions of that yet but little-known continent. Of course the giraffe did not escape the all-devouring desire of sport which our hero so constantly cherished; but, in taking the life of this magnificent and harmless creature, a powerful pang of remorse shot athwart his breast:—

"Our breakfast being finished, I resumed my journey through an endless grey forest of camel-dorn and other trees, the country slightly undulating and grass abundant. A little before the sun went down my driver remarked to me, 'I was just going to say, sir, that that old tree was a camleopard,' and, on casting my eyes a little to the right, I beheld a troop of them standing looking at us, their heads actually towering above the trees of the forest. It was imprudent to commence a chase at such a late hour, especially in a country of so level a character, where the chances were against my being able to regain my waggons that night. I, however, resolved to chace everything; and directing my men to catch and saddle Colesberg, I proceeded in haste to buckle on my shooting-belt and spurs, and in two minutes I was in the saddle. The giraffes stood looking at the waggons until I was within sixty yards of them, when, galloping round a thick bushy tree, under cover of which I had ridden, I suddenly beheld a sight the most astounding that a sportsman's eye can encounter. Before me stood a troop of ten colossal giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high. On beholding me they at once made off, twisting their long tails over their backs, making a loud switching noise with them; and cantered along at an easy pace, which, however, obliged Colesberg to put his best foot foremost to keep up with them. The sensations which I felt on this occasion were different from anything that I had before experienced during a long sporting career.

My senses were so absorbed by the wondrous and beautiful sight before me that I rode along like one entranced, and felt inclined to disbelieve that I was hunting living things of this world. The ground was firm and favourable for riding. At every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and after a short burst at a swingeing gallop I was in the middle of them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd. On finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound; while her neck and breast, coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewing them in my path. In a few minutes, I was riding within five yards of her stern, and, firing at the gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and, placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, I fired my second shot behind the shoulder. The ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder. Before this was accomplished she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a water-course, where I fired at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed, and had very nearly lost her; she had turned abruptly to the left, and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand, and dismounted from my horse. There we stood together alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle towards the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck. On receiving it, she reared high on her hind legs and fell backwards with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted out from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired. I had little time to contemplate the prize I had won. Night was fast setting in, and it was very questionable if I should succeed in regaining my waggons; so, having cut off the tail of the giraffe, which was adorned with a bushy tuft of flowing black hair, I took 'one last fond look,' and rode hard for the spoor of the waggons, which succeeded in reaching just as it was dark.

No pen nor words can convey to a sportsman what it is to ride in the midst of a troop of gigantic giraffes; it must be experienced to be understood. They emitted a powerful perfume, which in the chase came hot in my face, reminding me of the smell of a hive of heather honey in September. The greater part of this chase led through bushes of the wait-a-bit thorn of the most virulent description, which covered my legs and arms with blood long before I had killed the giraffe. I rode, as usual, in the kilt, with my arms bare to my shoulder. It was Chapelpark of Badenoch's old grey kilt, but in this chase it received a death-blow which it never afterwards recovered."

Mr Cumming met in his wanderings with some of the missionaries connected especially with the London Missionary Society. He particularly mentions Moffat, Edwards, and Dr Livingstone; and expresses, in warm terms, the numerous obligations under which they laid him. He bears strong testimony to the work of Christianisation and civilisation which these men are carrying forward among the Bechuana tribes. At the time of Mr Cumming's first visit, he heard much talk of the great inland lake; but no white man had as yet penetrated to its shores. Two enterprising and enthusiastic travellers, Messrs Murray and Oswell, with whom he met when on one of his hunting excursions, were then contemplating an expedition in search of this wonder; and Dr Livingstone undertook to guide them to it. He was successful, as our readers know;

and the Great Lake Ngami is now depicted on our maps of the barren interior of Africa. The missionaries furnished some important information to Mr Cumming relative to the hunting-grounds of the elephant, whither we shall follow him for a little while. Although he devoted himself largely to the exciting, highly romantic, and dangerous sport of elephant-shooting, yet we must be sparing of our extracts. Here is the account of his first day's sport with the elephants:—

“Presently, on reconnoitring the surrounding country, I discovered a second herd, consisting of five bull elephants, which were quietly feeding about a mile to the northward. The cows were feeding towards a rocky ridge that stretched away from the base of the hillock on which I stood. Burning with impatience to commence the attack, I resolved to try the stalking system with these, and to hunt the troop of bulls with dogs and horses. Having thus decided, I directed the guides to watch the elephants from the summit of the hillock, and with a beating heart I approached them. The ground and wind favouring me, I soon gained the rocky ridge towards which they were feeding. They were now within one hundred yards, and I resolved to enjoy the pleasure of watching their movements for a little before I fired. They continued to feed slowly towards me, breaking the branches from the trees with their trunks, and eating the leaves and tender shoots. I soon selected the finest in the herd, and kept my eye on her in particular. At length two of the troop had walked slowly past at about sixty yards, and the one which I had selected was feeding with two others on a thorny tree before me. My hand was now as steady as the rock on which it rested, so, taking a deliberate aim, I let fly at her head a little behind the eye. She got it hard and sharp just where I aimed, but it did not seem to affect her much. Uttering a loud cry, she wheeled about, when I gave her the second ball close behind the shoulder. All the elephants uttered a strange rumbling noise, and made off in a line to the northward at a brisk ambling pace, their huge fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. I did not wait to load, but ran back to the hillock to obtain a view. On gaining its summit the guides pointed out the elephants. They were standing in a grove of shady trees, but the wounded one was some distance behind with another elephant, doubtless its particular friend, who was endeavouring to assist it. These elephants had probably never before heard the report of a gun; and, having neither seen nor smelt me, they were unaware of the presence of man, and did not seem inclined to go any farther. Presently my men were in sight, bringing the dogs; and when these came up I waited some time before commencing the attack, that the dogs and horses might recover their wind. We then rode slowly towards the elephants, and had advanced within two hundred yards of them, when, the ground being opened, they observed us, and made off in an easterly direction; but the wounded one immediately dropped astern, and next moment she was surrounded by the dogs, which, barking angrily, seemed to engross her attention. Having placed myself between her and the retreating troop, I dismounted to fire within forty yards of her, in open ground. Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly; but, on endeavouring to regain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed towards the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind, and on looking about I beheld the ‘friend,’ with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer named Schwartz, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant, quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I, however, determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men, who of course kept at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was

certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants; and just as they were upon me, I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to mount, the elephants were so very near that I really expected to feel one of their trunks lay hold of me. I rode up to Kleinboy for my double-barrelled two-grooved rifle; he and Isaac were pale and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge, I was soon once more alongside, and, firing from the saddle, I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant. Colesberg was extremely unsteady, and destroyed the correctness of my aim. The friend now seemed resolved to do some mischief, and charged me furiously, pursuing me to a distance of several hundred yards. I therefore deemed it proper to give her a gentle hint to act less officiously, and, accordingly, having loaded, I approached within thirty yards, and gave it her sharp, right and left, behind the shoulder, upon which she at once made off with drooping trunk, evidently with a mortal wound. I never recur to this my first day's elephant-shooting without regretting my folly in contenting myself with securing only one elephant. The first was now dying, and could not leave the ground, and the second was also mortally wounded, and I had only to follow and finish her; but I foolishly allowed her to escape, while I amused myself with the first, which kept walking backwards, and standing by every tree she passed. Two shots more finished her; on receiving them, she tossed her trunk up and down two or three times, and, falling on her broadside against a thorny tree, which yielded like grass before her enormous weight, she uttered a deep hoarse cry and expired."

A large portion of the work is occupied with graphic descriptions of the most extraordinary encounters with lions that man ever was engaged in. Witness the following with a lioness:—

The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large full-grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her, upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forwards, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing, the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned

the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side; and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprung upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws. The worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely. When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and, slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse. In the struggles of death she half turned on her back, and stretched her neck and fore arms convulsively, when she fell back to her former position—her mighty arms hung powerless by her side, her lower jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the three horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain; on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them, leaving me standing alone and unarmed within a few paces of the lioness, which they, from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mischief."

Mr Cumming was latterly in the habit of digging a square pit, some four feet deep or so, within a few yards of a fountain where beasts of every kind and savage nature were wont to come and drink during night. In this hole he took up his abode, and watched and slept by turns till the morning dawned, when the game betook themselves to their forest retreats, and the hunter to his camp. On these occasions, he was often surrounded by a dense mass of wild beasts, some of whom would growl, and fight, and kill and eat each other within ten yards of his lurking-place, till the horrid munching of the bones of the unfortunate animals would curdle his blood, and he would open a fire upon the savage monsters. We quote a passage, descriptive of one of those terrific night-scenes; but this must be the last with which we can indulge our readers from this most entertaining work:—

"On reaching the water, I looked towards the carcass of the rhinoceros, and, to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, 'Yes;' but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcass of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyenas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyenas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling without any intermission.

The hyenas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away. I had lain watching this banquet for about three hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they had made off. At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water; and in two minutes one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four. It was a decided and general move, they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me. I charged the unfortunate, pale, and panting Kleinboy to convert himself into a stone, and knowing, from old spoor, exactly where they would drink, I cocked my left barrel, and placed myself and gun in position. The six lions came steadily on along the stony ridge, until within sixty yards of me, when they halted for a minute to reconnoitre. One of them stretched out his massive arms on the rock and lay down; the others then came on, and he rose and brought up the rear. They walked, as I had anticipated, to the old drinking-place, and three of them had put down their heads and were lapping the water loudly, when Kleinboy thought it necessary to shove up his ugly head. I turned my head slowly to rebuke him, and again turning to the lions I found myself discovered. An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate coincidence put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm and covered her: she saw me move and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades all enveloped in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman, who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and, following them into the cover, I found her lying dead within twenty yards of where the old lion had lain two nights before. This was a fine old lioness, with perfect teeth, and was certainly a noble prize; but I felt dissatisfied at not having rather shot a lion, which I had most certainly done if my Hottentot had not destroyed my contemplation."

Human daring can no further go! We have not followed the gory track of the mighty hunter without experiencing strong feelings; but it is only fair to state, that he never indulges in unmanly cruelties, never tortures his game, however savage—that he fed hundreds of natives as he proceeded—and that he amassed a most extensive and splendid collection of specimens in natural history, now to be seen in the South African Museum, at the Chinese Gallery in London.

THE STRUGGLE AND PROSPECTS OF TRUTH.

SOME of the best men living, the most devout and thoughtful, and enlightened, are found indulging in melancholy forebodings respecting the future of humanity. That the moral and mental necessities of man can be supplied only by a realised Christianity, a hearty personal reception of the vital truths of the evangelic system, they feel to be a proposition admitting of no controversy. It is with them a clear, well-defined, and settled principle, and they believe in an *ultimate* realisation of their benevolent wishes for the world; but what we may call the intermediate period, or the near future, looms before them as a dark and dismal thing. They predict a period of storm, tempest, and terror, such as this old earth in its chequered history has never witnessed; a baptism of lamentation, mourning, and woe; a visitation, in short, which shall dislocate all existing institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, ancient and modern, and introduce for a brief period the horrors of anarchy over the vast theatre of the European Continent, not omitting in its dread embrace these "islands of the northern sea!" So far as we can describe the state of mind which feels and utters its sentiments thus, we believe it is nearly the following: It believes in Christianity, but not in the church; in God, but not in man; in truth, but not in any existing ecclesiastical fraternity; in the Bible, but not in any symbol, or platform; in the text, but not in the commentary. Its reasons for this *relative* scepticism are briefly the following: the endless quarrels of party; the alleged mischiefs of sectarianism; the assumed failure of both compulsoryism and voluntaryism; and the supposed impossibility of re-constructing the old machinery so as to make it work smoothly and comfortably. It avows itself thoroughly sick of things as they are; it has rung every system, and found it hollow; bent every coin, and found it spurious; examined every theory, and detected fallacy; tasted every fruit, and discovered ashes! What is to be done? Done! The idea is preposterous. Done! We have no tools. The old ones are rusted, blunted, or broken; besides, there is no sinewy arm to wield them; no brave heart to stand in the gap; no Curtius to leap into the gulph; no trumpet voice to ring the alarm. Everything is wrong. Law is a clumsy absurdity; philosophy, a scilism, scratching the dust but rending no rock; science, a mercantile speculation; tradition, an old wife's fable; romance, a stupidly told lie; poetry, a drug in the market; civilisation, a stilted conventionalism; education, a bone of contention; and last, but not least, preaching, a dull repetition of party shibboleth!

We can easily understand how an intense love for truth, and an absorbing desire to witness its universal triumphs, taken in connection with the confessedly unsatisfactory state of the British churches, and that of the educational machinery of these lands, can produce the mental condition we have described; but the question arises whether the indulgence of such feelings does not tend to spread the sorrow over which the lamentation is uttered, does not paralyse active exertion for the removal of existing hinderances to the diffusion of truth, and does not thin the ranks of those who ought to be found in the very front of the battle? Suppose, for the sake of argument, we should commit ourselves to sympathy with the feelings and forebodings of these excellent men, we see not how we could

thereby be discharged from the obligation to wear our harness, and wield our weapons. We are called to labour, and we should be recreant and unfaithful, if the heat of the day, the roughness of the ground, and the apparent non-success of our past doings, led us to seek a shady nook, in which, with folded arms, to sit down and mourn. Let us recollect how the matter stands. We shall suppose ourselves committed to truth amidst all her fortunes—committed, by our own voluntary and deliberate choice, to follow her, whether amidst the walks of paradise or the horrors of the howling wilderness; whether to a palace or a dungeon; whether to a crown or a stake; we did this with our eyes open: it was a vow, made at the most solemn period of our history, and having relation to the noblest and holiest thing in the universe; and what then? Why, then, we *are* committed, and we must and will go through with it.

"Think not," said the Prince of Peace—and there is no contradiction between the title and the utterance—"that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household." This was prophetic; and never was prophecy more completely fulfilled. The finger of Time points to the history of eighteen centuries for the truth of the Divine speaker's words. "Not one word has failed." What is that history? We mean not that of states as such, nor that of nations in their secular capacity, although it is extremely difficult, if not utterly impossible, to separate the civil from the ecclesiastical annals of Europe. These are interlinked, interwoven, and sometimes amalgamated, so as to defy every effort to dispose them in their respective provinces. The secular historian writes the history of the church; the ecclesiastical historian records the history of nations. The historian is not accountable for this. He found the church and the state legally united, and he could not write about the one without bringing forward the other. The union has often perplexed him, as, when he would give a picture of the king, it seems to lose its individuality from the shadow of the bishop; and when he would describe the bishop, you feel uncertain, even with the aid of the antecedent and personal pronoun, whether he do not mean the king. Sometimes the crown seems pyramidal, like unto a mitre, and sometimes the mitre assumes the appearance of the royal crown. With the character of the union, of which these historical phenomena are proofs, we meddle not at present. It is superfluous. Most men understand it. That portion of the human race who are given to habits of thinking have thought about it for themselves. Many statesmen throughout Europe have made up their minds, and the rest are making them up, concerning it. We have nothing new to communicate, and only allude to the thing, as many historians have done, just because we cannot help it. Whether the union referred to be the result of mutual attraction, essential similarity of principles, and identity of object—"a marriage made in heaven;" or whether it be the consequence of purblind policy, of fear mistaken for faith, and of that "wisdom which is foolishness with God," let every man decide for himself. But, good or bad, it is certain that truth has been *some way* affected by it. Comely or unseemly, truth—that truth which began at Jerusalem, and which the union in question promised to imbed in roses and crown with

laurel—has had a struggle, severe, protracted, terrible, and it struggles still! If asked whether that struggle be for existence, or conquest, we unhesitatingly answer, Both; for existence where it is fettered; for conquest where it is free. We shall have occasion to illustrate this remark by a number of well-known facts ere we finish this paper; meantime we rejoice in that which, considered abstractly, can be no cause of joy, namely, in the fact that truth is *struggling* in many parts of the world at this moment. Quiescence, under the present circumstances of the world, if predicated of a power that claims supremacy, and declares its purpose to take no rest, and to give none, until the object of its lofty ambition be gained, would be at once fatal to its pretensions, and calamitous to man. We have an ideal repose of truth; we imagine, and wish for, the time when she shall rest after the battle of dreary centuries; but she must be proclaimed, enthroned, crowned, and all three according to her own *dictation*, first. All that opposes must be overcome ere she enjoy her sabbath. Her terms with her enemies are brief: unconditional surrender, or ignominious destruction. There is no mistaking these alternatives. She has determined not to rest until her rest be glorious; hence she is still on the battle-field, still confronting the foe, still striving for the mastery, and such will be her posture until she conquer completely; “Or die,” whispers a “not-sure-about-it” voice in the distance. “Or die?” Pooh! pooh! dear friend, where have you been brought up? There is no such word in the dictionary. She is not made of dying stuff. “Of mortal mould” she comes not. You may feel calmly assured on that point. The struggle in which she has so long borne a prominent part, and in which she is still engaged, is a proof of vitality. To retire from it now, after all her past victories, would be equivalent to the acknowledgment of defeat. The past would avail little. It could not be received as anything beyond an instalment of her voluntary obligation to cover the earth with the trophies of her divinity. But what has been accomplished warrants the hope of the promised triumph. The past exhibits a series of splendid achievements over unscrupulous enemies and unwise friends; and the same argument which proves that the latter were more difficult to subdue to the spirit of truth—for it indignantly rejects all aid but such as itself approves—than the former, shows also that no circumstance can arise in the future, capable of baffling the vigilance or neutralising the power of that evangelical system, to which we look as the agency in the hand of its Author, by which the predicted universal conquest is to be attained.

This hope might be indulged, and these anticipations realised, if we could secure unanimity of opinion among Christians, say those who behold in the divisions and conflicts of ecclesiastical bodies nothing but omens of disaster and death. Well, granting for the moment the desirableness of such unanimity—a subject about which we have grave doubts—we suppose it can only be effected, if effected at all, either by law or conviction. That the former cannot do it, it is a waste of words to affirm. The thing is impossible. All the law in the world—no matter whether it be civil or ecclesiastical—though backed by all its armies, and seconded by all its physical terrors, cannot change an opinion. Charles V., when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with

that of a watchmaker. He one day exclaimed, "What an egregious fool must I have been, to have squandered so much blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together!" Charles was right. He, and all who have acted as he did, have played the part of "egregious fools." Men will neither embrace nor abandon an opinion at the bidding of their fellow-men. The fact is certain, be its causes what they may. The world ought to know this now. It has been a long time in learning the lesson, and if not fully aware of it now, it is "dull of hearing" and slow of apprehension. Opinion is a sacred thing. It is not a common, but an enclosure. It belongs to the man, the mind, the individual soul; it lives within, nestles in the spirit, rejects foreign interference, and rebukes the curiosity of every human eye as an impertinence. It is essentially personal—*mine*, not *thine*. It may be wrong, it may be fallacious, it may be absurd; what then? Law will not remove it; but, even if it could, he to whom the opinion belongs would turn round and ask the authority of law in the case. He would insist on a question previous to law: who authorised law to meddle with the matter at all? who sent it on this mission? and who, especially, gave it the power of determining *whether* the opinion be right or wrong? He will repeat the old war-cry, "Liberty of conscience!" This is the Creator's gift to man. Without it, neither can his claims be understood, nor their duties discharged. Legal permission to worship is not liberty of conscience; legislation cannot give it; for it exists prior to all human law; it antedates government; it is above and beyond the regal province; and the effort to embody it in acts of legislation, fetters and cripples it. It must walk alone, or die. It is not toleration; the idea insults it; it is not allowance, but right, claim, inherent possession, the breath of the soul, the life of the mind. It cannot be bought, for it is beyond all price; nor transferred, for it is inalienable; nor laid aside, for it is essential to moral accountability. It is not a thing to be prayed for to priest, president, or king; but to be used by the individual *man*, "who must give account of himself to God." It knows no law but that which is inspired, and no Master but the Most High. It cannot be refused without persecution; it cannot be limited without crime; it cannot be licensed without making "merchandise of souls." It is a thing of light, hence its quarrel is with darkness; and of love, hence it recognises the brotherhood; and of truth, hence its battle is with error. It is unselfish, for it allows to others all that it claims for itself; and unsectarian, for it asks no knee to bend except on conviction. It cannot be disloyal, for it owes no allegiance to earthly royalty; nor schismatic, for it claims the right of every man to worship the one God and Father of all; nor turbulent, for its work is adoration. To prohibit its exercise, under the terrors of civil penalty, is to forbid what God has commanded, and to punish what he has approved; it is to usurp the judgment-seat, and sit in the place of Him who trieth the reins; and to demand external uniformity in its manifestations, is to destroy individual accountability, protract the reign of tyrannic darkness, and postpone indefinitely the victories of eternal truth.

What power remains to effect the coveted unanimity of opinion among men, who believe in the inspiration of the venerable Book? It is demonstrated from history, and inferred from reason, that human authority is

in this matter impotent. What remains therefore? Shall we despair of unanimity? No; not so far as it is really an object of intelligent desire. Let conviction step forth! Let the empire of conviction fear no foe, and apprehend no collision with ecclesiastical court, clerical conference, or civil magistrate, and instead of approaching the confines of religious anarchy, you will have taken a giant stride towards "the gathering of the people." Timid unbelief fears a reign of infidelity, a weltering religious chaos, if all visible restraint be withdrawn; hence, though it may protest against the Pope, it cannot shake off the impression that there is, or ought to be, somewhere upon this earth, a living human voice which shall declare, finally, the right or wrong of any given question of a religious character, so as to settle it at once and for ever. Let us give a locality to that voice, for the sake of illustration. Be it Canterbury, or the Privy Council, for the Episcopalian; "Centenary Hall," for the Wesleyan; and the "High Church," Edinburgh, for the Presbyterian. We are aware that the illustration is inadequate, and the grouping too much condensed, but let the reader arrange the matter to his own taste. Enough if he sees our meaning. Now it strikes us that the question, practically considered, comes just to this. Does *truth* gain anything by this local *dictum*? Are its prospects brightened by any such final appeal? Or are we not driven, after all, by the sheer force of circumstances, or rather by innate ideas, to take refuge in personal conviction? All the world has heard of the Scottish disruption, of the "three" expelled ones from the Wesleyan Conference, and of the case of Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter. Now we wish to apply the principles we have laid down to these cases in this order, to ascertain how far they illustrate these principles, and to inquire the probable issue of the ecclesiastical conflicts of the day upon the prospects of evangelical truth. If we mistake not, each of these cases may be epitomised by the sentence, conviction *versus* law.

The historical facts connected with the great secession in Scotland are too well known to require relating here. They have become a necessary part of the ecclesiastical history of the nineteenth century. Our business is merely to extract the kernel, to look at the soul of that memorable conflict, which issued in the formation of the Free Church. We shall not be charged with deficiency in courtesy if we suggest, that neither party realised during the earlier stages of the discussion, the full importance of the principle at stake. There was a great principle involved in the "Veto" movement, and as the thing proceeded year after year—was discussed, examined, and investigated—it took shape in two watchwords of intense importance—"the rights of the Christian people," and "the crown rights of the Redeemer." Separately, these phrases are very significant, unitedly, they express the whole idea of CHRIST the sole law-giver in his church, and of that church enjoying its privileges and discharging its duties exclusively with reference to HIM. In other words, it was a battle for liberty to attend to the dictates of conviction. It was felt that truth would be a gainer, if those who were committed to her interests were at liberty to give practical shape to their desires respecting her. Such was, in substance, the argument of those who ultimately succeeded. Failing in their efforts to obtain a concurring government, and resolved—a resolution for which posterity will thank them—not to surrender conviction as the price of a retained establishment

status, they "forsook Egypt," to use one of their own terms, and built the temple according to the pattern which they believed they had seen in the mount. The day which saw them in the possession of their liberty—a liberty which they have permanently memorialised in the name given to the new body, the *Free Church*—also saw, not the death of truth, nor even an omen of its mortality, but the vindication of one of its essential characteristics. "Rights" is the suggestive term used in each of the watchwords we have quoted; the "rights" of the people, the "rights" of the Redeemer. Upon this significant phrase the controversy turned, and the intimation that these two classes of rights were, in the case under notice, inseparably united, gave an impetus to the agitation which no power on earth could have stopped. The idea was electric. The Established Church was agitated to its centre. Other Christian churches in Scotland, which had in the eighteenth century acquired their liberty, looked on the scene with feelings alternately of hope and doubt. The result is known. The Non-intrusionists gained their point, by abandoning the unsuccessful attempt to reconcile law with conviction, and by surrendering themselves to the pleasing authority of the latter. They gained their point, not as they had originally hoped, by conquering opposition, but by yielding themselves to a grand principle as the conquered. This is the way that truth usually deals with her friends. She conducts them farther than they thought she would. Her revelations are gradual. She does not say all during her first interview; but she calls again and again, unfolding slowly but certainly, that this or that principle, to which you have committed yourself must be carried out, though it conduct you far beyond what you deemed the limit of the journey. This is precisely the case with the Free Church. When she was in Non-intrusionist embryo, she had no intention of going so far "from Egypt" as we find her at this moment; but having committed herself to a principle, she has travelled thus far, and as we look upon her as a witness to the truth, and love her for the truth's sake, we affectionately tell her that she must *go a little further yet*. She must not look back. Let her "remember Lot's wife." She must not stand still. Let her speak to the people, and they will go forward.

Having named the people, it is but an act of simple justice to them—while at the same time it is necessary to the coherence of our argument—to refer to the fact that, if they did not actually accelerate the disruption and press the controversy to an earlier issue than otherwise awaited it, by an intelligent perception that to that it *must* come at last, they have at all events endorsed the movement by a pecuniary liberality which, taken in connection with the comparative poverty of the country, is altogether unexampled. The annual reports of the Free Church, respecting her various "schemes," prove conclusively that that part of the population which adheres to her has lost nothing of the generous spirit of Christianity by forsaking the established community. That the Free Church has all the truth on its side, all the light in its head, and all the liberality in its heart, no man in his senses would affirm. Some things have been uttered on this matter so very ridiculous, that they could only be surpassed in absurdity by an effort to give them a serious reply. Occasional extravagances may be expected in connection with all parties, but to hold the party itself accountable for them, would be glaringly

unjust. Things have been said against those who remained "in" by those who came "out," and *vice versa*, which wisdom would fain consign to oblivion. Men reason best when the effervescence of party zeal has scattered itself into thin air. That there are in the Establishment, devoted clergymen and generous laymen, we do not merely acknowledge, but rejoice to proclaim; but, the strength of our argument respecting the progress of truth and the liberality of the people, loses nothing by this fact. Both truth and liberality have gained by the movement, though the Free Church took not with her all that was excellent and generous in the Establishment; and the people who form and support the former have given a fresh illustration to the truth that, whilst the principles of Christianity form the palladium of a nation's liberty, and teach men how to prepare for a higher state of being, they are so complete in themselves, and so powerful in their operation upon the minds of those who willingly receive them, that they neither require the legislative control nor the pecuniary support of worldly governments. Before we dismiss Scotland, we may commit to paper a question that has often crossed our minds. Liberty and truth have gained; why not union? It is a gratifying coincidence that two large "free churches," which had toiled vigorously in the field and gained many laurels before, their younger sister was born, recently declared themselves one body. They did this by mutual consent. It was the unanimity of conviction. Why may not the union proceed? The platform, ecclesiastical government, and Christian objects of the "United" and the "Free," are identical. Why may not these churches be one?

We come now to the notorious Wesleyan squabble. We use the word advisedly, for the thing, in some of its aspects at least, has been very undignified. Vituperation, name-calling, crimination, and banter, have been rather too freely indulged in to our taste. Yet, for this, the circumstances of the case seem to plead some allowance. It is rather a family feud than a question of national interest; and in such cases wounded affection takes considerable liberties, as saccharine substances make the most troublesome bile. With the question at issue between the belligerent parties, we have no desire to grapple; indeed, if we had, the task would be found anything but easy, for the original cause of disturbance has become so complicated and unwieldy—has ramified into so many interests, legal, pecuniary, and moral, affecting this great denomination—that a simple presentation of the thing in its naked identity would require more time and space than we have at command. Nor is it necessary to make the attempt, as our readers have doubtless formed their own conclusions on the matter, and as our object is rather to inquire how the interests of truth are affected, than how the details of this singular agitation may be reduced to order. The "fly sheets"—trenchant missiles they are!—have, like the letters of Junius, long gone in search of an author; and, also, like these stinging epistles, they have not been afraid to speak freely of dignitaries. We venture the opinion, however, that neither the letters nor the sheets would have made so much noise had the authors of the respective productions been known. There is much in mystery. People imagine that a closely veiled face must be beautiful. It is assumed that he who travels *in cog.* must be some great one. It is not always so. But, whoever wrote these docu-

ments, they *told*. Hence, if we err not, the anxiety of the Conference to discover and punish the writer or writers. Whether they have punished *the writer or writers* is a matter of little consequence

nothing, *and* *the* *expulsion* *of* *the* *Wesleyan* *Society* *is* *a* *matter* *of* *little* *consequence* *never* *recover*. It has alienated from itself myriads of men who were the sinews of its strength, and its right arm in the day of battle. These men have sympathised with the expelled—have listened to their statement of the case in many of the large towns and cities of England—have passed resolutions of confidence in the speakers, and of non-confidence in the conference—have liberally supplied the wants of the former—have formed committees to co-operate in the reform which they declare essential to the existence of their “beloved Wesleyanism”—have encouraged those periodicals which advocate the desired amelioration—have sent delegates to large meetings in London and elsewhere—and have announced their determination to abide by the issue of these deeds, whatever it may be. These are significant facts, and as facts beyond controversy, we give them. They are, we repeat, *significant*; for, be it recollected, this is no foreign-aid phenomenon. It is still a family affair. The movement is within the denomination. It is well known that the sympathy of many clear-headed English Dissenters is with the movement, rather than with the conservative party; but that sympathy has had no material effect upon the facts we have noted. The Dissenters did not crowd these meetings—did not vote upon their resolutions—did not dictate or interfere at all. This has been alleged; but it so happens that we are in circumstances to deny the truth of the allegation—nay, we know that care was taken to avoid the foreseen danger of a charge of this kind—that Dissenters in most cases remained away from these meetings—and that the expelled gentlemen were most anxious to elicit a fair and honest verdict on the case from members of the Wesleyan Society. That verdict has been given; and it fully justifies the charge so often laid against the Wesleyan body, that, as a body, it neither grants becoming liberty to its own children, nor understands very clearly the great question of civil liberty as it bears upon the prosperity of nations. But to return to our question; what has been gained by the expulsion? Truth is superior to party, Christianity to denomination, the Gospel to sect; and every good man will rejoice in the advancement of truth, even though it should be at the expense of his own party. A friend of ours remarked to a member of the Society of Friends the other day—“Your body does not increase.” “Our principles do,” was the shrewd and prompt reply. Now, it strikes us that out of the expulsion there have come already, and are likely to come in yet greater fulness, illustrations of two or three great principles, in the working of which Christianity must ever be the grand agent. The first is, that no organisation of human contrivance can be formed in one age fully to meet the wants of another. The perpetual changes to which society is liable, and the stream of which it must guide by every available facility, proclaim the absurdity of erecting any machinery at any given period of the world's history, with a view to meet the wants and wishes of posterity. The circumstances of posterity are likely to be widely different from

those amidst which the parties who constructed the machinery lived. It will therefore want the chief element of success—adaptation. The organisation may have been perfect in its kind for the time being, but utterly inadequate half a century afterwards. To stamp immutability upon it, and send it forth to work where all is mutation, is to court defeat. “The laws of the Medes and Persians” are often referred to as a popular illustration of an absurdity. No one doubts the clear-headedness of John Wesley as a practical man; in this respect, he has had few equals. As a theologian, or profound thinker, many have greatly surpassed him; as a practical evangelist, knowing what to do, and when to do it, he stands nearly alone; but, from this very attribute of his character, we argue that if he were alive at this moment he would reconstruct the system that bears his name with an energy that would make some of his admirers tremble. The second is, that the success of Christianity is not dependent upon the prosperity of any denomination of Christians as such. It is too much the fashion for men to talk about our cause, our interest, our church, and the like; but sometimes that which is a heavy blow and great discouragement to a party, only liberates pent-up zeal—commanding, in effect, the earnest and the ardent not to “give to a party what was meant for mankind.” Denominations are apt to grow proud in the day of prosperity, as well as individuals. It is the herald of decay in the one case, as well as in the other. The MASTER of the Christian dispensation will not allow the transference of allegiance. For him, and for humanity, the teachers of divine truth are to work; but if in any case the aggrandisement of a sect be the end, or even an end of exertion, it is better to have attention aroused to the error, although the mode by which this is done should be painful. We are persuaded that this denominational zeal is too common even in this day of vaunted catholicity. There must be a spirit of the body, or it could not exist; but we must convince the world that this is perfectly compatible with the higher and nobler spirit of universal love to man. The word of God is not bound; and we believe that what has happened in the case under notice has turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel. Disputes among Christians are ugly things. We like them not. And the end never sanctifies the means; but “truth, immortal as her Sire,” stops not in her career of beneficence, but pours her blessings down with liberal hand, and compels men to appeal to her decision; and thus to keep her before the public eye, in the midst—and even in consequence—of their unseemly quarrels.

This exhibition of truth, however, as the sole standard in cases of difference of opinion, takes place only when the Bible is granted to be such by both parties. In the cause “Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter,” though the question in dispute is not only strictly theological, but one which, from its very nature, must be settled, if settled at all, by revelation, the ecclesiastical judge, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, said repeatedly and emphatically, so that there might be no mistake about the thing, that he did not sit there to interpret the teaching of Scripture on the subject—that he did not appeal to the Bible at all, but to the doctrine of the Prayer-book. One cannot help admiring the honesty and plain common sense of this utterance. If the hierarchy feels itself humbled, as it has more than once during the progress of this apparently inter-

minable controversy,* by the necessity of submitting its theological questions to the decision of laymen, it has itself to thank. Were "the Bible only the religion of" these "Protestants," which is often said, but which we suggest is something waiting for proof, this humiliation would be spared them. As it is, the Church of England is manifestly and confessedly—to the sorrow and grief of her worthiest children—as a church, in the most helpless and pitiful condition. She is—strange anomaly!—at once, the richest and poorest, the most powerful and the most impotent, church in the world. But no remarks of ours can equal the heart-moving lamentation of her own members. They mourn, they weep, they protest, they become indignant, they threaten, they beseech; but the yoke is on the neck, and it presses heavily; the galling chain is on the limb, and it fetters closely; the iron enters into the soul, and they fret; they are tossed upon the billows, and "they are at their wit's end." It is well known that bishop is against bishop, and clergyman against clergyman; and that the deliverance of the privy council was a compromise—perhaps politically expedient under the circumstances—which has pleased nobody. The Church of England is literally distracted; no one knows what next, though every one is asking this question of his neighbour. Rumour, with her thousand tongues, is busy prophesying dismal things; plans are formed and abandoned; schemes are originated, and die in the birth; "the purpose of to-day" is rejected to-morrow; and of all the sons she has brought forth there is none to deliver her! This state of distraction cannot last always, and we see not yet whereunto it will grow; but one thing we see, and it affords us no small measure of joy, whilst it shoots a gleam of hope athwart the darkness, and points to a *possibility* in the future: we refer to the voices in the press. Never had the Rivingtons, and other well-known dealers in clerical literature, so much to do. Their hands are literally full. Tracts, pamphlets, treatises—nay, goodly octavoes—are pouring from the presses of St Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster Row, and Fleet Street, with unprecedented rapidity; and very few of them, good, bad, or indifferent, High Church, Low Church, Puseyite, Orthodox, or Evangelical, fall from the press still-born. They are read, circulated, talked about, discussed with earnestness, not by the curious portion of the public only, who have a taste for polemical writings, and enjoy a smart turn of the gray goose quill, but by thoughtful and reverend men, who have sounded human nature, and know the outs and ins of this twisting world. Now, it is a maxim with us that "light is good," and we are thankful for a suggestive thought, come whence it may. It is impossible that all these results of thought can be scattered over the surface of English Society, respecting the constitution, character, doctrines, difficulties, and dangers of the great Episcopalian Church, without doing good. They will enlighten

* In the Court of Exchequer, a few weeks since, Mr Roebuck renewed his application to have a certain case heard during the present sittings, instead of being put off to Michaelmas term. He submitted it might be heard after the Gorham case. Mr Baron Alderson remarked that might be after the Greek kalends. Ultimately, he said—"Very well; we will take it after the Gorham case—that is, *if we survive it.*" Mr Roebuck consoled his lordship by saying, he had no fear their lordships would survive, but all agents, the court would!

multitudes; they will suggest new trains of thought; they will modify opinion, and, in many instances, entirely alter it, leading the reader to conclusions directly the reverse of those which the writer intended. Truth will ultimately be the guinea. It is well to make men uneasy when they are in a false position. The troubles of darkness make them long for the light. A labyrinth may be all very well for amusement, but it is no joke to become entangled therein. The wish to get out takes possession of the mind. On a stormy sea, men think of the comforts of *terra firma*. Such is actually the state of mind of a very large number of persons in the English Church at this moment. They want rest; they wish to get at the truth; they are calculating the cost, feeling, looking, doubting, hoping, praying. Truth *will* gain.

Meantime the great body, or rather the numerous brotherhood, of English Nonconformists, are far from idle. There is frequent complaint of the want of that life and prosperity among them, which devout men must always desire; but it deserves to be recorded to their honour, that they are active in every good work, social, educational, and religious. Questions affecting civil and religious liberty, a free and healthy press, Sabbath and day-schools, general benevolence, international peace, and the like, always find them in the front ranks. They are building commodious schoolrooms, and elegant, in some instances splendid, chapels, encouraging itinerant labours for the religious benefit of the poor, together with their well-known Home and Foreign Missions; and by their literature, occasional and periodical, neither of which is supported equal to its merits, proving at least two things—first, that though they have no corporate existence and no written symbol, their unity and orthodoxy are safe; and, secondly, that though the National Universities are shut against them, they have men who, for intellect, learning, and real power, are not surpassed in the empire.

We conclude, from this review, brief and necessarily incomplete though it is, that the prospects of truth are brightening. The period is one of transition. Change is inevitable. That change will affect law, government, state, church, denomination, everywhere. No party, no thing, can remain where it is; but, with all this, we look upon that system of living truth which elevates, enlightens, liberates, and blesses man—which proclaims the true idea of brotherhood, sanctifies social affinities, and exalts nations—which meets the yearnings of the immortal, while it consoles and directs the mortal in his journey from the cradle to the grave—and which brings glory to the Creator and Sovereign of the race, and promises a day of splendour and joy for humanity such as it has not yet beheld—as destined, not only to live and prosper, and be recognised, but to hold on its sublime career, until it shall have assimilated to its own image the nations of the wide earth, as one happy, joyful, dignified family; and then its struggles will cease, and its sabbatic repose will be everlasting.

THE ROMAN.*

SYDNEY YENDYS was a name unknown to fame. We had seen indeed occasionally, in a London publication, little copies of verses bearing his signature, and possessing considerable merit; but, like Byron, he "awoke one morning, and found himself famous." The "Roman" has at once cut his way to victory—a victory prefiguring far greater triumphs, if such as we can at all "certainly divine." It is a poem of great performance, and greater promise, as critics of all varieties have confessed. Yendys is a poet of the purest grain—young, enthusiastic, imaginative, overflowing with brilliant fancy, and possessing a rich, flexible, and most eloquent speech. Many of his passages heave and hurry, and pant along in all the fulness and fury of genuine inspiration; and yet, withal, he is clear, artistic, masculine, free from every trace of affectation, and the smoke and mist of mysticism he has consumed and glorified into living flame. He is a Christian in creed, a Shelley in martyr-like earnestness, and a Byron in fiery, yet melting utterance. His purpose is of the noblest and most declared sort; it is to lift man in a car of poetry and music to virtue and happiness; it is to shake down to the shout of poetry the old Jerichos of evil which obstruct our progress to the promised land; it is to blow a trumpet announcing the approach of the "coming one," and, in the poet's own language, to mingle his voice with the "far shoutings that tell a monarch comes." His present poem is only the "first blast:" those that follow will explain, by accomplishing in part, at least, his noble designs.

Poetry, without purpose, may be likened to the shed leaves of flowers, as beautiful and as helpless. But of poetical purpose, there are divers kinds: one poet seeks elaborately to raise up his reputation; another seeks to satisfy his ideal of the beautiful; a third from a lofty poetical summit to demolish his antagonists, and grin out hyena contempt at the human race below; a fourth to enact the Grpheus, and by his powerful song to shatter the false, to subdue the fierce, and to build up the true—acting, however, as the conscious organ of a mightier power behind him. The last alone is the truly great and worthy purpose, and it is that of the "Roman." We say not, indeed, that it has been as yet fully accomplished, but it has been *fully formed*, and the power exhibited is adequate for its achievement. The antennæ, stretched out, are arms of a giant mould, and of briarean grasp. Above all, the enthusiasm of the spirit is as profound as it is sincere; the "eye is single, and the whole body is therefore full of light." Nor is the talent inferior to the genius, or the art to the nature. Our young Apollo's instep is as finished as the lustre of his hair, and his brow is bright.

From such general commendations, we pass to a rapid analysis of this remarkable poem.

Scene first opens in an ancient battle-field in Italy; the time is evening; the characters are a company of dancers, and Vittorio Santo, a

* The Roman, a Dramatic Poem. By SYDNEY YENDYS. London: Bentley.

"In no imperial feature,
 In no sublime perfection, is she less
 Than the world's empress, the earth's paragon,
 Except these bonds. These bonds? Break them, unbind,
 Unbind, Andromeda! She was not born
 To stand and shiver in the northern blast,
 Or fester on a foreign rock, or bear
 Rude license of the unrespectful waves.
 She is a queen, a goddess, a king's daughter!
 Man unbind her;
 And goddess as she is, she owns thee, loves thee,
 Crowns thee! And is there none to break thy chains,
 My country? Is there none, sons of my mother?
 Strike! and the spell is broken. You behold her
 Suppliant of suppliants. Strike! and she shall stand
 Forth in her awful beauty, more divine
 Than death or mortal sorrow; clothing all
 The wrecks and ruins of disastrous days
 In old world glory, even as the first spring
 After the Deluge."

“ If the soul never
Can twice be virgin ; if the eye that strikes
Upon the hidden path to the unseen
Is henceforth for two worlds ; if the sad fruit
Of knowledge dwells forever on the lip,
And if thy face once seen to me, O thou
Unutterable sadness ! must henceforth

Look day and night from all things; grant me this,
 That thine immortal sorrow will remember
 How little we can grieve, who are but dust.
 Make me the servant, not the partner, mother,
 Of woes, for whose omnipotence of pain
 I have no organs. Suffer that I give
 Time and endurance for impossible passion;
 Perchance accumulated pangs may teach me
 One throe of thy distress. How canst thou think
 My soul can contain thine?"

Scene second.—"Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt find it." According to this saying, Vittorio Santo finds the seed of his word growing in a little nook of virgin soil, whither the waters of his fervid oratory had carried it. One maiden had tarried within a thicket to hear his wild solitary musings, while all the rest had fled; her name is Francesca. Alas! his eloquence had covered to her, himself, more than his cause, with a quenchless splendour; she loves him not wisely, but too well. The second scene is a conversation between Santo and Francesca, exquisitely delicate, tender, and true to nature. Nowhere do we find the bashful budding of young passion—its timidity, blended with boldness—its impatience, and rapid rush up, as if moments were months—its fearless logic—its "hoping against hope"—its triumphant yielding, like that of the ivy—the beautiful disguises under which it hides, and the rapture with which at last it throws its whole self into the current of the beloved being's purpose—more subtly and nobly represented than here. Indeed, one of the best poets, and truest judges of poetry in Scotland, has pronounced this scene "Shakspearean," and we cast it as a crust to those critics who, while admitting Sidney's poetic, deny his dramatic, power and skill.

We have only room for Francesca's opening soliloquy—

"While he yet spake, I waited for a pause;
 And now, if I could dare to hear my voice
 In this most awful silence, it should pray
 That he would speak again. You heavens, you heavens,
 Lend me your language. This progressive thought—
 This unit-bearing speech, whose best exertion
 Is but dexterity—the juggler's sleight,
 That, with facility of motion, cheats
 The eye, whose noblest effort can but haste
 The single ball of phantasy, and make
 Succession seem coincidence, is not
 For such an hour. Lend me some tongue, you heavens,
 Worthy of gods, in whose celestial sense
 The present, past, and future of the soul
 Sink down as one, even as these dew-drops to-night
 Fall from a thousand stars."

Scene third.—This is laid in the neighbourhood of Milan, during a *revue*. A great band of insurgents, armed and singing, pass their song is a spirited effusion. The monk draws near, and

pleads eloquently in behalf of a general republic, with Rome as its centre. They are shouting—

“Long live the republic,
Long live the commonwealth of Lombardy.” •

He replies—

“Long live eternal Rome! long live that Rome
Which is not dead but sleeping! Long live, Rome!
Men, this is the great year of resurrection;
All who are in their graves shall hear his voice
And come forth. That which twenty centuries hence
Lay down a hero shall rise up a god.
Shout, countrymen, and wake the graves! shout, Rome!
Republic! Rise!”

Confusion follows his words; some cry, “Hear him!” others, “Spear him!” others, “Stone him!” The scene closes with the monk saying—

“I am a Roman. Let some Vandal
Cast the first stone.”

Scene fourth.—This is an exquisitely tender and poetical scene. Francesca is discovered alone, brooding over her unhappy passion; she mourns over her comparative insensibility to the cause of liberty, and wishes that Santo were but Rome. Her passion bursts out at length in the wild and whirling words—

“Santo, I love thee—love thee—love thee—love thee!
Santo, I love thee! O thou wild word, love!
Thou bird broke loose!”

Soon she finds an opportunity of testing her love. A citizen, named Cecco, enters and informs her that her hero has fallen into the hands of the captain of the insurgent Milanese, Roderigo, the “greatest libertine in Milan,” and is to die at dawn. After a long pause her resolution is formed; she resolves to save Santo at the expense of her own life, or virtue, or both. Cecco is to look that

“Horses wait
Near the east gate by sunrise.” •

and, with the port of a Charlotte Corday, Francesca hies to play her brief and glorious part.

A critic objects to Francesca's passion as too rapid in its development. Mr Yendys would reply that “he lives in an orchard country, where the blossoms come before the leaves.” The critic should have remembered, too, that the scene is in the south, where hearts are hotter than with us, and that Juliet's love was as rapid as Francesca's. Even in our cold climate, there is still such a thing as love at first sight. We only regret that this love of hers was not returned. Santo never even alludes to the great sacrifice she made for him; she might as soon have loved a flash of lightning carcering across the sky, or a torrent hurrying to the deep.

Scene fifth.—This is a very bustling and lively scene, as all dramatic scenes laid in inns are, or ought to be. Every face seems shining in the gay light of a kitchen fire, while good cheer is steaming in the background, and the clang of new feet and the sound of merry voices form

an appropriate music. Various characters are introduced, and painted very much in Shakspeare's way, by a word or characteristic attitude, which turns their whole nature inside out. Light, too, is cast incidentally on the progress of the story.

"The young Francesca, at the price
Of her fair body, bought the captive's life;
The priest is free. Do not cry out. Young Rossi
Craved instant payment. She in her superb
High loveliness, whose every look enhanced
The ransom, sent him from her, glad to grant
Another maiden hour for prayer and tears.
Francesca wore a poignard. She is now
A maid for ever.

Hostess (to one standing by)—How is that, sir?

Student (aside)—Hush! Dead."

But the best passage in the scene, and one of the best in the play, indeed reminding us of some of Shakspeare's most masterly descriptions, such as that in "King John" of the effects produced by the news of young Arthur's death, is the description of the progress of Santo through the land, and of the marvellous power and influence of his oratory. We quote a part of it:—

"This strange man,
This cowed evangelist, that Monk is not.
This polyglot of prophets
Roams like a manifold infection, shedding
Through the sick souls of men the strange disease
Of his own spirit; not an art or calling
Wherein men work'd in peace, but at his touch
Spreads the indefinite sorrow. In the field,
Halting the team of early husbandman,
He chides him for the German weeds that choke
The Roman crop of glory; bids him seek
The plough of Cincinnatus.

To the rough music,
Setting strong words, he sends with easy skill
Wrongs, hopes, and duties trooping through the soul
Of the stout smith, and there on his own smithy
Blows the rough iron of his heart red-hot.
Seizing the magic time, with sudden hand,
He stamps him to the quick—'Patriot! the hour
Is come to beat our ploughshares into swords,
Our pruning-hooks to spears.'"

Scene sixth.—This is perhaps the sweetest and most beautiful of all the nine. The monk approaches a cottage, where sit two happy parents at evening, with their two children, a boy and girl, sporting on the plain. He enters into conversation with them; he stirs them against Austrian oppression; he uses their noble boy as a living argument, growing up to live a slave's life, and die a slave's death, and takes occasion to tell them the story of his brother who had been shot by the Austrians, amid

his "bright and shining youth." Nothing can be more beautiful than his picture of the intercourse of his brother and himself, or more pathetic than the narrative of his death. One scene, which they frequented together, is thus eloquently described:—

"Here and there
Rude heaps, that had been cities, clad the ground
With history.
The teeming soil was sown with desolations,
As though time, striding o'er the field he reap'd,
Warm'd with the spoil, rich droppings for the gleaners
Threw round his harvest way.

Urns
Which winds had emptied of their dust, but left
Full of their immortality. In shrouds
Of reverent leaves, rich works of wondrous beauty
Lay sleeping, like the children in the wood—
Fairer than they. Columns, like fallen giant,
The victor on the vanquish'd, stretch'd so stern
In death, that not a flower might dare to do
Their obsequies. And some from sweet Ionia,
With those Ionia bore to Roman skies
Lay mingled, like a goddess and her mother,
Who wear, with difference, the co-equal brightness
Of fadeless youth. The plain, thus strew'd with ages,
Flower'd in the sunshine of to-day, and bore me
The present and the past."

The effect of his words may be expected; determined, though quiet, resolution is infused into the souls of the parents. He leaves them with the words—

"Farewell, Romans;
Meet me to-morrow here.
Remember courage,
Truth, silence. If you fail in either, look
Upon your boy."

Scene seventh.—This may be called a "musical entertainment;" it is a "scene of songs," and displays unbounded command of lyrical measures; the unity, however, is admirably preserved. A meeting of minstrels is being held on the turf-grown site of an old Roman amphitheatre. Santo enters, and craves a seat; he is told that the prize of the day is to be given to the best poem on the theme, "What is it to be a poet?" The monk requests leave to strike a string in this strife; it is granted, and he pours out his ideal of a poet in a song of great force and considerable beauty. He is crowned, by acclamation, the president of the day. The songs thicken, and from each of them Santo contrives to extract a patriotic moral; and when the rest have ceased, he pours out a mournful finale, the close of which excites great confusion and outcry, amid which he disappears, having effectually raised the waters.

We may call this scene a serious and sublime "Jolly Beggars." It has the same variety in unity, and unity in variety; and its songs, in their very different style, are not inferior. Our favourite among them, is the

“ One dull day of indolence, the new-thatched city being all built,
On his slant’d sword bent Quirinus, with his hand on the hilt;
Round the sun’s hid place on high, all the stolid heaven was dead,
All the flat-floor’d earth below him, look’d a temple domed with lead;
Not a voice from all the forests, not a beam from all the floods,
Sadder for that early autumn, like cold sunshine lit the woods.
Far, the arms of Latian hills held on high a city of power;
With the eye of lust, Quirinus burnt its beauties, tower by tower,
Till the conscious Latian hills, jealous of the conqueror’s mien,
Proudly drew the mists of morning decent round the ravish’d scene.
Waking from the imperial dream, said Quirinus, looking towards Rome,
‘ So the mist of time, descending, hides me from the years to come.’
Near below, a rushing torrent its long dance of beauty led,
And a forest-beast of grandeur cross’d it with a stately tread;
Golden ran the rapid river, gleaming, though the skies were cold,
Far into the Sabine distance, manning with its sands of gold.
Said Quirinus, sad, but proudly gazing with a look sublime—
‘ Gods, so fording life, would I send golden sands down streams of time—’

" Those wondrous walls, which, like the monument
Of some old city of the plague, stand up
Mighty in strength and ruin, with no more
Decay than serves for epitaph, and takes
Impiety from pride, and breaks the crown'd
Pillar of triumph on the conqueror's grave—
Those walls, whose grey infirmities seem only
The mood of an imperishable face,
Awful as scars upon a Titan's brow,
Dread as a strong man's tears.
. When the clouds
Dress'd every myrtle on the walls in mourning,

With calm prerogative, the eternal pile
 Impassive shone with the unearthly light
 Of immortality. When conquering suns
 Triumph'd in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
 With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
 Upon his death-bed in a Christian land,
 And lying, through the chant of psalm and creed,
 Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
 As on his lips strange gods."

Scene ninth.—This is the trial scene. We do not seek to analyse it; suffice it that Santo walks and talks through it in a way worthy of his high calling. As the judge is about to pass sentence of death, he says—

"Spare thy lips, for I appeal.

President.—Appeal! vile slave! to whom?

The Monk.—To that which is over your heads, and through
 These walls, in soon shall be as dust, I see
 Rose like a spirit from the earth.
 To you, as visible. To me,
 Present among all things. Strong as fate;
 Dreadful as holy justice; more imperial
 Than all the builders of the Babylons;
 Invincible as death; I beautiful
 As itself only."

A woman enters, who tells that the people have risen 20,000 strong, and won their head, like a prophetess, hair in the wind, and eyes on fire. Amid great confusion, Santo is removed to be shot, while great shouts are heard without:—

"Down with the Austrians! Arms!

Blood! Charge! Death—death to tyrants! Victory! Freedom!"

And thus is Vittorio Santo victorious in death, perfected through sufferings, and sends away from his cross 20,000 apostles to plead the cause which he has testified unto by blood. And here we see the moral of the poem. It is, that Samsons and Santos usually, "die with the Philistines." Their corpses are the seeds, and their blood the dew, of the tree of freedom. The empire of hell was never successfully attacked till it was attacked from the summit of an old-fashioned gallows, and till the voice of a malefactor's blood ran down the world, invoking vengeance against it. Whenever the cause is holy, defeat is victory; the grossest injustice and direst cruelty are the most friendly acts. The man who sheds the apostle's blood is the greater apostle of the two, and the removal of the star of its hope is the signal for the uprising of the sun of its triumph.

We had much more to say of "that Roman"—his rich beauties—his few blemishes—his promise and augury; but our space forbids us now to do more than recommend him to all those readers who may only as yet have seen his praises in periodicals, and not come in contact with his noble and living self.

LEIGH HUNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THE autobiography of the "immortal boy," as Leigh Hunt is facetiously called, is a counterpart of the man. It embodies his excellencies, oddities, and faults; and these are alike open and conspicuous. What a fine rich vein of delicious humour pervades the work, especially the earlier portions of it! How deep, and pure, and all-pervading is his sympathy with nature! How large and loving his heart! But even his warmest admirers will be compelled to admit, that humour sometimes gives place to feelings less genial to humanity, and less befitting a preacher of universal love and unalloyed happiness. The present is so full of attractions for him, that he looks with but fitful gaze into the future, and his vision of things unseen is shadowy; earth eclipses heaven. In vindicating the character of man, he traduces the character of God. The Divine Being, in his view, is LOVE; but he seems to care little whether he be just and true.

We began our work of reading, with a strong desire to avoid close and serious discussion. We knew that we should meet with much to admire, and to gratify, and perhaps with not a little to excite our risible faculties; but we scarcely thought that there would be such a thrusting forth, in a quiet way, as we find there is, of the author's peculiarities, and such an open and defiant challenge on the awful subjects of God's government of this world, and man's destiny in the next. We shall have something to say upon these and similar points by and by, but in the meantime we shall join together, as best we may, such portions of the autobiography, as shall help the reader to form some idea of Leigh Hunt, his multifarious labours, and his most distinguished contemporaries. The material which these volumes contain is quite abundant; but, inasmuch as the author pays little attention to order in its introduction, our work is not so easy as might be supposed, and we fear may not be so satisfactory as we could have wished.

In the quotations that follow, there must of necessity occur not a little with which some of our readers may find themselves in some measure acquainted; for the author has not scrupled to reprint a large proportion of autobiographical matter, that had, at various times and through various channels, found its way to the public. And he does this, as he does everything, honestly and openly. He tells us that he has preserved all that he deems worth preserving. Perhaps it would have contributed to the value of the work, and to its happy preservation in the memories of men, had he exercised his censorship with more severity. Some things might have been well omitted—things that have a mere temporary interest, and reflect but small credit on the author. But a man is not always the best judge of what should, or should not be, recorded in connection with himself, and the web of complicated circumstances through which he has been called by Providence to work his way. Thus, autobiography has its disadvantages, as well as its advantages; and our opinion is, that, unless in the case of the highly favoured and greatly gifted few, the former outnumber the latter. If we mistake not, we are fairly in

for a crop of autobiographies. Judging from the first fruits, there will be an abundant harvest. Does a man collect his works—they must be preceded by an autobiography. Does a man live out his threescore years and ten—he must give us his autobiography. Even the very novelists are treating us to autobiographies. Gentlemen, we must call a stop. Have you considered the consequences—have you counted the cost? Only fancy a literary tailor, flunky, carpenter, weaver, shoemaker, ditcher, &c. &c., favouring the world with his autobiography. Fancy everybody (and it is fast coming to this, if the critics prevent not) visited by an internal impulse to furnish their autobiographies, for the correction, guidance, and gratification of every other body. What a mess should we then be in! There are some books of this class that we could not dispense with, and there will always be a select few—very few—whose own pens should trace their own characters; but, because of our very interest in the autobiographies of the gifted and the great, we would guard with the utmost jealousy the assumption, by common mortals, of this prerogative. Do we then condemn the “Autobiography” of Leigh Hunt? We do not. With all its faults we like it. Though he has told us some things which a judicious biographer would, most certainly, have consigned to oblivion, or recorded with disapprobation; yet, we are free to confess, that he has told us other things, and these too in a manner, and with a racy humour, which the best qualified biographer could not have done.

There is, at the present day, a large class of young readers, who, though they may be well acquainted with some of the works of Leigh Hunt, yet have not had opportunity of becoming acquainted with those bits of autobiography that have been long afloat. For their sakes *especially* we shall quote as fully as our space will allow.

Leigh Hunt was born in the sweet village of Southgate, in Middlesex. “I first saw the light there,” he says, “on the 19th October, 1784. It found me cradled, not only in the lap of the nature which I love, but in the midst of the truly English scenery which I love beyond all other.” His father had been forced to leave the new world during the unnatural American war, and after his arrival in England had entered the church. He continued without preferment, and of course poor. Leigh was sent, when a mere youth, not without considerable solicitude on the part of a tender affectionate mother, to Christ Hospital. There he read Tooke’s “Pantheon” and the “British Poets,” but learned no arithmetic—a bit of information which we should have deduced from the “Autobiography,” could he have kept it to himself with a good conscience. His reminiscences of his school-days are full, and possess some features of more than ordinary interest. The following paragraph, a little misty withal, brings us tolerably acquainted with the “ultra-sympathising and timid boy,” and with the sort of training to which he had been subjected when under the paternal roof:—

“Whether it was, however, that by the help of animal spirits I possessed some portion of the courage for which the rest of the family was remarkable, or whether I was a veritable coward, born or bred—destined to show, in my person, how far a spirit of love of freedom could supersede the necessity of gall, and procure me the respect of those about me—certain it is, that although, except in one instance, I did my best to avoid, and succeeded honourably in avoiding, those personal encounters with my

school-fellows, which in confronting me on my own account with the face of a fellow-creature, threw me upon a sense of something devilish, and overwhelmed me with a sort of terror for both parties—yet I gained at an early period of boyhood the reputation of a romantic enthusiast, whose daring in behalf of a friend or a good cause nothing could put down. I was obliged to call in the aid of a feeling apart from my own sense of personal antagonism, and to merge the diabolical, as it were, into the human. In other words, I had not self-respect or gall enough to be angry on my own account, unless there was something at stake, which, by concerning others, gave me a sense of support, and so pieced out my want with their abundance. The moment, however, that I felt thus supported, not only did all misgivings vanish from my mind, but contempt of pain took possession of my body; and my poor mother might have gloried through her tears in the loving courage of her son. I state the case thus proudly, both in justice to the manner in which she trained me, and because I conceive it may do good."

The brief passage which we add to the foregoing, picked out from another part of the volume, gives us some idea of the *external* influences, in connection with the world of politics, literature, and public amusements, that were producing their silent but certain impression on his youthful mind, and bringing into shape the individual character:—

"The American revolution, which had driven my father from Philadelphia, was not long over, and the French revolution was approaching. My father, for reasons which have already been mentioned, listened more and more to the new opinions (he had been attached to the royal cause in America, and suffered much in connection with it), and my mother listened, not only from love to her husband, but because she was still more deeply impressed by speculations regarding the welfare of human kind. The public mind, after a long and comparatively insipid tranquillity, had begun to be stirred by the eloquence of Burke—by the rivalries of Pitt and Fox—by the thanks which the king gave to Heaven for the recovery from his first illness—by the warlike and licentious energies of the Russian empress, Catherine II., who partly shocked and partly amused them—and by the gentler gallantries and showy luxury of the handsome young Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. In the world of literature and art, Goldsmith and Johnson had gone—Cowper was not yet much known—the most prominent poets were Hayley and Darwin—the most distinguished prose writer, Gibbon. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in his decline—so was Horace Walpole. The Kembles had come up in the place of Garrick. There were excellent comic actors in the persons of Edwin, Lewis, Young, Bauntyer, &c.—they had O'Keeffe, an original humourist, to write for them."

Mr Barnes, whose name has become so famous in connection with the *Times*, and whose uncommon energy gave to that paper its fame and power, was a fellow-scholar at Christ Hospital with Leigh Hunt. He early began to write verses. The following passage records his first efforts in that line:—

"I was already fond of writing verses. The first, I remember, were in honour of the Duke of York's 'victory of Dunkirk,' which victory, to my great mortification, turned out to be a defeat. I compared him with Achilles and Alexander; or should rather say, trampled on those heroes in the comparison. I fancied him riding through the field, and shooting right and left of him! Afterwards, when in great Erasmus (a certain form or class in school), I wrote a poem called 'Winter,' in consequence of reading Thomson; and when Deputy Grecian, I completed some hundred stanzas of another, called the 'Fairy King,' which was to be in emulation of Spenser! I also

wrote a long poem, in irregular Latin verses (such as they were), entitled 'Thor'—the consequence of reading Gray's 'Odes' and Mallett's 'Northern Antiquities.' English verses were the only exercise I performed with satisfaction. Themes, or prose essays, I wrote so badly, that the master was in the habit of contemptuously crumpling them up in his hand, and calling out, 'Here, children, there is something to amuse you.'"

Let no youthful aspirant be driven to despair after this; but let him mark two qualities in Hunt, and earnestly strive to possess them—the love of nature, and the love of books. We have already seen, from a sentence quoted in an early paragraph of this paper, that he was and is a devoted lover of nature. When very young, he formed a great liking for books, and they are still favourites with him. With his first attempts at writing, we shall give the record of his first love-making:—

"My first flame, or my first notion of a flame, which is the same thing in those days, was for my giddy cousin Fanny Dayrell, a charming West Indian. . . . Fanny was a lass of fifteen, with little laughing eyes, and a mouth like a plum. I was then (I feel as if I ought to be ashamed to say it) not more than thirteen, if so old; but I had read Tooke's 'Pantheon,' and came of a precocious race. My cousin came of one too, and was about to be married to a handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty. I thought nothing of this, for nothing could be more innocent than my intentions. I was not old enough, or grudging enough, or whatever it was, even to be jealous. I thought everybody must love Fanny Dayrell; and if she did not leave me out in permitting it, I was satisfied. It was enough for me to be with her as long as I could—to gaze on her with delight, as she floated hither and thither—and to sit on the stiles in the neighbouring fields, thinking of Tooke's 'Pantheon.'"

In this part of the "Autobiography" we have some interesting reminiscences of West, late president of the Royal Academy, a portion of which we must quote, that the reader may have a glimpse of the studio of the great artist:—

"After stepping softly down the gallery, as if reviewing the dumb life on the walls, you generally found the mild and quiet artist at his work; happy, for he thought himself immortal. I need not enter into the merits of an artist who is so well known and has been so often criticised. He was a man with regular, mild features; and, though of Quaker origin, had the look of what he was, a painter to a court. His appearance was so gentlemanly, that the moment he changed his gown for a coat he seemed to be full dressed. The simplicity and self-possession of the young Quaker, not having time enough to grow stiff (for he went early to study at Rome), took up, I suppose, with more ease than most would have done, the urbanities of his new position. And what simplicity helped him to, favour would retain. Yet this man, so well bred, and so indisputably clever in his art (whatever might be the amount of his genius), had received so careless, or so homely an education when a boy, that he could hardly read. . . . The quiet of Mr West's gallery, the tranquil, intent beauty of the statues, and the subjects of some of the pictures, particularly Death on the Pale Horse, the Deluge, the Scotch King Hunting the Stag, Moses on Mount Sinai, Christ Healing the Sick (a sketch), Sir Philip Sidney Giving up the Water to the Dying Soldier, the Installation of the Knights of the Garter, and Ophelia before the King and Queen (one of the best things he ever did), made a great impression upon me. My mother and I used to go down the gallery as if we were treading on wool. She was in the habit of stopping to look at some of the pictures, particularly the Deluge and the Ophelia, with a countenance quite awe-stricken. She used also

to point out to me the subjects relating to liberty, and patriotism, and the domestic affections. . . . As Mr West was almost sure to be found at work in the furthest room, habited in his white woollen gown, so you might have predicted, with equal certainty, that Mrs West was sitting in the parlour, reading."

The training of the young poet in liberal ideas produced in good time, as we shall see, abundant fruit. Meanwhile, by an injudicious act on the part of his father, his juvenile poetry was collected and published by subscription. Having no fixed mode of life, he spent much of his time among his old school-companions. He gets nearly drowned at Oxford; vents some uncharitable feeling against the Americans; speaks of Franklin, "my grandfather's friend"; learns Italian; indulges in bitter, contemptuous feelings against Calvinists and Methodists; becomes a volunteer; and pours forth a stream of delicious gossip of actors, &c. He now set himself to essay writing, and contributed a series of articles to a paper entitled the *Traveller* (now the *Globe*). "I offered them," says he, "with fear and trembling, to the editor of the *Traveller*, Mr Quin, and was astorished at the gaiety with which he accepted them. What astonished me more was a perquisite of five or six copies of the paper, which I enjoyed every Saturday when my essays appeared, and with which I used to re-issue from Bolt Court in a state of transport."

A brother of Leigh Hunt's set up a paper in 1805, called the *News*, the theatricals of which our young poet and essayist was to write. They had determined to give independent criticism, which, we are told, was a rare thing in those days, and nobody believed them. They stuck to it; and the town believed everything they said. Hunt was only twenty at this time! We have no doubt that the following exclamation is as full of truth as it is void of reverence:—"Good God! to think of the grand opinion I had of myself in those days, and what little reason I had for it!" A deep melancholy soon after this seized upon him, and for a time labour and enjoyment were alike impossible. The cloud at length passed away, and we find him again enjoying thoroughly his books, his walks, his companions, his verses, and always ready to fall in love with the first tender-hearted damsel that should encourage him. "Now it was a fair charmer, and now a brunette; now a girl who sang, or a girl who danced; now one that was merry, or was melancholy, or seemed to care for nothing or for everything, or was a good friend, or good sister, or good daughter. With this last, who completed her conquest by reading verses better than I had ever yet heard, I ultimately became wedded for life; and she reads verses better than ever to this day, especially some that shall be nameless."

In the beginning of the year 1808, the two brothers started the *Examiner* newspaper. For twelve years it was edited by the author of this work; and at the expiry of that period he was succeeded by the well-known Albany Fonblanque. The objects which the projectors of the *Examiner* contemplated are distinctly and succinctly brought out in the following paragraph:—

"The main objects of the *Examiner* newspaper were to assist in producing reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from superstition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever. It began by being of no party; but reform soon gave it one. It disclaimed all knowledge of statistics; and

the rest of its politics were rather a sentiment and a matter of training, than founded on any particular political reflection. It possessed the benefit, however, of a good deal of general reading. It never wanted examples out of history and biography, or a kind of adornment from the spirit of literature; and it gradually drew to its perusal many intelligent persons of both sexes, who would, perhaps, never have attended to politics under any other circumstances."

The establishment of the *Examiner* produced an extensive sensation. It was before the age, and all parties were roused to opposition. It was especially obnoxious to the Tories; and in the matter of the Regent was exposed to three successive prosecutions. Twice it was acquitted; the third time the powers succeeded in getting it within their grasp. Its proprietor and editor were condemned to two years' imprisonment each, which punishment they endured in separate prisons. Of course, the paper went on as usual, encouraged by an ever increasing amount of sympathy from a large body of the public. Meanwhile, the obnoxious editor did not feel his quarters better than they should have been. By and by, however, his comforts increased—so much so, that, long before the expiry of the period of confinement, he had the fellowship of his wife and family, and the use of a large room in excellent order, and opening upon a small piece of ground, which he cultivated as a garden. He was visited in prison by Lord Byron, and many other distinguished men; and it would amuse him amazingly to see his visitors start and look confounded, when they were introduced, for the first time, into his papered room, and look upon the numerous and beautiful flowers which grew in his garden. The account which he furnishes of his experiences, enjoyments, and trials during these two years is one of the most interesting portions of his work. We had intended to quote a passage or two, but find that our space absolutely forbids it. We have now brought the narrative up to a point where we may pause, and introduce two or three of those distinguished characters with whom Leigh Hunt had become acquainted.

Mr Hill, the proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, "was a jovial bachelor, plump and rosy as an abbot;" and his editor, Du Bois, "was one of those wits, who, like the celebrated Eachard, have no faculty of gravity; his handsome hawk's eyes looked blank at a speculation; but set a joke or a piece of raillery in motion, and they sparkled with wit and malice. Nothing could be more trite and commonplace than his serious observations—acquiescences they should rather have been called, for he seldom ventured upon a gravity but in echo to another's remark. If he did, it was in defence of orthodoxy, of which he was a great advocate; but his quips and cranks were infinite. He was also an excellent scholar. He, Dr King, and Eachard, would have made a capital trio over a table, for scholarship, mirth, drinking, and religion. He was intimate with Sir Philip Francis, and gave the public a new edition of the 'Horace' of Sir Philip's father. The literary world knew him well, also, as the writer of a popular novel in the genuine Fielding manner, entitled 'Old Nick.'"

Of Campbell our author thus writes; and the reader will remark the quiet hit that he has at the national character. We opine that he himself would appear no less amusing, and certainly no less loveable in

the eyes of his admirers, had he possessed a little of our Scotch caution:—

“They who knew Campbell only as the author of ‘Gertrude of Wyoming’ and the ‘Pleasures of Hope,’ would not have suspected him to be a merry companion, overflowing with humour and anecdote, and anything but fastidious. These Scotch poets have always something in reserve. It is the only point in which the major part of them resemble their countrymen. The mistaken character which the lady formed of Thomson from his ‘Seasons,’ is well known. He let part of the secret out in his ‘Castle of Indolence;’ and the more he let out, the more honour it did to the simplicity and cordiality of the poet’s nature, though not always to the elegance of it. Allan Ramsay knew his friends Gay and Somerville as well in their writings, as he did when he came to be personally acquainted with them; but Allan, who had bustled up from a barber’s shop into a bookseller’s, was a “cunning shaver;” and nobody could have guessed the author of the ‘Gentle Shepherd’ to be penurious. Let none suppose that any insinuation to that effect is intended against Campbell. He was one of the few men whom I could at any time have walked half-a-dozen miles through the snow to spend an evening with; and I could no more do this with a penurious man than I could with a sulky one. I know but one fault he had, besides an extreme cautiousness in his writings, and that one was national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal, not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man felt more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or took less credit for it. When he indulged in doubt and sarcasm, and spoke contemptuously of things in general, he did it partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more, perhaps, than he suspected, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive, which is a blind that the best men very commonly practise. He professed to be hopeless and sarcastic, and took pains all the while to set up a university (the London). When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil. Not that he was like a Frenchman, much less the French translator of Virgil. I found him as handsome as the Abbe Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman’s ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened, in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French poet in his hand. His skull was sharply cut, and fine, with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs; and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude, and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely ‘Gertrude of Wyoming.’ His face and person were rather on a small scale—his features regular—his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it. Some gentle Puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianisms were over, very unlike a Puritan he talked! He seemed to spite his restrictions; and, out of the natural largeness of his sympathy with things high and low, to break at once out of Delille’s Virgil into Cotton’s, like a boy let loose from school. When I had the pleasure of hearing him afterwards, I forgot his Virgilianisms, and thought only of the delightful companion, the unaffected philanthropist, and the creator of a beauty worth all the heroines in Racine.”

Mr Hunt was a frequent visitor at Sydenham, the residence both of Hill and of Campbell at the time. Mr Hill seems to have kept a table which fully sustained the character which our author gives him, as being that of a jovial bachelor. Theodore Hook arrived one day unexpectedly to dinner, and greatly amused the entire party, of which Hunt was one. He thus describes the scene:—

He (Hook) was then a youth, tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak—a face that had character and humour, but no refinement. His extempore verses were really surprising. It is easy enough to extemporise in Italian—one only wonders how, in a language in which every thing conspires to render verse-making easy, and it is difficult to avoid rhyming, this talent should be so much cried up; but in English it is another matter. I have known but one other person besides Hook who could extemporise in English; and he wanted the confidence to do it in public. . . . In Hook the faculty was very unequivocal. He could not have been aware of all the visitors, still less of the subjects of conversation, when he came in, and he talked his full share till called upon; yet he ran his jokes and his verses upon us all in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of every body, or avoiding it with a pun; and he introduced so agreeably a piece of village scandal, upon which the party had been rallying Campbell, that the poet, though not unjealous of his dignity, was, perhaps, the most pleased of us all. Theodore afterwards sat down to the pianoforte, and enlarging upon this subject, made an extempore parody of a modern opera, introducing sailors and their clap-traps, rustics, &c., and making the poet and his supposed flame the hero and the heroine. He parodied music as well as words. . . . Campbell certainly took the theme of the parody as a compliment; for having drank a little more wine than usual that evening, and happening to wear a wig on account of having lost his hair by a fever, he suddenly took off his wig, and, dashing it at the head of the performer, exclaimed, ‘You dog, I’ll throw my laurels at you.’”

Here he met Mathews the comedian, the brothers James and Horace Smith, &c. &c., of all of whom these volumes furnish some delicious reminiscences. His notices of the political characters with whom he came in contact, more through his writings than personally, we must pass entirely over. With the literary squabbles into which he fell with his brethren of the pen we do not intermeddle. His severe criticism of—, rather, we should say, his fierce attack upon—Sir Walter Scott, in his “Feast of the Poets,” is here repudiated, and amply atoned for. The following beautiful tribute to the memory of our great and gifted countryman we cannot pass without transcribing:—

“It can be of no consequence to the memory of such a man what I said or thought of him, whether before his death or after; but for my own sake, since I am forced to speak of such things in a work like the present, I may be allowed to state, whatever hostility I was forced to maintain with his politics, and so far with himself, I had the pleasure of expressing my regret for the mistakes which I had made about him, long before I experienced their ill effects. I will add, that long after those effects, and when he was lying sick in London on his way to his last home, I called every morning at his door (anonymously, for I doubted whether my name would please him), to furnish a respectful bulletin of his health to a daily paper, in which I suggested its appearance; and I will not conceal, that as I loved the humanities in his wonderful pages, in spite of the politics which accompanied them, so I mourned for his closing days, and shed tears at his death.”

Mr Hunt's labours in literature were most abundant; essays and pieces in verse seemed to come equally easy from his pen. In the spring of 1816, he finished the story of "Rimini," concerning which Rogers, the first time he met him at Lord Byron's house, told him that he had "just left a beautiful woman sitting over it in tears."

"I was then between twenty and thirty: I am now between sixty and seventy; and I have just been told by a friend, that he lately heard one of the most distinguished of living authoresses say, she had shed tears of vexation on finding that I had recast the conclusion of the poem, and taken away so much of the first matter."

Several pages of the "Autobiography" are devoted to Shelley. As might have been expected, the youthful poet is much beloved, and his generous and sincere character fondly dwelt upon. By this, as well as by various efforts that have been previously put forth by the admirers of Shelley's genius (though not sympathising with his scepticism), his character is vindicated from the slanders that were heaped upon it; and he stands before us an object of mingled admiration and pity. Every one knows the story of his early and disastrous love, his brief life of mental anxiety and suffering, and his untimely death. All these are told in this work with the delicacy and tenderness of unaffected friendship. Of course, the rehearsal of them is brief.

A whole chapter is devoted to Keats, Lamb, and Coleridge, with incidental notices of several other men of letters. But, tempting though the matter is to quote, we must pass forward, asking the courteous reader to supply our lack of service on this and other points by going to the work itself. The voyage of the author to Italy is reprinted here; and well worthy is it of preservation. It is always interesting, and will continue to be so, as long as men are capable of appreciating able delineation of character and powerful description of the dangers and miseries of a bad voyage. In such a work as the present, the author could not, of course, avoid confining upon the subject of his difference with Lord Byron, and the publication of his notes relative to that unpleasant affair. In introducing the matter, he makes the following apologetic remarks:—

"I do not mean that I ever wrote any fictions about him. I wrote nothing which I did not feel to be true, or think so. But I can say with Alamani, that I was then a young man, and that I am now advanced in years. I can say that I was agitated by grief and anger, and that I am now free from anger. I can say that I was far more alive to other people's defects than to my own, and that I am now sufficiently sensible of my own to show to others the charity which I need myself. I can say, moreover, that, apart from a little allowance for provocation, I do not think it right to exhibit what is amiss, or may be thought amiss, in the character of a fellow-creature, out of any feeling but unmistakable sorrow, or the wish to lessen evils which society itself may have caused."

Mr Hunt enjoyed vastly his sojourn in Italy; and but for the difference that arose between him and Lord Byron, the miscarrying of the periodical in which they were mutually interested, and the death of his friend Shelley, it would have been the happiest period of his life. At the end of four years he returned to England. His literary projects were now more numerous than ever, and several of them turned out entire failures. He set himself to cultivate play-writing especially, and produced several

pieces, some of which have been successful, and others have either been rejected, or are in the hands of managers, where they have been for years. The pecuniary affairs of our author, as may be readily judged, were not in a flourishing condition. The small annuity from her majesty was needed and merited (would it were larger); and no recipient is more grateful. There is a good deal of what is contained in the last chapter of the work—on the condition of the stage, managers' agreements with literary men, the vacant laureateship, &c. &c.—which could very safely have been dispensed with, and which, as it stands, does no little damage to the author.

Into these questions we cannot enter, at the conclusion of a paper which is already quite long enough; but we could not, as critics, allow them to pass without our mark of disapproval. And why should such a man as Leigh Hunt—a man whom everybody wishes to love—thrust so frequently and so fiercely in our face his peculiar notions on religion—notions which he must know are not sympathised in by the great body of Christians? Why should he, an intense lover of the calm and holy beauties of nature—an eloquent advocate of all the amenities of humanity—a hearty scourger of bigotry, avarice, and all uncharitableness—why should he assume the bigot's gait, and breathe the bigot's bitterness and scorn? Calvinism and Methodism appear to him to contain the very essence of evil; and the very thought of a Calvinist coming within the range of his vision, or rising dimly in the far-off fields of the imagination, startles him out of all propriety, and throws him into a towering passion! Oh, brother, dost thou well to be angry? Why hast thou forgotten that the characteristic of our time is, that every man should think, honestly profess what he thinks, and shape his life accordingly, even as, we doubt not, thou thyself art doing? We know no man by party designations; but we cannot allow one class of minds to deny to others that liberty which they themselves claim and exercise.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM HAUFF.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the door of the officer's room, the minister's servant had taken off his Spanish cloak, and he now entered, in a stately dress, richly ornamented, as befitted a present favourite of fortune, or a duke of the olden time. He wore a red coat bordered with gold braid; the gold-laced cuffs reached up to his elbows, and his vest of gold brocade descended to his knees. A short broad sword, with a richly set hilt, hung at his side, a strong stick supported his hand, and upon his thick brown hair, which fell low down upon his neck, there was placed a small hat of fine black cloth, edged with gold and white feathers. The features of this remarkable man, when closely examined, were somewhat too finely

chiselled to be called agreeable or graceful; but they were nobler than his commission, and were moreover uncommon. His dark brown eyes, which looked around with pride and independence, might have been considered fine: his whole appearance was imposing, and it would have had in it even something estimable and exalted, were it not for the malicious and fiend-like expression on the contemptuous lips, which destroyed this semblance, and caused so many who encountered him to feel a secret aversion towards him.

The captain stood firm and erect at the door, his hat in one hand, his sword-hilt in the other, when Siiss the minister entered. The latter took off his hat, and, leaning upon his stick, examined the soldier with a sharp eye, and then said shortly, in a low voice, "What is your name?"

"Hans von Reelzingen, captain in the second battalion of grenadiers, third company."

"You have studied?" continued the Jew, with somewhat more courtesy.

"Jurisprudence at Leipzig," answered the captain, with military brevity.

"How long have you served, captain?"

"A year and two months, first at——"

"Enough," interrupted the minister, with a gracious motion of his hand; "you may go."

The captain concealed his indignation at the haughty demeanour of the upstart beneath a low bow, and went away. The actuary, though he knew not what it was to fear any one, now felt his heart beat as he stood alone in the presence of a man before whom the whole country trembled with a superstitious awe. He involuntarily reddened, as the other looked inquisitively at him for a length of time, which afforded him an opportunity of examining his features, and to discover here and there something therein that reminded him of the fair Leah. At last the minister seated himself in the arm-chair, which had been placed in this room for the convenience of the officers of the garrison, while he condescendingly signed to the Saracen to sit down likewise upon a bench which stood near.

"Young man," said he, "if your own peace and happiness are dear to you, answer me openly and truly what I shall ask you; for you must not believe that it would be difficult for me to convict you of any falsehood you might venture to assert."

"I am the actuary of the Duke of Wurtemberg," answered the young man, "and the oath which as a Christian and a citizen——"

"Leave off," interrupted the Jew; "you would not be the first who has broken his oath. I ask you, who were the two masks who yesterday stood near my table for the amusement of the public? You know of this; you stood next me."

"They are not known to me, your excellency," said Gustavus, with a firm voice.

"Not known!" exclaimed the minister. "Think well what you say; I stand here as your judge. Did you know nothing of their voices?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" continued the other, quickly. "Ought you not to know the voice of your father?"

"My father!" exclaimed the youth, turning pale; then he added, after

a pause, "You are wrong, your excellency, or rather you are wrongly informed: my father is a quiet, steady man; his character, his position, and his age, alike forbid him to be the amuser of the public at a masked ball."

"They ought to forbid him," answered the other, with kindling eyes, "and I will find means that they shall do so. I know very well that I am as a thorn in the eyes of these provincial gentlemen, and certainly upon the most singular ground, that they cannot count. If they understood the multiplication-table as well as I do, they would see what is of use to the country. Yet this is not the evening of my day, and I will show those rebels who they are, and who I am!"

"Your excellency!" exclaimed the youth, with the colour of indignation upon his cheeks.

"Actuary!" exclaimed Süß, with an ironical laugh.

"My father is a man of honour," continued Gustavus, without shrinking from the haughty look of the powerful minister. "You speak of rebellion; how can you say that my father has not always served the duke with fidelity? How can you dare to defame him as a rebel?"

"Dare!" said Stüss, with a laugh. "Here there is no daring in the matter; he is a rebel who only serves the country and not the duke; he is the duke's servant, but he serves him badly; however, this shall not continue. You may at least say to your father, that I am perfectly aware of what both masks wanted, and that they plotted along with the third one. I might have seized him as well as you last night, and when I did not do so, let him thank you for the forbearance."

"Me?" asked the young man, in astonishment. "Me? And is it owing to such forbearance, also, that, without having committed any offence, I was last night confined here?"

"No," replied the other, smiling kindly; "this was contrived only to cool your rendezvous." He entertained himself for a few moments with the youth's embarrassment, and then went on—"That good girl, how she besought and prayed me on her knees to save you; she fancied you were imprisoned for some grave crime. Have you nothing to say to me, Herr Lanbek?"

"You do not know me," answered Gustavus; "but I now see plainly why you carried me off so hastily, though surely the character of Leah might have assured you that there was nothing culpable in our relation."

"Indeed! Upon my word!" exclaimed the minister; "nothing-culpable! Do you imagine that if I suspected anything culpable in such a relation, that you could have atoned for it by a night in the guard-house? By the ashes of my fathers! if I— There are cells and dungeons at Neuffen and Asberg, where neither sun nor moon shines; there would I have set the Saracen until he had reached his Swabian ancestors. But perhaps, in your Christian pride, you imagine that an Israelite does not hold the honour of his family in such estimation as a Nazarene?"

The youth was scared at this threat, for he reflected that it would be a light matter to the minister to make him disappear from off the earth without a trace; but his courage sustained him against the insolence of the man who made his private affairs thus public, and, for the honour of his house, threatened him with the fortresses of the country.

"Your excellency," said he, with a look before which that of the

minister sank, "what you think of your honour I know not, but it does not appear to me very honourable to make use of such threats as these. My father is indeed only an humble man, in comparison with one so high and powerful as you, but he knows where justice is to be found in Germany. Vienna is not so far from Stuttgart, and the emperor has not yet signed your letter of patent of yesterday; but, as regards the honour of your sister, I can assure you that it is not less dear to me than my own."

"You have fine plans for the provincial consul," said the Jew, laughing slightly; "but besides, in confidence, you must not touch the emperor too closely: no one in Vienna will take up the affair of a Wurtemberg lawyer against us. But you please me, my good lad; I have heard your labours praised, and heads like yours may be put to something better than to stitch edicts together, or fasten—— You are now a counsellor of expedition, with a salary of 600 florins, and I am happy to be the first to congratulate you on your appointment."

The youth started from the bench to speak, but surprise and fear closed his mouth; a hundred thoughts crossed his mind. It was not joy at having leapt up in an instant the four degrees which were ordinarily surmounted only after years of labour, that filled his soul; it was the terrible idea of passing in the world for a favourite of this individual—to stand thus branded before his father and all good men."

"Your excellency," said he, in confusion, "I dare not, I cannot accept this gift. Think of what will be said, so many older and worthier men——"

"What! I have given you a situation," replied the Jew, in a commanding voice; "I have named you a counsellor, and you are one. No thanks—no overstrained delicacy; I like it not. Now," continued he, kindly, almost tenderly, "how stand you with my Leah? You have quite enchanted the quiet, timid girl. Do not fear me, young sir; I am not the man to lay so much stress on wealth. Your family belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished of the burghers, and this pleases me as much in this case as riches, or indeed more. Your father will assuredly not give you much, but you shall be satisfied through me; I will portion my sister like a princess."

The rocky dungeons of the Neuffen, and the dark cells of Asberg, had been at this moment more welcome to the youth than all these assurances; he thought of his proud father, of his distinguished family, and so great was his fear of disgrace, so deeply rooted were the prejudices at that time against the unhappy children of Abraham, that they overpowered, at this critical moment, even his tenderness for the fair daughter of Israel.

"Your excellency," said he, with hesitation—"Leah can have no warmer friend than me; but, I fear, you may estimate this feeling falsely, and confound it with another. I would not wish you to understand me wrongly, but Leah can never have said to you that I ever spoke to her of this——"

The haughty man coloured, curled his lips, half closed his eyes, and a vein in his forehead began to swell rapidly.

"What is this?" said he, in a severe voice. "How am I to understand these words?"

"Your excellency," answered Gustavus, more firmly, "think of the difference of religion."

"Have you thought of this, sir, when you put these love passages into my sister's head? But I may trust you even here; Leah will be no hindrance to you in this way. You hesitate," he continued, more earnestly. "Shall I speak with your father about this, young man, or was my sister good enough only to amuse your idle hours, but not to be your wife? Wo to you if you thought so! I will ruin you and your whole race. Your father yesterday has been guilty of a great excess: he is in my hands; I can defend him. With you I now place your father's fate: either you make your rashness against my house good, and marry my sister, or I declare you publicly to be a scoundrel, and allow the consul to go in chains. I give you four weeks to think of it; my house is open to you; you may visit your bride there as often as you will; four weeks, you understand? Now you are free, and, as counsellor, you may enter upon your duties to-morrow."

At these words he bent himself slightly, and with proud steps left the room; he then ordered the captain, who stood in the ante-room, to provide a dress for the newly appointed counsellor, and to set him at liberty.

Stunned by the whole affair, and particularly by the last words of the minister, Reelzingen entered. He found his friend pale and embarrassed, his arms crossed over his breast, and his head sunk down upon it.

"Now tell me, for the love of Heaven," began the captain, while he remained standing before Gustavus, "what did he want with you? Why did he imprison you? What means his visit?"

"He came to congratulate me," answered the other, with a strange smile.

"To congratulate? Wherefore? That you had passed a night in the guard-house?"

"No, but because I have during this night become a counsellor of expedition."

"You!" exclaimed the captain, laughing. "Heaven be praised that you are so gay, and can jest so well! When I entered just now, and looked at you, I thought I should not find you so jocular; but seriously, friend, what did the Jew want?"

"I told you, and seriously told you, he has made me a counsellor. Is this not a splendid advance?"

The captain for some time looked at him doubtfully; at length he said, with emotion, "No, you cannot become a scoundrel, Gustavus. God knows how this has been brought about! But see, if I had not known you so long and so well—— Believe me, the world will judge severely of you; but no. You laugh! I understand; it is all nonsense. Counsellor of expedition! You might as well marry his sister!"

"Yes, that will be too," said Lanbek, smiling gloomily. "In four weeks my brother-in-law intends the marriage to take place."

"Death and the devil!" exclaimed the captain. "Do not make me mad with your answers. We ought not to trifle with such things."

"Who says I jest?" answered Lanbek, while he slowly rose up. "It is as I tell you, upon my honour."

A tear appeared in the captain's eye as he heard the friend he loved

speaking thus; he gave way to the weakness but for a moment, then walked angrily across the floor, took off his hat, and exclaimed, "May the day be accursed when I first saw you, and called you brother! Away—help your Jew—see the whole country put up for sale—turn oppressor yourself, and be rich! O Lanbek, Lanbek! I would sell my sword-belt, ay, even a year of my life, to buy the guard from one of my comrades; I will myself command at the execution when the Jew and you are led to the gallows!"

"I will not willingly raise myself so high," answered Gustavus, quietly and gravely; "but you may follow my dead body when you bury me to-morrow at midnight beside the wall of the churchyard."

The captain looked at him in terror; he could read a profound sadness on the brow of the youth, as he repeatedly looked at him, and met the eyes of Gustavus.

"Will you listen to me for five minutes, Reelzingen?" asked he; "you will then be amazed at the disinterestedness of the minister. The price of a situation is 2000 florins; that of a counsellor of expedition was 3000 among brothers; but I, the child of fortune, have received it gratis—nothing for nothing; for the happiness of my life, the tranquillity of my family, the contentment of my father—all of which would be destroyed by the transaction—were too insignificant to be considered: only listen."

The captain heard the words with amazement; attentive, he sat down beside Gustavus. The higher that his faith rose in his friend while he spoke, the more was he concerned about him and his family. He folded him in his arms; he endeavoured to comfort him, though he himself had little trust in such consolation.

"The Jew is a fine player," said he; "he has knocked up your best gamb, and the play seems to lie in his hands; he may be mistaken. We shall see him beaten when we—play spades."

CHAPTER VII.

We will now conduct our readers from the officer's room in the guard-house of Stuttgart to the house of the elder Lanbek. In a spacious apartment, whose furniture was rather solid and stately than showy or splendid, there was an elderly man, somewhat more corpulent than ordinary. His figure and countenance indicated, that, when about fifty years of age, he might have been termed fat; now ten years more had placed wrinkles about his mouth and forehead, while his wide dressing-gown of fine green cloth, edged with fur, was of abundant fullness, and wrapped in folds round his body; but his well-coloured cheeks, his clear grey eyes, the firm step with which he walked up and down the room, let it be seen, before even his full, sonorous voice was heard, that the old consul was yet fresh and hearty in mind and body.

In the recess of the broad window sat two young girls from eighteen to twenty years of age, who, as often as the old man turned his eyes towards them, thoughtfully and anxiously returned his gaze, and then whispered to each other when his look was withdrawn. One was employed in putting her father's huge curled wig in order, and, in spite of the sorrow which appeared in her countenance, she yet seemed to feel an enjoyment in the fine contrast which she found in building up these

black locks into an edifice of hair with her small, white, delicately-formed hands. The dark blue eyes of the other, meantime, seemed to be more occupied with the street than with the fine work she was sewing, yet her countenance was too serious to let it be supposed that the expression was that of mere curiosity. They had been silent for some minutes, for the girls had been too strictly brought up to tease their father with questions, while his thoughts seemed to be so much occupied. The young sempstress suddenly stood up, let her work fall to the ground, turned yet more towards the window, and looked eagerly into the street. The father observed these movements, stood still, looked searchingly at his daughter, but questioned her only with his eyes.

Kathchen, the younger of the two sisters, quickly finished a forelock of the wig, then placed the fine affair carefully upon a table, and now approached quickly at the call of Hedwig—"It is he; he has looked up here, father; he goes very fast: look, what a singular coat he wears. That is Blankenberg's hunting dress," said Hedwig, in a low tone of voice to her sister.

"Go to; what do you know of Blankenberg's wardrobe?" answered the younger, with a smile full of meaning.

"He visited Gustavus often in this dress," replied she, while a deep crimson overspread her face.

The arrival of Gustavus prevented his younger sister from longer annoying Hedwig, according to her usual custom. The father now looked more earnestly out than before; he then set himself down in his arm-chair, and fastened his eyes upon the door. The hearts of the two sisters beat painfully and quickly, when the door opened, and their brother entered. After the first salutations were over, there occurred a pause painful to all; then the son modestly stepped towards his father.

"You must have missed me this morning, father?" asked he. "It is certainly a rare occurrence in this house, and you were perhaps anxious about me."

"No," answered the old man, very seriously; "you are old enough not to lose yourself; but it appeared strange to me, that you were seen only for an hour at the carnival, and that you prolonged your amusements so irregularly last night, as to continue till nine o'clock this morning. You ought to have been at your office half an hour ago."

"I am excused there to-day," said Gustavus, smiling; "besides I have, since an early hour this morning, revelled so fearfully and lived so disorderly, that it is no wonder I return home late; only fancy, girls, where I have been."

The sisters looked at him in perplexity, for they justly feared that this gaiety of speech might displease their father.

"How can we know?" replied Hedwig. "I have never been accustomed to ask where you went with your companions; but you are to-day a riddle to me, brother."

"I have been in a castle of pleasure," continued the youth, "where neither you nor papa ever were. You will never guess: in the guard-house."

"In the guard-house!" cried both sisters, shocked.

"That is very disagreeable for me, Gustavus," added the consul. "To my knowledge, you are the first Lanbek who ever was there."

"To me it is doubly disagreeable," answered his son, while he looked steadily at his father, "because it seems to have arisen from an exchange of names; for, to my knowledge, I am not that Lanbek who occasioned the scene at the Jew's table."

The old man looked at him, pale and embarrassed.

"Go into the next room, girls," exclaimed he; and when the sisters, astonished, but still quickly and submissively obeyed, he seized the hand of his son, placed him on a seat near him, and hastily asked, in a low tone of voice, "What is this? What do you know? Who spoke to you of this?"

"Himself," answered the son.

"The Jew?" asked the old man. "How was this possible?"

"He was with me at the guard-house. I see you are surprised, father, but prepare yourself for things far more surprising than this."

The son considered it best to disclose as much as possible to his father, and thus he related to him in what way the minister had burst forth in resentment against the consul and his party; how he had withstood this; how the minister, in place of being excited thereby to anger, had suddenly announced to him that he appointed him a counsellor of expedition. He did not, however, say a word about Leah; the captain had dissuaded him from doing so, and he resolved to be silent thereon, until he had determined upon his conduct, or the discovery of the unhappy circumstances became inevitable.

"I see what I see," said the consul, after he had reflected for a while. "Do you think if he had not feared us, that he would have spared me and seized you, and directly disgraced me with his condescension? He ears me, and he has reason to do so. I am too popular for him, and by degrees you will be also too well known to the citizens here, because you already conduct for me the processes of the poor. The counsellor of expedition is a trap which he wishes to lay for both of us, the cunning fox."

"How think you thus, father?" asked Gustavus, for his heart had become lighter since he observed how his parent took the matter.

"Look," said the old man, in his usual confiding manner, "you will be the sacrifice of this intrigue; but, as sure as I am your father, you shall not long be so. The Jew knows this too. I forbid you to accept this appointment, because you may thereby fall into evil odour: thus he will make it a matter of honour, he will complain to the duke, and seize the only opportunity which may occur to compel me to give up my office. He knows me; he knows that he can as little depose me as the duke; he knows also who the old Lanbek is—his enemy. If we accept the place, he farther calculates that we shall be despised by all who wish what is right. The father provincial consul, people would begin to think how the son came to be counsellor of expedition; the old man did not purchase the situation from him, and the Jew, it is well known, gives nothing without a great profit in gold, or secret support, consequently we shall be considered to have gone over to the man of power. Thus thinks he the people will judge, and he has acted right cleverly, but he does not know me altogether. Heaven be praised, I still know of a remedy whereby we may maintain the confidence of better men, and you will be and remain counsellor of expedition! If circum-

stances change, you will again be the actuary, and men will know of your innocence."

"But, father," said the young man, in amazement, "your appointment is steady as a rock; but mine? How long will it be still until circumstances change?"

"Son," answered the old man, not without emotion, "you see how this country is distracted to its very centre; do you think it can always be thus? Believe me, before spring comes upon it, it must be different: worse it never can be, but better. Believe me, and trust in God."

CHAPTER VIII

While old Lanbek spake thus, endeavouring to inspire his son with confidence, the house-bell rang loudly, and an officer entered the room, whom the consul hastened to meet. When any one looked upon the dark red countenance, the bold and hardy features, the small though sharp eyes of this man, he might easily understand that the report of the most daring resolution and almost fabulous heroism, shown by him under Duke Alexander and Prince Eugene, were indeed believable.

"My son, the once actuary," said the elder Lanbek, "Colonel Von Roder, with whose name at least you are already acquainted."

"How could I not?" answered Gustavus, bowing. "When our troops spoke of Malplaquet and Peterwardein, this name was mentioned always among the first and most distinguished."

"Too much honour for an old man who did only his duty," replied the colonel. "But, consul, what say you to this, that the Jew has now laid hold of us even in our profession? I come to you solely to ask, shall I, or shall I not?"

"How must I understand this?" said the consul, surprised. "Röder, no over hasty attempt."

"That is exactly it," exclaimed the other, stamping upon the floor; "my honour and the honour of the whole corps is insulted. I have, at the desire of this dog, been obliged against all right and reason to cashier one of my ablest officers, and until I do this to-morrow, I am out of the service."

"You say so, colonel?" replied the elder Lanbek, while he beckoned to his son to place a chair. "Sit down; you may be still in your first passion."

"My regiment was on service yesterday and is to-day," continued the other, quickly; "a person was last night brought from the masquerade to the guard-house, by express command of the Jew, with an order to watch him closely, but to have no other communication with him. This morning Captain Reelzingen mounted guard at an early hour, he found a prisoner in the officer's room, of whom nothing was said in the order, and only think—in about half an hour the minister himself came, turned the captain out of the room, secretly examined the prisoner in the guard-house, then quitted him, and again commanded the captain to have no intercourse with him, made him give him his word of honour—he an officer of the guard, and made him give his word—not to mention the name of the prisoner. Has it then come to this, that every passing Jew may command us? I must cashier the officer; my honour demands that

I shall not endure this, for I have the command, and I must bestir myself, though it costs me my post."

Both the Lanbeks, during the angry speech of the colonel, had continued to exchange looks full of meaning.

"The Jew is even more crafty than we imagined," said the father, when he had concluded—thus shown by the colonel that the trap was also laid for him. "Who think you was the prisoner? There—look at him; my son was placed in your guard-house last night!"

The colonel retreated in astonishment, and so great was his displeasure at the invasion of his military rights, that he could not help casting an involuntary dark look at the youth. But when the elder Lanbek continued, and related to him how he himself was the cause of this occurrence, and how strangely other things happened, when he showed him more closely the complicated plans of the minister, Colonel Roder sprang from his chair.

"Well, my old friend," said he, with a voice of emotion, to the consul, "that he persecutes and hates me, is finally of no importance. General Bismarck is guilty of this; he never liked me; but as for you, he will break your neck, or may I never be saved! Actuary! you must take up a position; there is no further doubt about this, for your father can no longer prosper in his office; and moreover, our fate and our religion depend upon the game. I will go to the duke and speak to him, though it should cost me my life."

"That you shall not do, colonel," said the old man, with emphasis and seriousness. "Read this letter, sent to us from Wurtsburg, and then tell me whether you will still venture to go and speak to the duke."

The colonel took the paper in his hand, and began to read; the more he read, the more did his features become disturbed, until, in utter amazement, and with eyes sparkling in anger, he looked at the old man, and let his arms fall.

"Father," said the younger Lanbek, first looking at the old man and then the colonel, with embarrassment—"father, you here make me the witness of a scene at which, perhaps, it had been better I was not present. I must in a distorted manner take up a part which does not suit me; I have been named a counsellor of expedition, and I know not why; I must not refuse the place, though to accept it makes me seem a rascal in the eyes of the world, and still I know not why; things go on in the state day, even in my father's house, which are hidden from me, and again I know not why. Colonel von Roder, you persuade me not to accept a position which dishonours my father's name; from you I think I may desire to know the reasons why I should not do so?"

"Heaven knows he is in the right!" exclaimed Roder, while he looked keenly at the youth. "I do not know, consul, why you did not give him the key long since; but if you will not open his eyes, I will myself do him this service, because I know how painful it is to be half aware of an important mystery, and to be able only to grasp at the other part."

"It shall be so," said the father; "sit down again. If my son, I have not confided to you things of this sort before, it has only been from the fear of being considered an over-proud father, for we passed our words to each other to confide only in tried and distinguished men. I do not require to tell you what Württemberg has become during the

three years' reign of Alexander. 'No one shall say that a Lanbek murmured at his master, he is a brave man, and after Prince Eugene, perhaps the first general of the times; but the regiment of the life is fit for the camp or the enemy, not for the state. He regards the government of the little country, as he calls it, somewhat too much like a hero—that is to say, he looks far beyond it, and allows others to look after it.'

"This little country!" exclaimed the colonel, bitterly—"this lovely Wurtemberg! The old saying is true, that if we gave ourselves trouble, it could never be destroyed; but we shall see. If it continues thus—if we are designedly ruined by the sale of offices, by the insults to the good, by the elevation of the lowest—if our strength is sucked out of us to the last extremity——"

"In short, my friend," continued the old man, "it cannot be thus for ever; it cannot even become better by degrees, for there are already five rascals sitting with us in the provinces, who have not once said to themselves, 'God be with us.' All offices are for sale, or saleable to the creatures of Süss: thus it can only be worse. But there are two parties—those who say, 'It must become different,' and the other, that is Süss, the base Jew, General Romchingen, the most refined of these fellows, Hallwachs, your new colleague, Metz, and some others from the country. We know what they wish, and that is nothing less than to abolish entirely rank in society as well as the diet."

"And it is to be deplored," said Roder, "that the duke in his generosity is so beset, that he is satisfied with it all. They tell him that the country may be broken up in respect to classes, that the people murmur about the provinces, and now he has resolved to do away with the institute like a body of invalids, generously to relieve the country of the yearly cost of representatives, and to reign alone."

"How! do I comprehend rightly?" exclaimed young Lanbek. "Are we to be robbed of our last protection against the ill-will or false views of a master? Is such a state fully perceived? It cannot be possible that the duke has pledged himself to this, in what way could he venture to do so? Do you think, colonel, that the soldier of Wurtemberg will thus suppress his own rights?"

"Here are the hounds," replied the colonel, while he looked at a letter, "who will hunt the chased game to their places."

"Only listen to me quietly," said the consul. "The duke is terribly deceived; he thinks it will only cost him a word, that classes will no longer have a place, and then that all hearts will fly to him. In this way have the Jew and General Romchingen talked him over, but they know us better, and are aware that there is violence in the step. Here is a letter to the Archbishop of Wurzburg, written by General Romchingen—'Some measures are to be resolved upon for the good of the land, but the troops cannot be depended upon; therefore the bishop should so act, that the troops of the French circle, on a certain day, be found near our boundaries.' He has written in the same some states of the empire in Upper Swabia."

"What name of the duke?" asked young Lanbek.

"They only allowed him to glance at all this, although they uttered a proper hard call to the bishop. It has not been said in vain that our old reformer, Brenz, has for several nights risen from his grave."

and ascended the pulpit, they would make us Catholics. You are amazed; you will not believe this. They will not do it for the sake of religion, but because it will bind the bishop and the Upper Swabians to their cause; or perhaps they imagine it will please the duke if they can reform the faith in twenty-four hours, as they would reform our ancient rights."

"It cannot; it must not be!" exclaimed the young man—"to overthrow the pillars of our happiness and our prosperity at one blow! It is impossible; the duke will not suffer this."

"He knows not, and thinks not, that they have so much in view," said the colonel, "his fame is too dear to him to be stained thus, but if it happens without the guilt seeming too remarkable, I fear he will not restore the old system. With what object do you think the Jew talked yesterday's edict out of him? It is this which is to protect him in the scarcely conceivable case of the duke being roused against these true and devoted counsellors, who thus lay unlimited power at his feet, and plant a cross in the cathedral."

"And you will struggle against them," asked Gustavus, anxiously, yet somewhat doubtfully.

"Struggle together or perish," said the old man. "Who is leagued with us, you must not know just yet, it is sufficient for you to be aware that they are the worthiest of the nobles, and the most estimable of the citizens. We would implore the protection of the emperor, but circumstances are unfavourable for this, the time is too short to tarry with round-about ways towards him, and moreover the duke has been a powerful support since the last war we should be refused. There remains nothing for us except——"

"We must," said the colonel, courageously and resolutely—"we must play the anticipator. They have appointed St Joseph's day, the 19th of March, as the fixed time, but some days before this we must take the enemy of the country prisoner, move our faithful bands to Stuttgart, in order to call the country people to our aid, and when arrived there, take anew the oath of allegiance and fealty to the duke, and show him upon the brink of what a fearful abyss both he and we stand. Then he is a brave soldier, and a man of honour, he will blush at the disgrace into which these wretches would lead him."

"But," asked the younger Lanbek, "where will the duke be while you blow up this fearful mine?"

"It is exactly this which forces us to be in haste," replied the colonel, "they have persuaded him to travel next month to inspect the fortresses at Kehl and Phillipsburg, that thus they may reform behind his back. He leaves on the eleventh, the adjutants are already named who are to accompany him, and if I may venture to say so with such a train, and so much and so loudly as this journey is talked of, I fear that the whole affair is a deception, and that the duke will not pass the frontiers."

"You now know our plans," said the old man to his son, "be active and prudent. One word too much may betray all; therefore, as is customary with us, place your hand in that of your father and this brave man, and swear to us to be secret."

"I swear," said Lanbek, in a firm voice, though he was pale, and his look was fixed; his father and the colonel pressed him to their breasts, and greeted him as one of themselves.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

"In omnibus rebus singulari fuit prudentia et industria. Nam et Agricola solers, et reipublice peritus, et juris consultus, et probabilis orator, et cupidissimus litterarum fuit."—*Nepos de Catone*, iii. 1.

"It has been ordained by Providence," says Johnson, "that no individual should be of such importace as to cause, by his retirement or death, any chasm in the world." Whether the final cause of this be "to hinder us from tyrannising over one another," as the great moralist suggests, or rather to prevent men from that idolatry of superior abilities, elevated rank, and vast power in their fellow-men, which is so apt to seduce them from a due recognition of the claims, and a due dependence on the care, of the Almighty, or to secure some still more important end in the discipline of the race, we shall not stop here to inquire. The remark we have quoted is a just one, and the provision which it specifies is one not more confirmed by fact, than wisely and benevolently adapted to the interests of the race. A "chasm in the world" would be a fearful and irreparable catastrophe, the consequences of which would be too tremendous to be suspended on anything so fragile as the life of a man.

But whilst this is wisely ordained, on the one hand, it is no less wisely ordained, on the other, that the decease of men who have occupied a large place in the public eye, and on whom great interests connected with the public welfare have been suspended, should be calculated to arrest general attention, to produce for a season a pause in the hurrying stream of life, and summon those who are borne along in its headlong and impetuous current to those exercises of reflection which such are so apt to neglect, but which are so profitable, not to say necessary, for all. By such events, especially when they occur unexpectedly, or amid circumstances of a peculiarly affecting nature, men are constrained to feel how vain and uncertain are all things here below—to learn "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue"—to remember that man has been made for something calmer, and grander, and more enduring than aught this troubled and transitory scene exhibits—and, in the wiser mood which such considerations inspire, to turn their hearts to Him who is the alone Unchangeable, and in whose protection and blessing alone we can implicitly confide.

Of late, the lessons of this kind which have been read out from high places to the people of these realms have been numerous and solemn. Of those regal spirits who, during the past half century, have secured the confidence or commanded the homage of the community, how few remain to us! How suddenly and how quickly of late they have followed each other into the land of shadows! Death has entered into our palaces, and swept off our foremost men. Their thrones are empty, and as yet we know not by whom they are to be filled. Whilst the procession of the Great Ones is thus passing within the veil, it behoves us, who still stand without, to receive the admonitory impression which such solemnities are fitted to produce, "to cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils," and, laying our hands upon the altar, to lift up our eyes in trustful confidence to Him who liveth and abideth for ever.

Of those who have recently gone from us, many were in advanced life, and departed in the course of nature. It has now pleased Providence to remove from us one in whom the nation expected to find a wise and patriotic counsellor for many years yet to come. In the maturity of his experience, in the zenith of his fame, with recruited health, and with mental vigour unimpaired, the greatest statesman of the age has been suddenly cut down. Whilst the nation was waiting for him to resume that post from which, a short while since, he rather retired than was driven, Sir Robert Peel has unexpectedly been summoned from all sublunary pursuits, and, so far as earth is concerned, has ceased to be numbered amongst things that are.

The intelligence of this event came upon the nation with startling impressiveness. An universal feeling of awe, followed by one of sincere regret, has passed through all ranks of the community. No statesman of these times—not even Canning—has carried to the grave so large a measure of the respect and grateful sorrow of the people. Men of every class have vied with each other in the homage they have paid to his memory. His ancient political antagonists have been foremost to give utterance to his eulogy, whilst those who have been trained in his school have felt that, as yet, their only eulogy could be their tears. The highest honour the nation can bestow upon her glorious dead, has been placed at the option of his family, and declined, only because they knew it to be the wish of the deceased that his remains should be conveyed without pomp to their final resting-place in the country. In many of the larger towns of England, honours hardly less than those rendered to royalty have been paid to his memory. Even foreign nations have offered him unusual tokens of respect; and if there be some who think they have cause to dislike his name for the measures he was the means of passing through Parliament, they have as yet refrained from giving any utterance to their dislike, and perhaps in their hearts are ready to admit at least this much, that, if he was not so good as they could have wished, the country could have better spared a better man.

The late Sir Robert Peel was the son of a man who was the architect of his own fortune—truly, the *architect*, and not merely the builder. The early years of this remarkable man were spent amidst circumstances not peculiarly favourable for the development of an aspiring ambition or an enterprising genius. The son of a small farmer, at a time when small farmers were even a less enlightened part of the community than they are now, his youthful energies were employed in the cramping drudgery of the field or of the homestead. In a small way, too, he was entrusted with the responsibilities of traffic; and we have conversed with persons who remembered his driving into Blackburn of a morning, in charge of the dairy produce of the farm, for which that town offered a convenient market. But, under the unpolished exterior of a Lancashire peasant, there lay the elements of a great mercantile genius. His idiosyncrasy was of the genuine Lancashire type—shrewd, vigorous, ingenious, and at the same time enterprising and bold. Perhaps his natural talents were even greater than those of his more accomplished son; certainly they were not inferior. Embarking in the cotton trade, at a time when it was rushing up to the gigantic altitude it has since attained, under the fa-

vourable influence of successive discoveries in machinery, he speedily rose to the foremost place among his competitors, and in an incredibly short time realised a princely fortune. Late in life, he entered Parliament, where he distinguished himself by his good sense and business abilities. A steady adherent of the Tory party, he enjoyed no small influence with Pitt and the other chiefs of that party; and, in reward of his faithful and able support, he was created a baronet. He died in 1830, at the age of eighty, and was succeeded in his title, and a large portion of his immense property, by his eldest son, the distinguished individual whose loss the country now deplores.

Destined by his father for a political life, Sir Robert was educated first at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford, at both of which places he distinguished himself by his orderly behaviour, his patient diligence, his correct taste, and his scholarly achievements. At Oxford he took his degree amidst the highest honours, in both classics and mathematics. No sooner was this accomplished, than his father, in 1809, had him brought into Parliament as member for Cashel, whilst he was little more than twenty-one years of age.

The House of Commons became thenceforward the arena of his life. For more than forty years, he was a member of it, and took an active part in all the great questions which came to be discussed in it during that period: in some of the greatest he appeared as the leading spirit in the debate. He had not sat long in it until he proved himself an able speaker, and, what was better, a laborious and sagacious worker. This led to his speedily finding his way to office. In 1811, he was appointed Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, under the Percival administration. In 1812, he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland—an office which he held with much advantage to the country till 1818. After remaining out of office for nearly four years, he in 1822 became Secretary of State for the Home Department, and a member of the Cabinet which had the late Lord Londonderry at its head. In this place, he continued during the Liverpool administration; but, on the accession of Canning, he was one of those who refused to take office under that distinguished statesman. At the close of Canning's brief but brilliant Premiership, Peel returned in 1828 to the office of Home Secretary under the Duke of Wellington, and held that post during the difficult times which preceded the dissolution of the Tory government in 1830. Hitherto, his political career had borne the aspect of devoted adherence to Toryism; but, on accepting office under the Duke of Wellington, he entered upon a course in which the influence of a different set of principles came to be apparent. As far back, indeed, as 1821, even whilst opposing the Catholic claims, he had indicated that it was with some misgivings, and no small regret, that he felt himself constrained to that course. "I can," said he, "most conscientiously assure the House that no result of this debate can give me unqualified satisfaction. I am, of course, bound to wish that the opinions which I honestly feel may prevail; but their prevalence must still be mingled with regret at the disappointment which I know that the success of such opinions must entail on a large portion of my fellow-subjects." He who could thus speak had but little to overcome in the way of mere personal feeling, when he saw that circumstances rendered it impossible longer

to withhold the claims of the Catholics. It is evident, also, that he who could thus speak had ceased to be, if he ever really had been, a thorough-going adherent of Toryism—an advocate of class-legislation—a despiser of the feelings and claims of those who were not of the privileged order. Here was the admission of the principle, that the wishes and expectations of the people were not only something not to be altogether overlooked or scorned by their rulers, but that their weight was such, that nothing but a stern conviction that the course to be pursued was the right one, could justify a legislator in occasioning disappointment to any large body of the nation. The influence of this principle, operating secretly but surely on Peel's mind, gradually loosened any hold which the old unmitigated Toryism of the Pitt school may have had upon him, and made his subsequent career progressively advantageous to his country. Whilst a member of the Wellington administration, he but feebly opposed the bill of Lord John Russell for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and himself introduced, and manfully carried through, the bill for the removal of the Catholic Disabilities.

As yet, however, he did not see his way to adopt the expedient of a reform in the representation of the people in Parliament; hence he went out of office when it became apparent that such a measure would be demanded by the country, and continued to offer to the Reform Bill of the Grey administration a persevering and able, though not factious, opposition. On the passing of that bill, however, he immediately accepted it as irrevocable, and set himself to reconstruct his party on the basis of the altered constitution of the House of Commons. The death of Earl Spencer having afforded the king a pretext for dismissing his Whig minister, Sir Robert Peel was summoned from Rome, whither he had gone with his family, in the course of a continental tour, and commanded to form an administration.

He had now reached the summit of political power in Britain, and the same abilities which had displayed themselves whilst he was in subordinate offices, shone forth with increasing brilliancy now that he had the chief control of affairs. It soon became apparent, also, that, though he remained a Conservative, his heart was more bent upon the welfare of his country than upon the triumph or stability of his party. But his position in the House was not yet sufficiently strong to enable him to retain his place, and accordingly his administration at this time lasted only for a few months.

In 1839, he was again Prime Minister for a still shorter period, the famous Bedchamber Plot having compelled him to relinquish the reins almost as soon as he had grasped them. In the meantime, however, circumstances were arranging themselves to render his accession to power inevitable. Rightly or wrongly, justly or unjustly, a general impression had gone abroad unfavourable to the Whig administration; it was accused of administrative incapacity, and in the summer of 1839 Sir Robert Peel led on an attack which ended in the resignation of Lord Melbourne, and placed him once more at the head of affairs. Meanwhile, too, the Conservative party had been busy in the Registration Courts; and on the dissolution of Parliament in the autumn of that year, a new election returned to the House a large majority prepared to support the Peel administration. Sir Robert's power was now as

real as his position was dignified. With the confidence of the crown, a commanding majority in both Houses of Legislature, and something like *carte blanche* from the country to prescribe what he thought best for the evils under which it groaned, no British minister could have wished for more to enable him to wield with effect the energies of government. Happily this great power was not abused. Regardless of the claims of party, resolved to sacrifice nothing that concerned the welfare of the community, either to the lust of popularity or a desire for the favour of the great, the Premier set himself to deal manfully and honestly with the exigencies of the country, and to devise such measures as its interests demanded. He rose to the full conception of the dignity of his position as the minister not of a party, but of his sovereign and the nation. The principle which he laid down in introducing his Corn and Tariff Bill of 1842, that "the only protection which could be vindicated was that which consisted with the welfare of all classes of the community," showed that he had at length reached the conviction which should be the ruling conviction of every governor of a free nation. "The welfare of all classes of the community" became thenceforward the motto and the aim of his public activity.

He continued in office, with a brief intermission, till the summer of 1846, when, having established the principle of free trade by the abolition of the Corn Laws, he finally retired from office, not unwillingly yielding to the force of a coalition which had been formed against him in the House of Commons—a coalition of Whigs, covetous of power they have never been competent to use, and of Tories, mad with resentment against the man who had stripped them of the power they never possessed without abusing. In taking farewell of office at this time, he uttered these memorable words:—"I shall leave a name execrated by every monopolist who clamours for protection, because it conduces to his own individual benefit; but it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of the brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with the sense of injustice." Memorable words! which the multitudes of hard-handed artisans, who daily besieged his abode with their solicitous inquiries, when the intelligence had gone forth that his life was in danger, showed to be of true augury.

Sir Robert's conduct, since he thus retired, has been not the least noble part of his public life. With a generosity that has seldom if ever been paralleled, he has not only forborne to oppose, but has readily aided, by his powerful support, those whose opposition had tended to oust him from power. This conduct his country has known how to appreciate, and it has surrounded the close of his illustrious career with a reputation as splendid and spotless as ever gathered around the exit of any British statesman.

The talents of Sir Robert Peel were such as pre-eminently fitted him for the sphere in which it was his destiny to move. His mind was strongly practical in its cast and tendency. His highest capacities were of an administrative order. He was distinctively and peculiarly a man of business, whose strength lay in adjusting measures to circumstances, and

expedients to emergencies. He was not given to abstract theorising, or to philosophic investigation. His eyes looked clearly and sharply at things, but there was no "speculation" in them. *What and how* were his main categories; and, of the matters ranging under these in the department of politics, he was a consummate master.

Endowed with a naturally vigorous understanding, which had been carefully cultivated, he entered on public life prepared to grapple with its most difficult questions, and to obtain a familiarity with its most complicated details. His powers of observation were great; his memory was faithful and retentive; his capacity for patient toil has seldom been surpassed: he was at once cautious and decided; and few men have equalled him in the calm comprehensiveness with which he weighed all the details of a case, or in the perspicacity with which he described the fit and necessary action by which the demands of the case were to be met. His knowledge of affairs was copious and exact beyond that of most men. With the commercial interests and relations of the country, he was specially conversant, immensely more so than most of the party to which in the early part of his career he belonged. The philosophy of traffic—the laws that regulate the interchange of commodities—the conditions under which trade becomes most prosperous for the country—the principles by which a representative currency may be most safely and advantageously regulated; these and kindred subjects he had studied, if not in every instance justly, yet always carefully and comprehensively. He understood such topics much better, we venture to say, than he understood questions of general politics or international law. We doubt if he ever thoroughly comprehended the Catholic Emancipation question as a question in political science. We doubt if he ever thoroughly understood the philosophy of the Reform Bill. But no man could suppose for a moment that he was not perfectly master of the Currency question, or that even Cobden himself was more entirely familiar with all the grounds, advantages, and bearings of the abolition of the Corn Laws.

With these qualifications, he could not but secure a high place in the respect of such a body as the House of Commons, where talents for business always command an homage proportionate to the dutiful conviction which the House has, on the one hand, that it exists for the purpose of transacting the business of the nation, and its painful consciousness, on the other, of a general incapacity for grappling with such subjects. But his talents were not those of a mere business man; nor was it to these alone that he owed his great influence in the House. He was well known to be a man of extensive attainments in literature; and his taste in the fine arts was attested by the magnificent gallery he had collected, and of which all Europe has heard. In parliamentary oratory, there were few who could rival him—few who could so clearly state a case—few who could so plausibly defend a project—few who could with equal ease, calmness, and good temper, explain away or huffily the arguments of an adversary—and perhaps not one who could (when he chose) speak so fluently, and with such apparent openness, without, in reality, committing himself in a single particular. His unblemished private character also had its weight; for in no secular assembly is the truth of what Quintilian says, "*Non tantum eum qui sit orator, virum bonum esse*"

oportere, sed ne futurum quidem oratorem nisi virum bonum," more conspicuous than in the British House of Commons. Nor was his social position or his great wealth without its influence upon the House, the members of which have ever shown themselves singularly susceptible of influences of this sort; whilst the melodious, persuasive tones of his voice, his gentlemanly bearing, and the genuinely English cast of his countenance, gave an additional charm to his address, and an augmented force to his hold upon his audience. He was one of those speakers to whom the assembly he had to address seemed, for the time at least, to resign itself, with a sort of quiet faith. When he arose to address it, the House did not stir itself up, as for one of Brougham's flashing and stimulating orations—nor compose itself for languid enjoyment, as when Macaulay used to roll over it his sonorous periods—nor put itself in an attitude of fidgetty expectation, as when Disraeli is about to scatter his sparkling sarcasms—nor arrange itself into a semblance of patient deference, as when Lord John Russell rises to hammer out one of his disjointed, but withal vigorous, harangues. No; when Sir Robert was on his legs, the House assumed the appearance of a company of orderly school-boys, respectfully listening to their master, in the most absolute faith that what he was saying to them, whether they understood it or not, was all quite right and sound. It was really marvellous how he used to lead the Commons, and with what forgiving faith they returned to his management, even after repeated experience that his fluent and plausible talk had not always been intended to illuminate or convince. It was a striking instance of the mighty power which well-ordered speech, when accompanied with knowledge and sustained by integrity, is capable of exercising over the minds of men.

As a politician, Sir Robert Peel, to be judged of fairly, must be judged of by those acts of his public life in which he exercised an originating power. For these alone can he be held fully responsible. In the earlier part of his career only a few such can be pointed out. At that time his position was subordinate, and he was implicated with a party to whose service early associations, hereditary ties, and official obligations conspired to enslave him. Under such circumstances, he was hardly a free agent; at any rate, the measures of which he was, under such circumstances, the advocate, cannot be always regarded as what his judgment and feelings, left to themselves and operating spontaneously, would have induced him to adopt. The great discrepancy between his earlier and later opinions seems to favour this, for it can be accounted for satisfactorily, we think, only on the supposition that the former were due to his party, whilst the latter belonged to himself. The truth is, we believe, that from the first he was divided between the tendencies of his own natural disposition and the tendencies which education, example, and habit had impressed upon him. There were in him the natural man and the artificial man; and the two were contrary the one to the other. For a while the latter prevailed; but gradually, as judgment matured, as experience was enlarged, as knowledge was increased, and as power brought with it at once a deeper sense of responsibility and greater liberty of action, the former asserted successfully his rights, and gradually assumed the supremacy. It was then that Sir Robert Peel came before his country as he really was; and it is by what he did in this his

true character that he must be chiefly judged of by those whom he has left behind, as it is by this he will be judged of by posterity.

Confining our view to those measures of which Sir Robert may fairly be regarded as the author or responsible promoter, there can be no doubt that his country owes to him as deep a debt of gratitude as she owes to any statesman who has presided over her interests since the Revolution. The Coryphæus of Law Reform, the founder of an effective system of Police, the author of a solid basis on which our Monetary and Financial interests might rest, the restorer of civil equality to Christians of all religious denominations, and the liberator of the mighty commercial energies of the empire by the establishment of the principle of Free Trade—the departed statesman's services to his country have been such as entitle him to the highest honours that can be rendered to his memory. Nor whilst his country remembers these invaluable services, will she forget that to serve her for her own sake was ever with Sir Robert Peel the crowning end of his exertions. He was not one of those who serve their country that their country may in turn aggrandise them. His was a pure and disinterested patriotism. Wealth he needed not to seek—noisy applause he disdained to cater for—the honours of rank he magnanimously refused. To retain his place in the assembly of the Commons of England, and to serve his country, in place or out of it, as he best might, was the summit of his ambition. The sentiment of the great Roman orator might have been his motto:—"Nihil ex omnibus rebus humanis est præclarior aut præstantius quam de Republica bene mereri." It was a wise, as well as a noble ambition. The name which he has carried with him from the cradle to the grave will go down to posterity as one of the great historical names of his country, and it would have been a pitiable, a suicidal exchange, had he bartered it for any title he might have assumed. The Sovereign may bestow rank; the People alone can confer glory.

Besides his devotion to politics, Sir Robert Peel found time to attend to the pursuits of literature, to the furtherance of science, and to the pleasures of art. No minister ever deserved better of literary men and artists than he. With a sincere and intelligent appreciation of their pursuits, he had also a deep sympathy with their struggles and privations. From the resources of his own wealth, he munificently encouraged their exertions; and, as the dispenser of the public bounty, he caused it to flow liberally in their direction. To him the nation owes it, that the pension-list bears the names of some of its most gifted members, and that resources which used to be squandered on nameless individuals, to whom the country owed nothing, are now, in some measure at least, made to benefit those whose works have conferred a glory on the age, and carried instruction and enjoyment to the firesides of thousands. Southey, Wordsworth, Montgomery, Tytler, Macculloch, Tennyson, Somerville, Faraday, owe the pensions they enjoyed, or still enjoy, to his selection; and not a few of the families of men of genius have been rescued from penury by his prompt and judicious care.

In private life, the character of Sir Robert was without a stain. Correct and equitable in all his dealings, liberal and considerate as a landlord, generous as a master, he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all his dependents. The coldness which strangers sometimes complained

of in his manners, had no existence within the narrower circle of social and domestic life. He was a faithful and cordial friend, a kind and watchful parent, a true and affectionate husband. The noble compliment which Lady Peel has paid to his memory, in declining to be made a peeress, choosing to carry with her to the grave the name of her husband, shows how justly she appreciated, and how much she was worthy of, his love.

A national monument has been decreed to his memory. In commemoration of his abilities and his worth, of his wide-spread fame, and of the benefits conferred by his measures on his country, it might bear the following words—often quoted, but never more appropriately than as applied to him—

“CLARUM ET VENERABILE NOMEN
GENTIS, ET MULTUM NOSTRE QUOD PRODERAT URBI.”

CURRENT LITERATURE.

REGENERATION. By WILLIAM ANDERSON, D.D. Glasgow: Jackson.

This is a short treatise on a subject of vast importance. In discussing the earlier branches of his subject, Dr Anderson appears a little too playful; but, when he gets fairly into the theme, he grapples most manfully and most successfully with its great difficulties. The section on the “Agency” in regeneration is one of clear consecutive thought; logical, and powerful argumentation. No man of an able and cultivated mind, whatever be his theological opinions, can turn from this discussion with indifference or disgust. He feels that he is in company with one who has a mind, and who uses it.

THE YOUNG MAN’S GUIDE AGAINST INFIDELITY. By the Rev. G. MITCHELL, M.A., LL.D. Edinburgh: Whyte & Co.

Dr Mitchell goes over a wide field in this volume; and he has succeeded in making the discussions on the numerous topics on which he touches wonderfully ample and generally satisfactory. We observe, with much pleasure, that he has drawn a voice, distinct and full, from modern science and the recent discoveries among the tombs and temples of Egypt, in favour of the book of our theology and our religion. This is a safe guide to young men on those subjects of great and permanent interest to which it refers, and in connection with which there are at present so many influences operating unfavourably upon the youthful mind.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN STRUTHERS, with Autobiography.

Two vols. Edinburgh: A. Fullarton & Co.

The name of John Struthers has not of late been so prominently before the public as it was wont to be. Perhaps this is more in accordance with the wishes and feelings of the retiring author. There was a time when his verses and essays were in everybody’s mouth; and when Joanna Baillie and Sir Walter Scott thought it no condescension to admit him to the familiarities of friendship. The present publication will revive

the merited fame of the venerable poet, and secure him a place among the men of talent and genial temperament who have risen from the body of the people. The autobiography, albeit we are not over partial to this kind of writing, has been to us a rich treat. There are facts, events, and experiences in his history which bear being put upon record; and these are singled out, and traced, and descanted on in a way perfectly unique. It would, perhaps, be too much for us to say, that there does not, at times, goze out a little comfortable egotism; but we are sure of this, that there runs throughout the narrative a deeper and more prolific vein of quiet irresistible humour. We have certainly floated far away (most unfortunately, in his estimation) from many of the notions and opinions promulgated by our author; nevertheless, the existence of these, their sincere profession, and the (mild) anathemas hurled at all those who have imbibed liberal and progressive ideas, lend, in our estimation, a certain charm to the book. We know not where a more accurate idea could be got of the state of the working population of Scotland, a generation ago, than this autobiography contains. The poetical pieces republished in these volumes—"The Poor Man's Sabbath," "The House of Mourning," and "The Plough"—have long been before the public, and have been highly appreciated.

SUGGESTIVE HINTS TOWARDS IMPROVED SECULAR EDUCATION. By the Rev. RICHARD DAWES, A.M.—**SANITATION: THE MEANS OF HEALTH.** London: Groombridge & Sons.

The Rev. Richard Dawes, vicar of King's Somborne, is extensively known as the author of two or three works, that have had a wide circulation, on the question of education. He takes a deep interest in the village school where he resides, and in the volume under notice gives a detailed account of what is there taught, and the manner in which it is taught. Encouraged by the success that has attended his labours, he has published this work that others may have the advantage of his experience; and, irrespective altogether of what may be one's opinion on the abstract principle of national or non-national education, there cannot be a doubt that the extensive circulation, and the free use of these "Hints," will contribute much to the advancement of a work of such vast importance, as the rational and liberal training of the people.

The second work, whose title is inserted above, is an elementary catechism, the first of a series. Its title sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents. The object and execution of the series are thus stated by the editors:—"A series of catechisms, well adapted by their completeness, precision, and simplicity, for the purposes of Home Education, as well as for use in schools. The information conveyed will be suited to the capacity of children, and the subjects treated in an inviting and familiar style. They will be the original composition of competent writers, and second to no works of their class yet published." Judging from the specimen before us, we have no hesitation in saying that this series will be a great acquisition. "Sanitation" is unpretending, but it is brimful of important matter.

THE PALLADIUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1850.

CURRIER BELL.

THE description of things and impressions, as seen and felt by a child, may be drawn from memory, and indicate unusually vivid perceptions, and a recollection wonderfully complete; or it may be the result of that highest power of imaginative genius which temporarily re-organises the whole poetic mind on the scale of the character required. On whichever plan the first few chapters of that wonderful book "*Jane Eyre*" were written, the ability of the writer is of the greatest excellence in its kind. These several modes of obtaining results in some cases nearly similar, these two classes of descriptive talent—the perceptive and the ideal—have been, until lately, simultaneously illustrated and opposed in the persons of our two great novelists, Thackeray and Dickens. Thackeray has drawn uniformly from without; Dickens from within. Thackeray has painted his portraits to the life, with a nicety of instinctive taste which made them infallible; but then they were portraits, and limited to the circle of the author's outward experience. Dickens has drawn principally by amplifying and pursuing ideals; and, in this highest flight of genius, he wants but his rival's intuitive and unerring taste, to rise to heights which it is now useless to indicate. As it is, his genius, strong enough to create a literature, has hitherto been too imperfect to do more than notify a name, and, communicating to its offspring at once the seeds of life and death, will perhaps be forgotten as an individuality, when the social atmosphere it has ameliorated, the tears and sunshine with which it has broken, and the golden grain with which it has fructified the hard soil of our English intellect—sayings which are "*Household Words*," emotions which were a nation's monthly joys and sorrows, sympathies enfranchised, feelings restored to caste, opinions naturalised and virtues made popular—are enriching an unthankful posterity. There are indications in some of Thackeray's later writings that he, also, possesses this power of working to an inward instead of an outward image. Admiring in him a faculty of perception amounting to genius, we have hitherto been unwilling to concede to him the possession of the higher gift. But there is a mellow atmosphere about some of his later scenes, a delicacy of aerial perspective, a depth and purity of tone, a poetic handling and freshness of rosy colour, a "*light that never was on sea or shore*," which bespeak that a new faculty is awakening within him. If the bold and

astute satirist be, after all, a poet, that prophet must be bold indeed who shall set a limit to his dominion. Exercising his perfect taste in latitudes indefinitely extended and enriched, his past accomplishments can no more measure his future capabilities than the achievements of the nestling rook in yonder pine-tree, hopping with clamorous exultation from bough to nest, from nest to bough, foretell the power of wing which next month will explore all the fields in this valley, and outcircle every hawk in the air. • If he will take his stand no longer on the platform of experience but on the mount of vision, look down, not on park, palace, or kingdom, but on the microcosm, draw no more from the cabal and the coterie but from the race,

“Πολλων ονοματων μορφη μια.”

Embodied in his single heart, it may be his to give us some ideals which our own times may worthily study, and, so giving, to add another to those noble galleries of human grandeur and beauty in which, because they are full of the central truths of humanity, the men of all ages walk, and wonder, and love. There are but two prose writers in the fiction of our day of whom such predictions could be said—Thackeray and Currer Bell. Both have a heavy task to do before they can be worthy of the saying. The one to unlearn, the other to learn. Thackeray has yet written nothing which will survive its age. Currer Bell has given us one work, at least, which will endure with the prose literature of our language. That work is “Jane Eyre.” Beliefs cannot die, if they have their root in the nature of man; and this book will live, because there is no other book in modern prose which it is so absolutely impossible to disbelieve. The author has superiors in composition, in construction, in range of fancy, in delicacy of conception, in felicity of execution, in width of grasp, in height and depth of thought. She has no living rival in the faculty of imposing belief. And in proportion to her excellence in this first requisite of a narrator, is her power for good and evil in a questioning age, and the consequent weight of her responsibilities to the God of Truth. And in the measure of that power and of those responsibilities must be the interest she creates in all those who look anxiously on a generation which, having thrown to the winds the folly and the wisdom of its fathers, is in the awful predicament of learning all things anew; of undergoing the discipline of the child with the powers of the man—a new Adam, but, alas, not in Eden. For this cause, we have placed at the head of this article the name, already honoured, of CURRER BELL.

Who is Currer Bell? is a question which has been variously answered, and has lately, we believe, received, in well-informed quarters, a satisfactory reply. A year or two ago, we mentally solved the problem thus: Currer Bell is a woman. Every word she utters is female. Not feminine, but female. There is a sex about it which cannot be mistaken, even in its manliest attire. Though she translated the manuscript of angels—every thought neutral and every feeling cryptogamous—her voice would betray her. Though she spoke in thunder, and had the phrase and idiom of Achilles, she cannot think in a beard. Far more curious, perhaps, than anything her pen portrays, is her own involuntary revelation of the heart of woman. It is not merely improbable,

but impossible, that a man has written "Jane Eyre." Only a woman's eye could see man as she sees him. The landscape is too near to us to glow with purple light. We cannot make a religion of man, for to us he has no mysteries. We cannot worship the idol whose mortality aches in all our bones. We hear no oracles—we who have so often smelt the stench under the tripod. Currer Bell is not so troubled. She thinks of the abstraction, man, with all the blissful ignorance of a boy's dreams of woman. To her, he is a thing to be studied present, and mused upon absent. He comes, and she owns her master; departs, and leaves the air full of vision. She hangs on every word of her hero, as though it were a message from the unknown. His "how d'ye dos" leave a track of glory behind them, and his monosyllables have an atmosphere through which they shine the very stars of fate. For her, he cannot leave the room but on high intent, and shuts the door after him on a world of busy speculation. Her ears are open before he speaks, and the unhappy monarch eats, drinks, coughs, smiles, walks, and sits in a distressing state of unmitigated significance. Is he sullen? It is the wrath of Jove; the thunderous exhalations of a universe of cares. Point not, oh mortal, thy conducting finger, lest thou bring down the lightnings of heaven! Is he mute? With holy awe she listens to his silence, and gazes on the taciturn face, till the Memnon grows musical. He is plotting empires; he is dreaming epics; he heaves with incommunicable sorrows. Is he gay? She does not wonder that the whole world looks brighter; for, for aught she knows or doubts, he may be leagued with the powers of nature themselves. Alack-a-day! But then, to her, he walks in glory; to us, in "one pound ten" and a "dickey." To her, the great hero who shakes the earth; to us, a poor Histrion, with rotten teeth and corns. Never since—or before—the destruction of the cities has man looked on man with this romance of latent love. Currer Bell, then, is a woman, and a young woman. With a heart, when she wrote "Jane Eyre," as yet unengaged, though perhaps not wholly unsmitten; with experience of little more latitude than her home-circle and native parish (though we augur that she has been unusually fortunate in the peculiar characteristics of these), and with powers which have already drawn the best eyes in England on this young

"Penthesilea mediis in millibus,"

who, if she can endure the trial of early success, will work one of the richest fields which the world ever offered to labour, and, hand in hand with one or two poets, may have to carry down to posterity the ideal literature of our day. The nature of those powers will be a subject of this paper. The soil of that field we shall rather indicate than analyse.

Few things are more difficult—natural philosophers to the contrary, notwithstanding—than to deduce the image of a creator from his works. To infer the character of the maker, as a being—divine or human—from one or all of the things made, is, we are convinced, as illogical as impossible. To infer the character of the *artist*—divine or human—from his creation, is all to which our best intellect can pretend. It would be easy to point out the wonderful difference of the two enterprises, and, in some regions of thought, the immeasurable consequences of any confusion as to their nature. True of all works, these things are especially

true with regard to the creations of human thought; and every difficulty in the task is aggravated when we have to pronounce upon the immature productions of faculties which have yet to culminate. To judge of the picture is a comparatively easy effort; but a new set of talents and principles are brought into play when we would estimate the capabilities that lie upon the canvass; and still another, when, to the analysis of those capabilities, we add the calculation of the mediæ or immediate relationship to them of the mind to which they stand in the nearest apparent connection. In other words, it is easy to assign a place to a work of art. More difficult to fix the status of the powers which produced it. More difficult still to decide whether those powers belong to the mind which directed the hand from which the work came, or to some higher originating mind, of which the plastic head and hand were only the conductor and the instrument.

If we believe, with Ruskin, that "the picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and better picture than that which has the less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed," we must be careful to remember (does he always remember?) that "the greater and better picture" does not prove *per se* the greater and better artist. If the ideas are borrowed, he may be no poet, and small painter; nevertheless, his worth can neither enhance nor depreciate the intrinsic value of the ideas themselves.

It is one thing, therefore, to give an absolute, and another to give a relative, judgment on any work of human intellect, and the favourable conditions for the two kinds of judicature may be proportionately distinct. In an inquiry into the genius of a nation, we think an estimate should be founded on a study of its rude and of its most perfect, but never of its transition works. Either Cimabue and Giotto, or Angelo and Raffaello—"I Canti Popolari," or "Paesiello"—"Percy's Reliques," or the "Paradise Lost." In estimating man—the race—our *examen* must be either of a barbarism in which the reins of education have not curbed the unbroken faculties, or of a civilisation which has worn them so long and so well, that they but exhibit and make available the resources of nature. Who would study anthology in the era of the Georges?

What is true of the nation and the race is, in this case, true of the individual, and shall guide us in our illustration of the powers of Currer Bell. For her most perfect work the world is still waiting, and will be content for some years to wait; and, placing in an assumed order of production (though not of publication) the novels called "Wuthering Heights," "Wildfell Hall," "Jane Eyre," and "Shirley," as the works of one author under sundry disguises, we should have deemed, a few days since, that an analysis of the first (and, by our theory, the earliest) of these was the amplest justice she could at present receive. Opening, however, the third edition of "Jane Eyre," published before the appearance of "Shirley," we find a preface in which all other works are disclaimed. A *nom de guerrier* has many privileges, and we are willing to put down to a *double entendre* all that is serious in this disclaimer. That any hand but that which shaped "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" cut out the rougher earlier statues, we should require more than the evidence of our senses to believe. That the author of "Jane Eyre" need fear nothing in acknowledging these

yet more immature creations of one of the most vigorous of modern idiosyncracies, we think we shall shortly demonstrate.

Laying aside "Wildfell Hall," we open "Wuthering Heights," as at once the earlier in date and ruder in execution. We look upon it as the flight of an impatient fancy fluttering in the very exultation of young wings; sometimes beating against its solitary bars, but turning, rather to exhaust, in a circumscribed space, the energy and agility which it may not yet spend in the heavens—a youthful story, written for oneself in solitude, and thrown aside till other successes recall the eyes to it in hope. In this thought let the critic take up the book; lay it down in what thought he will, there are some things in it he can lay down no more.

That Catherine Earnshaw—at once so wonderfully fresh, so fearfully natural—new, "as if brought from other spheres," and familiar as the recollection of some woeful experience—what can surpass the strange compatibility of her simultaneous loves; the involuntary art with which her two natures are so made to co-exist, that in the very arms of her lover we dare not doubt her purity; the inevitable belief with which we watch the oscillations of the old and new elements in her mind, and the exquisite truth of the last victory of nature over education, when the past returns to her as a flood, sweeping every modern landmark from within her, and the soul of the child, expanding, fills the woman? Found at last, by her husband, insensible on the breast of her lover, and dying of the agony of their parting, one looks back upon her, like that husband, without one thought of accusation or absolutism; her memory is chaste as the loyalty of love, pure as the air of the Heights on which she dwelt.

Heathcliff *might* have been as unique a creation. The conception in his case was as wonderfully strong and original, but he is spoilt in detail. The authoress has too often disgusted, where she should have terrified, and has allowed us a familiarity with her fiend which has ended in unequivocal contempt. If "Wuthering Heights" had been written as lately as "Jane Eyre," the figure of Heathcliff, symmetrised and elevated, might have been one of the most natural and most striking portraits in the gallery of fiction.

Not a subordinate place or person in this novel, but bears more or less the stamp of high genius. Ellen Dean is the ideal of the peasant playmate and servant of "the family." The substratum in which her mind moves is finely preserved. Joseph, as a specimen of the sixty years' servitor of "the house," is worthy a museum case. We feel that if Catherine Earnshaw bore her husband a child, it must be that Cathy Linton, and no other. The very Jane Eyre, of quiet satire, peeps out in such a paragraph as this:—"He told me to put on my cloak, and run to Gimmerton for the doctor and the parson. I went, through wind and rain, and brought one, the doctor, back with me: the other said, *he would come in the morning*." What terrible truth, what nicety of touch, what "uncanny" capacity for mental aberration in the first symptoms of Catherine's delirium. "I'm not wandering; you're mistaken, or else I should believe you really *were* that withered hag, and I should think I *was* under Penistone Crag; and I'm conscious it's night, and there are two candles on the table making the black press shine like jet." What

an unobtrusive, unexpected sense of *keeping* in the hanging of Isabella's dog.

The book abounds in such things. But one looks back at the whole story as to a world of brilliant figures in an atmosphere of mist; shapes that come out upon the eye, and burn their colours into the brain, and depart into the enveloping fog. It is the unformed writing of a giant's hand; the "large utterance" of a baby god. In the sprawlings of the infant Hercules, however, there must have been attitudes from which the statuary might model. In the early efforts of unusual genius, there are not seldom unconscious felicities which maturer years may look back upon with envy. The child's hand wanders over the strings. It cannot combine them in the chords and melodies of manhood; but its separate notes are perfect in themselves, and perhaps sound all the sweeter for the Æolian discords from which they come.

We repeat, that there are passages in this book of "Wuthering Heights" of which any novelist, past or present, might be proud. Open the first volume at the fourteenth page, and read to the sixty-first. There are few things in modern prose to surpass these pages for native power. We cannot praise too warmly the brave simplicity, the unaffected air of intense belief, the admirable combination of extreme likelihood with the rarest originality, the nice provision of the possible even in the highest effects of the supernatural, the easy strength and instinct of keeping with which the accessory circumstances are grouped, the exquisite but unconscious art with which the *chiaro-scuro* of the whole is managed, and the ungenial frigidity of place, time, weather, and persons, is made to heighten the unspeakable pathos of one ungovernable outburst.

The *thinking-out* of some of these pages—of pp. 52, 53, and 60—is the masterpiece of a poet, rather than the hybrid creation of the novelist. The mass of readers will probably yawn over the whole; but, in the memory of those whose remembrance makes *fame*, the images in these pages will live—when every word that conveyed them is forgotten—as a recollection of *things heard and seen*. This is the highest triumph of description; and perhaps every creation of the fancy is more or less faulty, so long as, in a mind fitted to reproduce them, the images co-exist only with the words that called them up. The spiritual structure is not complete till the scaffolding can be safely struck away. That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. This mortal must put on the immortality of the mind. Ideas should be permanent, words evanescent. Whoever has watched a trowel in the hands of a skilful mason, has seen an example of a very high excellence of authorship. The mortar is laid, but the trowel is already withdrawn. So an image should rather be thrown upon the brain than carried into it. We should oftenest drink our ideas by the *Amystis*. Words are but the *hocus-pocus* of incantation, and add little to the dignity of the spirits they evoke. We have to deal with things without, and the images of things within; and so long as the images are produced, the less we hear of those noises which, by the strange mechanism of our being, excite them, the better for us and for them. As little of the means as possible; as much of the end. True, there are words which one does well to set in the soul like fragrant plants, sweetening all winds; words which it is wise to keep like relics, that our thoughts may touch them and be whole; words which are the

wires of the batteries of feeling, and will not thrill us unless they be held. But these are exceptions, even in poetry; and the *curiosa felicitas* of poetic expression is that which is remembered in its effects. So far does this hold, that much of our best poetry has results which there is apparently no word in it to justify. Many of Tennyson's broken lines, for instance, are odorous as Indian spice-wood at the fracture. True, there are images so much out of the experience of some minds, and so far above the sphere of others, that, like certain chemical inks, they appear and vanish with the stimulus which made them visible. But the critic is supposed to be an *ex officio* cosmopolite, never out of element or latitude, and everywhere "seeking whom he may devour," with an indomitable eupepsia, to which nothing comes amiss. Any such constitutional disabilities are, with him, out of the question; and with him, therefore, to decide on the merit of a prose description is very much a work of time. The fire shall reveal it, of what sort it is. Give us time to forget the words, and "if any man's work remain he shall receive a reward," though all the critics under heaven cry shame on him. He has shown himself a magician and true master of spirits; and, while they obey him, is answerable to no man for the method of his spells. Tried by this test, we have said that the thinking of pp. 52, 53, and 60 is a masterpiece. We are at a loss to find anywhere in modern prose a less residuum from the fiery ordeal; or to discover, in the same space, such wealth and such economy, such apparent ease, such instinctive art. *Instinctive* art; for, to the imaginative writer, all art that is not instinctive is dangerous. All art that is the result of the application of principles, however astutely those principles be applied—though it be even *ars celare artem*—smacks not of the artist but the artisan. Let no man think to improve in his working by any knowledge that can be taken up or laid down at will, any means or appliances from without. All improvement in the creation must first exist in the creator. Say not to the artist, write, paint, play, by such and such a rule, but *grow* by it. Have you literary principles?—write them in your leisure hours on the fleshly tables of the heart. Have you theories of taste?—set your brain in idle times to their tune. Is there a virtue you would emulate or a fault you would discard?—gaze on spare days upon the one till your soul has risen under it as the tide under the moon, or scourge the other in the sight of all your faculties till every internal sense recoils from its company. Then, when your error is no longer a trespass to be condemned by judgment, but an impiety at which feeling revolts—when your virtue is no more obedience to a formula, but the natural action of a reconstructed soul—strike off the clay mould from the bronze Apollo, throw your critics to one wind and their sermons to the other, let SELF be made absolute as you take up your pen and write, like a god, in a sublime egotism, to which your own likes and dislikes are unquestioned law. "*L'état c'est moi*," is the poet's motto; *Απεχόμεναι* sums up his literary morality. If at any given time the one saying is arrogant and the other inipious, he will wait and work in silence till they are not—knowing that, until he can say these things innocently and truly, he is not full grown. What is true of the poet, the creator, the intellectual vicegerent of God, is true, in different degrees, of all who in any grade share the creative spirit—of every one of the apostlehood and priesthood through whom genius evangelises, sanctifies, and regene-

rates the world. And the higher in the scale, the more imperative is the duty of autocracy, and the more fatal any "tempering of the iron with the clay."

These truths supply us with the great secret of success and failure in the works of Currer Bell; and there is no admission we could make which could be a higher testimony to her powers as a creative artist. If this authoress had *published* any novel before "Jane Eyre," "Jane Eyre" would not have been the moral wonder which it is, and will for many years remain. If "Jane Eyre" had met with a less triumphant *furor* of review, "Shirley" would have been a worthier successor. To say that an artist is *spoilt* by criticism, is to disprove his right to the title; to say that he is, for the present, maimed and disabled by it, may be to bear the highest witness to his intrinsic genius—and this witness we bear to Currer Bell. When Currer Bell writes her next novel, let her remember, as far as possible, the frame of mind in which she set down her first. She cannot now commit the faults of that early effort, it will be well for her if she be still capable of the virtues. She will never sin so much against consistent keeping as to draw another Heathcliff; she is too much *au fait* of her profession to make again those sacrifices to machinery which deprive her early picture of any claim to be ranked as a work of art. Happy she, if her next book demonstrate the unimpaired possession of those powers of insight, that instinctive obedience to the nature within her, and those occurrences of infallible inspiration, which astound the critic in the young author of "Wuthering Heights." She will not let her next dark-haired hero babble away the respect of his reader and the awe of his antecedents; nor will she find another house-keeper who remembers two volumes *literatim*. Let her rejoice if she can again give us such an elaboration of a rare and fearful form of mental disease—so terribly strong, so exquisitely subtle—with such nicety in its transitions, such intimate symptomatic truth in its details, as to be at once a psychological and medical study. It has been said of Shakespeare, that he drew cases which the physician might study; Currer Bell has done no less. She will not, again, employ her wonderful pencil on a picture so destitute of moral beauty and human worth. Let her exult, if she can still invest such a picture with such interest. We stand painfully before the portraits; but our eyes are drawn to them by the irresistible ties of blood relationship. Let her exult, if she can still make us weep with the simple pathos of that fading face, which looked from the golden crocuses on her pillow to the hills which concealed the old home and the churchyard of Gimmerton. "These are the earliest flowers at the Heights," she exclaimed. "They remind me of thaw-winds, and warm sunshine, and nearly-melted snow. Edgar, is there not a south wind, and is not the snow almost gone?"—"The snow is quite gone down here, darling," replied her husband; "and I only see two white spots on the whole range of moors. The sky is blue, and the larks are singing, and the beck and brooks are all brimful. Catherine, last spring, at this time, I was longing to have you under this roof; now, I wish you were a mile or two up those hills: the air blows so sweetly, I feel that it would cure you."—"I shall never be there but once more," said the invalid, "and then you'll leave me, and I shall remain for ever. Next spring, you'll long again to have me under this roof, and you'll look back, and think

you were happy to-day." Let Currer Bell prize the young intuition of character which dictated Cathy's speech to Ellen.* There is a deep, unconscious philosophy in it. There are minds, whose crimes and sorrows are not so much the result of intrinsic evil as of a false position in the scheme of things, which clashes their energies with the arrangements of surrounding life. It is difficult to cure such a soul from *within*. The point of view, not the eye or the landscape, is in fault. Move *that*, and, as at the changing of a stop, the mental machine assumes its proper relative place, and the powers of discord become, in the same measure, the instruments of harmony. It was a fine instinct which saw this. Let Currer Bell be passing glad if it is as vigorous now as then; and let her thank God if she can now draw the apparition of the "Wanderer of the Moor."

Any attempt to give, in a review, a notion of "Jane Eyre," would be injustice both to author and reviewer; and, fortunately for both, is now unnecessary. Few books have been, and have deserved to be, so universally read, and so well remembered. We shall not now essay even an analysis of the work itself, because we have in this article fixed our eyes rather upon the author than the reader; and whatever absolute superiority we may discover in "Jane Eyre," we find in it only further evidence of the same producing qualities to which "Wuthering Heights" bears testimony. Those qualities, indurated by time, armed by experience, and harmonised by the natural growth of a maturing brain, have here exhibited, in a more favourable field, and under stronger guidance, the same virtues and the same faults. In "Shirley," on the other hand, we see the same qualities—with feeble health, and under auspices for the time infelicitous—labouring on an exhausted soil. Israel is at work, indeed; but there is a grievous want of straw, and the groan of the people is perceptible. The book is misnamed "Shirley." Caroline Helstone, the child of nature, should yield no pre-eminence to Shirley Keeldar, the daughter of circumstance. The character of the one is born of womanhood; that of the other, of "Fieldhead, and a thousand a year." Kant's formula, inefficient in morals, is sometimes useful in criticism. "Canst thou will thy maxim to be law universal?" Place Caroline Helstone where you will, she is still exquisitely sweet, and, in element, universally true. To make Shirley Keeldar repulsive, you have only to fancy her poor. This absence of intrinsic heroism in the heroine, and some shortcomings on the part of the authoress—a consciousness of the reader, an evident effort, and an apparent disposition to rest contented with present powers, opinions, and mental status—would do much to damp the hopes of a critic, were they not the mere indications of overwork, and of a brain not yet subsided from success. One eloquent and noble characteristic remains to her unimpaired. Her mission is perpetually remembered. In that reconstruction of society—that redistribution of the elements of our conventional systems, which all eyes can see already at work, and which, by that law of moral gravitation by which matter is heavier than spirit, must inevitably transpose as many relative positions as have grown no longer consistent with the law, and make such a transfer of visible signs as shall worthily indicate the un-

seen mutations of reality—in that sure and silent social revolution, which is to give us a new and perpetually renewing aristocracy, and with it a reorganisation of so many popular forms of thought—there will be needed, and will arise, some great novelist as a chief apostle. There is much work here which the poets cannot do, and which the ungifted *may* not do. The poets, when they are prophets, should speak only to the highest minds. The giftless should not speak to any. They have a better duty and privilege—to work out the thoughts of the highest. But here is a doctrine and practice affecting every man—wise and foolish, rich and poor, young and old, the highest genius and the lowest drudge. And the evangelist, like the evangel, must be cosmopolitan. We believe that, among other high callings; this evangelism has fallen to Currer Bell, and we bid her God speed in her grand work, because we believe that in attempting to return to social reality—to harmonise the outward and the inward—to stamp the invisible character on the visible face of the age—we shall solve unconsciously many troublesome problems, and shall be preparing the way for Him, who, alone knowing the secrets of men, can alone construct and exhibit for us in its full perfection the ideal of society. But we cannot help thinking, with all admiration for Currer Bell, and all respect for her artistic competence, that on those ram's horns she has blown so vigorously before walls that must surely come down (those grim old feudal bastions of prejudice, and those arabesque barriers of fashion, which will fall in the wind of them), there are other tunes possible than that one of which she has already given us the air and variations—that to repeal the test and corporation acts of extinct castes, and to reconstruct society on the theory of an order of merit, something more is needed than a perpetual *pas de deux* between master and governess, mistress and tutor. True, the temptation was strong, and perhaps she has hitherto done well to yield to it. It is difficult to find in other positions than those she has drawn, the precise ideal of the two classes she would invert in situations where the machinery of inversion would be so natural and easy, and where she could exhibit, at so little cost of skill, the conventional rank of outward circumstance bowing before the absolute rank of intrinsic superiority. Nevertheless, other cases exist, and it must be Currer Bell's to find them.

We have said, that in "Shirley" we see the qualities of the author of "Jane Eyre" labouring on an exhausted soil. The fat kine and the lean are a fair Emblem of the two books. Jane is in high condition; her "soul runneth over with marrow and fatness;" in her sorriest plight she is instinct with superfluous life; all her "little limbs" are warm, all her veins pulsate; she is full of unction; the *oleum vite* lubricates her brain day and night. The other book gives one the idea of a great sketch poorly filled in, or a Frankenstein skeleton finished in haste, at a proportionate economy in fat and flesh. "Jane Eyre" is the real spar—the slow deposit which the heart of genius filters from the daily stream of time and circumstance. "Shirley" is its companion, made to order, fair to look upon, but lacking the internal crystal. Open the earlier work where you will, this crystal sparkles in your eyes; break it up piecemeal, and every fragment glitters. Turn over the first chapter, and pause at hazard. There is no apparent consciousness of wisdom—no parading of truths or setting forth of paradoxes—no dealing in aphorisms, axioms,

or generals of any kind. Yet one could preach a sermon from every sentence. Who that remembers early childhood, can read without emotion the little Jane Eyre's night journey to Lowood? How finely, yet how unconsciously, are those peculiar aspects of things which cease with childhood developed in this simple history!—that feeling of unlimited vastness in the world around—that absence of all permanent idea of the extra-visible, which leaves everything not actually seen in an outer fog, wherein all things are possible—that strange absence of all habitual expectations, which makes even a new room a field of discovery, wherein the infant perceptions go, slowly struggling and enlightening, like a faint candle in a dark night. There is something intensely, almost fearfully, interesting in the diary of a child's feelings. This "I," that seems to have no inheritance in the earth, is an eternity with a heritage in all heavens. This "me," which is thrown here and there as a thing of nought—the frail, palpitating subject of a schoolboy's tyranny, almost too fragile even to make sport for him—fear not for it. It can endure. This, that trembles at the opening of a parlour-door, quails at the crushing of a China plate, droops amid the daily cuffs and bruises of a household, and faints with fear in a haunted room, will pass alive through portals which the sun dare not enter, survive all kinds of temporal and spiritual wreck, move uninjured among falling worlds, meet undismayed the ghosts of the whole earth, pass undestroyed through the joys of angels—perhaps, also, through anguish which would dissolve the stars. Is there not something awful in these "I's" and "me's?" They go about the page in a kind of veiled divinity; and when the unjust hand strikes "me," or "I" am reviled by the graceless lip of vulgar arrogance, we shrink involuntarily as from a sacrilege.

But pass over the striking passages in these chapters; take some sentence which the circulating library will skip. It is full of the moralities of nature. Little, ill-used Jane Eyre does not hush her doll, but we are the better for it. "I was happy," says she, "*believing it to be happy likewise.*" Uncurl your lip, reader, and take this little sentence reverently, for it contains a great psychologic truth. We read, week by week, "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" but how few of us recognise the reason, that the best abiding happiness must arise from the happiness of others. Happiness, the estate of the immortals, is in the gift only of the infinite. There is no subjective source of happiness of which we cannot measure the height, breadth, and depth; and, proving it finite, disable it as a cause of happiness. The only good on earth which we can feel and cannot gauge, is the good which exists in others. "What we see, and cannot see over, is as much as infinite." What we feel and cannot compass, see and cannot fathom, believe and cannot comprehend, is as near the infinite as humanity can go, and proportionately near to the fountain of happiness. Those few words are a master-stroke of genius. Only let Jane Eyre give you her nursery confessions, and they shall help you to read the heart of threescore and ten. "When thus gentle," writes she, "Bessie (Bessie, be it noted, who was 'too often wont to push me about,' 'to scold and task me unreasonably,' and who had a 'capricious and hasty temper, and indifferent ideas of principle and justice') seemed to me the BEST, *prettiest*, kindest being in the world." Alas! for the guilt of those everyday sinners, and the wrongs

of those hourly sufferers, of whom Aunt Read and little Jane Eyre are the types. Doubtless, there is implanted in every unsophisticated soul of us an instinct towards true beauty—a nerve that naturally vibrates in the presence of the beautiful. Doubtless, a distortion of circumstances may pervert these instincts, and so constantly wring out the homage due to beauty for that which is not beautiful, that the function becomes permanently degraded. He who has but one window may learn—and for the love of light—to turn towards the east when the sun is in the west. To how many young nursery slaves, born with hearts which should have responded to angelic excellence, has some vulgar Bessie grown to be “the *prettiest, best, and kindest being in the world!*” And, like the darkened plant, which has grown even downwards for sunshine, how many tendencies, which, in a more genial clime, would have aspired, have strengthened and fixed in compulsory prostration? How many tastes, which should have been excited and satisfied by balm from heaven, have become callous to all but the coarsest condiments of the earth? For appetites—and the appetite for beauty among them—accustomed to unnatural satisfactions, often return to their normal state no more. Think of this, you who leave the selfish and the ignorant to give those first ideas round which the thoughts of after years will crystallise, to stamp those first impressions in which the character of a life is to be cast. But we might multiply extracts as easily as turn the page. We have quoted these not for the reader, but the author; and—though it be a labour of love—must quote no more.

We sat down to this paper with no intention of what is ordinarily expected in a review. We look upon it as a morning talk with that accomplished young writer, with whose name we have graced it. Literally a half-hour with a best author. We rise to take leave, strengthened in the conviction with which we entered—that the authoress of “Jane Eyre” is the novelist of the coming time. The great poet and the great novelist are members of the same intellectual group. They are both poetical creators, but they differ widely in their relationship to those above and below them. Both a little lower than the angels, and a little higher than men, the hand of the one links his glorious group to the superior, that of the other to the subordinate intelligence. The one being lifted up draws all men unto him. The other speaks among us, in the thick thoroughfares of our Lystras, till we cry the gods are come down to us; indeed, but it is in the likeness of men. We raise our eyes to the one, we lean upon the other. The great poet gives us his work, saying, “That is high art. I set it there for you to wonder at, learn by, and work to.” The great novelist says, “This is human life—a strange, misshapen thing, not to be spoken of in music, or drawn in the proportions of the Apollo—the concrete elements of the poet’s abstract. I know that *these* you love, *in* these you work, *for* these you rejoice and weep. Hear my NOVELL of the history of the world,” Phidias chisels out a perfect thought. Callicrates and Ictinus build a temple to enshrine such. The Athene is still wisdom; but the Parthenon was hewn in the fashion of an age, and for rites that have passed away. Nevertheless, it bore upon its front sculptures which, dispersed, are helping to civilise the world. So of the poem and the novel—the one for the worship, the other for the uses of men.

Whatsoever is for use must be accommodated, not only to the nature but the habits of the users. A being without parts or passions can seldom gain the ear of mankind. Hence our prophets and mediators. And even an ideal man can hardly claim the sympathies of the work-a-day world. To be received, he must come eating and drinking. It may be fortunate, therefore, for the novelist if he honestly share the failings, mistakes, and prejudices of his time. But these things will only make him popular, not great—the servant, not the master of his age. To rise to the height of his vocation, his affinities for the present must be equalled by his capacities for the future. Well for him, if he can claim the citizenship which shields him from stripes; but, under the toga of the Roman, there must beat the heart of the apostle.

It seems to us, that the authoress of "Jane Eyre" combines all the natural and accidental attributes of the novelist of her day. In the ecclesiastical tendencies of her education and habits—in the youthful ambiguity of her politics—in a certain old-world air, which hangs about her pictures, we see her passports into circles which otherwise she would never reach. Into them she is carrying, unperceived, the elements of infallible disruption and revolution. In the specialties of her religious belief, her own self-grown and glorious heterodoxies—in the keen satiric faculty she has shown—in the exuberant and multiform vigour of her idiosyncrasy—in her unmistakable hatred of oppression, and determination to be free—in the onward tendencies of a genius so indisputably original, and in the reaction of a time on which, if she lives, she cannot fail to act strongly, we acknowledge the best pledges that that passport, already torn, will be one day scattered to the winds. The peculiarities of her local position—evidently Lancashire or Yorkshire—give her opportunity for investigating a class of character utterly out of the latitude of the London literateur—the manufacturing classes, high and low—the Pancreates of the future, into whose hands the ball of empire has now past; and in the strange combination of factory and moorland, the complexities of civilisation, and the simple majesty of nature, she has before her, at one glance, the highest materials for the philosopher and the poet—the most magnificent emblem of the inner heart of the time. One day, with freer hands, more practised eye, an ampler horizon, an enlarged experience, she must give us such revelations of that heart—of its joys, woes, hopes, beliefs, duties, and destinies—as shall make it leap like a dumb man healed. But, above all other circumstantial advantages, there is one element in her diagnosis, which, alas! in these times, is full of an ominous and solemn interest—her faith in the Christian record is unshaken. If this were merely a passive faith, the ordinary accident of her youth and sex, we should look upon it, at best, with a mournful prescience, as one might see the white plumes and unspotted braveries of a host in full march for a field of blood. But in Currer Bell this faith is evidently positive and energetic. Self-supporting, also; for it is united with a vigour of private judgment, without which there is nothing for it but famine in these days. He alone who wears these two talismans of faith and reason will bear a charmed life in the strife that is before us. Him alone we count upon as a standard-bearer in the spiritual conflict wherein all Europe is engaging, or engaged. All the old signs and quarterings will soon be in the dust. The proudest

banners of the earth are already tripping up their clansmen, or are bound in shreds round wounds they cannot stanch. Meantime, the great wild multitude heaves to and fro without leader or watchword, and suffocation does the work of the enemy. If God would send us some young brave spirits to spur bareheaded into the stifling tumult, with a cross displayed on a fair white field! *Εν τούτω νίκη* might again subdue the world.

In bidding, for a while, farewell to an author towards whom we cannot feel too warmly, and of whom it is difficult, in the space of a review, to say enough, we would give one parting word of an advice which, for her, comprehends all others—WAIT. Having learned that you have the power to labour, let that tremendous knowledge beget in you an unconquerable patience; stand and grow under the weight of your responsibilities; get accustomed to the knowledge of your powers. As yet, like the Lacedemonian, “every step will put you in mind of your glory.” Reconnoitre your age, and view, but be in no hurry to select, your enemies. The van may look like foes to those who are in the rear. And there be guerilla bands, that, in the perspective of life, seem mightier than those terrible hordes which, though they blacken the horizon, the rose-trees in your garden are high enough to hide, or those unearthly shapes of darkness, whereon we look in impotent amazement, because they are stretching up, like clouds, into the heaven. Go with your harp, if so it must be, into the camp of the Danes. But, better still (for there are giants in the camp, and you, who can scan the universe, cannot look over their heads), on some mount of attentive seclusion stand day by day, and note how “the main battles are forming fast.” In this great estimate—in the width and terrors of the field—in the grandeur of the approaching contest—in the awful aspect of the past—in the sublime uncertainties of the future—and in sight of the solemn truths, which, as the heavens above all lands, over-arch them, you will best forget the glitter of your own newly-drawn sword, and the acclamations which greeted the tournament displays of a weapon that was given you to shape the destinies of men. Be in no haste to draw blood. To let alone is sometimes, as Thorild says, a very divine art. *VINCERE ET PATI*, is the motto of every heroism. Remember, that with time, as the Persian tells us, even the pebble will be fragrant if it lie beside the rose. Ceres, to make Triptolemus immortal, fed him from the breasts of a divinity by day, and covered him all night with fire. Learn that for gods and men there is still but one way to immortality. What I say unto you I say unto all, *Watch*. Do not try to give largesse out of an exhausted treasury, lest you exert your prerogative to depreciate the currency, and, being conscious of the will to do wonders, take, or gain, credit for the deed. Enrich your own soul, that the alms you give us shall not be of your penury but of your abundance. Be so long bareheaded under the dews of heaven that you shall need but to nod to scatter them on the earth. Send your heart long enough into the school of life, and its daily sayings shall be wisdom for us. Every tree has in its time dropped honey-dew; it is the happiness of genius that culture can make this manna a perpetual exhalation. There are few fruits which more or less perfectly cannot sustain the life of man; it is the prerogative of genius that its very leaves may be for the healing of the nations. There is a time in

the excellence of genius, when, like the spheres, to move is music. It will be well for the possessor of genius if he can keep silence till that time. These things we commend in love to the authoress of "Shirley."

The strength of Currer Bell lies in her power of developing the history, more or less amplified and varied by imagination, of her own individual mind. In saying this, we are not depreciating, for we are giving her the characteristic attribute of a poet—which, nevertheless, in some senses, she is not and will not be. Before she writes another volume of that great history, in the shape of a new novel, she should live another era of that strong original well-endowed mind. She must go through the hopes and fears, passions and sympathies of her age; and, by virtue of her high privilege of genius, she must take not only the colour of her time, but that complementary colour of the future which attends it; she must not only hear the voice of her day, but catch and repeat its echoes on the forward rock of ages; she must not only strike the chord which shall rouse us to the battle of the hour, but seize and embody that sympathetic note on the unseen strings of the "To come" which it is the attribute of genius to recognise and to renew.

DEATH'S THEFT.

I saw Death bending o'er a cradled flower—
An infant in its budding time—and, while
He bent, on his dark features came a smile,
Like sunlight on the sea. The morning hour
Looked in on beauty fairer than its own;
The bright winged insects, drunk with joy of May,
About the casement danced in mazy play;
From caves came forth the swallow's glad some tone.

The marble face and the bright golden hair
Were things to make the gazer glad; and then
The mouth so steeped in dreams, the pale hands fair;
And—curtained by their slumb'rous lily lids—
The deep blue eyes that ne'er might ope again,
Like skies of azure that the gauze clouds hide.
Ah! woe, that a young angel should have died,
Unmarked by God, who such a death forbids.

I saw Death bending o'er the holy bed,
Ling'ringly looking, as if loath to leave
In life, or carry with him to the dead,
That unmarred miniature of sinless Eve.

And, while he looked, I saw the sunshine throw
Strange lights and shadows on the chamber-wall,
Dancing in gay and ceaseless rise and fall,
Coming and going, as shades come and go.
And, as those lights and shadows came and went,
The throstle sang, the bright-winged insects played,
The swallow on the roof a twittering made,
As though no Death above the cradle bent.

Then, with soft spells, he did bewitch her sleep,
 And made the dreams of other worlds to rise ;
 And gave unto her spirit eyes to see
 Christ walking among babes in Paradise ;
 And filled her young soul with thoughts too deep
 For older years—of fore-worlds that there be
 Which infants yet remember ; in her ear,
 The voices of the far land whispered clear.

And those strange lights and shades that came and went,
 Were dancing on the wall, like flutt'ring wings—
 The wings of blessed angel-spirits sent
 To minister to babes as holy things.
 We never see such spirits. When we fall
 From blessed childhood to the age of men,
 They vanish from us ; and, in dying then,
 Their shadows come not on the chamber-wall.

I knew that angels were about the bed.
 Death groaned in spirit as his finger fell
 On those fair lips, and then I knew full well
 The strange lights faded, and the babe was dead.

I saw Death through the ether take his flight,
 And a young Ghost lay nestled in his breast,
 Where, fondly kissed and tenderly caress'd,
 It shone, a cloud-embosomed star of light.
 And he would have her alway with him ; she
 His mate and constant comforter should be,
 And journey viewless ever by his side,
 And wipe the tears that fell from his full eyes,
 When o'er the world's ingratitude he sighed,
 And bent beneath the weight that, from his birth,
 Unthankful man—unthinking and unwise—
 Had heaped on him—the curses and the cries,
 And execrations of the heartless earth !

It might not be. The Lord had need of her,
 And forthwith came from heaven an angel band
 Of blessed spirit sisters hand-in-hand,
 Back to its home, the stolen one to bear.

Then saw I how the trouble wrung his heart—
 And how he hung about her in despair—
 And how it seemed his very soul to tear,
 That he and his young love were thus to part ;
 And, when they took her from him, how he yet
 Flew side by side with them, and scarce could let
 His haggard hands unloose the prize they stole ;
 And how their parting at heaven-gate was sad ;
 How tearfully he left the little soul,
 What time her coming made the angels glad.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION OF 1850.

THE review of a Parliamentary Session is commonly little more than a querulous record of dissatisfaction and disappointment. A very little reflection will suggest the causes of this. The first is, that the British Parliament, as at present constituted, is a most partial and inadequate reflection of the national sentiment and will. A second is, that so large a proportion of the session is wasted in discussions in which the public at large have little or no interest, in the strifes and manoeuvres of party, and in maintaining and promoting the well-being of isolated, monopolising, and corrupt institutions. As a third cause, may be mentioned, that, of the few really salutary measures which originate in the House of Commons, so many are sacrificed by compromise, or lost in the ruck of abandoned bills, which the procrastination of months has left to the rag-end of the session; or which, if they survive the three readings, are emasculated and pared down to absolute inefficacy by the Lords.

On the eve of the opening of the past Session of Parliament, the Legislature were prepared for their labours by a leading article in the "Times," expressing great fears that they would run into mischief, from the sheer want of employment; and the only prospective measures alluded to in the Royal speech are those for the better government of the Australian Colonies; for improving the condition of Ireland; and for Sanitary Reform. A variety of bills have, however, been originated by private members of both houses, with what result we shall presently see.

The first measure of importance that demands notice was that proposed in the House of Lords, by the Bishop of London, for abolishing the appellate jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council in all ecclesiastical cases. It is scarcely necessary to explain, that this committee has had devolved upon it, by an act of Parliament passed in the present reign, the spiritual functions formerly exercised by the bishops and clergy in convocation. It was admitted by the Bishop of London that this proposal arose out of the recent and well-known Gorham case. The briefest recital of the facts will suffice for our present purpose. The Rev. Cornelius Gorham had been presented, by the late Lord Chancellor, to a living in the diocese of Exeter. The Bishop of Exeter had perused a volume published by Mr Gorham, in which he maintained doctrines touching the ordinance of baptism, which were manifestly at variance with the formularies of the Anglican Church, more especially with the services for baptism and confirmation, and the catechism, as contained in the Book of Common Prayer. The bishop, therefore, thought fit to subject him to an extended examination; and, as the heterodox opinions were distinctly affirmed in Mr Gorham's replies, the bishop refused to institute him to the living. The alleged heresy of Mr Gorham may, in passing, be briefly stated. The formularies of the Anglican Church repeatedly and distinctly declare and imply that regeneration and heirship to salvation are conferred upon infants in and by the ordinance of baptism rightfully administered in that church. Mr Gorham holds that these blessings are not necessarily so communicated, but that they are dependent

upon what he terms a *prevenient* act of grace, in the absence of which divine gift the rite is altogether inefficacious. The Church of England further declares, in a rubric in the baptismal service, that all children having been so baptised, and dying in infancy, are undoubtedly saved. This Mr Gorham gets over, by maintaining that all children so dying have necessarily been the recipients of this *prevenient* grace. Mr Gorham having thus been refused institution, appealed to the Arches Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and Sir Herbert Jenner Just, in one of the most profound and masterly judgments that was ever delivered in that court, affirmed the decision of the bishop; declaring, that the expressed views of Mr Gorham on the subject of baptism were repugnant to the doctrines of the Church of England, as defined in the Book of Common Prayer. Upon this decision, Mr Gorham carried his appeal to the highest tribunal of the realm—the Judicial Committee of her Majesty's Privy Council. By this court, the decision of the court below was reversed. They decided that the views maintained by Mr Gorham were not so repugnant to the doctrines of the Church of England as that he should on account of them be refused institution to his benefice; and he has been subsequently instituted accordingly by the Dean of the Arches Court—the very judge who had pronounced against his claims.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London, though they had no rightful jurisdiction, upon this last appeal, were desired by her Majesty to attend the sittings of the Privy Council on this important case, and assist the committee by their advice. The two archbishops acquiesced in the final decision—the Bishop of London being the only ecclesiastical dissident. Hence the measure introduced by the Bishop of London to the House of Lords. His lordship has at length discovered the anomaly of a fundamental question of theology being submitted for ultimate decision to a court composed exclusively of laymen; and, when we consider the different phases of religious opinion represented in that committee by such men as the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Lord Langdale, and Sir J. Knight Bruce, to say nothing of the ecclesiastical assessors, we cannot but think that on this point the Bishop of London had a strong case. We can easily understand his lordship's preference for a newly-constituted court to a general convocation, as, in the latter case, such discordant and explosive elements would have been brought together as would have rent asunder the entire fabric of the Anglican Church. The bishop, therefore, proposed a new spiritual court of appeal, to consist of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; the three senior bishops; the Lord-Chancellor; the Dean of the Court of Arches; the Judge of the Consistory Court of London; and the Regius and Margaret Professors of Divinity of Oxford and Cambridge.

This measure was never brought before the House of Commons, having dropt still-born in the Upper House, and the discussion of it having been superseded by a vehement agitation conducted by a large body of the clergy, whose clamours for a convocation will, we suspect, not be speedily allayed. It is unnecessary at this distance of time to celebrate the obsequies of the deceased bill; but we must take this opportunity of making one or two observations upon it.

By the existing constitution of this realm, a secular personage, viz., the Queen, is the Head of the Church of England, and supreme in all matters, as well ecclesiastical as civil. The Lord-Chancellor, a layman, has no fewer than 777 ecclesiastical livings in his gift. The Dean of the Court of Arches, who pronounced against the institution of Mr Gorham, and who subsequently and formally committed to him the cure of souls in the living of Braampton-upon-Speke, and whose high functions are left untouched by the measure of the Bishop of London, is also a layman. What, then, becomes of the principle of his lordship's measure? So long as the Church of England is allied to the State, the interference of lay officials, and that in the most solemn matters, is inevitable, uncontrollable, and well-nigh indefinite.

The next measure which demands our attention is that of Mr Adderley, in the House of Commons, to restrict the powers of her Majesty, with the advice of the Privy Council, to appoint any places in her Majesty's dominions for the transportation of felons and others under sentence of punishment. The measure arose out of the order from the Colonial Office to remove a number of convicts from the Australian Colonies to the settlement at the Cape—an order which was rebelliously but successfully resisted by our fellow-subjects in South Africa. The discussion, in the hands of Sir William Molesworth (to whose efforts we owe the very valuable report of a committee of the House of Commons on the general subject of transportation), took a distinct turn in that direction, and the motion was lost. In connection with this, stands the Convict Prisons Bill, the second reading of which was moved by Earl Grey, on the 14th of March, in a speech of great ability. The two motions furnish an interesting subject of observation. On the one hand, it is matter of serious inquiry, how far the Imperial Government is justified in inflicting the refuse of our criminal population at home on the increasingly numerous, industrious, and enlightened population in our colonies. To this system, we must confess the greatest objections. In the order of Providence, vice exists in communities subject to the leavening influences of religion and virtue; and it appears to us a fatal violation of this benign order, to throw together into a penal settlement a seething and fermenting accumulation of vice, where the race is perpetuated, under every disastrous omen and every degrading condition, and of whose posterity charity itself can only prognosticate, in the words of the classic poet—“*Scires e sanguine natos*.” And if this system is condemned by the voice of nature, and the dictates of religion and philanthropy, the system of introducing convicts into our rising colonies is scarcely less pernicious; overthrowing, as it must, all confidence between the employers and the employed, and introducing an amount of vice and disorder unknown to even a nominally Christian community in its normal condition. It is a celebrated dictum of the late Mr Abernethy, that the knife was the disgrace of his profession: and, if this was true in its original application, it is still more emphatically a truth in social and political philosophy. This judicial amputation from the body politic, leaving, as it does, the diseased limb to infect the younger and purer dependencies of the empire, deserves, we think, to be stigmatized, in the words of Talleyrand, as not only a crime, but

a blunder. Prevention is proverbially better than cure. In following out this principle, we might well imitate the example of our transatlantic brethren in their system of criminal jurisprudence. Indeed, in so far as we have adopted it, it has been productive of the most salutary results. This was shown in the elaborate speech of Lord Grey on the measure to which we are now referring. "He dwelt," says a newspaper report of his speech, "on the advantages of the last improvement; especially defending the use of the separate confinements, as a stringent means both of reforming the criminal, and of morally deterring those who contemplate crime. Its terrors are seen in the fact, that re-committals after it are comparatively few in number.

The efforts of the Protectionist party have by no means answered to the prospects which they announced to the agriculturists out of doors. Mr D'Israeli's motion on this subject was made on the 19th of February. "His proposals were to remit a large mass of the charges that pauperism threw upon the land: a million and a half, of what are usually called the Establishment Charges, he would transfer to the Consolidated Fund; the expenses of executing the Legislation Act, the preparation of the jury and burgess lists, the Sanitary and Vaccination Acts, and many other charges, all of which now unjustly fell upon the land, he should treat in the same way, and should thus relieve the suffering interest to the extent of £700,000 a-year; to which he should add the further relief of throwing all the 'casual poor' of the country upon its general income." This motion was lost by a majority of 273, against the formidable minority of 252.

Mr Cobden's motion, for a retrenchment of the national expenditure to the amount which was found sufficient for the year 1835, though supported by a speech distinguished by great ability, perfect knowledge of his subject, and a most temperate tone, was rejected by a majority of 272 against 89. It would be impossible to adduce a clearer proof than this division affords, that the House of Commons is not in sympathy with the great body of the British people. It is impossible to justify establishments only adapted to the times of a European war, when an entire generation has enjoyed the blessing of peace, and more especially when the financial condition of our continental neighbours, to say nothing of the spread of pacific sentiments, and the necessities of commercial intercourse, stultify all apprehension of a continental war in which Great Britain will be justified in taking part. Unhappily, the enormity of Government patronage, aided by the necessary results of our law of primogeniture, continue to overbear all these considerations, dictated as they are alike by reason, expediency, and philanthropy.

A similar fate attended Mr Hume's annual motion for Parliamentary Reform. It appears that, under our boasted representative system, about one male adult in eight is possessed of the franchise, while the distribution of representatives to constituencies presents anomalies still more glaring. It was the purpose of Mr Hume's measure to remedy this unconstitutional injustice; to proportion the number of representatives to that of constituencies, to shorten the duration of Parliaments, and to protect the dependent voter, by means of the ballot, from intimidation and loss. For the foundation of his motion, he had only to take the fundamental principles of the British Constitution. For his autho-

ity, if authority were needed, "Blackstone's Commentaries" might have furnished a sufficient text-book; while his illustrations might be drawn, and that most conclusively, from nine-tenths of the elections by which the present House of Commons is constituted. This motion was met by the usual conventional arguments on the part of the ministry, and defeated by a majority of 242 against 96.

We will not stop to point out the proof which this division affords, that the House of Commons is no representation of the opinions and feelings of the great mass of the British population: we will rather adduce a practical demonstration of the folly of those who anticipate, as the result of a comprehensive measure of Parliamentary Reform, the depreciation of the Legislature, the insecurity of property, and the relaxation of the powers of the law. The Municipal Reform Act conferred the municipal franchise upon every householder in the towns which were subject to its provisions. The predictions of the opponents of that measure were gloomy to the last degree. The rabble was to constitute the corporation, and the council chamber was to be the normal school of political agitation. The householders have exercised their franchise for a long series of years, and the result has been the frustration, or rather the stultification, of all these rabid oracles, the election to our municipal councils of the men best qualified for their functions by education, leisure, and business experience, and, by consequence, the universal prevalence of loyalty, order, and (for the first time) of economy in our large cities and towns. Why, we beg to ask, may not the same result accrue from the admission of the householders of Great Britain to the political franchise? The numerous points of dissimilarity between the French and the British people, forbid our drawing an illustration too closely from that nation to ourselves. In so far, however, as a parallel can be drawn, the conclusion to be deduced from the last French Revolution is certainly favourable to the extension of popular rights in this country, inasmuch as the bestowment of universal suffrage upon that nation, incomparably less prepared for its right use than our own fellow-subjects, has issued in the election of a decidedly conservative legislature. After ages of exclusion, restriction, and distrust, would it not be well for our rulers to try the efficacy of a little faith, and to repose it upon those elements of good sense, virtue, and religion in the middle classes, which are alike effectual, and alike necessary, too, to repress the vices of the aristocracy, and the turbulent criminality of the *canaille*.

The 19th of March witnessed such a *coup d'état* as does not often fall to the lot of the chronicler to record. There stood for that evening a motion of Mr Hutt, for an address to the crown, to direct that negotiations be forthwith entered into for the purpose of releasing this country from all treaty engagements with foreign states for maintaining armed vessels on the coast of Africa to suppress the traffic in slaves. The *pro* and *con* of the African squadron is pretty well known to the public; nor need we, as the most uncompromising opponents of the detestable system of slavery, shrink from expressing our views of it. The African squadron, for the suppression of the kidnapping, sale, and deportation of slaves from the coast of Africa, costs this country nearly one million sterling per annum. It is found to be utterly inefficacious, while it aggravates the horrors of the middle passage to an extent which it

would be impossible to describe. The course adopted by the Prime Minister, only a few hours before the introduction of Mr Hutt's motion, is thus described in a letter to the "Times," signed M. P., and doubtless written by one of the coerced members. "Lord John Russell," he says, "convened his friends and the supporters of his Government, and announced to them, in terms which were neither apt nor gracious, that they must consent to drag him through the difficulty of the African squadron, or he would throw up his office, and leave the country to its fate. It is probably," adds the indignant writer, "many years since a set of Parliament men have thronged out of the minister's antechamber in a state of higher dudgeon, and more intense and undisguised disgust. Few of them seem to have been at the pains to conceal their resentment and indignation at the treatment to which they suddenly found themselves exposed. They were told in so many words, that they must make up their minds to vote against the clear and strong convictions of their consciences and their judgments, or they must connive at a felonious suicide on the part of the Government, which would expose the country to all the perils of anarchy and confusion. No minister ever before put before his followers so monstrous an alternative, or tossed them so pitilessly on the horns of such a dilemma." It is unnecessary here to enter into either of the questions, whether it is desirable for us to enforce our views of morality upon foreign states, or whether it is desirable to adopt an armed force for that purpose, rather than to resort to diplomatic communications. One thing, however, is most evident, that the course which the Government have adopted, in this instance, is utterly destructive of the independence of representatives. The subject should have been left to the unbiassed opinion of the House of Commons. It is essentially an open question, and the course adopted by the Government may be fully regarded as an instance of ministerial tyranny, which ought to have been resisted *as such*, and altogether independently of the question at issue. A change in the Government is of itself an evil, and the same, perhaps, may be said of too frequent elections; but the sacrifice of the independence and the conscience of the representatives of the people, is a greater evil than the two combined.

Unquestionably, one of the most important measures of the session is the Australian Colonies Bill. The rapidly increasing population of those remote dependencies, and the equally rapid development of their resources, combined with the prospect of their distance from this country being virtually diminished by the employment of steam navigation, invest the Australian Colonies with great interest, and make it important that their connection with Great Britain should be cemented by a liberal policy on the part of the Imperial Legislature. With this view, a measure has been passed, conferring upon them the rudiments of a system of self-government. This initiative measure, is intended to apply to three of the five Australian settlements; it provides for them a legislative chamber for the regulation of their domestic interests, two-thirds of which are to be the representatives of the colonists, and the remaining third, nominees of the crown. A vigorous effort was made in both houses to substitute two chambers for one; by some upon the foolish pretext, as it appears to us, of exactly assimilating the constitution of these colonies to our own; by others, with much more plausibility,

for the purpose of constituting in the second chamber a kind of court of review, which might operate as a check upon hasty and intemperate legislation. In opposition to these proposals, the original measure was carried in both houses, though in the House of Lords by a majority of only two votes. We trust that this event is ominous of a new system of colonial policy—one that shall be alike just and generous; which shall allow the colonists to be the best judges of their own interests, whether political, ecclesiastical, or social, and which, while it relieves the colonies from restriction and interference, and, in the words of Mr Burke, “suffers a generous nature to take its own way to perfection,” shall also relieve a colonial secretary, in his sham panopticon at Downing Street, from the necessity of committing myriads of blunders, and scattering the seeds of disaffection and animosity over the remotest regions of the globe.

From the most valuable measure of the session, we next come to the most objectionable;—for this designation, we believe, justly belongs to the Metropolitan Intermments Bill. The system of extra-mural interment, we need hardly say, we heartily approve, and, had this measure been confined to that object, we should have hailed it with great satisfaction; but a variety of clauses have been smuggled into the bill in the most sinister and underhand manner, and insisted upon by the Government as essential features of the measure. By one of its clauses, a Government board—the Board of Health—is invested not only with powers to fix upon and purchase sites for public cemeteries, but with an absolute monopoly of all the trade now carried on by undertakers. By another clause, a compensation, framed on an average of the last three years’ burial fees, is awarded, not only to the present incumbents of metropolitan parishes, but (if it is not too outrageous to be believed) to *their successors for ever*, as a payment for duties which they will never be called upon to perform! While, into another clause, we find slyly imported a scheme for a fund to provide for perpetual Church Extension! With these enormous blots upon the face of it, the measure actually passed that house, which, by an amusing fiction, is said to represent the people of Great Britain.

Indeed, the British Parliament never shows itself to greater disadvantage, than when legislating on ecclesiastical and religious subjects. Three of the measures which have been agitated during the past session are of this character:—The first is Mr Stuart Wortley’s Bill for legalising marriage with the sister of a deceased wife. The opposition made to this measure, chiefly by what is called the High Church Party, has been strenuous and persevering to the last degree. On the one side, the measure was supported on the ground that the existing restriction was harsh and unnecessary—that such unions are natural in themselves, and more adapted than any others to secure the happiness of children who have suffered the irreparable loss of a mother; and from the numerous instances in which, especially among the poorer classes, the present law is evaded by an illicit connection. On the other hand, the bill is opposed chiefly on the ground of the false position in which the proposed bill would place a wife’s sister during the life of the former; while the Levitical law is appealed to (rather unnecessarily, we venture to think), alike by both parties. The bill has passed the House of Commons, but great doubts are entertained of its ultimate success.

The other two measures of this description to which we refer are, the Sunday Postage Resolution and the Sunday Trading Bill. As the latter of these was lost in the House of Commons, it will only be necessary to allude to the former. It was introduced under the auspices of the estimable Lord Ashley, and supported chiefly by the High Church and the Anglo-Catholic members of the Lower House, and generally opposed by the Ministry. Its object, as is well known, was to put a stop to the delivery of letters on Sunday throughout the country. The resolution for an address to her Majesty, to this effect, was dexterously pressed to a division at the dinner hour, when the house, as usual, was but thinly attended, and was carried by a small majority, doubtless, as much to the surprise of its promoters as of its opponents. No sooner, however, did it come into operation, than the inconvenience it occasioned was found to be so great, and the complaints, especially from the more remote and retired parts of the country, so numerous, that a Committee of the House of Commons has been appointed to revise the general postal arrangements with reference to the Lord's-day, and it is generally supposed that the present arrangement will be abandoned as impracticable.

Among the many conflicts for victory in which the Ministry have engaged during the past session, they have had one for existence. This was brought about by the intemperate foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, who suddenly surprised Europe by the apparition of a powerful fleet of ships of war off the Piræus, under Admiral Parker, whose instructions were to enforce some trifling pecuniary claims against the Government of Greece. By this impetuous measure, and by the diplomatic course to which it led, such offence was given to the French and Russian Governments, who were associated with Great Britain for the protection of Greece, that the ambassador of the former court was abruptly recalled from London, and a note presented from the Emperor of Russia, the tone of which was anything but pacific. A motion, condemnatory of the Whig policy, was made by Lord Stanley in the House of Peers, and carried by a majority of 37. Upon this, Mr Roebuck made a motion in the House of Commons, committing that house to an approval of that policy. The contest upon this motion continued for four nights with undiminished intensity; and, at 4 o'clock on the fourth morning, the motion was carried by the small majority of 46—264 members having recorded their votes against it. The defence of Lord Palmerston was a masterpiece of Parliamentary oratory. It lasted for nearly five hours, and was so sustained throughout that one of his opponents, Mr Gladstone, observed that "he had spoken from the dusk of one day till the dawn of the next, and had held the house in breathless, and even charmed, attention from first to last." Great, however, as it was as an oration, it must be regarded, in our opinion, as an utterly unsatisfactory defence.

Allusion was made in the speech from the throne to the state of the Irish constituencies, which had dwindled to such an insignificant numerical amount, as to constitute the representative system in that country a mere farce. The measure of Ministers proposed that a rateable poor-rate, of the amount of £8, should confer the franchise. The bill was carried through the Commons, but opposed in the Lords by an

amendment, substituting £15 as the qualification, instead of £8. The Marquis of Lansdowne, having deserted the Ministerial measure, by declaring that £8 was too low, it is not surprising that the amendment was carried. The House of Commons, however, refused to adopt it; and, after a conference between the two houses, a £12 qualification was adopted.

Little else that has occurred during the session that has now closed requires a special notice. The bill for removing the Jewish disabilities, thanks to the lukewarmness, and, we fear, we ought rather to say the disingenuousness, of Lord John Russell, has been postponed to another year.

The public burdens, notwithstanding a surplus of two millions in the Exchequer, with a prospect of considerable increase during the present year, have only been relieved by the repeal of the duty on bricks—the proposed diminution of the Stamp Duties not having yet passed the House of Commons; while, to the lasting disgrace of some nominally Liberal Members of the House of Commons, the motion for the repeal of the Window Tax was lost by a majority of three. This division brings us back to our first observation, which the whole tenor of the session has contributed to justify, namely, that the House of Commons, as at present constituted—that is, when only one male adult out of eight is possessed of the franchise—is a mere caricature of the representative system. Until it becomes a fair and true reflection of popular opinion, it can be nothing but a dislocated wheel in the machinery of the constitution, only impeding and frustrating the great purposes which it is its theoretical function to preserve.

We cannot close this article, which has already extended beyond our proposed limits, without a moment's notice of the signal calamity which this empire has suffered by the sudden decease of the lamented Sir Robert Peel. As an instance of the instability of all earthly greatness, and of the vanity of man as mortal, the death of Sir Robert Peel is an event which neither the House of Commons nor the country can easily forget. We cannot give the deceased statesman credit for having been guided throughout his brilliant public career by any grand, fundamental, and dominant political principles; but, for an honest desire to benefit his country, for profound sagacity in adjusting his measures, with that view, to the circumstances of particular times and crises, for immense political knowledge, for almost unequalled powers, alike of exposition and of conviction; and, above all, for that deep and ineradicable sympathy with the people, which led him "to attend to the neglected and to remember the forgotten," the memory of Sir Robert Peel will be for ever embalmed in the grateful admiration of his country.

THE INVASION OF NEPAUL.

SECOND PAPER.

THE end of the last chapter left me and a party of sepoys posted for the night in a position more suited for romance than repose, viz., a narrow flight of ledges projecting from the precipitous mountain-side. It was a dangerous durance. Had it been broad day, we could scarcely have moved an inch; the very thought of moving in the utter darkness was horrific in the extreme. Our situation might well be compared to Collins' fearful personification of Danger, who

"Throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock, to sleep."

To the natives of the plain, who had hardly ever ascended higher than a brick-kiln, it was like a monster nightmare in a waking hour. I enjoyed it amazingly, as a grand and welcome variety in a long monotonous life on Indian plains.

We were a few days too late in entering Nepaul to witness a snow-storm, but the account given of it by those who had that pleasure was very amusing. No sooner did the air become filled with the feathery dance, and earth begin to whiten around, than the sepoys, looking up with astonishment and dismay, and thinking that the end of all things was at hand, shuddering and shivering retired under their canvass covers; while the European soldiers rushed in rapture from theirs, to renew the sports of early days, by pelting each other with snow-balls; and we doubt not but some tears of fond regret fell from eyes of hoary veterans, and mingled with the virgin snow, as they plunged their sun-burnt, shrivelled hands once more into the home pledge of their innocent boyhood's winter jubilee; recalling too, perhaps, the charms of some youthful fair-haired sweetheart, beloved in vain, saluted in those joyous days with the love-token of a snow-ball, as soft and pure as her own half-angry, half-laughing, blushing face.

When day dawned, I and my party clambered up from the ledgy precipice, and stood again on the mountain-top to witness the sun rise on the world, as if just emerging from chaotic confusion.

There is but a narrow strip of tableland along the summit of the ridge that constituted the scene of the operations, with the two profound valleys on the north and south. We may best describe the position occupied by ourselves and the enemy, by supposing the Jeytuck ridge to be the deck of some tremendous Titanic galley, firmly anchored amid the unsubsidised tumult of a new creation; our little army occupying the fore-castle of the gigantic bark; and the castellated peak of Jeytuck at the further end well represented the ancient style of high towering poop-stern, with its flagstaff, the citadel being the mural lantern, gleaming still with the watchfires of the night; while the white vapoury clouds, breaking along the mountain-sides below, and overspreading the subject valleys, looked like foam of a current parted by the vessel's prow, and gave an air of sublime reality to the simile. To complete the metaphorical description, we may suppose that the enormous war-vessel had been boarded by the English, who had established themselves on the fore-

castle, while the Goorka crew still held out on the elevated poop. On the intervening deck were seen our newly-finished batteries; a little beyond these the Hindoo temple before-mentioned, like the capstan of the monster man-of-war; and between it and the base of the last steep ascent to the castle, a stockade of the enemy, as an outwork to their aerial fortress. The snow-clad peaks of the everlasting Himalayas rose on the north like creation's palaces untrod, unsullied, holy, and serene, and already kindled with the mysterious radiance of the symbolic sun, delighting to gild with his earliest effulgent offering the divinest of nature's shrines.

Before our regiment joined the force on the mountain, some daring but unsuccessful attempts had been made from Nahn to take up positions on some of the lower fortified eminences around Jeytuck, but as the attacks could only be made, after a most toilsome climb, by file-marching, the overwhelming descent of the enemy, with everything in their favour, and accustomed through life to bound from crag to crag, and coming in masses against a line of single file, was irresistible. It was, therefore, now resolved to blockade and bombard first the outworks and then the castle; and for this purpose the present position had been taken up on the Jeytuck ridge, and howitzers, six-pounders, and mortars were now ordered up to occupy the completed batteries. Those pieces were placed on backs of elephants on the plains, and the noble, willing, and tractable animals were led on to the ascent. Their task was arduous and awful; the flinty path lacerated their unshod, fleshy feet; but what was most painful to witness was the consciousness of danger to their existence which they evinced, and the tact the poor creatures displayed to escape from annihilation. In passing upwards, the narrow traverse path often led along the brink of fearful precipices; the road was sufficiently strong for mountain ponies and small cattle, but likely to give way under the enormous pressure of heavy-laden elephants. The majestic animals, in scaling this mountain on those occasions, seemed quite aware of the insecure and perilous footing, and were seen leaning like a ship, with a gale on the beam, to the mountain-side, adverse to the profound abyss, and, when the danger seemed greater, twining their trunks around the rifted trees overhead, and thus dragging up their own huge bodies and ponderous loading, aiding their laborious progress, and relieving, in some degree, the pathway of the endangering pressure; but all, at times, would not do, and in a moment the mountain staircase gave way, and the elephants, deserving a better lot, with their warlike implements, were hurled to destruction into the gulf below.

It was what poor Haydon might have called "a giant's dream" to see those that escaped arriving on the aerial ridge. I shall never forget the appearance of the obedient, magnificent monster walking on to the battery platform, and, kneeling down, delivering in safety his ponderous piece of ordnance, then rising and standing up in colossal relief against the sky, and, as if conscious of the doughty deed he had done, and the danger he had escaped, tossing exultingly his curved trunk to the heavens, with elephantine egotism trumpeting his own triumph.

For the protection of the batteries in which the ordnance was now being placed, our regiment was ordered down to their location. The position was on a little mound that rose like a camel's hump above the more

level line, and when dotted over with our little hill-tents, looked at a distance like a huge sea-rock spotted over with limpet shell-fish. Our quarters were not the most agreeable in the world, for our tents stood within the range of a small field-piece of the enemy, as well as of their matchlocks fired from the stockade in front. We were, however, highly interested in waiting for the effect of our shells on the said outwork. The mortars and howitzers opened with excellent practice, but though the shells fell often in the small fortified cover-work, the Goorkas, however astonished they might be at this new and terrific mode of assault, considered it dishonourable to evacuate a post committed to their defence, and, whatever havoc might be wrought among them, they continued doggedly and determinedly to maintain their position. While the mountains were reverberating with these new startling explosions, and we were all looking eagerly on, a young officer, who had just joined the camp above, anxious to see the operations, entered the battery. A whisper ran through the group—"The son of Burns!" At the name, war, in all its exciting circumstances, passed away, while the peaceful, pastoral, and poetic banks of the Ayr and Doon, vocal with the lays of Scotia's chief in song, and home, with all its long-cherished associations, rushed upon the vision and thrilled the pining heart.

Seeing we made little of our attempt to shell out the obstinate Goorkas, it was now resolved to endeavour to bring up eighteen-pounders from the plains, and batter to pieces first the outworks and then the castle. As these great guns could not be brought on elephants' backs, a complete king's regiment was ordered to supply their place. A ship's cable was attached to each gun, and to each of these enormous traces a wing of the regiment was yoked. The pioneer corps went before, smashing to pieces the rocks to form a new, safer, and broader road. On, day after day, from morn to dewy eve, the monster guns were slowly dragged. It was truly grand to see them turning the corner of some lofty angle of the precipices, as they began to gain the upper heights; they seemed endued with instinct, and as if looking with grotesque earnestness for the prey they were to devour; they were quite in accordance with the savage scenery through which they toiled, like the dragons that had issued from some gloomy cave. The Gog and Magog couple at last stood, side by side in the grand battery; and at sunrise on the following morning the mountain-echoes far and wide prolonged the deep bellow of their rolling thunder. The stockade in front flew into fragments; piles of wood and stone were seen scattered in the air; yet so resolute were the Goorkas to the last, that we saw them returning, through the dust and ruin of their stockade, the fire of our great guns with their insignificant matchlocks. Having destroyed the outwork, the guns were advanced to play upon the castle; but, alas! after all the toil and trouble of bringing them there, it was found that the angle between them and the fortress was too great to admit of their being of any use; and nothing remained but to invest the place more closely, and to attain by patience and starvation what could not be gained by force.

The operations now became tiresomely monotonous and uninteresting, and we were glad of any incident that varied the lagging siege. Our regi-

ment was without a doctor. A young one who had left his native place in the north of Scotland enveloped in snow four months before, on his arrival in Calcutta was immediately packed off in a palanquin, and in the course of twenty days, instead of broiling under a tropical sun, and having his young English blood furnishing a welcome treat to the pampered mosquitoes of the presidency, he found himself again in the regions of ice and snow. He proved a character, but of a most provoking nature, for he seemed to have a perfect contempt for his own professional duties, his whole soul being bent on the destruction, instead of the restoration, of his fellow-creatures, and, in place of asking for the hospital, he was all anxiety to give his assistance in the slaughter-house. He was sitting, on his arrival, beside me, when the native doctor came to report the state of the sick, but as the one spoke Erse and the other Hindostanee, little light was thrown on the medical department by the conference. "What does the fellow say?" said young Esculapius, turning to me. I interpreted, but saw it was of little use in trying to interest him in such low and unworthy subjects as pills, purges, emetics, &c., for he, like Macbeth, looked upon medicine as fit only to be given to dogs. Instead of having any wish to diminish the sick list, all his desire was to increase it—to inflict instead of binding up their wounds. He seemed inflated with the fiery spirit of his brother, who had come out a year before, and who had highly distinguished himself in the present war. He had found a packet of letters from this brother awaiting his arrival in Calcutta, descriptive of the campaign. Taking these with him in the palanquin, while they relieved the long and lonely journey, they tended also as fuel to his martial ardour, and by the time he had reached the mountains he had but one aim—to emulate his brother in the field, and "gain a name in arms." It would have been well both for the medical and military professions had he come out, like his brother, in the shape of a lancer instead of a lancet. He strutted about on the mountain-top like a game-cock, pluming himself as one to whom fear was unknown, and plaguing every one with his red-hot longing to be at the scratch with the enemy.

The officers, not a little disgusted at this metamorphosed M.D., were glad of any opportunity of returning his martial fire with a fire of wit. On one occasion he exposed himself point blank within range of the bantering battery. Being, as I have formerly observed, within range of the enemy's fire in our camp, we had continually before us that sudden laughable movement of body called "bobbing." For the unwarlike reader we explain, that when a ball passes over one's head, that said one, if not under a shower of them in the excitement of battle, feels an irresistible obligation to make it a low salaam, and this constitutes bobbing. Now, the officers seeing that the indomitable pill-box was no exception to the servile respect paid by others to the unceremonious, unfriendly passing visiter, resolved to take advantage of it, in revenge for all the irritating, incessant bravado boasting with which he plagued us; so one day, while a group had drawn the fire of the enemy as usual, at the first whiz a general acknowledgement being made, one of the officers exclaimed, "What, doctor, do you bob?"

This was a most humiliating accusation, and one he had not courage to avow, so he boldly replied, "Never!"

"Oh, doctor—come, come—confess at once, and shame the devil, that you bobbed."

"Never!" again rejoined the compound of Mars and Mercury.

"I appeal to the others!"

"Oh, yes!" we all exclaimed; "there is no doubt but the doctor bobbed."

The fiery physician was now in a fix; he paused under a feeling of bitter annoyance, at such a blemish being attached to his high martial spirit; he stood for a moment at bay, but, like a skilful general in a sudden emergency, resolved to take up a new position, so, showing a bold front, he exclaimed, "Well, admitting that I did bob, I don't care, for I recollect that my brother, in one of his letters, describing his first campaign, said it was very strange, but he could not help bobbing, and I will never be ashamed to do whatever my brother does."

"Bravo!" said his accuser; "there is the mess-bugle—let us away and drink to the health of Doctor Bobbing!"

The most ludicrous instance of this system of bobbing took place in my own tent. I had to superintend a native court-martial. There was just room for five burly native officers to squeeze themselves into it, but when seated we were quite erect, and my old friend the subadar, mentioned in chapter first, sat again in all his wonted dignified bearing. The proceedings came to a close. I summed up, and then began at the president, "Well, subadar, what do you say?" Drawing himself up to his extreme consequential erectness, he began, with inflated importance, "I say"—Shot! and in a moment the president, lowering his crest, left the sentence unfinished, while bump together came all our sconces, bringing the collective wisdom of our brains into the closest conference. The fire was kept up; the sentence came out in sentences, accompanied ever and anon by a full-stop shot, that threatened to put a stop to the proceedings altogether by the punishment of death to both court and criminal.

Our little camp was so closely huddled together that our mess-tent almost touched that of the non-commissioned officers of artillery, and at meal hours the conversation in each mingled strangely together like a Dutch medley; but when the songs began in each after dinner, it became "confusion worse confounded." A tacit agreement was at last understood, and we sang by turns, which gave a pleasing variety to the evening concerts. We recognised among the voices of the neighbouring tent that of our own brave, bland, and independent European Serjeant-Major O'Brien. The artillerymen were desirous, as in the case of our doctor, of turning the laugh against him; so on the flying visit of a ball they exclaimed, "O'Brien bobs!" Very different was Pat's manner of receiving the taunt-shot to the apothecary's—"I did!" said Pat, exultingly, "I did—I always will; and if there is a braver man in the company, let him stand up!" This silenced the fire, amid a roar of laughter from both tents.

I was now ordered, with a party of sepoys, to occupy a small break in the side of the mountain, between the batteries and stockade. Here, when we sat down, we were quite secure from the fire of the enemy, but in jeopardy from that of our friends, for the bombs and shells hav-

ing to pass over our heads, and as these ticklish concerns sometimes fell short or exploded in their grating course, we had good reason to fear they might kick up a dust among us. Sometimes, after passing us, they fell short on the hill, and then came rolling back with their blazing fuzees towards our post, with rather unfriendly return. It turned out that, from sickness and one thing or another among the officers of the regiment, there was no relief for me next day as usual, and so I was left rolled up like a hedgehog for eight days in this cramped position. The general, seeing the inefficiency of the regiment from want of officers, ordered it down to occupy the city of Nahn on the first range. They seemed for the time to have forgotten me. The corps, with its commander and staff, walked away early in the morning, and left me in my predicament. At last, in the afternoon, I came into remembrance, and a field-officer came to my post to say that my regiment had been ordered to Nahn, and to follow it without delay. I was nothing loath to obey the order. These reliefs of posts were always made at night, to avoid bringing the fire of the enemy on the advance and retreat of the parties. This being done in open day, brought us immediately a parting compliment of matchlock balls.

As the sun was setting in all the grandeur of far-extending light and shade over the mountain world, I arrived at Nahn, and found that the post allotted to me was the vacant palace of the aboriginal prince of the province. The lower part was appropriated to the sepoy, while I occupied the magnificent suite of rooms above. I was sitting cramped, a few hours before, in the hill-side burrow; I now found myself traversing royal halls, looking out, through the grandly contrasting foreground of richly ornamented Moorish arcades, on all the stupendous savage but sublime mountain magnificence; the busy streets of the subject town; all the stern military operations changed into peaceful mercantile transactions; while from a Hindoo temple on a cliff under the palace balconies rose the soft sweet chant of a vesper hymn; and just as the sun sunk behind the mountains, the deep roll of the British drums and fifes from the adjoining encampment was succeeded by the favourite melancholy air, so often played at pensive parting day, "Lochaber no more." On the flat roof of a house in the street under the palace was pointed out to me a fine boy about ten years old. He was busied in collecting and playing with his tame pigeons, after the usual evening's amusement of directing their flight through the skies: it was the orphan son of the rajah who had been deposed by the Goorkas, and now under his tutorage, awaiting the fate of the war, that was either to restore his line and his race to the mountain-monarchy, or send him to the plains a pensioner on British benevolence. In either case he could not be less blessed with indifference, or so pleased and free from care than in his present ignorant and innocent state and occupation.

When night closed in, I ascended to the noble and spacious platform of the palace-roof, when ever and anon the gloomy scene was lighted up with fireworks worthy of the locality—ascending and exploding bombs and shells on the opposite Jeytuck range. There all ingloriously, but not undelightfully, I spent the remainder of the Jeytuck siege. The enemy were reduced to leaves and grass for food, when the surrender of Malqun, commanded by Umir Sing, to the celebrated Ochterlony, stipu-

lated also for that of Jeytuck, under his gallant and faithful son Runjore; and soon after I exchanged all the romance and magnificence of a mountain-land for the old dull routine of the tame and monotonous plains of Hindostan.

While we descend the mountain-side, ere we part with the courteous reader, let us redeem our half-given pledge of introducing him to our friend, Old Joe, whom we left astrand on the hill of difficulty, on our way up. He had nobly maintained, unscathed, his post. From the appearance of his capacious field-officer's tent, one would have concluded there would have been corresponding luxury within, but this was not the case; indeed, there would have been no use introducing the reader to the major in person, for he never kept more than one chair, and that was a broken-backed one. Joe was, in the strictest sense of the word, one of John Company's "hard bargains." He delighted as much in their pay as he detested their service. Totally ignorant of his duty, he had arrived at his majority with savings from that pay to the amount of £30,000! He vied with the celebrated Elwes, or even exceeded him, in the most systematic economy of miserism. His redeeming and only attraction was an avaricious literary appetite; he devoured every book in almost every language that he could lay his hand upon. His digestion was equal to his appetite; and these acquisitions were not lost to society, for he could give them forth for a due compensation with great tact, fluency, and judgment, to the delight and edification of the listeners. What his expected remuneration was we now unfold: be it known, therefore, that Joe's corporeal appetite was on a par with that of his mental. In his own house, his expenses amounted to about threepence daily—a little rice and pulse—and it was never increased by an invitation to others. Now, though the other officers never expected to be repaid in kind when they gave a dinner party, they would no more have thought of leaving out the crowning dish of spiced curry and rice than leaving out Joe, with his intellectual stores, as a splendid dessert to the banquet. Thus, though, as we said, he starved himself at home, it must not be supposed that Joe was a starved man. No; he had the reservoir quality of the camel, and lived on the effects of one feast till another came round, connecting the chain with the aforesaid links of rice and pulse. Joe felt himself such an established requisite at the feast that he could with impunity insult the hospitality he enjoyed, so uncourteous was he on those occasions to the "courteous host." Thus, when dinner was announced to the group with whom he was conversing in the drawing-room, Joe was in the habit of exclaiming, amidst the ravenous rapture of the call, "Come along—fools make feasts, and wise men eat them!" Seated at table, Joe was always seized with a most apropos deafness, and at any attempt at conversational interruption to his enthusiastic mastication, he turned his head to the speaker, raised his hand to his ear to supply the place of a trumpet, and then shouted out, "What do you say, sir?" in such a tone, and with such a look, as prevented all other colloquial assays at that stage of the banquet. Indeed, those who knew him best knew that the light of his song never came till the cloth was removed, and the circling wine allowed him the power to drink and discourse at the same time. And now came the guage that proved the depth to which Joe was to repay the favour he was enjoying,

for it was invariably observed that he paid according to the quality of the beverage. If it was general or field-officer's champagne, he did indeed keep the "table in a roar;" if a captain's claret, he was remarkably pleasant; but if a subaltern's port, he scarcely vouchsafed a joke during the whole of the evening.

To the Indian exiles, the arrival of home letters may be said to be the occasion of the brightest and purest joy: to Joe it was the direst and most detested occurrence in his existence. The demand of five or six shillings for letters almost drove him mad.

"Take it away!" vociferated the infuriated miser to the postman—"take it away! I don't want to hear from them!"

"Well, sir, but I must account to the postmaster for the amount."

"Tell the postmaster, sir, that wont do—'tis not his doing—it is those old craving cat aunts of mine trying to mew me into sending them charity; if they had waited patiently till my death, they might have got something, but the payment of that preposterous postage cancels all claims: then, sir, take that; and, oh, may I never see you at my door again while I am in existence!"

To such a pitch did Joe carry his parsimony, that the officers of the regiment, for *esprit de corps*, and ashamed of his ragged regimentals, used to supply him regularly with uniform becoming a British officer.

Towards the end of his service, just when he expected to escape to England without his military knowledge being called in question by the higher powers, his colonel was called away to a distant station by a court-martial, and at the same time the inspecting general's approach was announced. Nothing remained but for Joe to mount his Rosinante and take the field, to practise against the dreaded arrival. He, as might be expected, went on blundering and thundering at such a rate, against all established rules for military manœuvres, that the adjutant felt it his duty to ride up to him, and respectfully say that his mode of effecting a new position was quite contrary to Dundas. "Oh, Mr Adjutant, only let us get the thing done, and we wont dispute about the manner" was the reply.

The time of Joe's emancipation from the service of the Company having arrived, he prepared to depart with his booty for his native land. There was a story current in India, and immortalised since by Sir Walter Scott, of a retired officer who kept a drummer in his pay to awake him every morning with the call to march, that he might be able to exclaim, "Tell the general I wont march an inch." Joe took a different mode to increase the enjoyment of retirement: on being asked where he intended to settle, he replied, "Where the sound of a drum can never reach."

But we have again reached the foot of the mountains. We sincerely thank the reader for his company in the hills, and bid him tenderly farewell.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE—1850.

THIS journal is in part devoted to the advancement of science. The annual gathering, therefore, of the great scientific Institute, the British Association, is an event in which we are profoundly interested; and we congratulate our readers, that, at this early stage in our labours as journalists, we are able to present them with a paper on the nature, and objects, and working of the association, in every respect worthy of their consideration. The distinguished President, Sir David Brewster, has, in the most handsome manner, not only corrected his own most able and most eloquent address, which is here given entire; but he has also gone over in proof, the necessarily brief paragraphs, in which, with the assistance of several gentlemen thoroughly acquainted with science, we have embodied the most important matters that were brought before the different sections. We believe that a paper of this nature, brief but accurate, giving the pith and spirit of the proceedings, rather than a report of them, will suit both the time and the tastes of the larger portion of our readers; and those who wish to preserve an authentic copy of the address of the distinguished President, have it in our pages in the most convenient form.

The General Committee held its first meeting on Wednesday, 31st July, in the Royal Institution, Edinburgh, at one o'clock.—Dr Robinson of Armagh, the retiring President, presided. The Report, a highly interesting document, was read by Dr Forbes Boyle, and was unanimously adopted. John Taylor, Esq., read the Treasurer's Report, from which it appeared that the funds of the Association are in the most prosperous condition. Office-bearers for the various sections were appointed at this meeting. On the evening of the same day, the first general meeting of the members and associates was held in the Music Hall, which was filled with a fashionable and brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Several distinguished foreigners, and many gentlemen engaged in the various departments of science, from all parts of the United Kingdom, were present. Dr Robinson, in introducing the President-elect, Sir David Brewster, said:—There has been no period in the course of this Association, prosperous and successful as it has been from its origin, in which we have not been enlightened by his discoveries and aided by his counsel. There is not a department in that multifarious ~~store~~ with which we have employed ourselves, on which he has not, in the course of his investigations, thrown a brilliant light; and what I prize beyond all that he has achieved of distinction and of fame is, that in the whole of that career, which has been so brilliant, there has not been any stain or any cloud to obscure the moral purity, the religious veneration, the upright and conscientious spirit which, more than all knowledge, and more than all genius, is the noblest prerogative of man.

Sir David was enthusiastically received by the most brilliant and intellectual audience that were ever assembled, perhaps, in the city of Edinburgh. He then delivered the following address, which was listened to throughout with the most profound attention:—

The kind and flattering expressions with which Dr Robinson has been pleased to introduce me to this chair, and to characterise my scientific labours, however coloured they are by the warmth of friendship, cannot but be gratifying even at an age when praise ceases to administer to vanity or to stimulate to ambition. The appreciation of intellectual labour by those who have laboured intellectually, if not its highest, is at least one of its high rewards. When I consider the mental power of my distinguished friend, the value of his original researches, the vast extent of his acquirements, and the eloquence which has so often instructed and delighted us at our annual reunions, I feel how unfit I am to occupy his place; and how little I am qualified to discharge many of those duties which are incident to the chair of this Association. It is some satisfaction, however, that you are all aware of the extent of my incapacity, and that you have been pleased to accept of that which I can both promise and perform—to occupy any post of labour, either at the impelling or the working arm of this gigantic lever of science.

On the return of the British Association to the metropolis of Scotland, I am naturally reminded of the small band of pilgrims who, in 1831, carried the seeds of this Institution into the more genial soil of our sister land—of the zeal and talent with which it was fostered and organised by the Philosophical Society of York—of the

hospitality which it enjoyed from the Primate of England—of the invaluable aid which it received from the universities and scientific societies of the south—and of the ardent support with which it was honoured by some of the most accomplished of our nobility. From its cradle at York, the infant Association was ushered into the gorgeous halls of Oxford and Cambridge—the seats of ancient wisdom, and the foci of modern science. University honours were liberally extended to its more active members; and, thus decorated, our Institution was eagerly welcomed into the rich marts of our commerce, and into the active localities of our manufacturing industry. Europe and America speedily recognised the importance of our rising Association, and deputies from every civilised nation hastened to our annual congress, assisted at our sectional meetings, and have even contributed to our Transactions valuable reports on different branches of science.

It may be interesting to those who are here for the first time to learn the names of some of those distinguished individuals by whose exertions and talents this Association has attained its present magnitude and position; and I feel as if it were peculiarly my duty to do honour to their zeal and their labours. Sir John Robison, Professor Johnston, and Professor J. D. Forbes, were the earliest friends and promoters of the British Association. They went to York to assist in its establishment, and they found there the very men who were qualified to foster and organise it. The Rev. Mr Vernon Harcourt, whose name cannot be mentioned here without the expression of our admiration and gratitude, had provided laws for its government, and, along with Mr Phillips, the oldest and most valuable of our office-bearers, had made all those arrangements by which its success was ensured. Headed by Sir Roderick Murchison, one of the very earliest and most active advocates of the Association, there assembled at York about 200 of the friends of science. Dalton, Pritchard, Greenough, Scoresby, William Smith, Sir Thomas Brisbane, Dr Daubeny, Dr Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Professor Potter, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Lord Morpeth, took an active part in its proceedings; and so great was the interest which these excited, that Dr Daubeny ventured to invite the Association to hold its second meeting at Oxford. Here it received the valuable co-operation of Dr Buckland, Professor Powell, and the other distinguished men who adorn that seat of literature and science. Cambridge sent us her constellation of philosophers—bright with stars of the first magnitude—Whewell, Peacock, Sedgwick, Airy, Herschel, Babbage, Lubbock, Challis, Kelland, and Hopkins; while the metropolitan institutions were represented by Colonel Sabine—one of our General Secretaries, Mr Taylor, our Treasurer, Sir Charles Lyell, Colonel Sykes, Mr Brown, Mr Faraday, Professors Owen and Wheatstone, Dr Mantell, Lord Northampton, Lord Wrottesley, Sir Philip Egerton, and Sir Charles Lemon. From Ireland we received the distinguished aid of Lord Rosse, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Adair,* Dr Robinson, Dr Lloyd, Sir William Hamilton, and Professor Macculagh; and men of immortal names were attracted from the continents of Europe and America—Arago, Bessel, Struve, Liebig, Jacob, Le Verrier, Eucke, Erman, Kupffer, Ehrenberg, Matteucci, Rogers, Bache, and Agassiz. The younger members of the Association, to whom we owe much, and from whom we expect more, will excuse me for not making an individual reference to their labours. Their day of honour will come when our brief pilgrimage has closed. To them we bequeath a matured institution, and we trust that they will leave it to a succeeding race with all the life which it now breathes, and with all the glory which now surrounds it.

It has been the custom of some of my predecessors in this chair to give a brief account of the progress of the sciences during the preceding year; but, however interesting might be such a narrative, it would be beyond the power of any individual to do justice to so extensive a theme, even if your time would permit, and your patience endure it. I shall make no apology, however, for calling your attention to a few of those topics, within my own narrow sphere of study, which, from their prominence and general interest, may be entitled to your attention.

I begin with astronomy, a study which has made great progress under the patronage of this Association; a subject, too, possessing a charm above all other subjects, and more connected than any with the deepest interests—past, present, and to come—of every rational being. It is upon a planet that we live and breathe. Its surface is the arena of our contentions, our pleasures, and our sorrows. It is to obtain a portion of its alluvial crust that man wastes the flower of his days, and prostrates the

* Now the Earl of Dunraven.

energies of his mind, and risks the happiness of his soul; and it is over, or beneath, its verdant turf that his ashes are to be scattered, or his bones to be laid. It is from the interior, too—from the inner life of the earth, that man derives the materials of civilisation—his coal, his iron, and his gold. And deeper still, as geologists have proved—and none with more power than the geologists around me—we find in the bosom of the earth, written on blocks of marble, the history of primeval times, of worlds of life created, and worlds of life destroyed. We find there, in hieroglyphics as intelligible as those which Major Rawlinson has deciphered on the slabs of Nineveh, the remains of forests which waved in luxuriance over its plains—the very bones of huge reptiles that took shelter under their foliage, and of gigantic quadrupeds that trod uncontrolled its plains—the lawgivers and the executioners of that mysterious community with which it pleased the Almighty to people his infant world. But though man is but a recent occupant of the earth—an upstart in the vast chronology of animal life—his interest in the paradise so carefully prepared for him is not the less exciting and profound. For him it was made: He was to be the lord of the new creation, and to him it especially belongs to investigate the wonders it displays, and to learn the lesson which it reads.

But, while our interests are thus closely connected with the surface and the interior of the earth, interests of a higher kind are associated with it as a body of the system to which we belong. The object of geology is to unfold the history and explain the structure of a planet; and that history and that structure may, within certain limits, be the history and the structure of all the other planets of the system—perhaps of all the other planets of the universe. The laws of matter must be the same wherever matter is found. The heat which warms our globe radiates upon the most distant of the planets; and the light which twinkles in the remotest star, is, in its physical, and, doubtless, in its chemical properties, the same that cheers and enlivens our own system; and if men of ordinary capacity possessed that knowledge which is within their reach, and had that faith in science which its truths inspire, they could see in every planet around them, and in every star above them, the home of immortal natures—of beings that suffer and of beings that rejoice—of souls that are saved, and of souls that are lost.

Geology is therefore the first chapter of astronomy. It describes that portion of the solar system which is nearest and dearest to us—the cosmopolitan observatory, so to speak, from which the astronomer is to survey the sidereal universe, where revolving worlds, and systems of worlds, summon him to investigate and adore. There, too, he obtains the great base line of the earth's radius to measure the distances and magnitudes of the starry host, and thus to penetrate by the force of reason into those infinitely distant regions where the imagination dare not venture to follow him. But astronomy, though thus sprung from the earth, seeks and finds, like Astræa, a more congenial sphere above. Whatever cheers and enlivens our terrestrial paradise is derived from the orb around us. Without the light and the heat of our sun, and without the uniform movements of our system, we should have neither climates nor seasons. Darkness would blind, and famine destroy everything that lives. Without influences from above, our ships would drift upon the ocean, the sport of wind and wave, and would have less certainty of reaching their destination than balloons floating in the air, and subject to the caprice of the elements.

But, while a knowledge of astronomy is essential to the very existence of social life, it is instinct with moral influences of the highest order. In the study of our own globe, we learn that it has been rent and upheaved by tremendous forces—here sinking into ocean depths, and there rising into gigantic elevations. Even now, geologists are measuring the rise and fall of its elastic crust; and men who have no faith in science often learn her great truths to their cost, when they see the liquid fire rushing upon them from the volcano, or stand above the yawning crevice in which the earthquake threatens to overwhelm them. Who can say that there is a limit to agents like these? Who could dare to assert that they may not concentrate their yet divided energies, and rend in pieces the planet which imprisons them? Within the bounds of our own system, and in the vicinity of our own Earth, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, there is a wide space which, according to the law of planetary distances, ought to contain a planet. Kepler predicted that a planet would be found there—and, strange to say, the astronomers of our own times discovered at the beginning of the present century four small planets—Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta—occupying the very place in our system where the anticipated planet ought to have been found. Ceres, the first of these, was discovered by Piazzi, at Palermo, in 1801;

Pallas, the second of them, by Dr Olbers, of Bremen, in 1802; Juno, the third, by Mr Harding, in 1804; and Vesta, the fourth, by Dr Olbers, in 1807. After the discovery of the third, Dr Olbers suggested the idea that they were the fragments of a planet that had been burst in pieces; and, considering that they must all have diverged from one point in the original orbit, and ought to return to the opposite point, he examined those parts of the heavens, and thus discovered the planet Vesta.

But though this principle had been long in the possession of astronomers—nearly forty years elapsed before any other planetary fragment was discovered. At last, in 1845, Mr Hencke, of Driesen, in Prussia, discovered the fragment called *Astræa*, and 1847 another called *Hebe*. In the same year our countryman, Mr Hind, discovered other two, *Iris* and *Flora*. In 1848 Mr Graham, an Irish astronomer, discovered a ninth fragment called *Metis*. In 1849 Mr Gasparis of Naples discovered another, which he calls *Hygeia*; and, within the last two months, the same astronomer has discovered the eleventh fragment, to which he has given the name of *Parthenope*.* If these eleven small planets are really, as they doubtless are, the remains of a larger one, the size of the original planet must have been considerable. What its size was would seem to be a problem beyond the grasp of reason. But human genius has been permitted to triumph over greater difficulties. The planet Neptune was discovered by Adams and Leverrier, before a ray of its light had entered the human eye; and, by a law of the solar system recently announced to the world, we can determine the original magnitude of the broken planet long after it has been shivered into fragments; and we might have determined it even after a single fragment had proved its existence. This law we owe to Mr Daniel Kirkwood of Pottsville, a humble American, who, like the illustrious Kepler, struggled to find something new among the arithmetical relations of the planetary elements. Between every two adjacent planets there is a point where their attractions are equal. If we call the distance of this point from the sun the radius of a planet's sphere of attraction, then, Mr Kirkwood's law is, that in every planet the square of the length of its year, reckoned in days, varies as the cube of the radius of its sphere of attraction. This law has been verified by more than one American astronomer; and there can be no doubt, as one of them expresses it, that it is at least a physical fact in the mechanism of our system. This law requires, like that of Bode, the existence of a planet between Mars and Jupiter, and it follows from the law that the broken planet must have been a little larger than Mars, or about 5000 miles in diameter, and that the length of its day must have been about 57½ hours. The American astronomers regard this law as amounting to a demonstration of the nebular hypothesis of Laplace; but we venture to say that this opinion will not be adopted by the astronomers of England.

Among the more recent discoveries within the bounds of our own system, I cannot omit to mention those of our distinguished countryman, Mr Lassell of Liverpool. By means of a fine twenty feet reflector, constructed by himself, he detected the only satellite of Neptune which has yet been discovered, and more recently an eighth satellite circulating round Saturn—a discovery which was made on the very same day, by Mr Bond, Director of the Observatory of Cambridge, in the United States. Mr Lassell has still more recently, and under a singularly favourable state of the atmosphere, examined the very minute, but extremely black, shadow of the ring of Saturn upon the body of the planet. He observed the line of shadow to be notched, as it were, and almost broken up into a line of dots, thus indicating mountains upon the plane of the ring—mountains, doubtless, raised by the same internal forces, and answering the same ends, as those of our own globe.

In passing from our solar system to the frontier of the sidereal universe around us, we traverse a gulf of inconceivable extent. If we represent the radius of the solar system, or of Neptune's orbit (which is 2900 millions of miles), by a line two miles

* Ceres,	1801, Jan. 1,	Piazzi.	Iris,	1847, August 13,	Hind.
Pallas,	1802, March 28,	Olbers.	Flora,	1847, Oct. 18,	Hind.
Juno,	1804, Sept. 1,	Harding.	Metis,	1848, April 25,	Graham.
Vesta,	1807, March 29,	Olbers.	Hygeia,	1849, April 12,	Gasparis.
Astræa,	1845, Dec. 8,	Hencke.	Parthenope,	1850, May 11,	Gasparis.
Hebe,	1847, July 1,	Hencke.			

It is remarkable that *eight* of these eleven planets were discovered by astronomers, each of whom discovered *two*.

long, the interval between our system, or the orbit of Neptune, and the nearest fixed star, will be greater than the whole circumference of our globe—or equal to a length of 27,600 miles. The parallax of the nearest fixed star being supposed to be one second, its distance from the sun will be nearly 412,370 times the radius of the Earth's orbit, or 13,716 times that of Neptune, which is 30 times as far from the Sun as the Earth. And yet to that distant zone has the genius of man traced the Creator's arm working the wonders of his power, and diffusing the gifts of his love—the heat and the light of suns—the necessary elements of physical and intellectual life.

It is by means of the gigantic telescope of Lord Rosse that we have become acquainted with the form and character of those great assemblages of stars which compose the sidereal universe. Drawings and descriptions of the more remarkable of these nebulae, as resolved by this noble instrument, were communicated by Dr Robinson to the last meeting of the Association, and it is with peculiar satisfaction that I am able to state that many important discoveries have been made by Lord Rosse and his assistant, Mr Stoney, during the last year. In many of the nebulae, the peculiarities of structure are very remarkable, and, as Lord Rosse observes, “seem even to indicate the presence of dynamical laws almost within our grasp.” The spiral arrangement so strongly developed in some of the nebulae, is traceable more or less distinctly in many; but, “more frequently,” to use Lord Rosse's own words, “there is a nearer approach to a kind of irregular, interrupted, annular disposition of the luminous material, than to the regularity observed in others;” but his lordship is of opinion that these nebulae are systems of a very similar nature, seen more or less perfectly, and variously placed with reference to the line of sight. In re-examining the more remarkable of these objects, Lord Rosse intends to view them with the full light of his six feet speculum, undiminished by the second reflection of the small mirror. By thus adopting what is called the *front view*, he will doubtless, as he himself expects, discover many new features in these interesting objects.

It is to the influence of Lord Rosse's example that we are indebted for the fine reflecting telescope of Mr Lassell, of which I have already spoken; and it is to it, also, that we owe another telescope, which, though yet unknown to science, I am bound in this place especially to notice. I allude to the reflector recently constructed by Mr James Nasmyth, a native of Edinburgh, already distinguished by his mechanical inventions and his observations on the moon's surface, and one of a family well known to us all, and occupying a high place among the artists of Scotland. This instrument has its great speculum twenty feet in focal length, and twenty inches in diameter; but it differs from all other telescopes in the remarkable facility with which it can be used. Its tube moves vertically upon hollow trunnions, through which the astronomer, seated in a little observatory, with only a horizontal motion, can view at his ease every part of the heavens. Hitherto, the astronomer has been obliged to seat himself at the upper end of his Newtonian telescope; and, if no other observer will acknowledge the awkwardness and insecurity of his position, I can myself vouch for its danger, having fallen from the very top of Mr Ramage's twenty feet telescope, when it was directed to a point not very far from the zenith.

Though but slightly connected with astronomy, I cannot omit calling your attention to the great improvements—I may call them discoveries—which have been recently made in *Photography*. I need not inform this meeting that the art of taking photographic negative pictures upon paper was the invention of Mr Fox Talbot, a distinguished member of this Association. The superiority of the Talbotype to the Daguerreotype is well known. In the latter, the pictures are reverted and incapable of being multiplied, while in the Talbotype there is no reversion, and a single negative will supply a thousand copies, so that books may now be illustrated with pictures drawn by the sun. The difficulty of procuring good paper for the negative is so great, that a better material has been eagerly sought for, and M. Niepce, an accomplished officer in the French service, has successfully substituted for paper a film of albumen, or the white of an egg, spread upon glass. This new process has been brought to such perfection in this city by Messrs Ross & Thomson, that Talbotypes taken by them, and lately exhibited by myself to the National Institute of France, and to M. Niepce, were universally regarded as the finest that had yet been executed. Another process, in which gelatine is substituted for albumen, has been invented and successfully practised by M. Poitevin, a French officer of engineers, and by an ingenious method which has been minutely described in the weekly proceedings of the Institute of France, Mr Edmund Becquerel has succeeded in transferring to a Daguerreotype plate the prismatic spectrum, with all its brilliant colours, and also, though in an in-

ferior degree, the colours of the landscape. These colours, however, are very fugacious; still, though no method of fixing them has yet been discovered, we cannot doubt that the difficulty will be surmounted, and that we shall yet see all the colours of the natural world transferred by their own rays to surfaces both of silver and paper.

But the most important fact in photography which I have now to mention, is the singular acceleration of the process discovered by M. Niepce, which enables him to take the picture of a landscape illuminated by diffused light, in a single second, or at most in two seconds. By this process, he obtained a picture of the sun on albumen so instantaneously, as to confirm the remarkable discovery, previously made by M. Arago by means of a silver plate, that the rays which proceed from the central parts of the sun's disc have a higher photogenic action than those which issue from its margin. This interesting discovery of M. Arago is one of a series on photometry which that distinguished philosopher is now occupied in publishing. Threatened with a calamity which the civilized world will deplore—the loss of that sight which has detected so many brilliant phenomena, and penetrated so deeply the mysteries of the material world—he is now completing, with the aid of other eyes than his own, those splendid researches which will immortalise his own name and add to the scientific glory of his country.

From these brief notices of the progress of science, I must now call your attention to two important objects with which the British Association has been occupied since its last meeting. It has been long known, both from theory and in practice, that the imperfect transparency of the earth's atmosphere, and the unequal refraction which arises from differences of temperature, combine to set a limit to the use of high magnifying powers in our telescopes. Hitherto, however, the application of such high powers was checked by the imperfections of the instruments themselves; and it is only since the construction of Lord Rosse's telescope that astronomers have found that, in our damp and variable climate, it is but during a few days of the year that telescopes of such magnitude can give sufficiently distinct vision with the high magnifying powers which they are capable of bearing. Even in a cloudless sky, when the stars are sparkling in the firmament, the astronomer is baffled by influences which are invisible; and while new planets and new satellites are being discovered by instruments comparatively small, the gigantic Polyphemus lies slumbering in his cave, blinded by thermal currents, more irresistible than the firebrand of Ulysses.

As the astronomer, however, cannot command a tempest to clear his atmosphere, nor a thunderstorm to purify it, his only alternative is to remove his telescope to some southern climate, where no clouds disturb the serenity of the firmament, and no changes of temperature distract the emanations of the stars. A fact has been recently mentioned, which entitles us to anticipate great results from such a measure. The Marquis of Ormonde is said to have seen from Mount Etna, with his naked eye, the satellites of Jupiter. If this be true, what discoveries may we not expect, even in Europe, from a fine telescope working above the grosser strata of our atmosphere! This noble experiment of carrying a large reflector to a southern climate has been but once made in the history of science. Sir John Herschel transported his telescopes and his family to the south of Africa, and during a voluntary exile of four years' duration he enriched astronomy with many splendid discoveries. Such a sacrifice, however, is not likely to be made again; and we must therefore look to the aid of Government for the realisation of a project which every civilised people will applaud, and which, by adding to the conquests of science, will add to the glory of our country. At the Birmingham meeting of the Association, its attention was called to this subject; and, being convinced that great advantages would accrue to science from the active use of a large reflecting telescope in the southern hemisphere, it was resolved to petition Government for a grant of money for that purpose. The Royal Society readily agreed to second this application; and, as no request from the British Association has ever been refused, whatever Government was in power, we have every reason to expect a favourable answer to an able memorial from the pen of Dr Robinson, which has just been submitted to the minister.

A recent and noble act of liberality to science on the part of the Government, justifies this expectation. It is, I believe, not yet generally known that Lord John Russell has granted £1000 a-year to the Royal Society for promoting scientific objects. The Council of that distinguished body has been very solicitous to make this grant effective in promoting scientific objects; and I am persuaded that the measures they have adopted are well fitted to justify the liberality of the Government. One

of the most important of these has been to place £100 at the disposal of the Committee of the Kew Observatory. This establishment, which has for several years been supported by the British Association, was given to us by the Government as a depository for our books and instruments, and as a locality well fitted for carrying on electrical, magnetical, and meteorological observations. During the last six years, the Observatory has been under the honorary superintendence of Mr Ronalds, who is well known to the scientific world for his ingenious photographic methods of constructing self-registering magnetical and meteorological apparatus. On the joint application of the Marquis of Northampton and Sir John Herschel, as members of the Association, her Majesty's Government have granted to Mr Ronalds a pecuniary recompense of £250 for these inventions; and I am glad to be able to state, that Mr Brooke has also received from them a suitable reward for inventions of a similar kind.

Under the fostering care of the British Association, the most valuable electrical observations have been made at Kew, and Mr Ronalds has continued, from year to year, to make those improvements upon his apparatus which experience never fails to suggest; but I regret to say, that, in consequence of our diminished resources, the Association, at its meeting in 1848, came to the resolution of discontinuing the observations at Kew—appropriating, at the same time, an adequate sum for completing those which were in progress, and for reducing and discussing the five years' electrical observations which had been published in our annual reports. I trust, however, that means will yet be found to maintain the Observatory in full activity, and to carry out the original objects contemplated by the Committee. Having had an opportunity of visiting this establishment a few weeks ago, after having inspected two of the best conducted observatories on the Continent where the same class of observations is made, I have no hesitation in speaking in the highest terms of the value of Mr Ronalds' labours, and in recommending the institution which he so liberally superintends to the continued protection of the Association, and to the continued liberality of the Royal Society.

From the facts which I have already mentioned, and from many others to which I might have referred, the members of the Association will observe, with no common pleasure, that the Government of this country has, during the last twenty years, been extending its patronage of science and the arts. That this change was effected by the interference of the British Association, and by the writings and personal exertions of its members, could, were it necessary, be easily proved. But though men of all shades of political feeling have applauded the growing wisdom and liberality of the state, and though various individuals are entitled to share in the applause, yet there is one statesman, alas! too early and too painfully torn from the affections of his country, whom the science of England must ever regard as its warmest friend and its greatest benefactor. To him we owe new institutions for advancing science, and new colleges for extending education; and had Providence permitted him to follow out, in the serene evening of life, and in the maturity of his powerful intellect, the views which he had cherished amid the distractions of political strife, he would have rivalled the Colbert of another age, and would have completed that systematic organisation of science, and literature, and art, which has been the pride and the glory of another land. These are not the words of idle eulogy, or the expressions of a groundless expectation. Sir Robert Peel had entertained the idea of attaching to the Royal Society a number of active members, who should devote themselves wholly to scientific pursuits; and I had the satisfaction of communicating to him, through a mutual friend, the remarkable fact, that I had found among the MSS. of Sir Isaac Newton a written scheme of improving the Royal Society, precisely similar to that which he contemplated. Had this idea been realised, it would have been but the first instalment of a debt long due to science and the nation; and it would have fallen to the lot of some more fortunate statesman to achieve a glorious name by its complete discharge.

It has always been one of the leading objects of the British Association, and it is now the only one of them which has not been wholly accomplished, "to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science, and a removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress." Although this object is not very definitely expressed, yet Mr Harcourt, in moving its adoption, included under it the revision of the law of patents, and the direct national encouragement of science, two subjects to which I shall briefly direct your attention.

In 1831, when the Association commenced its labours, the patent laws were a blot

on the legislation of Great Britain; and, though some of their more obnoxious provisions have since that time been modified or removed, they are a blot still, less deep in its dye, but equally a stain upon the character of the nation. The protection which is given by statute to every other property in literature and the fine arts, is not accorded to property in scientific inventions and discoveries. A man of genius completes an invention, and, after incurring great expense, and spending years of anxiety and labour, he is ready to give the benefit of it to the public. Perhaps it is an invention to save life—the life-boat;—to shorten space and lengthen time—the railway;—to guide the commerce of the world through the trackless ocean—the mariner's compass;—to extend the industry, increase the power, and fill the coffers of the state—the steam-engine;—to civilise our species, to raise it from the depths of ignorance and crime to knowledge and to virtue—the printing-press. But, whatever it may be, a grateful country has granted to the inventor the sole benefit of its use for fourteen years. That which the statute freely gives, however, law and custom as freely take away, or render void. Fees, varying from £200 to £500, are demanded from the inventor; and the gift thus so highly estimated by the giver, bears the great seal of England. The inventor must now describe his invention with legal precision. If he errs in the slightest point—if his description is not sufficiently intelligible—if the smallest portion of his invention has been used before—or if he has incautiously allowed his secret to be made known to two, or even to one individual—his patent will be invaded by remorseless pirates, who are ever on the watch for insecure inventions, and he will be driven into a court of law, where an adverse decision will be the ruin of his family and his fortunes. Impoverished by official exactions, or ruined by legal costs, the hapless inventor, if he escapes the asylum or the workhouse, is obliged to seek, in some foreign land, the just reward of his industry and genius. Should a patent escape unscathed from the fiery ordeal through which it has to pass, it often happens that the patentee has not been remunerated during the fourteen years of his term. In this case, the state is willing to extend his right for five or seven years more; but he can obtain this extension only by the expensive and uncertain process of an act of Parliament—a boon which is seldom asked, and which, through rival influence, has often been withheld.

Such was the patent law twenty years ago; but since that time it has received some important ameliorations; and though the British Association did not interfere as a body, yet some of its members applied energetically on the subject to some of the more influential individuals in Lord Grey's Government, and the result of this was, two acts of Parliament, passed in 1835 and 1839, entitled "Acts for Amending the Law touching Letters Patent for Inventions." Without referring to another important act for registering designs, which had the effect of withdrawing from the grasp of the patent laws a great number of useful inventions, depending principally on form, I shall notice only the valuable provisions of the two acts above mentioned—acts which we owe solely to the wisdom of Lord Brougham. By the first of these acts, the patentee is permitted to disclaim any part either of the title of his invention or of the specification of it, or to make any alteration on the title or specification. The same act gives the Privy Council the power of confirming any patent, or of granting a new one, when a patent had been taken out for an invention which the patentee believed to be new, but which was found to have been known before, though not publicly and generally used. By the same act, too, the power of extending letters patent was taken from Parliament and given to the Privy Council, who have, on different occasions, exercised it with judgment and discrimination. By the second act, of 1839, this last privilege was made more attainable by the patentee. These are doubtless valuable improvements which inventors will gratefully remember; but till the enormous fees, which are still exacted, are either partly or wholly abolished, and a real privilege given under the great seal, the genius of this country will never be able to compete with that of foreign lands, where patents are cheaply obtained and better protected. In proof of the justice of these views, it is gratifying to notice that, within these few days, it has been announced in Parliament that the new Attorney-General has accepted his office on the express condition that the large fees which he derives from patents shall be subject to revision.

The other object contemplated by the British Association—the organisation of science as a national institution—is one of a higher order, and not limited to individual, or even to English, interests. It concerns the civilised world:—Not confined to time, it concerns eternity. While the tongue of the Almighty, as Kepler expresses it, is speaking to us in his Word, his finger is writing to us in his works; and to ac-

quire a knowledge of these works is an essential portion of the great duty of man. Truth secular cannot be separated from truth divine; and if a priesthood has in all ages been ordained to teach and exemplify the one, and to maintain, in ages of darkness and corruption, the vestal fire upon the sacred altar, shall not an intellectual priesthood be organised to develop the glorious truths which time and space embosom—to cast the glance of reason into the dark interior of our globe, teeming with what was once life—to make the dull eye of man sensitive to the planet which twinkles from afar, as well as to the luminary which shines from above—and to incorporate with our inner life those wonders of the external world which appeal with equal power to the affections and to the reason of immortal natures. If the God of Love is most appropriately worshipped in the Christian Temple, the God of Nature may be equally honoured in the Temple of science. Even from its lofty minarets the philosopher may summon the faithful to prayer; and the priest and the sage may exchange altars without the compromise of faith or of knowledge.

Influenced, no doubt, by views like these, Mr Harcourt has cited, in support of this object of the Association, the opinion of a philosopher, whose memory is dear to Scotland, and whose judgment on any great question will be everywhere received with respect and attention;—I refer to Professor Playfair, the distinguished successor, in our Metropolitan University, of the Gregorys, the Maclaurins, and the Stewarts of former days, who, in his able dissertation “On the Progress of the Mathematical and Physical Sciences,” thus speaks of the National Institute of France:—

“This institution has been of considerable advantage to science. To detach a number of ingenious men from everything but scientific pursuits—to deliver them alike from the embarrassments of poverty or the temptations of wealth—to give them a place and station in society the most respectable and independent—is to remove every impediment, and to add every stimulus to exertion. To this institution, accordingly, operating upon a people of great genius and indefatigable activity of mind, we are to ascribe that superiority in the mathematical sciences which, in the last seventy years, has been so conspicuous.”*

This just eulogy on the National Institute of France, in reference to abstract mathematics, may be safely extended to every branch of theoretical and practical science; and I have no hesitation in saying, after having recently seen the Academy of Sciences at its weekly labours, that it is the noblest and most effective institution that ever was organised for the promotion of science. Owing to the prevalence of scientific knowledge, among all classes of the French population, and to their admirable system of elementary instruction, the advancement of science, the diffusion of knowledge, and the extension of education, are objects dear to every class of the people. The soldier as well as the citizen—the Socialist, the Republican, the Royalist—all look up to the National Institute as a mighty obelisk erected to science, to be respected, and loved, and defended by all. We have seen it standing, unshaken and active, amid all the revolutions and convulsions which have so long agitated that noble but distracted country—a common centre of affection, to which antagonist opinions, and rival interests, and dissevered hearts, have peacefully converged. It thus becomes an institution of order, calculated to send back to its contending friends a message of union and peace, and to replace in stable equilibrium the tottering institutions of the state.

It was, doubtless, with views like these that the great Colbert established the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and that the powerful and sagacious monarchs on the Continent of Europe have imitated his example. They have established in their respective capitals similar institutions—they have sustained them with liberal endowments—they have conferred rank and honours on their more eminent members; and there are now in this assembly distinguished foreigners who have well earned the rewards and distinctions they have received. It is, therefore, gentlemen, no extravagant opinion, that institutions which have thus thriven in other countries should thrive in ours—that insulated societies, which elsewhere flourish in combination, should, when combined, flourish among us—and that men, ordained by the state to the undivided functions of science, should do more and better work than those who snatch an hour or two from their daily toil, or from their nightly rest.

In a great nation like ours, where the higher interests and objects of the state are necessarily organised, it is a singular anomaly that the intellectual interests of the country should, in a great measure, be left to voluntary support and individual zeal

* Encyclopædia Britannica, Diss. 3d, sec. 5, p. 500.

—an anomaly that could have arisen only from the ignorance or supineness of ever-changing administrations, and from the intelligence and liberality of a commercial people—an anomaly, too, that could have been continued only by the excellence of the institutions they had founded. In the history of no civilised people can we find private establishments so generously fostered, so energetically conducted, and so successful in their objects, as the Royal Societies of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and the Astronomical, Geological, Zoological, and Linnæan Societies of the metropolis. They are institutions that do honour to the nation, and they will ever be gratefully remembered in the history of science. But they are nevertheless defective in their constitution, limited in their operation, and incapable, from their very nature, of developing, and directing, and rewarding the indigenous talent of the country. They are simply subscription societies, which pay for the publication of their own transactions, and adjudicate medals entrusted to them by the beneficence of others. They are not bound to the exercise of any other function, and they are under no obligation to do the scientific work of the state, or to promote any of those national objects which are entrusted to the organised institutions of other lands. Their president and council are necessarily resident in London; and the talent and genius of the provinces are excluded from their administration. From this remark we must except the distinguished philosophers of Cambridge and Oxford, who, from their proximity to the capital, have been the brightest ornaments of our metropolitan institutions, and without whose aid they never could have attained their present pre-eminence.

It is, therefore, in the more remote parts of the empire that the influence of a national institution would be more immediately felt, and nowhere more powerfully than in this its northern portion. Our English friends are, we believe, little aware of the obstructions which oppose the progress of science in Scotland. In our five universities, there is not a single fellowship to stimulate the genius and rouse the ambition of the student. The church, the law, and the medical profession hold out no rewards to the cultivators of mathematical and physical science; and were a youthful Newton or Laplace to issue from any of our universities, his best friends would advise him to renounce the divine gift, and to seek in professional toil the well-earned competency which can alone secure him a just position in the social scale, and an enviable felicity in the domestic circle. Did this truth require any evidence in its support, we find it in the notorious fact, that our colleges cannot furnish professors to fill their own important offices; and the time is not distant when all our chairs in mathematics, natural philosophy, and even natural history, will be occupied by professors educated in the English universities. But were a Royal Academy or Institute, like that of France, established on the basis of our existing institutions, and a class of resident members enabled to devote themselves wholly to science, the youth of Scotland would instantly start for the prize, and would speedily achieve their full share in the liberality of the State. Our universities would then breathe a more vital air. Our science would put forth new energies, and our literature might rise to the high level at which it stands in our sister land.

But it is to the nation that the greatest advantages would accrue. With gigantic manufacturing establishments, depending for their perfection and success on mechanics and chemistry—with a royal and commercial marine almost covering the ocean—with steamships on every sea—with a system of agriculture leaning upon science as its mainstay—with a net-work of railways, demanding for their improvement, and for the safety of the traveller, and for the remuneration of their public-spirited projectors, the highest efforts of mechanical skill—the time has now arrived for summoning to the service of the State all the theoretical and practical wisdom of the country—for rousing what is dormant, combining what is insulated, and uniting in one great institution the living talent which is in active but undirected and unbenefitted exercise around us.

In thus pleading for the most important of the objects of the British Association, I feel that I am not pleading for a cause that is hopeless. The change has not only commenced, but has made considerable progress. Our scientific institutions have already, to a certain extent, become national ones. Apartments belonging to the nation have been liberally granted to them. Royal medals have been founded, and large sums from the public purse devoted to the objects which they contemplate. The Museum of Economic Geology, indeed, is itself a complete section of a Royal Institute, giving a scientific position to six eminent philosophers, all of whom are distinguished members of the British Association:—and in every branch of science and literature, the liberality of the Crown has been extended to numerous individuals, whose names

would have been enrolled among the members of a National Institution. The cause, therefore, is so far advanced; and every act of liberality to eminent men, and every grant of money for scientific and literary purposes, is a distinct step towards its triumph. Our private institutions have in reality assumed the transition phase, and it requires only an electric spark from some sagacious and patriotic statesman to combine in one noble phalanx the scattered elements of our intellectual greatness, and guide to lofty achievements and glorious triumphs, the talent and genius of the nation.

But when such an institution has been completed, the duties of the State to science are not exhausted. It has appreciated knowledge but in its abstract and utilitarian phase. For the peace and happiness of society, it would be of little avail were the great truths of the material world confined to the educated and the wise. The organisation of science, thus limited, would cease to be a blessing. Knowledge, secular and divine, the double current of the intellectual life-blood of man, must not merely descend through the great arteries of the social frame: it must be taken up by the minutest capillaries before it can nourish and purify society. Knowledge is at once the manna and the medicine of our moral being. When crime is the bane, knowledge is the antidote. Society may escape from the pestilence, and survive the famine, but the demon of ignorance, with his grim adjutants of vice and riot, will pursue her into her most peaceful haunts, destroying her institutions, and converting into a wilderness the paradise of social and domestic life. The State has, therefore, a solemn duty to perform. As it punishes crime, it is bound to devise means for its prevention. As it subjects us to laws, it must teach us to read them; and while it thus teaches, it must teach also the ennobling truths which display the power and the wisdom of the great Lawgiver—thus diffusing knowledge while it is extending education, and thus making men contented, and happy, and humble, while it makes them quiet and obedient subjects.

It is a great problem yet to be solved, to determine what will be the state of society when man's physical powers are highly exalted, and his physical condition highly ameliorated, without any corresponding change in his moral habits and position. There is much reason to fear that every great advance in material civilisation requires some moral and compensatory antagonism; but, however this may be, the very indeterminate character of the problem is a warning to the rulers of nations to prepare for the contingency by a system of national instruction, which shall either reconcile or disregard those hostile influences under which the people are now perishing for lack of knowledge. (The address was listened to with the deepest attention, and was at intervals loudly applauded.)

The Association was divided into six sections, each of which had a President, Vice-Presidents, and Secretaries, with a standing Committee. All the sections met on the first day of August, at the same hour (11 o'clock), and were all accommodated in the different class-rooms in the College.

MATHEMATICS AND PHYSICS.

Lord Wrottesley occupied the chair in this section; and business commenced with Mr Ronald's report on the observations and experiments at the Kew Observatory. The Rev. Professor Powell read a paper on Luminous Meteors, being a continuation of the Report given in at the last meeting at Birmingham; and Mr W. J. M. Rankine brought forward an able paper on the laws of the elasticity of solids. The Rev. Dr Scoresby next read a most interesting paper on Atlantic waves—their magnitude, velocity, and phenomena. These observations were made on board the steamer *Cambria*, in March, 1848, on her passage between Liverpool and New York. The advantages of a steamer over a sailing vessel for such observations were great. The latter was acted on so as to roll before the wind, so that her position was not level in the trough of the sea. In a large steamer the paddle-boxes tend to bring back the ship to a level when rolling, so that, in the *Cambria*, he was quite sure that a perfect level was maintained for several seconds. He had three places of observation—1st, the ordinary deck; 2d, the top of the saloon or cuddy; and 3d, the paddle-boxes. The height of the saloon or cuddy was 23½ feet above the line of flotation of the ship in calm water, and the height of the observer's eye on the paddle-boxes, above the same line, was 30½ feet. His observations were made in lat. 51 deg. N. long. 38 deg. 50 min. W., and the wind

W.S.W. Most of the waves were above 24 feet, and at least one-half were up to the level of 30 feet above the trough of the sea. After it had blown hard for 36 hours, and after the storm had subsided a little, he still saw ten waves more than 26 feet above the trough. His mode of measuring depending upon the distance of the wave, and the angle of elevation, could be quite depended upon. He also noted the periods taken by the waves in overtaking the ship, having reckoned 20 waves to have passed in 54 minutes. The average of several was $16\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. He also found that the time of a regular wave passing from stem to stern of the ship (which was 220 feet long) was 6 seconds. The height of the highest *crest* was 45 feet from the trough, and the distance of two crests (that is the length of a wave) was 600 feet. The form and character of secondary waves are modified by the inequality of the power producing the wave, viz., the action of the wind, for neither the direction nor velocity of the wind ever remain the same. Thus the inequalities are produced, especially in elevation. During the height of the gale, the forms of the waves were less regular than after a little subsidence.

Professor J. Forbes presided the second day.

Mr Follett Osler gave a notice of the working of the new Integrating Anemometer. He had now adopted Dr Robinson's plan for quantity, which he considered superior to his own. The distance the paper passes over now shows the quantity of air which passes in a given time. For example, one inch of paper represents ten miles of air. A clock strikes off the hour on the paper. By these improvements, we are enabled, by one line, to observe the direction of the wind, the length of the current passing, and the time of passing. It is very desirable to have observations on larger areas, or over greater ranges. On arriving in Edinburgh, he found different currents indicated at the Calton Hill from those at Birmingham on Tuesday last. The great currents of the atmosphere should be first traced all over the earth's surface, and afterwards those more local. John Tyndell, Esq., then read a paper on the Magneto-Optic Properties of Crystals; and Mr J. A. Broun presented four papers on magnetic forces. Sir D. Brewster gave a short notice on the polarising structure of the eye. He referred to the phenomenon called Haidinger's Brushes. These brushes require three different polarising structures in the eye—in fact that the eye should be a polariscope. It was difficult to see the brushes. Professor Stokes had also a communication on the same subject. He had seen the brushes with great facility; and he described their appearances as seen under various circumstances, and at various positions of the spectrum, having traced them over several of Fraunhofer's lines. Mr Clark Maxwell described some experiments on the same subject, which gave rise to an interesting conversation between himself, Sir D. Brewster, Messrs Airy and Stokes. Sir D. Brewster then communicated a short notice by the Rev. C. J. Lyon on some phenomena of *nirajie* on the east coast of Forfar-shire. Mr Roberts detailed some experiments on the expansion of glass, wood, and metals, from changes of temperature. He described the ingenious apparatus he used. Some metals do not progress regularly, and are, therefore, unfit for pendulum rods. Some woods also contract with heat. Mr Roberts' results differ considerably from those commonly received.

In this section, on the third day of the sittings, a report from the Committee for the measurement of earthquake waves, was read by Robert Mallet, Esq. Colonel Reid communicated a report prepared by J. C. Hunt, Esq., on the meteorology of the Azores. Dr Martins read a paper in French on the climate of France, and was followed by Professor Nicol on the courses of the winds in the region of Glasgow for the last six years. Dr Lee read two papers—the one on certain meteorological observations made at Alton and Christiana, and the other on the British Meteorological Society. T. S. Wells, Esq., gave some particulars regarding the climate of the Valley of the Nile; and among the other papers read were three by M. Thomas Hopkins, and one by R. Russell, Esqs., on the passage of storms across the British Islands.

After communications had been read, on the fourth day, by Professors Phillips and Forbes, and by the Astronomer-Royal, on important but abstruse questions—Mr Naumyth read a paper on the lunar surface. The study of the moon is a good school for igneous geology. He had observed its surface for ten years, and had made actual drawings from nature. He first adverted to the general character of the features of the lunar surface. It was crowded with ring-formed appearances. There was a great display of these, which he considered to be the result of volcanic action. He had thought much of the causes which could have led to these. There was always a

central cone inside the ring, the result of the expiring action of the volcano. When the action was at its height, the materials were thrown up as from a fountain, and, falling down at some distance, formed the circle. He exhibited most beautiful diagrams of these phenomena. Like causes produced similar effects upon the earth—such as among the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne and South America. One that he spoke of was forty five miles diameter. The size was very great, because the moon was small. The gravitation was not one-fourteenth of that of the earth, and thus the eruptive force dealt with light materials. Again, what was the cause of the multitude of volcanic discharges? The moon had been in a molten state, like the earth; the outer portion had coagulated first, producing a crust, which grasped, like a hide, the fluid interior of the moon, which had contracted by cooling. He had made experiments on glass globes, which confirmed his views. There were also great ranges of hills, which might be explained thus:—When the fluid under the crust had contracted a little, the crust was like a brick arch with the centerings removed. The exterior would then fall down, like the rind of a shrivelled apple, forming the mountain ranges. Ridges of mountains would thus be formed by parts of the surface being placed edge on edge. As in the case of the apple, the skin retains its extension, and the wrinkles get the square surface out of the way. These remarks were illustrated by most beautifully executed drawings. Professor Nichol bore testimony to the beauty and faithfulness of the sketches, and stated that the study of the moon might suggest improvements to the geologists, whose views might become too special if confined to one planet. Mr Hopkins stated that he had predicted the strise from theory some years ago. One class of geologists have supposed that the circular appearances were produced by *soulcement*. He could not agree with Mr Nasmyth as to the mode in which the moon passed from fluid to solid. Was it certain that this could commence in the surface? It would, if cold alone were the cause. But why not pressure at the centre influence the result? The idea was first given by Poisson in the case of the earth, who supposed that the pressure at the centre had more effect than the cold at the surface.

Sir D. Brewster exhibited Talbotypes by Messrs Ross and Thompson, Edinburgh, and by Mr Buckle of Peterborough, of peculiar excellence. The Rev. G. B. Read showed and explained a new solid eye-piece. Professor W. Thompson gave a paper on the theory of magnetic induction. Professor Nichol read a paper on the winds at Glasgow; and Mr J. A. Broun read two papers on the double diurnal maximum and minimum of the atmospheric pressure. On the fifth and last day, there were various papers submitted, among which was a notice, by Sir David Brewster, on the powerful magnets of M. Legerman of Haerlem, on which Dr Scoresby commented at considerable length. The learned President also read papers on the optical properties of cyanuret on magnesia and platina—on the new membrane investing the crystalline lens, illustrated by a diagram, representing an ox's eye the day after slaughter—and on some phenomena of the polarisation of the atmosphere.

CHEMISTRY.

The chemical section was attended by fewer of the distinguished chemists than are generally present at its meetings. Faraday, we believe, was detained by the necessity of giving some lectures at Woolwich. Professor Graham and Dr Hoffman were called away to the Continent, and Mr Grove was unable to attend. The foreign chemists, we understand, excused themselves from coming, as many of them find it impossible to visit this country in two successive years, and are anxious to witness the great exhibition of 1851. The younger chemists, however, mustered well from all parts of the country, and they had the countenance of Professor Daubeny of Oxford, as well as of Professors Christison and Gregory. London was represented by Professors Williamson and Chapman, of University College; by Dr Lyon Playfair, and Robert Hunt, Esq., of the Museum of Economic Geology; by Dr Gladstone, from St Thomas's Hospital, and by J. P. Cassiot, Esq., the well-known electrician. Dr Andrews was present, from Queen's College, Belfast; and Drs Blyth and Fleming, from Queen's College, Cork. Professors Voelcker and Buckman represented Cirencester College. Professor Penny, Dr Stenhouse, and Dr R.

D. Thomson, were present from Glasgow; and J. P. Joule, and James Young, Esqs., from Manchester. Mr Pattinson, the well-known metallurgist, arrived from Newcastle, and H. C. Sorby, Esq., was deputed from Sheffield. Edinburgh itself was represented by Drs Christison, Gregory, Douglas M'Lagan, George Wilson, Thomas Anderson, and Messrs A. Kemp and J. Tennant.

Dr Daubeny gave an oral report on the action of carbonic acid on plants. The report itself was read in full in the Natural History section. Dr Lyon Playfair communicated two papers. The first referred to a law, already announced, as discovered by himself and Mr Joule, viz., that in many crystallised chemical compounds, which contain water, the substance occupies no greater space than the water in it would do, if frozen into ice; so that the non-aqueous constituents of the compound are as if they occupied no space at all. In his second paper, Dr Playfair reported the results of a most elaborate inquiry into the relative values of the dietaries in use by different classes of the population. The results were chiefly negative, and went to show that we are in nearly total ignorance as to the nature and amount of nutritive chemical substances which are requisite for the maintenance of health. Mr Robert Hunt communicated a lengthened report on the chemical action of solar radiations, in which, after giving a very clear and interesting historical sketch of the progress of discovery in this curious department of science, he explained the latest improvements which have been made in photogenic art, and vindicated his priority against the claims of the French observers to the discovery, that prepared paper can be rendered in the highest degree sensitive to solar action, by the combination of a fluoride with the other substances at present in use. Dr Thomas Anderson read two papers; the first gave an account of a series of important and most promising researches on the production of new and curious compounds by the action of oxidising agents on the organic bases, which can be extracted from plants. The second communication from the same gentleman was on the compounds of codeine, one of the crystallisable substances present in opium, and especially on its iodide, which is an exceedingly beautiful crystalline substance, exhibiting markedly the phenomenon of dichroism, so that, looked at from one direction, the crystals are a ruby red, and, in another, a dark blue. Dr George Wilson communicated some curious unpublished particulars concerning the celebrated Dr Joseph Black, and exhibited to the section some of the pieces of apparatus belonging to him—among others, the pneumatic trough which he used in exhibiting the properties of fixed air to his class. This gentleman also laid before the section the results of an inquiry into the influence of sunlight in affecting the power of various dry gases to alter and destroy the tints of vegetable colours. Dr Wilson also exhibited specimens of glass etched by hydrofluoric acid, derived from blood and milk, in demonstration of his observation, that fluorine is contained in these animal liquids. Professor Williamson read a paper on the theory of etherification, which excited much interest, and led to a good deal of friendly discussion. Dr Gladstone and G. Gladstone, Esq., reported the results of some experiments on the growth of plants in atmospheres of hydrogen, nitrogen, and other gases. Dr Penny described a simple process for determining the amount of metallic iron in its ores; and James Stein, Esq., a new method of separating certain compounds of arsenic. Professor Chapman explained some new and curious views on the crystalline relations of silica and alumina. Mr Petrie gave an account of his observation, that the metal potassium, in certain circumstances, phosphorises in a singular way. An interesting communication was made by Professor Buckman on the chemical changes which had occurred in the case of an ancient mosaic pavement brought to light at Cirencester a year ago. Dr Davy, Dr R. A. Smith, Professor Voelcker, and Dugald Campbell, Esq., communicated valuable papers referring to the chemical constituents of natural waters. Dr Smith urged the importance of supplying towns with water which had percolated through porous strata, which have a remarkable power of depriving water of offensive organic matter, and charging it with the wholesome ingredient, carbonic acid. Professor Voelcker pointed out that the proportion of phosphoric acid present in natural water is comparatively large, and will, in great measure, account for the well-known increase of fertility which attends irrigation with apparently pure water. Mr Campbell entered at some length into the process for determining the hardness of water; and Dr Davy communicated an important paper on the best means of preventing the formation of injurious incrustations in the boilers of steam-engines. A communication was read from Professor Mulder of Utrecht on the presence of carbonates in blood; and Professor Voelcker announced his discovery, that the juices of plants frequently con-

tain nitrogen in the form of ammonia, and that neglect of this fact has led to much error in the estimation of the nutritive value of articles of food. Professor Matteucci, of Pisa, explained the law which he had discovered, to regulate the conduction of electricity by the earth, when it is employed as a substitute for one of the wires of the electric telegraph. Dr Scoffern explained the great economy which attended the application of his new process for the manufacture of sugar, as tried in the south of Spain, where alone in Europe the sugar-cane is grown. Dr Gregory detailed experiments, demonstrating the excessive insolubility, and apparent innoxiousness of the sulphite of lead. Mr Gassiot exhibited to the section a diamond, which had been exposed to the intense heat of the voltaic arc, and which had, in consequence, been converted into a substance somewhat like porcelain. Mr Joule described some very curious combinations of mercury and the metals. Mr Sorby announced the interesting discovery, that coke is crystalline, and assumes the same geometrical form as the diamond, from which, however, its crystals vary in volume and density. Mr Sorby also demonstrated that anthracite, or blind coal, occurs in crystals. Mr H. Taylor read an important paper on the chemical composition of the rocks of the Coal Formation.

From this summary of the proceedings of the chemical section, it will be seen that many novel facts were brought before it, and new paths of inquiry indicated in various directions.

GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

This section was very largely attended during the entire period of its sittings. Numerous papers were read, some of them of great importance; the discussions were always interesting, and sometimes carried on with considerable animation. Sir R. I. Murchison discharged the duties of president with great ability and tact; and it was mainly owing to his admirable management that the meetings were so delightful and satisfactory. A paper was read by Mr Ormerod of Manchester, on the gradual subsidence of Chat-moss by drainage. The author stated, that the result of four years' observation showed that, over an extent of about 200 acres, the subsidence was proceeding at the rate of one foot per annum. Professor F. Forbes, London, placed before the section a communication on the Dorsetshire Purbecks, accompanied by a full set of diagrams. It cast much new and interesting light on the distribution of fresh water-creatures during the Oolitic period. It is remarkable, that whilst the Purbecks may be divided into upper, middle, and lower, each marked by a peculiar assemblage of organic remains, the lines of demarcation between these sections are not lines of disturbance. Three times there is a complete change of life during the deposition of this series of fresh water and brackish strata; but the cause of this must be sought for not in the sudden change of their area into land or sea, but in the great lapse of time which intervened between the epochs of deposition at certain periods during their formation. Several gentlemen made remarks upon the communication confirmatory of the views advanced in it; and the president said that he had listened to the paper with intense interest. At this stage of the proceedings, Professor Jameson took the chair, to allow Sir R. I. Murchison to deliver a paper on the discovery of carboniferous fossils in the crystalline chain of the Forez, and on the age of lines of dislocation between the upper and lower carboniferous deposits of France and Germany. The conclusions to which this distinguished geologist has come, are these—namely, that the beds in this chain, which have hitherto been received as transition rocks, are, in fact, true carboniferous deposits. This is proved by the fossils which they contain. And that very powerful dislocations have been produced, both in Germany and France, after the close of the deposits of the mountain or carboniferous limestone, and before the accumulation of the great over-lying coal-fields. The author contended, however, that dislocations in this particular point, in the great and wide-spread system, are local, and not general in their manifestation. This view of the question was corroborated by remarks offered by several geologists upon the phenomena observed in the Scotch coal-field. Mr Bryce read a paper at the same sitting, on the Lesmahagow and Douglas coal-field—a trough-shaped series of beds cut off from the great Scotch coal-field, by uprising masses of old red sandstone—which gave rise to a good deal of animated discussion. Dr Fleming expressed his opinion, that the trap of the Ochils, to which reference had been made by some of the speakers, was formed at the same time with the old red sandstone—an opinion which, in our

judgment, should be somewhat qualified. In a glen on the estate of Kippenross, near Dunblane, we have ourselves observed an enormous wedge-shaped mass of trap inserted into a continuous opening in the old red. Professor Phillips made some observations on the fossils laid on the table by Mr Bryce from the above coal-field, and urged him to prosecute his researches, as the specimens gave promise of a rich harvest.

The section was occupied the whole of the second day with papers and communications bearing upon the phenomena, by many geologists thought to be due to ancient glacial action. These phenomena are very abundant in Scotland, and especially in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. They occur also in all parts of Wales, and over extensive districts in the New World. Gentlemen who had examined all these countries, took part in the discussion that followed, thus giving to the subject a peculiar interest. Mr Robert Chambers read the first paper; it was on the glacial phenomena of the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. This was followed by a paper from Mr Hugh Miller on peculiar scratched pebbles, chalk flints, and fossil specimens from the boulder clay in Caithness. Rev. Mr Longmuir also read a paper on the flints and greensands of Aberdeenshire; while Messrs Hopkins and McLaren described respectively the dispersion of granite blocks from Ben Cruachan, and certain ridges and mounds of soil in Glenmessan which bore a resemblance to the moraines of glaciers. Mr Smith of Jordanhill, Mr Strickland, Professor Hitchcock from America, Dr Martins from Paris, who spoke in French, and Professor James Forbes, took part in the discussion; indeed, the intelligence and good taste of the meeting left it entirely in their hands. The conclusion to which the observations tended, though no authoritative deliverance was given, was the following: No one agency can be conceived as producing all the phenomena connected with this great and difficult subject. A part, perhaps a large part, is due to glacial action; a part is due to icebergs; and a part is due to water—waves of translation. The discussion, as well as the papers, on the glacial theory, presented a fine illustration of the caution, the courtesy, the largeness of view which philosophic minds manifest in considering a complicated and difficult problem.

The business of the section on the third day was opened by the reading of two able papers by Professor Hitchcock, on the terraces in New England, and erosion from river action. A smart discussion followed on the part that rivers have played in forming the narrow valleys and gorges that abound on the present surface of the globe. The general opinion seemed to be that their part was subordinate to the internal powers by which strata have been broken and upraised. The Duke of Argyll read a communication, accompanied with diagrams, on tertiary fossiliferous beds underlying basalt in the Island of Mull. The noble author said, that a large number of the Western Isles had been included by Dr McCulloch under the name of the "Trap Islands," and, of these, Skye was considered by him as the centre of the northern, as Mull was of the southern trap group. It would be seen from the map that Mull was entirely composed of trap, except at certain points of the coast where the lias and oolite appeared in cliffs of great elevation, and for the most part inaccessible. It must, however, be understood that the trap could only be considered as a superficial covering, inasmuch as so frequently, when sections of the strata were presented, the trap was found to overlie both secondary and, as it now appeared, tertiary beds. In the district of the Ross the trap is succeeded first by mica slate, and next by granite. The beds to which the paper referred occurred at the Promontory of Ardure, where the coast formed a sea-cleft about 130 feet high. A cross section was presented by a natural ravine; and the following was the order of the beds in the descending order:—

1. A bed of basalt, rudely but very obviously columnar.
2. A thin stratum of vegetable matter, almost entirely composed of compressed leaves of dicotyledonous trees.
3. A bed of tuff or volcanic ashes, closely resembling that found in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, as well as that which had been found by Mr Smith of Jordanhill in Madeira; and, as the duke was informed by Sir Charles Lyell, almost identical with that which he had found in Auvergne. This bed passed into a conglomerate of flint—many of them being unequivocally chalk flints.
4. A second bed of vegetable matter, from which the finer specimens were derived.
5. A second bed of tuff or volcanic ash.
6. A third bed of leaves, thinner than the others, and with fewer vegetable impressions.

7. A thick bed of amorphous basalt.

8. And lastly, dipping into the sea, highly and beautiful columnar basalt.

As no trunks of trees had yet been found, and as the leaves were mixed with plants of a reedy texture, a species of *equisetum* being specially marked, the duke concluded that the leaves had been lying in a shallow or marsh, in which, autumn after autumn, they had been accumulating, and that they had been overflowed by a current of liquid mud, which had raised or floated individual leaves, leaving the mass of vegetable matter below almost pure; that this had again been succeeded by the volcanic ashes, which, though forming a distinct bed, had part of its substance involved in the upper portion of the leaf bed.

Professor E. Forbes said, when the noble duke had brought these specimens to London, he had been greatly struck with their beauty, but more especially with the locality from which they had been brought. He had never been led to suppose that there was any evidence of the Tertiaries in the Island of Mull. The leaves were so well marked, that they could not fail to refer them to that system—they belonged to the plane, alder, &c. He had at first concluded that the fossils belonged to the Pleiocene Tertiary; but, from some recent discoveries in Germany, he was inclined to believe that they were of earlier date, and belonged to the Eocene. He had been informed by Mr Nicol that the only dicotyledonous woods not coniferous belonging to the Scotch formation, which he had examined, came from the Isle of Mull, and were probably contemporary with those discovered by the Duke of Argyll.

This is a most important discovery; and the paper of the noble duke was undoubtedly the most important communication laid before the geological section. It enables the geologist, said Professor Sedgewick, to piece together all those similar patches of strata that are found in other parts, and thus leads him to enlarged views and great generalisations. Sir R. I. Murchison presented and described a geological map of the sedimentary deposits in Spain, communicated to him by M. de Verneuil, the distinguished French geologist. Papers were then read by Professor Nicol on the geology of the southern extremity of Cantyre; by Mr Harkness on the representatives of the mountain limestone of Dumfriesshire, and the position of the footprints in the Bunter sandstone in the same county; and by Sir William Jardine on the footprints in the sandstone quarry of Corneockle Muir, in the vale of the Annan. The last paper led to some interesting discussion, in which Professors Hitchcock and Sedgewick took part.

The fourth day was occupied in hearing papers from Professor Ramsay on the position of the black slates of the Menai Straits;—from Professor Nicol, a translation of M. Martinus' communication, *Parallele entre les Terrains Superficiels du bassin Suisse, et de la Plaine du Po*;—from Professor Oldham on the temperature of mines in Ireland;—from Mr H. Miller, on certain extraordinary peculiarities of structure in the more ancient gneiss;—from Dr Anderson, on the fossil fishes and the yellow sandstone of Dura Den in Fife;—from Professor Sedgewick, on the Palaeozoic rocks of the south of Scotland, &c. In all these papers, there were points of interest, and by all of them more or less light was thrown upon the subjects to which they referred; but the one which was universally felt to be of the greatest importance, was that by Mr Miller. It is quite impracticable for us to find a place in this brief article for this able paper; and to condense it, would be impossible. The author was highly complimented for his communication, by Sir R. I. Murchison. But few, he presumed, ever anticipated that Mr Miller would this day explain, as he had done, the organs of hearing, smelling, and seeing of the fishes of the old red sandstone. On the fifth day the papers were exhausted, and the section spent an hour in hearing a description of a model of Arthur's Seat from Mr C. M'Laren, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll.

NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

† On the first day, the following papers were read in this section:—Dr Hugh Cleghorn, H.E.I.C.S., on the Hedge Plants of India, and the conditions which adapt them for special purposes and particular localities. Sir J. G. Dalyell, Bart., *Exuviation, or the Changes of Integuments by Animals*. Professor Royle, F.R.S., notice of the Distribution of the Herbaria of the Honourable East India Company. Mr Hancock

and Mr Embleton, on the Anatomy of *Doris*, including the description of the true Sympathetic Nervous System in this Animal. C. C. Babington, F.L.S., remarks on *Anacharis Alsinastrum*. Dr Macdonald, F.R.S.E., on the Vertebral Homologies of the *Basiscanium*.

The last day the section met, the following, besides other papers, were read:—Dr Carpenter, on the reparation of the spines of *echinida*; Dr Carpenter, on the gigantic foraminifera of the Eocene period, and their existing representatives; Dr Mantell, on the dental organs of *iguanodon*; Dr Hugh Cleghorn, on the grass cloth, the produce of *Bohmeria nivea*.

ETHNOLOGICAL SUBSECTION.

Dr Edward Hincks, on the Language and Mode of Writing of the Ancient Assyrians. Professor Rangabe of Athens, notices of some additions made to our knowledge of the Ancient Greeks, by recent discoveries in Greece. Daniel Wilson, Esq., inquiry into the evidence of the existence of Primitive Races in Scotland prior to the *Celtæ*,—with *illustrative Crania*, &c. Mr Wilson showed, by a series of results established on carefully sifted data, that evidence may be produced to prove the existence of two primitive races in Scotland, differing decidedly in cranial characteristics from the *Celtæ*, but also differing in a remarkable manner from the two earliest races of Scandinavia, the primitive race of the north of Europe, apparently corresponding to the second race of the Scottish Tumuli.

The programme of business in this section for the second and third days was very voluminous; but our space will not permit us even to give the titles of the papers. We are anxious to afford as much space as possible to the very able address of Major Rawlinson, on the threefold system of cuneatic writing:—

The first, or the Persian, was of the Arian family, closely allied to the Sanscrit. The Persians who spoke this language came apparently from the Oxys, about fifteen centuries before the Christian era. These Persians were met by the Assyrians about the Caspian gates, at the earliest period of their recorded history; and all the antique traditions of the race are connected with this particular tract of country. At a subsequent period they must have moved to the south. He considered that the present language of Persia was a direct derivation from the old language of the inscriptions; and he mentioned many circumstances confirmatory of that view. He then proceeded to consider the second branch of cuneatic writing, which he denominated Scythic, observing that it was, in all probability, the aboriginal language of Persia previous to the emigration of the Arian race. The grammatical forms and propositions, &c., evidently connected the language with that of High Asia; and there were other points of evidence, deducible from the language itself, tending to the same conclusion. He then went on to consider the third class of writing, which he denominated Assyrian and Babylonian. This, he stated, was of the Semitic character, being closely allied to the Hebrew and Chaldaic. The language in question had recently acquired great general interest from the discovery of the numerous inscriptions recently disinterred in Assyria and Babylonia by Mr Layard and others. There was a difference of opinion as to the antiquity of the earliest of the inscriptions. Mr Layard had himself conjectured that they ascended to the enormous antiquity of 2500 years before Christ. Others had reduced them so low as 700 or 800, the era of Shalmanazar and Sennacherib, the Assyrian kings mentioned in Scripture. Major Rawlinson said he followed neither the one nor the other, but adopted a mean between the two—fixing the date of the earliest inscription at about 1300. His reason for fixing this date was, that the cities of Phœnicia (Tyre, Sidon, Byblus, Aradus, &c.) were mentioned in the earliest inscriptions—thus showing that the date of these inscriptions must be posterior to the foundation of the cities in question. He further mentioned that all the geographical indications tended to show that the earliest Assyrian was about synchronous with the earliest inscriptions of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties of Egypt. Another proof of the antiquity of the inscriptions was, that several Chaldean ones were noticed at Nimrod and Khorsabad, which appeared to be of great importance; whilst at the sites of those cities which had lately been visited by Mr Loftus, the inscriptions on the slabs and bricks make use of entirely geographical names—the conclusion being that a very considerable interval of time must have elapsed between the

one period and the other, during which these geographical names had been altered. Another argument tending to show the proximate date of the inscriptions was, that Herodotus especially assigned to the Assyrian empire a duration of 520 years anterior to the defection of the Medes—an event which was known to have taken place in the eighth century before Christ. Many tables and cylinders had been found in different places, covered with historical writings; but the most important of all was “the house of records.” Mr Layard, at Keyunjuk, had penetrated into a chamber which appeared to be of the same class as the house of records noticed by Ezra, where was found the copy of the decree of Cyrus permitting the Jews to return from captivity. In this chamber Mr Layard found an enormous number of *terra cotta* tables piled up from the floor to the ceiling, and representing apparently the archives of the empire during a long historical succession. Mr Layard had packed, by the last accounts, five cases for transport to England, but he had only exhausted one small chamber of the apartment. When the whole collection had been disinterred and examined, it was probable that we should have a better account of the history, religion, jurisprudence, and philosophy of the Assyrians, thirteen centuries before the Christian era, than we had of either Greece or Rome during any part of their history.

STATISTICS.

The statistical department we must entirely pass over. The able papers that were read in this section by Porter, Fletcher, and Johnston will not bear to be condensed; and they have appeared in the public prints in a more perfect form than any of the other communications.

MECHANICS.

Dr Robinson presided in this section. Several communications of an interesting nature were placed before the meeting, after which Mr James Nasmyth explained to the section his improvements in forging iron. In forging shafts for the paddle-wheels of steamers, for example, it was of most essential importance that the shaft should be sound from the surface to the centre. The common plan, by which the section was alternately elongated in different directions, could not effect this object. It did, in fact, effectually cripple or disintegrate the central parts of the shaft, just as one by heating a rod of wood would separate the central fibres, and thereby weaken it. To prevent this elongation, Mr Nasmyth forged his shafts in a hollow wedge, thereby giving rise to three forces converging upon the centre, and thus securing a complete consolidation of the metal.

On the following day, Mr Nasmyth gave an account of his new arrangement of the reflecting telescope, by which great additional comfort was afforded to the observer. This consisted in having the centering or trunnions at the centre of gravity, through one of which, in a tubular form, the rays from the reflector within were thrown into the eye thus placed, as in the Newtonian telescope at the side. The advantage from this elegant arrangement is, that the eye does not require to move upon a movement of the telescope. Mr Lassells, Liverpool, to whom so much is due in the polishing of specula, observed, that if Mr Nasmyth could give an equatorial movement, his instrument, he thought, would be perfect. He then described his plan of casting specula, by which all unsoundness was avoided.

Several other matters were brought under the consideration of the section during this sitting. The third day there were several communications presented, all of which possessed more or less interest. In the first paper, Mr Lassells gave an explicit account of his new method of supporting a large speculum, free from sensible flexure in all positions. This he proposed to do when in a horizontal position, by supporting it at eighteen different points, on which the weight might bear equally; and by casting the speculum with ribs, he proposed to adapt levers, that, when the telescope is elevated, they might bear the weight among them, and thus prevent it from disturbing the true form of the speculum. Dr Robinson said that Mr Lassells proposed to remedy a hitherto incurable defect. It did appear to him that the suggestions of Mr

Lassells would remedy the annoying evils which every astronomer had to contend with. The evil arising from flexure was much felt in Lord Rosse's telescope, and of course lay much in the way of its efficiency. Mr Lassells was an example (and he wished there were many more) of a gentleman devoting his leisure hours, and sacrificing some, perhaps, which should be given to repose, to the cause and progress of science.

The last day, the section was again occupied with important communications. Mr Geo. Buchanan read a paper on improvements in valves and stop-cocks for regulating the passage of fluids. In this paper he explained the principles of his improved valves or stop-cocks, and illustrated their operation by various interesting experiments on working models, which appeared to act with excellent effect. An animated discussion accidentally arose relative to the respective claims of Messrs Stephenson and Fairbairn to be considered the inventors of the tubular bridge, which was brought to a close by the President, before any conclusion had been arrived at. Sir David Brewster then made a communication on a tubular crane invented by Mr Fairbairn, which appeared, from its lightness and range, to be highly satisfactory. Mr Petrie then read a number of valuable communications on the subject of galvanism, tracking the power of a current of electricity. He made also a communication on the powers of minute vision. Professor C. P. Smyth made his communication on the subject of a telescopic sight for rifles. Instead of the eye having to look at three points, viz., the niche at the eye, the niche at the extremity of the barrel, and the object to be hit, there were but two in his rifle—the cross wires in the telescope, and the object. This made the aim a far easier matter. Mr Usher then gave a notice of his steam plough, which he afterwards showed in operation. This closed the business of the mechanical section.

There were two public meetings, and two full-dress promenades, held in the Music Hall, in connection with the Association, all of which were largely attended. Professor Bennett lectured on the passage of the blood through the minute vessels of animals; Dr Mantell on the bones of extinct birds from New Zealand; and Mr Nasmyth on his recent discoveries in the moon. There were also several excursions to objects of interest within a few miles of Edinburgh. Some visited the Bell Rock Light-house; some betook themselves to the Bass Rock, and the ruins of Tantallon Castle; while others examined the various geological phenomena in the neighbourhood of the city, under the able guidance of Mr C. McLaren and Mr R. Chambers.

The General Committee held its concluding meeting on Wednesday the 7th, at one o'clock, when the office-bearers for 1850-1 were appointed, and grants of money voted for researches in various scientific departments. The proceedings of the Association terminated with a general meeting, held in the Music Hall, at three o'clock, which was very numerously attended. When several resolutions had been moved, and passed with acclamation, Sir David Brewster said—In closing the twentieth meeting of the British Association, I must congratulate you on the great success which has attended it. In order that a meeting for the advancement of science may be a successful one, many circumstances must concur. When the attendance is numerous, as on the present occasion, we obtain the pecuniary means of carrying on new investigations, in which, from their expense, philosophers cannot be expected to embark. In this way, science is directly promoted, and new paths of research are opened up and made accessible to humble and unbefriended inquirers. But, however important a numerous attendance may be, the character of the Association mainly depends on the number and value of the reports and communications made to the sections. Both these causes have been happily combined in making our present meeting one of very considerable interest. The prosperous state of our funds has enabled us to make a grant of £300 to support that most admirable institution, belonging to the Association, the Kew Observatory, under the superintendence of Mr Ronalds, and to make several grants of money to enable some of our more active members to pursue inquiries, which must otherwise have been either abandoned or delayed. But, while we look forward with confidence to the results of such inquiries, it is of more consequence to be able to state, that at no previous meeting have the communications made to the sections been more valuable, and more replete with new facts and original views. Discoveries, indeed, of no small value, have been communicated for the first time at this meeting, and the most important of these by some of the younger members of the

Association. To us older members, whose term of labour is about to expire, it is no slight gratification to mark the living genius which is now luxuriant around us, and which promises, by the fruit which it bears, to maintain and extend the scientific and literary glory of the empire. Nor is it less interesting to us, who live in a portion of the kingdom less favoured than the rest in point of wealth and endowments, to observe how actively science is often pursued under difficulties and embarrassments; and how minds of a high order put forth new energies in resistance to the very power which would otherwise crush and destroy them. In taking a view of the intellectual condition of the past, there is a natural and a commendable tendency to exaggerate, in any comparative estimate, the merits of our more immediate predecessors. This, doubtless, arises from the affectionate relation which exists between the teacher and the taught—from the absence of all those rival feelings from which our prostrate nature is seldom wholly free—and from the respect which is always due, and ever paid, to the illustrious dead. But, without taking into account this influence over our judgment, I have no hesitation in saying, that, however brilliant be the names, and glorious the memories, of those eminent men who have adorned the universities of our eastern and western metropolis, there never was a period in our history when their chairs were better filled, their youth better instructed, and science and literature more energetically advanced, than by the distinguished professors who have taken such an active part in the business of the British Association. In the distribution of praise, it is often unwise, and sometimes unjust, to dispense it individually; but I feel that my eminent colleagues around me, and even those whom it may personally affect, will excuse the error which I may thus commit, if I name the distinguished President of the College of Surgeons, Professor Syme, who has earned our gratitude by the generous combination of hospitality and science. Scotland had lately occasion to lament his absence from her sanitary sphere; but she now welcomes him back from his brief but voluntary exile, to pursue with new ardour the profession which he adorns, and to enjoy, in his tusculan villa, the enviable blessings of social and domestic life. From the present, let us now look to the future. From Edinburgh we pass to Ipswich, in the vicinity of the metropolis, where a peculiar combination of circumstances cannot fail to make the next meeting of the British Association one of high interest. Great numbers of British and of foreign philosophers may be expected on that occasion; and we are confident that, under the able presidency of Mr Airy, our illustrious Astronomer-Royal, to whom every branch of the physical sciences owes such deep obligations, the meeting at Ipswich will be one of the most successful that has yet been held.

WORDSWORTH.

TOWARDS the close of a festive evening, who has not perceived that the brilliant lights become dim and go out nearly at the same time? So several great men, whose genius made the last half century glorious, have of late been extinguished by death. Southey, Jeffrey, and Wordsworth, who attracted public notice almost on the same day, many years ago, have latterly become mere names, though names that will never die. The elder poets of the age have passed away in quick succession. Wordsworth, the greatest of them all—the only man who incorporated poetry with his life, and spent each hour as a priest at the altars of nature and humanity—is no more. For many years, he had enjoyed that true renown which almost exclusively encircles the memory of departed genius. Fame, in as pure and reverent a form as if it floated over his grave, was daily wafted to him living in his mountain solitude. He had risen far above the detraction and sneers of superficial critics; and, in the light of his “orb of song,” all other poetry was becoming

eclipsed. He was producing nothing new; but the numerous editions of his collected works gave him the appearance of poetical vitality, like the abundant foliage of shoots from a trunk which, in itself, has long ceased to grow.

We cannot help adverting, in a few words, to the new era of poetry introduced by Wordsworth and his contemporaries. Then genius—the thing which had amused coteries at their tea-tables—arose like a giant from wine. The most of their predecessors, feeble by nature and fantastic by training, had but the mimicking notes of song, and worshipped artificial muses, the tripod of whose oracles was the embroidered cushion of fashionable life. They discarded everything genuine—exorcising nature from nature, and manhood from man, until the universe was an absurd fable. But the new men were born poets, and the stirring times during and after the French Revolution nurtured their genius for free and bold efforts; for the trumpet-blast of war had dispersed all forms of foolish phantasy and mythology from the sacred soil to which these men clung, at first in patriotic love, and afterwards in poetic passion; so that scenery now had its own charm of aspect and expression unfolded and vivified by sensitive and loving minds, which touched and blended with flowers and stars, until material things took a spiritual image, and gave forth a spiritual meaning. They also entered within the recesses of humanity, far under its conventional and petty outward distinctions. The noble band, however, had different tendencies and vocations. Scott revived the times of chivalry and feudalism, and his muse lingered by “the shores of old romance,” and echoed the various music which had been sounded from the tide of Scottish story. Byron put himself into nature and man, instead of drawing these into himself; for the landscape took the lights and shades of his own face, heaven and earth wore his smile or frown, and inanimate things became possessed with his own temperament—rivers rolling on calmly or in tempest, as his blood chanced to flow—and mountains catching the lofty or the depressed air of his noble brow; whilst humanity only had a life in his individual soul, and all his heroes were so many Byrons. Yet better far to have nature and humanity *Byronic* than *Blue-stockings*. Keats arose in utter contrast with Byron; but the genius of Shelley mediated between the unlike pair. Yet greater than the potency of all these, and of Coleridge too (whose genius cannot even be arranged, much less classified), in revolutionising poetry, was the influence of Wordsworth, whose genius, less comprehensive, was yet more compact in character and purpose, and settled into a more calm, steady, and complete intuition and expression. Of all his contemporaries, too, Wordsworth most entirely devoted himself to poetry, for not only were his works exclusively in its service, but his private life was nothing but an earnest culture of his poetical nature. He separated himself unto the muses, both as an artist and a man. From youth, he brought his soul into close and conscious harmony with the external world, daily interpreting the one by the other. Even though he had not been guided by the single aim of securing for himself a high place among the bards of his native land—though he had been wholly without ambition, and had never penned a verse to be repeated by himself or others, he would still have maintained the same deep and undivided communion with nature; and the “harvest of a quiet eye,”

though not laid up in public storehouses, but garnered in his own mind, would not have been less. In this respect, what a contrast does he exhibit to almost all his brethren and associates! Coleridge, Southey, and Wilson, who promised, in their fervid youth, enthusiastically to cultivate poetry as all in all, subsequently took to the most diversified and distracting occupations of prose literature. Apart, too, from their formal labours, their life was equally restless, being passed in the midst of influences far less natural and simple than those which Wordsworth every day courted, whilst the purpose of developing and nurturing the poetic elements and tendencies of their souls was wanting. Their track did not lie invariably, or even generally, like his, over mountains, through vales, and beside lake and stream, seeking the pure and sublime inspiration which such scenes can communicate to meditative genius.

"The bard cannot have two pursuits; aught else
Comes on the mind with the like shock as though
Two worlds had gone to war, and met in air."

If the tendency of poetry be to elevate and spiritualise, then the gifted men who produce it should, for their own sakes, seek that it be in them as a constant mood, and not as an occasional fit. It should be their inward life, received uninterruptedly into the soul, and not merely now and then gathered, in short inspirations, to be put out in books. Let it have full possession of their nature, and institute between them and the internal world such a communion as shall make them know and respond to the endless succession of meanings flitting over the face of every object around them. They do not need to have a single prosaic moment from any failure in the sources of poetry, for these are free and inexhaustible; and they should see that the *faculties* of poetry be ever open and receptive. Providence is but a prolonged and continuous act of creation; and so genius, if it has its seasons and periods of creative energy, should follow up these with the process of renovation. Not that it should always labour; but it should always live and grow, absorbing into its own constitution, and assimilating to itself, this glorious world, which was made for man—for his consciousness, as well as for his senses and appetites. For poetry is not only worthy of a literary embodiment, but of a close and permanent incorporation with the soul; and the author of many poems is far inferior to the man who lives, moves, and has his being in poetry, though this man may want "the accomplishment of verse." A *Village Milton*, whose whole being is ever in harmony with nature, though he does not sing at all, is greater than all your musical Drydens and Popes, with their occasional snatches of song. The "vision and the faculty divine" may be exercised in silence; the muse may be a dumb though not an idle spirit, and the soul may be pervaded to ecstasy with the effluence of nature, which yet finds no escape. We are not speaking of a mere day-dreamer, whose imagination, though it seem active, is truly passive, and who is constantly projecting but never executing grand poems. We are not speaking of the man who carries about in his brain the outlines of many an epic or tragedy—the first easy designs of a thousand poems, which are never to be finished; but we refer to him whose soul hourly overflows with poetry. We would rather have a fine sonnet in print, than a sublime epic in the brain; but

better than both may be the hidden vein of poetry which enriches the soul. Now, it is the glory of Wordsworth that he not only wrote the grandest poetry of the age, but that he also lived the life of a poet.

The creed which Wordsworth expounded and illustrated all his life was, that simple nature and plain man are the only genuine poetic materials, and that these should be made to take inartificial forms. He erred, however, in supposing, not that humble and private life is full of the conditions and elements of poetry, but that public and conspicuous life is *not* so. Is Lear less poetical because he had been "every inch a king?" Yet, according to Wordsworth's theory, Lear should have been a shepherd, who divided a small farm among his children, and was afterwards thrown by them upon the poor's rates. Not so partial was the poet's theory of *nature*, whatever it was of *humanity*. Wordsworth sang alike of daisy and forest, grassy hillock and lofty mountain, stream and ocean, soft morn and resplendent noon, the clouds, either white and tranquil or turned in anger into eyes of fire and mouths of thunder, the garden of Italy and the rocky wilderness of Scotland.

Admiration has for a long time been fixed upon Wordsworth's greatest poems, so intensely and intelligently, that we do not purpose any remarks upon these or upon his posthumous piece, "The Prelude," which belongs to the same class, and possesses the same high peculiarities. The "Prelude," in fourteen books, was meant to introduce the "Recluse," a philosophical poem on nature, man, and society, which was to consist of three parts. This gigantic undertaking was left unfinished. The second part ("The Excursion," published in 1814) alone is complete; and the other two parts were little more than planned. The "Prelude" is addressed to Coleridge, and is an autobiography—giving the development—through the poet's childhood, university career, residence in London, travels on the continent, and return to his home in the country—of his poetical nature and faculties.

One extract will suffice to show that this posthumous piece, in grandeur and freshness both of thought and imagery, is equal to the "Excursion," and his other most admired poems. The following passage describes him amid the uncongenial formalities and pedantries of the university:—

"Imagination slept,
And yet not utterly. I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
Of generations of illustrious men,
Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
Wake where they waked, range that enclosure old,
That garden of great intellects, undisturbed.
Place also by the side of this dark sense
Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,
Seemed humbled in these precincts thence to be
The more endear'd. Their several memories here
(Even like their persons in their portraits clothed
With the accustomed garb of daily life)
Put on a lowly and a touching grace

Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trompington,
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade ;
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle bard
Chosen by the Muses for their page of state—
Sweet Spenser—moving through his clouded heaven,
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I called him brother, Englishman, and friend !
Yea, our blind poet, who, in his latter day,
Stood almost single ; uttering odious truth—
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compeers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very room
Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate bard !
Be it confessed that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour or since. Then, forth I ran
From the assembly ; through a length of streets,
Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O friend ! a moment to thy mind,
•The place itself and fashion of the rites.
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove
Of the plain burghers, who in audience stood
On the last skirts of their permitted ground,
Under the pealing organ. Empty thoughts !
I am ashamed of them : and that great bard,
And thou, O friend ! who in thy ample mind
Hast placed me high above my best deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities,
Brother to many more."

Our aim, in the sequel of this paper, is to refer to other pieces which

have *not* received admiration; and we mean to show that they are perfect, according to their kind.

Byron is the *actor*, whilst Wordsworth is the *author*. The former gives tragic emphasis, look, and attitude to humanity; but the latter develops its inner being and outward structure. There is the same difference (though not to a like extent) between the two, as between Shakspeare and Kean. Byron's heroes smile or scowl, love or hate, from their peculiar idiosyncrasy; but those of Wordsworth live and act from the impulses common to mankind. Those of the former are but personations; those of the latter are genuine persons—real men and women.

If we were in some idle or listless mood, and wished to be artificially excited, we should take up Byron's poetry, and his dark heroes would be sure to interest us; they would not fail to put an end to our yawning, and to awaken some of our passions. But if we were in a tranquil reverie of soul, seeking suggestive characters, scenes, and sentiments, and longing for an agency which would touch equally and regularly the whole of our nature, we should lay hold of Wordsworth's poetry. We should study the aspects of man and life which he presents, and give ourselves up to his consistent and continuous development of the qualities which belong to every partaker of humanity. Then, instead of delighting to witness the blood of human passion, bursting and rushing forth in impetuous words or actions, we should wish to trace its everyday circulation—its regular out-going from the heart to the life, and to the world around that life. We should prefer the quiet display of deep and genuine feelings in the hero of the "Excursion"—the pedlar—to that human cataract among the Alps—*Manfred*.

The peculiarity which distinguishes Wordsworth from his contemporaries is this, that of every piece, the texture—including not only the descriptions, but also the sentiments, reflections, and diction—is accommodated entirely to its subject. There is the most perfect harmony of everything with the character and condition of the hero: and the piece looks as if all its materials had been fused in the hero's mind, and shaped by the hero's lot. Even the majestic individuality of the poet is melted away and lost in sympathy with his hero. In the "Excursion," the grandest scenery of mountain and vale, is but for the feet and the eyes of the pedlar; cottages, churches, and churchyards are but the pedlar's books; and the poet himself glides into the accompanying shadow of the pedlar. In this respect, Wordsworth has made poetry as harmoniously expressive as painting. Even his words are as exquisitely and delicately adapted to his subjects, as colours, lights, and shades in a picture. No other poet of the age has aimed at or achieved such harmony between the subject and the style both of thought and diction. His brethren have conceived and embodied certain characters, and then they have sketched certain scenes associated with certain sentiments; but neither the scenes nor the sentiments grow out of and around the characters: whereas Wordsworth's hero determines and modifies both the inner and outward structure of each piece.

What, in some of the poems of Wordsworth, has been his glory, has, in others been reckoned as his reproach. The "Lyrical Ballads" were essentially constructed on the principle we have noted; and yet, when they appeared, they were universally sneered at as specimens of prose—and

childish prose, moreover; and, though public opinion has been signally changed regarding many of them, there are still a few which his admirers wish that he had never produced. "Peter Bell"—dear to the poet—is strongly disliked by almost all readers. From his dedication of it to Southey, we learn, that on it he had expended the utmost labour, and was confident that its merits would be appreciated by posterity. "The Tale of Peter Bell," he says, "which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the public, has in its manuscript state, nearly survived its minority; for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval (twenty-one years), pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favourable reception, or, rather, to fit it for fitting *permanently* a station, however humble, in the literature of our country." Now whatever *ideal* has been cherished in the soul of a great poet, and elaborated with willing and careful art, is far beyond the carping of criticism. The chances greatly preponderate that the poet is right and the critics are wrong. It is not like an extravagant fancy crossing him in some fit of caprice; but it is the embodiment of a presence that has long haunted him; and though it should be of an humble character, having grown out of the most common materials of life, and partaking of the vulgarest elements and qualities of humanity, yet genius will make it unique and precious. Such a production is "Peter Bell;" and we undertake to defend it as a masterpiece of its kind.

Let us first inquire into the character which Wordsworth sketches of "Peter Bell, the Potter."

Peter Bell is as earthy and coarse as the earthenware which he vends over all the country. For more than thirty years, he has wandered from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, from shore to shore, through the varied scenery of Scotland, England, and Wales, without having his heart softened or his thoughts elevated by the myriad influences of nature. Peter is merely weatherbeaten. The sun has but tanned him, the wind has but roughened him, and the morning and evening dew has but wetted him. His life has been one of hardened vice and savage cruelty. He has adopted the vices of the towns through which he passed, and carried them into pastoral solitudes, making the moral pestilence that rages in the vilest hovels desolate pure cottages. Peter has "a dozen wedded wives"—for he is callous to social as to natural associations. Now, surely such a character falls within the range of poetry. A painter would sketch Peter Bell, and why should not a poet? Nay, is he not as good a subject as the "Ginour" or the "Corsair" of Byron? He is the type of many thousands everywhere to be met with in society. No reasonable objection, therefore, can be brought against Wordsworth's choice of a hero. Young ladies may miss their "curled darling"—but how few of these would admire the heroes that stand out on Wilkie's canvasses?

And how graphically, and by means of a few master strokes, does Wordsworth draw Peter Bell—the vicious and brutal stoic alike of country and town! His nature, habits, and very appearance are sketched in a few lines, by a hand that quickly exhausts Peter. Crabbe, by a stern picture, could have indicated Peter's insensibility to social ties, but not his utter deadness to natural charms and associations. Besides, when

exhibiting gross defectiveness of being, Wordsworth invariably surrounds the narrow and rigid lines of character with the broad and deep humanity from which that character is cut off. The charities and graces which his hero wants, unobtrusively, yet closely circulate around him; and the absence of humanity in the hero is denoted by its secret and subtle presence around.

“As well might Peter, in the Fleet
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor;
He travelled here, he travelled there,
But not the value of a hair
Was heart or head the better.

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood, and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day:
But nature ne’er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

Though nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung,
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky.”

We shall afterwards have to speak of the style of language employed by Wordsworth in executing his sketch.

Let us now see if the tale of “Peter Bell” be liable to the strong objections which have been almost universally alleged against it.

Peter Bell is to be changed, and the humanity within him, which had all his lifetime been torpid, is to expand and develop itself. This (poor and wretched imitations of which in the Christmas books of Mr Dickens have been so incontinently admired) has been decried by critics and the public.

Peter Bell is introduced on a beautiful November night, when the moon and the stars were out, travelling alone. The hour is without charms for him; he is a mere pedestrian, and on business. He traverses the river-bank, copse and brake, hill and dale, with as little interest as if all things were shrouded in a thick and disagreeable mist. He takes a path which promises to make his journey shorter—through a dark wood, but soon loses his way. He comes upon a quiet meadow, skirting the river, on the margin of which an ass is standing, like a philosopher

musing profoundly and sadly over the current of time. Peter mounts him; but the animal, in spite of repeated and zealous kicking and heavy cudgelling, refuses to stir. Alighting, Peter plies his stick more furiously on the back and head of the ass, but with no better effect, for the ass lies down, and turns one eye mournfully to the river. Peter, in stooping to seize the brute's neck, starts up aghast with terror, for, close before him, in the shallows of the river, he sees, by the light of the moon, a dead man's face. He falls back on the grass insensible; and, on recovering, puts his staff into the river to drag out the corpse. The ass starts up with signs of joy and gratitude, even fondly licking Peter's cruel hands. When the dead man is brought out and laid on the bank, Peter inwardly acknowledges the affectionate fidelity of the poor brute in waiting for its master. The brute drops on its knees, that Peter may now mount, and swiftly sets off for an anxious and distressed home. Through the night silence, a cry of young sorrow comes. A boy is searching wildly for his lost father. The cry dies away, and the ass trudges on. Peter's thoughts are turned upon the incidents of his past life, and the fluttering of a leaf frightens him, as if it were the scroll of his wickedness rustling in the awakened and quick ear of his conscience. In his better mood, he is horrorstruck to see the poor ass's head bleeding from the late heavy and unmerciful blow. Remorse is at his heart for still blacker villainy and wrong; and he thinks of one sweet Highland girl whom he had deceived and ruined. Her—confiding fully in him—he had deserted, as the ass had not its owner. In this state of torture, the voice of a Methodist preaching to some coal-miners strikes upon his ears, and is welcomed by the potter with tears as good news. As he passes the meeting-house door, he hears distinctly the words of the gospel of faith and repentance. The ass makes straight for a cottage, within which a woman and seven children are lamenting the absent man. Peter's heart is touched and broken, and he can scarcely tell his tale of woe. The scene renews in him the humanity of his tender childhood; and, retreating from the distracted household, he creeps into a shade of darksome trees, and communes with himself. From that moment he becomes a changed man.

Such is the barest outline of the tale. Do critics and the public scoff at the prominent place given to the ass? Do they not see that the potter had sunk below the level of a brute, and that, therefore, the power of transformation must reach him from that level? He had lost all sympathy with human-kind, so that scenes of human affection and fidelity would not have broken up his callousness. But the poor ass, that had remained for four days and nights watching and fasting (though the meadow was green) beside the drowned and concealed body of its master, and would not be driven away though cudgelled to death—the ass that so suddenly showed signs of joy and gratitude when Peter began to act as a man to the dead—this was a new spectacle, and administered a reproof which was likely to tell upon his brutish nature. The sight of a brute tenderly caring for those of its own species has affected many a hardened spectator; and the spectacle of the ass so devoted to its drowned master, was sure to teach humanity even to such a ruffian as Peter Bell. Peter, standing between the dead man and the dead man's loving servant, has humanity breathed into him.

And with what deep and true knowledge of man is the good work, thus begun, wrought out and perfected! The haste of the ass to reach its master's home, that messengers might be despatched to the bank where he has been left—the cry of the fatherless running wildly through the moonlight—the visions of memory becoming vivid, and of remorseful power—the Gospel soothing the remorse into deep penitence—and, lastly, the scene of cottage bereavement and grief—naturally advance the transformation of Peter Bell. The hard-hearted man is lifted up from his callousness, through degrees of brute kindness and human affection. He is first elevated to the level of the faithful and loving ass, and begins to sympathise with the dead man; and, finally, he weeps with the widow and orphan children. Sure we are, that throughout the range of poetry there is not such a metaphysical and satisfactory account of a moral and mental transformation. Yet those who admire hugely the change effected by ghostly or fairy machinery upon disagreeable characters, sketched in the Christmas books of Mr Dickens, cry out against “Peter Bell!” But, to the end of time, Wordsworth's ass is better than all the spiritual creations of Mr Dickens!

We now come, lastly, to consider the style of thought and language in this obnoxious piece. And we freely admit that it is not romantic; and we ask, *should it have been?* Had Wilkie, in his pictures of humble Scottish life, introduced Italian scenery and rich colouring, it would not have been more absurd than for Wordsworth to have made “Peter Bell” a romance. It was proper that the texture of the piece should be simple and homely. A potter, an ass, a dead man, and his bereaved family—how incongruous with those figures would a high style of poetry have been! The materials were truly poetical, being a genuine exhibition of one type of humanity, but the form of these materials was both common and coarse, and splendid diction was, therefore, most unsuitable. The poet throws himself entirely into his subject, and invests that subject with a consistent array of circumstances, scenery, and sentiment. The potter moulds the whole piece. Other poets besides Wordsworth, had they been sketching Peter Bell as a hero, though they had given him precisely the same character, would have surrounded and covered him up with scenery, and especially with sentiments more lofty and ethereal, yet, therefore, so much the more inharmonious. We should have had gorgeous descriptions and sublime reflections, all clothed in gaudy phraseology, quite inconsistent with, and, indeed, utterly irrelevant to, Peter Bell. But Wordsworth properly gives a bald style to such an outwardly bare subject. Nature is placed alongside of the hero, idealised only according to that hero's type. What Wordsworth means to portray is, a man wholly insensible to and hardened against the genial spirit of nature and humanity; and the poet most properly and skilfully develops no more either of nature or humanity than the hero, when changed, will recognise and appreciate.

It may be asked with sadness, Where are the successors of Wordsworth and his associates—all dead save John Wilson? We have a few young men of noble promise, foremost of whom is Bailey, the author of “Festus;” but one or two stars, however bright, will not make up the milky-way which has vanished for ever.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM HAUFF.

CHAPTER IX.

A THICK heavy mist lay upon Stuttgart, giving to the city, and the hills which surrounded it, a melancholy and desolate appearance. There was also a troubled and anxious gravity upon the countenances of the people in the streets; and it seemed as if some past misfortune, that could not be forgot, or some impending calamity, was feared, which lay on all hearts like the dark clouds on their own beloved hills, and covered them with mourning. On the evening of one of these days, young Lanbek walked through the damp paths of the garden. His face was pale, his eyes restless, his lips pressed closely together; he no longer walked with his usual light step and upright bearing; and it seemed as if, during the last eight days, he had become ten years older. What he had foreseen had come to pass: no one who knew Lanbek only by report could, indeed, comprehend or justify the sudden elevation of the young man. The favourites and creatures of the powerful Jew treated him with that burdensome cordiality, with that rude pleasantry, which is now and then shown by thieves or sharpers towards a new companion in their wickedness; while the feeling of young Lanbek towards his new worthy acquaintances, at the best, made him compare his sensations to the disagreeable and melancholy feelings of a man whom misfortune had thrown into a dungeon with the refuse of mankind—one who must permit himself to be greeted as the equal of robbers and public women. The gracious countenance shown to him by the minister when they met, pointed him out as a new favourite. He now observed, for the first time, how many good men had wished well to him; for many faces, which had smiled the day's greetings to the son of old Lanbek, now seemed to scowl at him; while many respectable citizens, and even some honest vine-dressers, who had so often taken advice with his father and him, now turned away their eyes, and walked on without even touching their hats.

The thought of Leah increased his unhappiness still more. He knew well how unhappy his old father, he himself, and those connected with him, would be, if the dubious blow which they were about to strike should fail, and although great were the injuries with which that fearful man was laden, yet it sorely grieved him when he reflected upon the consequences that his ruin would cause to others. What would become of the poor Leah, when her brother lay in prison perhaps for many months? Would the duke, a severe master, pardon such heavy transgressions and grave plots as those of the Jew, even though he had assured him of impunity by that edict?

Then he grew excited by the recollection of the dreadful threat thrown out by Süss against himself, when he alluded to the connection of the young man and his sister. Anxiety for his parent, and the disgrace of such an union, when merely talked of, overpowered him. For a moment, he cursed his folly at ever having exchanged words with the fair Jewess: he resolved to leave the garden, and never see her again, and to relate all to his father before it was too late; but again, as he thought of

her lovely countenance, her pure, innocent, interesting eyes reposing so gladly, and with such confiding expression, upon his, there was—I know not whether, vanity, folly, love, or the influence of that strange magic which, since the days of Rachel, has existed among the daughters of Israel—there was an irresistible something which drove him to the place where, since the twilight of a March evening had begun to deepen, the fair Leah expected him.

“At last! at last!” said Leah, in tears, while she presented her white hand through the railings, which separated the two gardens. “If spring had not come in the meanwhile, I had thought that a quarter of a year had gone by. I am quite at liberty; why, then, at this cold season of the year, do you come into the garden, when you may enter at the door of the house? Know, my friend, that I am very unhappy.”

“Leah,” replied he, while he raised her hand to his lips, “do not misunderstand me. Indeed, I could not come. I did not dare come to you alone, and I do not enter your brother’s circles: if I knew that you had been there but once, I would never speak to you again.”

In spite of the obscurity, the young man thought that he observed a deep colour mount into the cheeks of Leah. He looked at her doubtfully; she cast down her eyes, and replied, “You are right; I dare not go into my brother’s society.”

“But have you been there? Yes, you have!” exclaimed Lanbek, with displeasure. “Confess, then, for I can read this easily in your eyes.”

“Listen to me,” replied she, while she pressed his hand with emotion: “the nurse has told you what happened after the carnival, and how I besought and prayed him to set you free. Since that period, he has quite altered his conduct; he is kinder, treats me as if I had become at once five years older, and even allows me at times to drive out with him. Some days ago, he requested me to dress myself as handsomely as possible, put a splendid necklace in my hand, and in the evening conducted me down stairs into his own apartment. There were some persons there whom I knew, but the greater number of the ladies and gentlemen were strangers to me. We played and danced, and at first I was much pleased, but not so afterwards.”

“For what reason?” asked Lanbek, much excited.

“In short, it did not please me, and I will not go again.”

“I would you had never been there,” said the youth.

“Ah! how could I know that the society there was not suited to me?” replied Leah, sadly. “And, besides, my brother said expressly, that it would please my bridegroom if I went into company.”

“What did he say? Whom will it please?” exclaimed Lanbek.

“You,” answered Leah; “but, altogether, Lanbek, I know not exactly how I ought to understand you—you are so cold and constrained: now, when we may speak openly and without hindrance, you have become sad, almost silent; instead of coming into the house, you meet me secretly in the garden. I certainly do not know what there can be to terrify you so much, now when we stand in such a relation to each other.”

“In what relation?” asked Lanbek.

“Again, what a strange question! You have applied to my brother for me, and he has told you that, in case I wished it, the duke would

issue a rescript, and free us from the hindrance offered by our different faiths. I am glad you are not a Catholic; for then this had not been possible; but you Protestants have no supreme ruler of the Church, and are, therefore, heretics like us."

"Leah! for the love of God, do not jest!" exclaimed the young man, horrified. "Who has told you these things? How shall I lead you from this fatal error?"

"Alas! alas!" replied Leah. "It makes you angry when I venture to place my hated people beside yours. But do not be alarmed; my brother, it is said, can do everything; he will certainly help us; for what he says is right with the duke. But I have one request to make, Gustavus: will you introduce me to your relations? You have two amiable sisters—I have already sometimes seen them from the window; how delighted I am to be thus closely united to them! Pray, let me become acquainted with them."

The unhappy youth was unable to return one word in answer; his thoughts, his very heart, seemed to stand still. Like one who, through some sudden fright, has been robbed of his senses, he looked at the Jewess with dry and extended eyes, as upon one who, though not at this moment, yet soon most likely to be, more unfortunate even than himself—one who now, smiling and dreaming, careless as a child, already plucked her chaplet of flowers on the brink of a fearful abyss.

"What is the matter with you, Gustavus?" said she, anxiously, as he still continued silent. "Your hand trembles in mine—are you ill? You are so changed."

Before he could reply, a deep voice by the side of Leah exclaimed—"Good evening, counsellor; you amuse yourself here in the twilight with your bride? It is a very cool evening; why do you not rather walk into a warm room? You know that my house is open to you at all times?"

"With whom are you speaking, Gustavus?" said old Lanbek, who approached at the same time. "Your sisters maintain that you entertain yourself here with a lady."

"It is the minister," answered Gustavus, almost breathlessly.

"Your most obedient servant," said the old man, dryly. "I had not the pleasure of recognising your excellency in this obscurity, but I take this opportunity of rendering my humblest thanks for the promotion of my son. I am much delighted to find that you are on such good terms with Gustavus."

"It is a mistake," answered Süß, hoarsely, "to suppose that I would trouble myself to speak across the hedge, in the dark, to your son. I came for the purpose of fetching my sister, because the weather is cold, and the night air might injure her."

"Your sister?" said the old man, sternly. "Boy, how am I to understand this? Speak!"

"Do not be so hasty, consul," answered the Jew. "Youth has no wisdom, but he makes honourable court to Leah."

"Away!" exclaimed the old man, while, with his hand, he grasped the arm of his son, and drew him along. "Go to your room—I would speak a word with you; and for you, young Mademoiselle Süß, never again allow yourself to speak another word to the son of an honourable

Christian, to my son; for, were your brother King of Jerusalem, you would bring no honour to my house." With uncertain and tottering steps, he led his son away.

Leah wept aloud, and the minister laughed scornfully. "On my word," exclaimed he, "this was a fine scene! Do not forget, however, counsellor, that you have only a delay of fourteen days for your wooing. Until then——, afterwards I will keep my word."

CHAPTER X.

The solicitude of young Lanbek, bordering upon fear, now called upon him, patiently and without murmuring, to follow his father; while long observation of the character of his parent forbade him, at this moment, when appearances were so much against him, from exculpating himself. The consul, upon entering his apartment, threw himself into his arm-chair, and covered his face. Careworn and anxious, Gustavus now stood before him, without venturing to speak. The two fair sisters of the youth now hastened hither, having observed the weakness of their father, tenderly inquired what ailed him, endeavoured to withdraw his hands from his face, and moistened them with their tears.

"There is the wretch!" exclaimed he, after a while, his wrath prevailing over his bodily weakness; "there stands he who has polluted the house of your father, our good old name, you, you innocent children, with misery, reproach, and shame—the Judas, the paricide—for this day he has put a nail in my coffin."

"Father! For the love of Heaven, Gustavus!" exclaimed the girls, trembling, while they timidly looked at their pale and downcast brother, and clung to their father.

"I know," said the unhappy young man—"I know that appearances are against me——"

"Will you be silent?" continued the consul, with kindling eyes and threatening gesture. "Appearances! Do you think you can again blind my old eyes as you did after the carnival? Is it not so? It were far better that both these eyes had been closed, that the old Lanbek had been buried deep in the ground, where the knowledge of the disgrace brought on his name could no longer reach him. But you have mistaken yourself, wretch! I will disinherit you. Here stand my two dear children; you shall be driven forth, my honourable name taken from you, cursed——"

"Father!" exclaimed his three children, with one voice. His daughters wound themselves around him, and Hedwig, for the first time, ventured to press her lips upon the revered ones of her father, while she sealed his mouth, about to pronounce the curse, with kisses. The younger had involuntarily placed herself beside Gustavus, and seized his hand, as if to defend him, but the young man tore himself away. Never so much as at this moment had his face and his threatening eyes resembled the features of his father; and, standing erect, he said, "I have suffered all which it is possible for a son to suffer from his father, but I have other duties; I must guard my own honour, even though it were my own father who touched it. It ought to be sufficient to you, when I assure you, by all that is sacred, that I am not what you take me for. If you have faith in me no longer, if you give

me up, then there remains nothing more for me. Farewell—I can only be a disgrace to you!”

“Remain!” exclaimed the old man, sad and trembling, rather than commanding. “Do you think that this is the way to reconcile an injured father? Are you in such haste to go away and enter upon a path where I may never meet you more? Though I have lived honestly, and according to my conscience, I comprehend you and your intentions perfectly.”

“But, father,” said the youngest daughter, in a soft voice, “we all loved Gustavus so much, and you yourself often said how good he was; what dreadful thing, then, can he have done, that you treat him so hardly?”

“You do not understand it, or, rather, you may understand it: he loves the sister of the Jew, and has just been conversing with her and his fine brother-in-law, Süß. Now, speak! Can you exculpate yourself? What a fool I was to imagine what I did, that in him there had been a trap laid for me—that he elevated and appointed him on my account! His Jewish fair one has made him a counsellor of expedition.”

“My father will not understand me,” said the youth, with tears in his eyes, “therefore I will speak to you. To you, my dear sisters, I will honestly relate how the matter stands, and I do not think you will condemn me.”

The girls sat down sorrowfully, the old man leant his troubled brow upon his hand, and listened attentively. Gustavus went on with his story, at first with a deep colour on his face, and afterwards much interrupted with emotion; he told how he came to know Leah, how good and innocent she was, how sadly she had spoken to him, because till then there was no one else to whom she had been allowed to speak. He then repeated the conversation at the interview with the Jewish minister, his cunning offers; he assured them that he had never given place to the thought of any union with Leah; and that he would this evening have said so to the minister, had not his father so suddenly made his appearance beside them.

“You have erred greatly, Gustavus,” said Hedwig, his elder sister, a quiet and intelligent girl. “Since you never, except very remotely, could think of a marriage with this girl, it was your duty, as an upright man, to have had nothing to do with her. You have also done wrong in this, that you did not at once confide all to your father; you have made your family unhappy, and caused them to be the sport of others. Do you think Süß will not execute what he threatened? Yes, he will revenge himself on my father, you, and all of us.”

“Go and ask pardon of your father,” said Kathchen, weeping. “You must reproach him no more, Hedwig; he is unhappy enough. Come, Gustavus,” she added, while she took his hand, and led him towards his father, “beg that he will forgive you. We may become very unfortunate; that evil man may ruin us, as he has ruined the country; but let there at least be peace among ourselves. When we have each other, we have much, though he takes all the rest away.”

The old man looked long, and not unwillingly, at his son. “You have acted like a vain young man, and the attention shown to you by the Jewess has blinded you. You have suffered for this perhaps long,

but most certainly during this evening. Kathchen is right—I will vex you no longer; we must now contend against a fearful enemy. Do you think that he will keep his word, as to delay until the fourteen days have expired, as he mentioned to you?"

"I believe and hope so," replied the young man.

"At all events, there must be more decided than the fate of our house," added the old man; "Römchingen and Süss, or us. Whoever loses pays the cost. But promise me never again, Gustavus, to visit the Jewess. I will forgive your folly on this condition."

Gustavus consented, with trembling lips, and then quitted the apartment, in order to hide his emotion. But long, and with unceasing sorrow, did he think upon the unhappy girl, whose heart was his, and yet whom he dared not to love. He certainly shared in all the strong religious opinions of his age, and yet he shuddered at the curse which pursued a homeless race in its thousand members, and which seemed to include all in its ruin, now falling upon her, the noblest among them, in the most natural way. He certainly found no excuse for himself, or for his forbidden passion for one who did not share his faith; yet he obtained some consolation in this, that a high Providence ruled his fate.

His father and sisters conversed for some time about him and his affairs, and by degrees the recollection of the many virtues of the youth appeased the old man so much, that he even in some measure excused the secret proposal of the minister.

When, at a later hour in the evening, the two sisters found themselves alone, Kathchen said, "It is true, Gustavus has erred sadly, but in his place any one might have done so. I have seen her once at the window and once in the garden—a creature more graceful and beautiful I never beheld. What are all the faces in Stuttgart—what is even the fair Maria, of whom so much is said—when compared with such a splendid countenance? Hedwig, I could have fallen in love with her myself."

"How can you talk so foolishly!" answered Hedwig, indignantly. "Let her be what she will, she is and remains only a Jewess."

CHAPTER XI.

It was not alone the unhappy love of their brother that grieved the fair daughters of the consul Lanbek during the following days. No; it was the strange and oppressive circumstances which seemed to rule over both father and son, that cost them so many secret tears. It could not be said that they seemed gloomy, that they interrogated with moroseness, or had replied coldly; but it might be perceived that sorrow and care occupied the thoughts of both, and the girls were always astray in their suppositions as to the cause of this anxiety, when they sometimes saw their father and brother standing together within the recess of a window, and confidentially, though earnestly, whispering to each other. At length, on three evenings in each week, they were formally desired to quit the large family room, which was used by them during the winter season; and, what had never before happened, so far as they knew, their father's small library was on these evenings heated for their accommodation, and permission was given them to amuse themselves therein with jurists and philosophers.

Neither father or son, however, thought upon this, that any one

might enter from the library in the upper floor to the study, from the latter into the reception-room, and from that into the lumber-room, which was provided with a square aperture, with a small cover opening down into the parlour, in order to give light or heat to that apartment; neither did they remember, that female curiosity had before now broken through greater barriers than those which lay between the other apartment and the library. A stronger feeling, however, than curiosity—fear—had for some evenings detained the girls in the library. Hedwig asserted that she had frequently heard footsteps, and a fearful groaning in the apartment above; and Kathchen feared to go there, because that apartment was separated from the rooms of the dreaded Jew Süss only by a thin wall of wood and bricks.

One evening, however, some time after the girls had been sent away, Kathchen saw three men enter with her father, as she had glided towards the middle of the staircase, which raised her curiosity to the utmost. The first, who walked slowly and heavily up the lower steps, and stood in the entrance hall for some time to take breath, was certainly no other than the Lutheran prelate, Klinger. His snow-white wig, his prelati-cal chain, which rested upon his waist, and his old withered features, had an unusual interest for the girl. Colonel von Röder, the master of the horse, followed him—a man who was considered to be both brave and skilful, but in whose manners there was something very profane. At the third, she had nearly laughed aloud; it was the gay Captain Reelzingen, who was so familiar in telling droll stories and jests, and who at many a ball had made her laugh before. His face was now decorous enough, but yet it was the same face that appeared when he swore upon his honour that he truly loved her. She looked after him laughing, observed his huge sword come in contact with the door, and then hastened to the library, where she found her sister Hedwig, who had closed her eyes firmly, that she might not be terrified by some apparition, who might by accident wander into the room.

"Now, we must peep down," said Kathchen. "Come quickly with me; only think, people are coming here as if to the carnival. Have you ever before seen the Prelate Klinger and Captain Reelzingen in one room? and then there is Colonel Röder, and," she added, as her sister lingered, "I must have made a great mistake if, when the door opened, I did not see Blankenberg also."

This last game was decisive: Kathchen took the light, and stepped forward with a beating heart; Hedwig followed her, pressing as closely as possible to her courageous sister, and, as the other threw open the door of the mysterious chamber, she seized fast hold of her dress. The opening was immediately above the stove of the parlour on the floor beneath, but Kathchen was able, when she took off the lid, went upon her knees, and bent down her head, to observe four or five of the men assembled below. Hedwig now bent down, and tried to look further than her sister, but she directly stood up again, and said, "I can see nothing except the broad back of the prelate, some wigs, and the uniform of the colonel. Do you know for certain that Blankenberg is there?"

"I am sure he is," answered Kathchen, smiling mischievously, "but let us hear what they say; perhaps you will know your lover's voice."

They sat down upon the floor beside the opening, and listened. The

agreeable warmth which came from the stove, and their curiosity together, made them for a length of time impervious to the cold of a night in March; at length Hedwig rose up in displeasure: "Do you fancy we shall be any the wiser of this talking, of which we can only comprehend the half? They speak just as before of the welfare of the country, of the duke and Süss, and all such; what is this to us? Come; it is terribly cold here. Get up!"

But Kathchen beckoned to her to be silent. Colonel Röder was now heard reading something in an emphatic and audible voice, while the profound stillness was occasionally interrupted by harsh sounds of displeasure. Old Lanbek spoke; the gay features of Kathchen surveyed him with anxiety and surprise; at last, as the company spoke loudly, but in a friendly manner, to each other, and rung their glasses together, a deep colour overspread the face of the fair listener; her eyes sparkled as she carefully shut the lid, seized the lamp, and left the place with her sister.

"Have you understood anything?" asked Hedwig; "you appeared all at once so attentive. What have they been saying?"

"I do not know it all; I cannot tell you all," replied Kathchen, musingly; "to me, it seems as if I had been dreaming. Listen, but be silent; it may make us all unhappy. These are dangerous men in our father's room below. I am terrified when I think what the consequences of this may be."

"Speak on, silly girl! I am two years older than you, and you ought to have no secret from me."

"Only think, then," continued Kathchen, in a low voice, "Süss would make us Catholics, and overthrow the country; then our father and every one else will lose their places."

"Catholics!" exclaimed Hedwig, with horror; "then we must become nuns, if we remain unmarried? That is dreadful!"

"Not at all," said Kathchen, smiling at the vexation of her sister; "there must be a great many nuns, if all who do not get married go into the cloister: but be calm; it will not come to this. In three days, said Röder, the duke will depart; and while he is in Phillipsburg, these men are, in the name of the province, to take the Jew prisoner, together with all his assistants, and then inform the duke how wrongly his ministers acted."

"Ah!" said Hedwig, weeping, "that is not well. They will lose everything, for the duke confides in any one rather than in those of the province. I know what the lady of Colonel B. once said to me about my father; you will see how unfortunately this will turn out."

"And if it does," answered Kathchen, "yet are we the daughters of a man who does it all for the good of his country; this should console us."

The heroic girl now took from the shelves a Bible, illustrated with many very fine engravings. She gave the New Testament to her weeping sister, in order that she might amuse herself with the plates and passages in rhyme. She took the Old Testament herself, and concealed her anxiety about her father by singing a little hymn in a low voice, while her fair fingers hastened through the gilt leaves, from one picture to another.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF DR ANDREW COMBE.*

THIS is a book which must, we think, be read with interest and profit by a great variety of readers. The curious in human nature, whose delight it is to penetrate into the privacy of celebrated men, will be gratified by a delineation so minute and truthful of the inner workings of a vigorous and individual mind; the simple and unlearned aspirant will be taught, by its clear and practical lessons, how life may be rendered both nobler and happier to every one—not so much by gifts of genius, or laborious achievements at school or college, as by that humbler species of physical and moral training which lies within the reach of the thoughtful, the self-denying, and the conscientious; while to the enlightened philosopher, or real lover of his kind, there will be a still higher enjoyment than that of gratified curiosity, or even the hope of personal advancement, in the glimpses it constantly presents of a pure and benevolent mind, a heart animated by the mildest affections, and a character altogether of singular strength, sweetness, and modesty.

We think the public have reason to be entirely satisfied with the manner in which Mr G. Combe has discharged the delicate duty of biographer to his brother. The remarkable affinity naturally existing between the minds of the brothers, which, by giving the elder and more self-relying an early insight into the reserved nature and feelings of the younger, enabled him to act through life as his guide, counsellor, and friend, was of itself a high qualification for the office. To this Mr Combe has added—besides a thorough comprehension of the chief subjects under discussion in the work—great lucidity of arrangement, rare judgment in the use of materials, and a conscientious adherence to fact, even in the most insignificant details.

But the best qualified are often the least confident of success; and we accordingly find Mr Combe suffering much natural anxiety, that, from his abundant materials, he should be able to select exactly such characteristic incidents and remarks as should faithfully represent to intelligent readers the feelings and intellectual qualities of the individual. With the view, therefore, as he tells us, of strengthening his own hand, he submitted the first half of the memoir, as soon as it was written, to a select number of able persons, physicians and others; but the opinions he received in answer to the appeal—though generally favourable both to the subject and manner of the work—varied so entirely as to the different parts most to be objected to or admired, that he was compelled, after all, to follow his own course with the remainder, convinced, if he had before doubted it, that the very ancient story of the poor artist in the market-place, who had his picture obliterated both by its contemners and admirers, is of equal application to the present day. Of these differing opinions, the substance of which is given in the preface, we agree most with that which characterises Dr Combe as an eminent reformer in medical science, and an invaluable instructor of the public; and least with those which seem to suppose that the general success of the work

will depend on the complete establishment and reception, by the world at large, of the doctrines of phrenology. We so far agree, as to look on phrenology as being still an unsettled question in physiology, but cannot allow that the permanent value of Dr Combe's "Life" will, to any great extent, depend on its settlement; for, however desirable it may be to be always in the right, infallibility is certainly no attribute of man; and we think Dr Combe's fame has too many supports on which it firmly rests, to be much shaken, even though the science on which he founded so much should eventually be withdrawn from the sum of them.

Though the course of Dr Combe's life abounds in those moral harmonies which to the thoughtful ear will ever sound "far above singing," we must look elsewhere for the kind of interest there is, and ever will be, in the delineation of romantic passion and adventure. Wholly without striking incidents, his life was one of patient suffering and faithful working. He was born in the year 1797, in the middle class of Scottish society, and of parents, who, like the rugged Covenanters of old, and many of the "grave livers" of a later day, have been too apt to mistake sternness for duty in the family intercourse, and perhaps, from the northern temperament, to mingle a cold asceticism with that prudence, industry, and holy purity of life, which, accompanied with geniality, would have rendered the humble home a temple of love, as it was of peace, and the parental example as touching and attractive as it was generally self-denying and respectable. Dr Combe's parents, if not tender, were just, dutiful, and, after their own fashion, kind-hearted. They had seventeen children, fourteen of whom grew up. The father carried on the trade of a thriving brewer at Livingston Yards, under an angle of Edinburgh Castle, and managed to give his children rather a better education than generally falls to the lot of their class in Scotland. Andrew attended the High School for five years, and the College for two sessions; but his intellect appears to have developed slowly, and, though persevering, and early in possession of that natural refinement of mind which is so sure a mark of superiority, he had reached his seventeenth year without giving much promise of future eminence. Having shown some disposition for the medical profession, at fourteen years of age his father bound him apprentice to Mr Henry Johnston of Edinburgh, a medical practitioner, who dispensed medicine to his patients from a store kept in his own house in Prince's Street. Andrew, however, did not seem quite to have made up his mind to his calling—or at least to the time of beginning his studies; and an amusing, though rather startling, scene is described, highly characteristic of the firmness of the elder party, and the dogged, reserved obstinacy of the younger, before his mind had awakened to reason. But the elder conquered, and Andrew, carried to Johnston's house on the shoulders of two of his stout brothers, was ludicrously "made a doctor of," *volens volens*. Here he spent several profitless years; occupied half-an-hour a day in study, and the rest of the time in delivering the medicines; yawning out of a ground-floor window, and reading indifferent novels. At fifteen, he attended lectures on anatomy and chemistry, and towards the end of his apprenticeship saw a little practice in the workhouse of St Cuthbert's parish, of which Mr Johnston was the medical attendant; but not till he was in his seventeenth year could he be said to have fairly begun to study.

Mr Combe speaks of his brother's education as having been very defective, and instructively explains how this arose, in spite of the above mentioned advantages, from the little attention, at that time, paid by teachers to the individual conformation of mind exhibited by the pupils. Andrew Combe was a reasoning, reflecting, rightly feeling boy, but was far from being quick of observation or ready of tongue, and the old style of teaching—by technical rules, and absolute dogmas, instead of explanations addressed to reason and common sense—had not unnaturally the tendency frequently to stupify and revolt, rather than to instruct him.

However, the deep springs of a powerful and fine character were there by nature, and if the circumstances which surrounded the shy and awkward youth were not the very best in the world for the drawing forth of that clear stream which was to carry health and refreshing into so many arid places, neither were they by any means the worst. His mind was among those which find "sermons in stones, and good in everything." "In observing the processes of his father's trade, he came in contact with nature, and marked the regular evolution of her power;" his parents set him an example, not only of the stern virtue of quiet endurance, but of one which is both higher and holier, a steady pursuit of the useful and the good; and his mind was gradually awakened, and his moral being expanded in the wholesome atmosphere of activity, of duty, and of truth.

The arrival of Dr Spurzheim in Edinburgh opened a new era in the life of our young philosopher. Whatever the science of phrenology has yet been, or may be to the world at large, the reception of it seemed to promise him the all-important key by which the mystery of his intellectual being would be, if not wholly explained, at least rendered henceforth an "open secret." To us it will ever seem unfortunate, that, at the time of life when religious impressions generally sink so deeply as to become part of the inner being, Christianity, which we think alone fully meets the wants of man's nature, should, from the rigid Calvinism of his parents, have been presented to him in a form which tended to repulse rather than engage his genial affections. Phrenology, which he soon began to consider as the science best calculated to establish the kingdom of God upon earth, appears to have taken the place which Christianity, in other circumstances, would have probably held in his heart. The positive nature of its doctrines, too, entirely suited an idiosyncrasy to which the vague or the transcendental (so often the resource of those who lose hold of their early faith) offered nothing better than a pillow of thorns, on which neither reason nor conscience could for a moment repose in peace. Phrenology was to him, what

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,"

were, in the earlier days of the world, to those on whom the abstract and purely spiritual could lay no hold. It was as the law and the Gospel—a new revelation of the ever-present Deity—"the garment" he was henceforward to "see him by;" and, viewing it as such, it seems no wonder, however much to be regretted, that he should have both followed after it and urged it upon others as he did, with the anxious perseverance of a conscientious, energetic, and most religious mind.

Dr Combe's medical education, which was thus begun in Edinburgh, was completed at Paris, whither he went in 1817, and remained till 1819. It was while there that he attended Dr Spurzheim's lectures, and completely satisfied himself of the truth and usefulness of the new science which so deeply coloured all his future views. He interestingly describes the change that it wrought on him, in a letter to his brother, written so long after as in 1841 :—

"Perhaps the first benefit which I derived from the new philosophy of mind was a better knowledge of myself, and the clearing away of sundry obscurities which impaired my usefulness, and, with it, my happiness. From my large wonder and veneration I invested everything unknown to me with a depth and magnitude which seemed to place it utterly beyond my powers. From the same feelings I invested every one with whom I was not intimate with great and high qualities, and an amount of knowledge to which I could never hope to attain. With these impressions, conjoined with active caution, secretiveness, and love of approbation, I was afraid to place myself on the same level with others, and often, after intimacy was almost forced upon me, I marvelled to find myself, after all, just as clever and well-informed as most of them. During my studies, the same combination led me to assign an unfathomable depth and extent to all new branches of professional knowledge; and it happened very often that when I understood a thing easily, I continued poring over it under the conviction that there *must* be a deeper and more important meaning which my stupidity had not been able to reach. I studied, therefore, hesitatingly, gropingly, and sometimes almost despondingly. I lingered, wondered, and doubted, till, I verily believe, I impaired the elasticity of my intellect; at least, I feel assured that had I then known the sources of these apprehensions, and been encouraged and animated in my career, I would have advanced with a vigour, efficiency, and pleasure, which would have influenced my whole future existence. To Spurzheim's lectures I am indebted for the first relief I obtained from these impediments. In his descriptions of wonder, cautiousness, veneration, secretiveness, and love of approbation, I recognised my own feelings; and the thought came over me, 'So it is *you*, and not the external objects that are mystifying and perplexing me!' I saw and was comforted. For the first time my mind was in harmony with itself, and I could exert without distrust the faculties which God had given me. I could now compare myself with other men, and see that in some important respects I possessed advantages of my own, which might in their turn be employed to good account."

Besides occupying himself strenuously with his studies in Paris, he frequented pleasant society, grew tall, improved in the power of expressing his thoughts, and rubbed off the rust of home, without in any measure losing his interest in everything which occurred there. His mother's death, which happened at this time, seems to have affected him deeply. A passage from one of his letters on this subject, shows a more highly excited imagination than anything else we know of him. Writing to his sister, he says :—

"In returning from Passy we had a grand thunder-storm. In the middle of the Champ de Mars the death of my mother struck me with more force even than on receiving George's letter. There was something so solemn and grand in the awful peals of thunder and broad sheets of lightning, diversified by zig-zig flashes, that my imagination became excited, and at every flash I gazed at the clouds as if to penetrate through them, and, by the vivid lightning, once more to see her whom I fancied to be stationed beyond them."

Before returning to Edinburgh, he made a tour through Switzerland,

where he found out his deficiency in the mental qualities which constitute a poet, in discovering that he could not rise to the pitch of inspiration which would have enabled him to express his admiration of the beautiful and sublime scenery. In his eagerness to explore these deeply interesting regions he neglected the laws of health, and was soon after his arrival at home seized with symptoms of pulmonary consumption. Having early in life been exposed to the disadvantage there must always be to the human frame in living in a low and damp situation like that of Livingstone Yards, which was out of the reach of a constant supply of fresh air, there was probably a predisposition in his constitution to this malady, which hard study and the fatigues of his late tour too surely increased. From this time—the year 1820—to the day of his death, he was, though with many intervals of comparative health, a confirmed invalid. But, as if the element of bodily suffering which usually impairs the powers and the usefulness of other men, had been necessary to the full development of his, it is to the exertions of these years of pain and anxiety that we owe the remarkable works which have placed Dr Combe so high in the rank of the men whose noble privilege it has been to push visibly onwards the great wheel of human progress, by conferring on man the means of improving his mental and physical condition upon earth. For not alone did he learn in suffering how suffering could best be soothed and ameliorated; the full tide of sympathy it awakened in his heart led him to trace the poisoned stream to its source, and hence resulted those admirable expositions of the why and the wherefore of the more ordinary forms of diseased action, and also those clear and practical lessons of prevention, which have advanced hygiene almost to the rank of a positive science.

Immediately upon his seizure he determined to go to the south of France, but had not got farther than London when he found himself too unwell to travel, and returned home; there he temporarily recovered, helped to found the Phrenological Society, and in the ensuing August set off again to the Mediterranean. He passed two years travelling about in search of a climate to suit him, staying one winter at Leghorn, and, after paying a summer visit at home, another at Marseilles. At the end of the second year he felt so strong that he determined to begin practice in Edinburgh, where his high standing among his professional brethren, and general character for good sense, talent, and strict conscientiousness did not leave him long unemployed.

During the next few years he attained to great repute from his able papers in reply to the opponents of phrenology, and also rose high in his profession. Mr Combe gives the following interesting and instructive account of his medical practice, which will also serve as a specimen of the force and lucidity of his own style:—

“At the time Dr Combe entered the medical profession, it was common for practising physicians simply to prescribe medicines, and to lay down dietetic rules, to be observed by their patients, without explaining to them the nature of their maladies or the rationale of the cure. Blind faith and implicit obedience were required of them. He early adopted the practice of addressing the reason and enlisting the moral sympathies of his patients, in every case in which this appeared to him practicable. He preferred the intelligent co-operation of a patient in the measures necessary for the restoration of his health, to mere observance of rules, and therefore communi-

cated as much of the nature of the disease as could be stated without exciting injurious alarm—explained, as far as the individual could comprehend it, the process which nature followed in order to reach the condition of health—and urged on him the advantage of complying with her demands. He also stated to the patient, or his attendants, the occurrences which he knew would take place in the progress of the malady before his next visit, and instructed them how to act in the emergencies as they occurred. In his communications he practised discretion, but avoided mystery; stated truth as far as it could be revealed without injury to his patient. The consequences of this mode of proceeding were equally beneficial to his patients and to himself. They became convinced that it was nature that was dealing with them, and that, although they might ‘cheat the doctor,’ they could not arrest the progress of her evolutions, or escape from aggravated evils, if they obstructed the course of her sanative action. Under these convictions they obeyed his injunctions with earnestness and attention. By being premonished of approaching symptoms, which were frequently steps in the progress of the cure, but which, if not explained, might have been regarded as aggravations of the malady, they were saved from much alarm, and he from many unnecessary calls and attendances.”

In 1825 he took the degree of M.D., and two years later was elected President of the Phrenological Society. During these and several following years, he contributed many interesting papers to the “Phrenological Journal,” and published a work on mental derangement; and in the course of an extensive practice addressed those invaluable letters to his patients, which, combining so happily the earnest and benevolent friend with the able physician and philosopher, must have strengthened his influence as well as greatly added to his usefulness.

In 1831 his health again gave way, and he was obliged to pass the winter in Italy, and for some years altogether to abandon the practice of his profession. Indeed, he was never able fully to resume it; for though, by a strict application of his principles to his own state, and an unflinching adherence to the rules he laid down, he seems to have prolonged his life, and enjoyed many intervals of comparative health—and of usefulness (perhaps of a higher kind than lies within the scope of mere practice)—he was unfit for hard work, and must soon have sunk under exposure, exertion, or unfavourable circumstances of any sort. In 1836 he had the gratification of being appointed physician to the king of the Belgians, but the moist atmosphere of Belgium was probably injurious to his delicate frame, for after a short trial he was obliged to resign the resident appointment, from finding his strength inadequate to the due performance of his duties, and he only returned occasionally to examine, and inspect, and to advise the royal family in hygienic matters. Between the years 1834-39, he published the three great works for which he had been so long and so carefully collecting and arranging the materials—“The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to Education;” “The Physiology of Digestion;” and “The Moral and Physical Management of Infancy.” In 1838 he was appointed one of the physicians extraordinary to the Queen in Scotland. By making occasional seasonable journeys to Belgium, Germany, and elsewhere, his health was so far preserved, that for months at a time he was able to act as consulting physician in Edinburgh, where his well-merited high reputation brought abundance of patients about him. In the autumn of 1844 his health at last gave way so threateningly, as to

oblige him to give up all work and to try the climate of Madeira. There he passed two winters in tolerable comfort, returning to spend the summer months among those he so much loved. After this he only left home once again, and that was to make a voyage to America (which seemed to have been injurious to him), in the summer immediately preceding his death. His winters were spent in his own house in Edinburgh, in an artificial atmosphere, with 'all the comforts and appliances of an admirably regulated establishment, and there, surrounded by attached friends, and tended with faithful and most loving care, his life of usefulness was peacefully closed in the autumn of 1847.

We have given a meagre and most inadequate outline of a life, every day, almost every hour of which was spent in noble efforts for the improvement and happiness of mankind; but we hope enough has been said to induce the reader to study the book for himself. As a biography it is unusually satisfactory. We feel sure that we *know* the individual man. Dr Combe had at his brother's request (probably with a view to some future biographical work) addressed to him a series of letters, in which he had at leisure, and in mature age, faithfully recorded many of the impressions and occurrences of his earlier years; and these have been skilfully used to carry on the narrative, which has, by this means, much of the pleasing character of an autobiography. Mr Combe's own clear views on many interesting subjects, and his accurate and affectionate reminiscences of his brother, are a valuable addition, and the whole has that air of unmistakeable verisimilitude which must ever be considered as the crowning merit of every work of the kind. We regret that our limits will not admit of large extracts, but a few sentences will give some idea of Dr Combe's style of letter-writing. To his friend Sir James Clark he gives the following account of the slow and careful manner of his composition:—

"I have no such facility as you suppose, especially since my infirm health. Witness the fact that the review of your book took me upwards of three weeks, laying aside all other composition; and such is the proportion of time to all other subjects, even though I am familiar with them. You have probably formed this notion from my book on digestion having appeared in about a year from its announcement; but, in reality, it and my former volume are the work of years. So long ago as 1824 I had begun to write the latter (the Physiology), and threw it aside in despair of making it intelligible. It happened, however, that from an early period I had many consultations and advices to give in writing to patients who lived much in the country, and who called for me while passing a short time in Edinburgh, and also to strangers whom I never saw. For the sake of easy reference as well as to preserve a record, I at last got a copying-machine, and for six years past have taken a copy by it of all my business letters: and thus there is scarcely a remark in my whole writings that does not directly or indirectly come out of that correspondence, and consequently out of actual observation; and it is this practical quality, I believe, which makes my writings interest so many readers. Here, too, you will observe, I have materials for writing which save me much trouble; and it was only from the frequent assurances of my correspondents that what I said was level to their comprehensions and of much interest to their minds, that at length I ventured to prepare and publish the first volume."

SCOTTISH ART AND ENGLISH CRITICS.

BEFORE reviewing the style in which English critics have dealt with our Scottish artists, or attempting to draw any comparison between the present position of pictorial art in England and Scotland, as indicated by the last exhibitions of the Royal Academies of London and Edinburgh respectively, it may be perhaps expedient to glance at the development of Scottish art in these latter years. No branch of the fine arts has been so much neglected by our countrymen as painting, and perhaps in no country in the world has the educated portion of society shown themselves so utterly dead to the humanising and refining influence of pictorial representations as have the educated classes in Scotland. Our poets have had their admiring biographers, and our national music has had votaries, who have devoted their lives to its study and collection; but our artists have, up to this time, been left

“Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung;”

and the very names of men who made their country famous in the eyes of a contemporary age, as they are yet distinguished by their works in the annals of British art, are almost unknown to very many of their countrymen, who receive what is called a liberal education. It is neither our intention to disentomb those illustrious names at present, nor to carry our readers through a maze of antiquarian lore connected with Scottish art and artists. That is justly expected from other hands; and Scotchmen who take an interest in such subjects will not acquit some of our antiquarian artists of both indolence and indifference, if they, too, leave the record of their country's progress in this department of polite study unwritten. To them, at least in the meantime, must be left the task of recapitulating in detail the interest taken by the lion-hearted Bruce in pictorial art, or the progress and success of Jamesone of Aberdeen, at the end of the sixteenth century; of describing and discussing whether he or Velasquez made the best portrait of Charles I., or whether or not Jamesone had any Scottish contemporaries; of deciding the true position the elder Scougall occupied in his profession, or determining whether De Witt had no assistance in the production of that gallery of hideous portraits which now disgraces Holyrood, under the imposing title of our Scottish kings. We leave the future historian of our country's art to mark out the artistic boundaries of the younger Scougall, and compare these with the merits of Nicholas Hude, the Frenchman, the protégé of a former Queensberry, or the Belgian, John Baptista Medina, who received the honour of a Scotch knighthood for supposed skill in, and devotion to, the fine arts. With such subjects, space and purpose alike forbid us to intermeddle at present.

Even the latter epoch of Scottish art must be passed shortly over. Scotland led the van in the establishment of academies in the last century, as it was the precursor in the art-unions of our own day; but whether either have proved an unmixed blessing to British art, it would be hazardous to affirm. But, whether or not, fifteen years before the academy was opened at Somerset House, two celebrated Glasgow printers had conceived the magnificent design of establishing a school for the

teaching of the higher branches of Painting in the Western Metropolis. Unfortunately, the zeal and liberality for the promotion of Scottish art, discovered by the Messrs Foulis, appeared to die with them, but their example produced results of which we are still reaping the fruit. The most famous pupil educated at the Glasgow seminary was that father of Scottish domestic art, David Allen, who, although by no means deficient in some of those higher qualities essential to the production of high art—as his pictures in St Peter's Chapel, at Edinburgh, sufficiently demonstrate—was undoubtedly revelling in his strength when giving permanence to the joyous festivities of our pastoral peasantry, or illustrating the scenes rendered immortal by the genius of the unfortunate Ayrshire bard, who, in this good work, was his friend and fellow-worker. Nor was this all. The Edinburgh Board of Trustees for the Promotion of Manufactures had received considerable funds at the union, and, stimulated by the noble example of the Messrs Foulis, they attempted, with greatly more success, to follow out the idea of giving durability and permanence to a native school of art. About the middle of the last century, these trustees, wisely supposing that the mechanical processes of manufacturing would be greatly enhanced by good designing, procured De la Cour, a Frenchman of but slender ability, to teach ornamental and pattern drawing. That the lessons of this artist could be of much service to his pupils, it is impossible to suppose, if we may judge from the fantastic specimens of his work which have come under our observation; but De la Cour was soon succeeded by another countryman of his, named Pavillion, who, however, is more famous as having been the teacher of the elder Nasmyth and the two Runcimans, than for any works of his own which he has left behind.

At the invitation of the trustees, one of the Runcimans, who was studying in Italy, was brought home to superintend their academy after the death of Pavillion. He in turn was succeeded by David Allen in 1793, at whose death Mr John Graham, shortly after he was appointed to the responsible post, first began to give a higher aim to the instructions. Well acquainted with some of the conventionalities of his art, although a stranger to genius, Graham had spirit enough to toss aside the puerilities of his predecessors, and substitute for fruits, flowers, and small French ornaments, the magnificent collection of casts with which the Trustees' Gallery is at present furnished. The fashionable and kingly patronage of President West would no doubt smooth the way for this sweeping change; and those gentlemen who then constituted the board would offer no objections to their servant, through their permission, following the example of "the father of his people."

In spite of the inherent vice of the constitution, the trustees, from the zeal of Mr Graham, rendered good service to our Scottish art; and many of those names who have given us artistic place among the nations, received the first rudiments of their knowledge at this period in the Trustees' Academy. Wilkie, and Allen, and Geikie, and Fraser, and Kidd, and Carse, were among the number; and, when we add to these the younger Nasmyth, who, for beauty of touch and truthfulness of colour, rivalled Macculloch—and Gibson, who, for breadth of effect, and that poetic feeling which indicates the higher qualities of art, almost trod upon the reputation of Hill, we are compelled to admit that, how-

ever faulty its construction, and enfeebling its constitution, the Trustees' Academy was to us the school of prophets, and that, from under the instructions of a man whose best works have perished with him, there issued much of that living fire which now gives artistic light, not only to Scotland, but to England also. Thomson, too, caught the reflected light, and, by his own untaught power, towered like a giant above all his Scottish compeers, whether revelling unequalled amid the gloomy grandeur of such scenes as Loch Katrine, or depicting with golden glow the glassy surface and rippling surge of an autumnal evening at Tantalion and the Bass, or filling the mind with mystic awe as he transferred, as if by inspiration, the religious fervour and national feeling of our countrymen into the martyrs' tombs, or rendered the old and stunted willows at Duddingston Loch instinct with lovely grandeur and graceful truth.

The effects of the constitution of the Board of Trustees, however, began in due season to betoken the essential absurdity of its constitution. The artists whom they had educated speedily felt their own power, and did not long submit to be snubbed and despised by men whom accident had rendered noble, or who might be learned in everything else, but were utterly ignorant of art. The artists commenced an exhibition in 1808, in the old Lyceum which entered through a narrow entry in Nicolson Street, at the corner of Hill Place; but, whether from the meanness of the hall, or the long, dark, and, in our day, dirty entrance, by which it was approached, it matters little, but works, which were creditable alike to the artists and to Scotland, were left on the walls unvisited by "a discerning public," and after fighting against influential indifference for eight long years, the attempt to establish an annual exhibition was given up in despair. High rank and fashionable flippancy undertook to provide what artistic merit had not been able to accomplish; and, under the patronage of the Board, called by another name, an attempt was made to wipe out the disgrace of past failure by the establishment of the Scottish Institution. But this, too, proved abortive; it was impossible it could be otherwise, and from the very ~~same reasons~~ which are rendering our present schools of design a useless and extravagant throwing away of public money. In every other art or profession, it is considered essential that the managers of associations for its promotion should have some knowledge of, and interest in, the subject. In geology, in chemistry, in astronomy, in poetry, and in music, the educated and initiated only are considered qualified authoritatively to judge, or more authoritatively to direct; but, with regard to painting, all men, except the blind, feel themselves qualified to pronounce a dogmatic deliverance, and a competency in acres seems the only diploma necessary for enabling gentlemen to assume the direction in the national or local propagation of the fine arts. The germs of the Olympian Jupiter, and the Minerva of Phidias, were to be found in the gods constructed by those who peopled the islands of Ægeania, and the mighty triumphs of Raphael and Michael Angelo sprung from their precursors of the previous centuries; but it was the fostering care for art, and the tender and intelligent regard displayed by contemporaneous ages for the generations of living artists, which largely assisted in producing those landmarks and guiding-stars in the track of genius. Not so, however, acted those who assumed the same high mission and responsible calling in our northern metropolis, and the consequences of their folly quickly became evident.

There were dukes, and lords, and barons, and squires enough, some of whom could glibly chatter over the unmeaning trash which too often passes current for a knowledge of the fine arts in high quarters, and others whose zeal was not according to knowledge, who industriously spent their days in heaping together the artistic rubbish of the dead; but a genuine sympathy with living men, struggling against a nation's uneducated taste, and a keen sense of that watchful care and enlightened judgment, calculated to develop successfully our artistic national strength, were wholly wanting. After attempting to go on for some years together, the artists found themselves treated with supercilious and ignorant *hauteur*—conduct which they rewarded with undisguised symptoms of enraged contempt, and, as a necessary consequence, the dross and the clay had to part company, and the more fervent spirits among the artists established another exhibition upon an independent basis. These were afterwards followed by the more timorous brethren, and then the gentlemen of "high consideration in the country" found their true level in the commonwealth of mind. It were painful, and far from profitable, to follow this unfortunate dispute through its tortuous windings and successive stages, or to trace with curious eye the transitions from the admiration and eternal friendship declared over the hot suppers of the St Luke's club, to the period when the Academy's officials, with more rashness than discretion, turned the late lamented Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, as secretary to the trustees, out of the exhibition-rooms; but the result of the whole has been, that the artists are to have an exhibition-room, apparently their own, erected at the national expense.

Scotland will, to all appearance, be compelled to hand down its poverty to posterity, although its pride seems utterly annihilated. In former days, it was said that only a northern accent, or a tartan coat, could secure attention, not to say preferment, from the Imperial Government; but now it is only Scotland and its interests which can brook Parliamentary scorn and Governmental indifference or contempt. Four millions sterling, or, ~~thereby~~ pass annually from this poverty-stricken country into the national exchequer, and scarcely a farthing of that sum comes back in any shape; while there is scarcely a situation worth a hundred a-year in this country which is not filled by an Englishman or Irishman. Millions upon millions are spent, or rather lavished, upon England and Ireland; while every sixpence which Scotchmen want for the improvement of their country is insultingly dolled out, or more insultingly denied. The last instance of this degradation to which we are ever and anon subjected was in connection with a grant for new buildings on the Mound, intended as a national exhibition-room for the works of Scottish living artists. That art has too long been neglected is now the universal lament; and how to remedy the evil, is a question which bids fair to become one of the problems of the age. The people tried an association for the promotion of the fine arts; the artists were anxious to supplement that with a new and superior exhibition-room. If both combined would infallibly secure the desired result, the experiment would be cheaply made at any cost; but a successful propelling and propagation of art, by such means, is at least doubtful, and therefore we are not disposed to say that some strong objections could not have been taken against the proposed grant. If, for instance, Mr Bright had objected to the principle of all national grants for purposes other than the protection of life and property—if

he had shown, that hitherto grants for such purposes had proved of doubtful utility—or had he even objected to the people being compelled, by taxation, to destroy one of the finest views in the world, the objections would at least have been intelligible—some would go the length of calling them reasonable; but for one, who dares the fashion of his own garments from the days of William Penn, to attempt obliteration of our nationality and time-honoured antiquity by a sneer, and the destruction of the metropolitan character of Edinburgh by a “Nay,” was a marvellous effort of impertinence. Had Mr Bright’s knowledge of Scotch subjects been equal to his spiteful depreciation of Scotch interests, he might have found scope for exercising his fitful economy even upon this question. He might, for instance, have moved for returns to show whether a new building was necessary at all, while one of ample dimensions was comparatively unoccupied! He might have asked, why it was that ignorance, under the shadow of high rank, had been allowed, by the exclusion of artists and artistic knowledge from the control of the Royal Institution, to render new buildings indispensable alike to Scottish artists and the Scottish public! He might have asked, whether it was true that the funds of that institution were devoted to the pensioning of superannuated livery servants, instead of being applied to the furtherance of art and the support of its professors! He might have moved for a Parliamentary report upon the capacity of its masters, the manner of their appointment, and the general distribution of the funds in the hands of the trustees. All this, and much more, might he have done, with great advantage both to the cause of art and a wise economy of the nation’s funds; but he either wanted the knowledge, or preferred attempting to depreciate the importance of a capital he found it impossible successfully to represent. This courtly Quaker should have some mercy on his own reputation, and try occasionally to hide the debasing fact, that his noblest aspirations are for evermore bounded by cotton and measured by coin; and he might have allowed the nation to patronise art to ~~some extent~~, although it be a way of spending money with the delights of which he is profoundly ignorant.

Notwithstanding such attempts as those of Mr Bright, no subject connected with polite study is receiving so large a share of public attention at present as pictorial art. Schools of Design have been eagerly instituted at the Government expense, and private associations for the purchase of pictures have been multiplied exceedingly; but that these means are promoting art is becoming every day a question of more doubtful speculation. That these private associations have produced some good, it were impossible to doubt. They have given the middle class a deeper interest than before in the progress of pictorial art. They have cheered the squalid den of artistic poverty with timely aid, and have soothed the dying victim of improvident genius, by temporarily providing for otherwise unprovided families. They may have drawn forth some great unknown from his unobtrusive hiding-place, and assisted him to take rank among the artistic stars of this utilitarian age, and furnished men of rising reputation with the means of devoting themselves more intently and continuously to works of higher aim. But they have done more. They have been converted into the pillars of a fashionable and puerile mediocrity, and have become the graves of mental

strength and artistic individuality. They have, by their delusive hopes, drawn many a youth from honour and respectability, as a handicraftsman, into the vortex of helpless, hapless misery, in an effort to drag out existence as an artist; and they have frequently broken down genius on the sure road to fame—but which required to be goaded thither by the strong spur of a stern necessity—into a meretricious and clever mannerism, which perhaps, more readily than the “true fire,” was esteemed and patronised by the foolish members of some managing committee.

Messrs Bright, Cardwell, and their friends, said, that, had the grant lately sought, and now partly obtained, been for London art and artists, they would not have made the same objections. Assuming that Scotland has still some lingering claims to a nationality, and Edinburgh to the position of a metropolis, we can see nothing, in the present state and prospects of English art, which would give its professors such claims to preference over their Scottish brethren, if, indeed, the latter have not substantial claims to artistic pre-eminence over the coming men of England. We revere the really great English artists, and are by no means insensible to such gigantic genius as that of Maclise, or the graphic power of Leslie; the reality of Landseer's dogs, or Stanfield's perfect transcripts of the sea coast; to Cook's maritime drawing, or Linton's profoundly poetical productions; but these are not the fashionable men before whom members of Parliament bow, and with the discussion of whose works critics load their columns. That, to use the words of one of themselves, “wouldn't be polite.” Eastlake, who, as in his “Escape of Carrara,” is becoming more elegantly feeble—and Martin, who, in his “Last Man,” has become more forcibly foolish—Lee, who has substituted, for his charming lane scenes, the unpoetic opacity of a quiet river—and Lincol, who, getting away from nature, has steeped his meanest forms in feeble laboriousness and russet brown—or Creswick, who has forsaken his trees, to display his powerless prettiness in such scenes as “Wind on Shore”—and Percy, who once gave promise of saving his art from degradation, but who has latterly attempted to combine the styles of Bonnington and Constable, with indifferent success, and has substituted, like the great mass of his compeers, a white sheet, for a sky duly harmonising in tone and composition with the other parts of his picture—a cardinal defect among the present landscape painters of England—these are the gods of the present critical idolatry. But, let members of Parliament say, and London critics write, what they please, there was no landscape in the Royal Academy's Exhibition so full of high-souled thought and suggestive power as was the “Sunset,” by D. O. Hill, exhibited last season in Edinburgh; and, even in their own more literal walks, they have produced no better pictures than Houston's “Moated Grange,” or Macculloch's “Great River.”

In glancing around the walls of the Royal Academy's exhibition-rooms, one could not help being struck with reflections of the most melancholy character. There was no evidence of progress conspicuously displayed anywhere, while, as a whole, the exhibition had depreciated twenty per cent. in the quality of its landscapes almost in half the same number of years; and truly, if things go on at their present rate, the words of Constable may become an awful reality—that “art will become extinct in England in thirty years.” In vain did visitors look for worthy

successors to the artistic worthies who have gone. The juicy touch and beautiful colour of Collins, the masculine and severely-truthful drawing of Bonnington, the sparkling freshness and the homely gorgeousness of Constable, the vigorous dexterity and the aerial classic loveliness of Calcott, the atmospheric wonders and the holy fervour which occasionally came from the studio of Muller, have all gone, and left no successors worthy of the name; while the high creative power of Turner—the mightiest of them all—is losing its perennial strength, and condescending, in its old age, to repeat the marvellous productions of its former self. In form alone do the English artists retain their former position, and even this in its lowest sense; but, in intellectuality, spirituality, and colour, our northern artists, taking number into account, are far ahead of their southern rivals. It is lamentable to see the jealousy, or ignorance, or sadly-abused friendship, which would conceal these facts from those most deeply interested. The unmeaning flattery which passes for criticism, even in high-class journals, will be of no avail. The press may, for a season, vamp up a baseless reputation, or for a season retard genius in its efforts to attain its true position; but no more can the London critics, by their unmeaning nonsense, secure permanent reputation for their friends, than they can annihilate the real greatness of some of our Scotch artists by their contemptuous silence.

In portraiture, if we may judge from the number exhibited, the English school believes itself very strong, and yet the productions of its greatest men were insipid productions compared to those of Watson Gordon, by which they were confronted; and the superiority of the present president's works, to those by which they were surrounded in Somerset House, was as marked and decided as was that of the full-length, by Sir Henry Raeburn, exhibited last year in Edinburgh, which shamed into insignificance all around it; and they would have been the better for seeing Graham Gilbert's head of Gibson, the sculptor, before hanging such pieces of raw but respectable rubbish as the portrait of Cooper, by J. P. Knight, R.A., upon the line. Even in historical painting, they have no man equal to Harvey, whose works they sometimes hang in "the coal-hole," and whom the critics, in their ignorance or jealousy, scarcely condescend to notice. Cattermole, the man amongst them who has most of the true historic element, is not equal to our northern artist. The former lays a more determined grasp upon the materials of history. His men, his castles, his trees, his very weeds and waters, look as if they had grown grey in the service of antiquity; but the spirituality of history has hitherto escaped him, and he has never succeeded in grappling with its religious or semi-religious phase—that higher element by which English, as well as Scotch, history has been mainly governed. He has painted Roundheads and Cavaliers without number, but he has never produced one picture calculated to teach a great moral lesson to a whole people—the path, above all others, where Harvey has won his laurels, and Herbert, who has attempted to supply this deficiency in England, has been more industrious than successful.

But it is in colour that the superiority of the Scottish artists over their English neighbours is most conspicuously apparent. Editors may puff their artistic friends till they blind them by a strong delusion, and ignorance may hold up those who paint to the top of their palette, as the only masters of colour, but it must all end in disappointment

and vexation. Good colour no more consists in laying on the finest and purest reds, blues, whites, and yellows in that proportion which will produce the most startling attraction, any more than good singing consists in bawling at the top of a man's voice; nevertheless, this is one of those snares to which artists, who live by painting for exhibitions, are peculiarly liable. Brilliancy is the most seductive, because the most popular element, with which exhibitors have to contend; and thousands will admire Pickersgill's garish imitations of Etty, or that awful beacon of bad drawing, and worse colour, Poole's "Messenger announcing to Job the Irruption of the Sabeans, and the Slaughter of the Servants," while they will pass over such specimens of genuine colour, as Harvey's picture of the "Bowlers," just as their fathers did over the most famous productions of Wilkie. Colour, undoubtedly, is not so essential to permanence of reputation as true form. In one sense, it may be said, that, in the latter, the true idea of beauty can alone be rendered permanent. Even words and languages may die and become obsolete, and colour, which is but the dress and ornament of lineal beauty, will fade and perish, while that graceful outline will outlive its most gorgeous accessories, and will neither be obliterated nor rendered liable to misconstruction from the decay. But no wise man will despise the true value of colour upon that account; and Fuseli, whose power as a draughtsman was only surpassed by his vigorous imagination, said, in the bitterness of his soul, that "he had courted colour as a despairing lover courts a churlish mistress," but without success. Many of the professor's successors are courting the same jaunty vehicle with far different results, and are converting it into a garish and trifling bauble, or, at best, but a splendid fault. There is something, perhaps, in the every-day life by which English artists are surrounded, which fosters this tendency. In the centre of the world's commerce and the world's riches, they live in an everlasting whirl of glittering and gorgeous human show. For the purpose of catching the fleeting approbation of a fashionable flippancy, which likes to see its own reflections reflected in contemporaneous art, genius is under strong temptation to sacrifice the true value of colour to mere vulgar magnificence, and attempt, with ignoble exultation, to convert, by the magic of a palette, the sublimest associations of a Golgotha into the tawdry brilliancies of a casino or enchanted garden. Mediocrity is glad to follow, and tread the same downward path and example, as the means of hiding its imperfections in the more essential departments of the art—a result most surely accomplished by a plentiful but paltry display of colour, which, as has been truly said, "is but revelling in the gay magnificence of splendid poverty." The tone and colour of a picture ought to spring as naturally from the subject as its action from the moment of time chosen, and, when so used, it forms a department of art altogether invaluable. When it radiates with lovely tint the brow of infancy, or reveals with imperceptible outline the ever-varying forms of beauty, when its warmer and stronger tints indicate the vigorous, life-like glow of sanguine youth, or discovers, by its yet stronger tones, the more energetic force and power of manhood, or marks, by its livid hues, life's ebbing flow, as it becomes more stagnant through enfeebling age, it is nobly fulfilling its high destiny; but, when it converts the harmonious beauties of outward nature into one magnified and distorted prism, decorates the subjects of disease or crime in the gay flauntings of a Vene-

tian holiday—when it obtrudes its vulgarity upon human miseries, and into scenes over which benevolence would draw the curtain of obscurity—when it exchanges the natural delicacy of youth for “strong carnations,” and the healthy glow of manhood for the purple brick-dust of a nervous debauchery—it absorbs all character and truth, and becomes the destroyer of grandeur by the destruction of natural simplicity and unity, without which no artist will ever become truly great, and no cultivated mind can ever be fully satisfied by his works. This, as it appears to us, is the besetting sin and danger of the present school in England—a fault from which our Scottish school is comparatively free.

The strength of the present School of English Artists, as represented by Frost, and Frith, and Stone, and Pickersgill, and Solomon, and Hunt, and Ellmore, and Egg, is a strength only remarkable for its essential and inherent weakness. It bears the same relative value to high art as the polished verses of Pope do to Shakspeare’s “*Tempest*,” or Milton’s “*Paradise Lost*.” Nothing can surpass it in practical knowledge, and it is perfect as a process of artistic manipulation, but it is destitute of vivid imagination or powerful thought. It scarcely ever reaches an attempt at a true idea of the beautiful in the epic, while all simplicity, reality, and elegance has been nearly banished from their historical subjects, under the pressure of barbarous affectation or metretic novelty. They have studied rules to repletion; but, as Sir Joshua Reynolds justly said, there ought to be a time “when genius begins and rules end.” The works of these men are well drawn, respectably composed, prettily coloured, and display considerable powers for the rendering of expression. There is nothing in them positively bad, but, as works of high art, they are intolerably worthless notwithstanding. They are, generally speaking, bodies without souls, and destitute of that, without which all pictures, in the highest sense, are but respectable specimens of painted furniture, having more affinity to the manufactures of Messrs Jennings and Betteridge at Birmingham, or “the West End,” than the pictorial creations of ~~any~~ genius. David Scott had more thinking power than them all put together, although they, perhaps, like Smith of Chichester, may be feasted by fashion and burdened by commissions, while he, like Richard Wilson, could scarcely by his genius keep body and soul together.

But let us take a high example of this fashionable style, as at present rampant in London, and contrast it with a somewhat kindred subject exhibited by J. Noel Paton in our last exhibition. The “Disarming of Cupid,” painted for Prince Albert by Mr Frost, is from the text of Shakspeare’s ballads; the subject of Mr Paton’s picture illustrates an incident in the text of one of the great dramatist’s plays; but they are both illustrations, notwithstanding, and may be very fairly contrasted. No one who has seen the two pictures can fail to have been struck with the poverty of invention and meagreness of fancy displayed by the southern as compared with the northern artist. In the work of the former, although there was large scope for introducing that play, fun, and frolic, which would so well have harmonised with those tripping nymphs stealing the dart of Cupid while the little urchin was asleep, yet the whole scene is as staid, solemn, and formal, as a meeting of maidens belonging to the Society of Friends, compared to the endless revelling and ever bounding delight which fills the creation of the latter. The one, if we

may so express it, is evidently the product of a starving, the other, that of an overflowing imagination: besides, Mr Paton has aimed at, and succeeded in becoming, a great moral teacher by his art; Mr Frost, by the sensuous style of his colour, and the peculiar quality of his drawing, has barely escaped from becoming very much the reverse. The difference in drawing, too, is very remarkable, and illustrates forcibly the disadvantages of mere academic study as compared with the study of nature. After a fashion, Mr Frost's figures are all pretty well drawn. They are all modelled upon the most justly esteemed specimens of the antique, and are carefully made out in their extremities; but they are more like painted statues, than living, breathing forms. There is a want of that discriminating power—the nice appreciation of that little more or less in the delineations of form which constitutes grace, imperceptible to the vulgar eye, but essential, nevertheless, to perfect elegance. In everything but colour, Frost's figures bear a strong resemblance to those of David; but, as Fuseli used to say, they have more of “de pudding” about them, or of dancing skin-tights, well stuffed with sawdust, or some kindred material. He has substituted manner for style; and, as a necessary consequence, his whole drawing presents a remarkable contrast to that graceful and elegant perception of form which Mr Paton has derived almost altogether from the study of nature. In colour, Mr Frost has, in one sense, surpassed his northern brother, while the latter remains at an infinite distance behind the former in all the mechanical appliances and manipulative dexterities of the art; but, in all the higher qualities, Mr Paton towers high above all London competitors who have exhibited this season, in his own department, which is one of the very highest walks of pictorial art; and yet the one is barely noticed by gentlemen who “do the fine arts” for the English public, while the other is bespattered with lengthy and unmeasured praise; and the corporation to whom Mr Frost belongs are to have the public purse completely at their command, while the body which has the honour of numbering Mr Paton among its members is, according to the “lords” of Manchester, unworthy of the smallest amount of public patronage.

ROYAL PANOPTICON OF SCIENCE AND ART.

We have gone carefully over the Prospectus of this new Institution, and have no hesitation in stating our decided opinion, that, if supported as its claims demand, it will at once contribute immensely to the encouragement of science and art, and to the pleasure and profit of a very large and ever-increasing portion of our population. Our readers are referred to our advertising sheet for full information relative to the principle on which the Panopticon is based, and the plan in accordance with which it is proposed to be worked; and those of them who wish well to the interests of science and the fine arts, will, we are confident, countenance the new and important undertaking, either in the way of contributing to its capital, or availing themselves of the numerous advantages it so liberally and so cheaply offers. The Panopticon, we are glad to see, enjoys the most distinguished literary and scientific patronage.

THE PALLADIUM.

OCTOBER, 1850.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

Two hundred years ago, this island was in the agony and crisis of a great revolution. The heart of humanity was stirred to its depths by the loftiest thoughts, and its hand, taking hold of mortal steel, was stretched forth against principalities and powers, in the manly endeavour to build up what was deemed to be the kingdom of heaven upon the earth. There had been seven years of bloody civil war, and many fields, which are now vocal with the song of reapers cutting down the corn, resounded to the clash of arms and the tumultuous noise of the battle. The triune embodiment of King, Lords, and Commons, was rent in twain, and the divided parts were pitted in mortal antagonism. The king and his nobility, representing old, worn-out principles, came in collision with the Parliament and people, representing the everlasting growth and development of the human soul—and the result was the great civil war. Seven years of that war were over in the beginning of 1650; but, though the king had been vanquished in the battlefield, and had laid down his life on the scaffold, the contest was not yet at an end. The Commonwealth was set up, but it rested on a volcano. A great man was at the head of it—a high-souled, truly heroic man; but, though by his own might, or “by the help of the Lord,” as he would have said, he was able to sustain the fabric which he was mainly instrumental in setting up, and kept the volcanic elements under control to the close of his life, his death liberated the imprisoned forces, and in one short year the Commonwealth succumbed to the “Blessed Restoration.” It is two hundred years ago. All trace of that stirring time seems to have passed away. In our common moods, we see it only as a dim speck in the receding past; we hear the murmur of it only as the feeble voices of a dream. But, in sober truth, the Commonwealth is yet present with us; it, and all the epochs and eras, impinge upon our own time, are mixed up with it, and give colour and direction to the life and activities of the nineteenth century.

Each of us navigates his little barque of life on narrow seas, with more or less of light upon his track from the beacon-fires of memory and of hope. The boy-sailor sees only the immediate yesterday and to-morrow, and steers, with merry heart, under the sun-bow which stretches from the one to the other. When the man is drifted into broader longitudes of the great deep, the horizon widens, and memory expands into

world-history, and hope into prophetic illumination. But, as boy or as man, his environments are substantially the same. They are the yesterdays and the to-morrows, and the lights and shadows on his path are the lights and shadows of setting and of rising suns. The *sunbow* of the boy, the little arch of white light through which he steers out of port, becomes a *rainbow* to the man far out at sea. The pure white gives place to the prismatic colours, which are the reflection of his own many-coloured thoughts; and, instead of resting on the twin pillars of yesterday and to-morrow, with only a day between, the bow now rests on, or springs up from, all the yesterdays and all the to-morrows: it stretches farther than the arch of heaven, and loses itself in the two eternities.

From these antipodes of duration, and from all intervening points, come lights of strange radiance, and voices which whisper deep things to the heart. The fleeting present is thus linked to the past and the future, and, apparently, takes its complexion equally from both. But, if we closely consider it, the light of hope is only a reflected light, the voices of the future are but echoes of the past. It is the setting sun that gilds the eastern mountain-tops at eventide: it is his light that shines from the moon, as she walks in beauty among the stars. So, also, hope is but the reflection of memory; and whatever light may come to us from the near or far unwritten future, is light which arose in the past days and ages. In picturing a millennial day, each man for himself, or millennial ages for the coming generations, or a new heavens and a new earth when time shall be no longer, we draw exclusively from the ever accumulating stores of the past behind us—from the scroll of Providence, which has been unrolling from the beginning, on which are inscribed the sacred oracles and the scriptures of universal history; and on a small, but dear, and to each man infinitely important, corner of which his own individual history is recorded.

The possibilities of the present would thus seem to be greater than those of any former age, inasmuch as it is richer in experience. An ingenious, but somewhat extravagant, writer says:—

“Consider, the spirit of prophecy never becomes mute among men. Having once uttered itself, it is a voice for ever. First, a disembodied sound, awful, solemn, mystical, it becomes incarnated in events, and history is at once its commentary and fulfilment. It never becomes mute—nay, rather, do not its flute voices and thunder-voices become clearer and louder, as they sweep down the avenues of the ages! Like whirlwinds and waterspouts (which, in their beginnings, were zephyrs and dewdrops), which sweep over seas and continents, tearing up forests, sucking up streams and rivers, as they pass, the still small voices of prophecy absorb, in their course, the many-fold and many-coloured events of time, and beat with their united force on the rocks and shores whither the present generation has been drifted. The spirit of prophecy never becomes mute, if we only had an open ear to hear it. The spiritual is the only perennial. Hast thou ever thought of the element in which thou movest and hast thy being? Hast thou ever thought, that the things which thou deemest most substantial—thy own body, the house in which thou dwellest, the civil government under which thou livest, all thy institutions in church and state: the commercial, municipal, and parochial laws, which hem thee in on every hand, and read thee stern lessons on the limitations of thy boasted free will and liberty—are all founded on a substratum of divine and human thought, or have grown out of it? I advise thee to think of these things with all thy might, and to search and know, that not only the divine voices

which were uttered of old at the springs and fountain-heads of inspiration, but the human will of all who have lived before thee, combine to make thee what thou art, and hold thee in a net from which thou wilt in vain endeavour to escape."

"The finger-posts of prophecy," he continues, changing the figure, "point backwards, as well as forwards, teaching, in their mute, symbolical way, that the past, as well as the future, is the home and school-house of man's soul. Thou canst know nothing of the eternity which lies before thee, but for the past which lies behind—nay, the present, on which thou layest thy hand, and huggest to thy bosom, vainly endeavouring, too often, to draw a love and life from it which it refuses to yield to thee, what canst thou know of it, even, but for the interpretation of the yesterdays? Plunged in the fabled Lethæ, stript of thy memory, and turned out amongst thy fellows, how shouldst thou find thyself? Thou wouldest not know thy own mother, and thy wife and children would be strangers to thee. The heavens and the earth would be a perplexing, though an illuminated enigma. Thou shouldst have to begin anew (and by many falls, be assured) to learn the mystery of good and evil, and to be led by a higher wisdom than thine own into the awful presence of the divine and human heroism and sorrow by which the one is subordinated to the other. It is thy memory which maketh thee to differ from the beasts that perish; and it is the memory of nations, which we name history, which maketh one nation to differ from another, and exalts it above its fellows on the platform of civilisation."

Through the exuberance of words and imagery in these passages, we discern a vein of thought, which, patiently followed up, might lead us to high regions of contemplation. It is true, in the most important sense, that the voice of prophecy never becomes mute, which means, in other words, that the sublimities of man's life (the theme of early prophecy) are perennial, and might be progressive. The sublimities themselves are not progressive; they are substantially the same for ever. But new light is ever shed upon them in the individual experience of every healthy soul, and it were pleasant to be able to cherish the faith, that the path of the succeeding generations shall be like the path of the just man, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And why should it not be so? "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," and in widened thought there is a possibility, at least, for increase of wisdom. The eternal verities do not change, but they may become clearer. The first prophetic utterances were of them, and the reverberations of that earliest prophecy were heard far away in the unborn ages, and the early fathers had thus an intimation that in the latter days the truth of Heaven should be the acknowledged law of the whole earth.

Although, therefore, there would seem to be ebb and flows in the life of humanity—seasons of illumination alternating with seasons of darkness—we should be inclined to pause, if asked for an unfavourable verdict upon our own time. The nineteenth century has much to answer for, if it is not better than the eighteenth, the seventeenth or than any former century. But it lies under the accusation of having sold its noble inheritance for a mess of pottage, and of having no open sense for the heroism of past ages. Its accuser carries no small weight in his name. Thomas Carlyle speaking of English Puritanism, says: "Few nobler heroisms—at bottom, perhaps, no nobler heroism—ever transacted itself on this earth, and it lies as good as lost to us, overwhelmed under such an avalanche of human stupidities as ushered in before ever did. Intrin-

cally and extrinsically, it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically—"and he goes on to show that the records of it have been made a sad mess of by "human stupidity," which has not even compiled an index to the "thirty to fifty thousand unread pamphlets of the civil war in the British Museum alone." But not only is it so with the civil war. "To the English mind, at this hour, the past history of England is little other than a dull, dismal labyrinth, in which the English mind, if candid, will confess that it has found of knowable (meaning even *conceivable*), of loveable, or memorable, next to nothing." But, checking his hot haste, he adds that destiny, as well as stupidity, has something to do with this:—

"By very nature, human history is a labyrinth and chaos—this that we call human history; an *abatis* of trees and brushwood, a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blooming fruit-trees of to-day, there lie, rotting faster or slower, the forests of all other years and days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic mould; others are like the aloes, growths that last a thousand, or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation, deep down to the beginnings of the history of man. Think where our alphabetic letters came from—where our speech itself came from—the cookeries we live by—the masonries we lodge under! You will find fibrous roots of this day's occurrences among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, of Tubalcain and Triptolemus; the tap-roots of them are with Father Adam himself, and the cinders of Eve's first fire. At bottom, there is no perfect history; there is none such conceivable."

We would premise farther, before proceeding to glance briefly at the rise and culmination of the "noble heroism" of English Puritanism, how difficult a thing it is to project one's self into the breathing forms, and to realise the spirit of a vanished age. The most successful efforts to do so will only approximate to the reality. Try the experiment on a smaller scale. Take the man in whose companionship you have made the nearest approach to the rare pleasure of the communion of man with man; try to be *him*—to live in his life—to be agitated by his feelings—to be breathed upon by his thoughts; and however well you know him, however well you love him, you must confess to a failure. Nay, come nearer home, and try yourself. Walk backwards through the avenues of your own life; clothe yourself, if you can, in the mental vestures of noted epochs of your history; essay to be what you were in the efflorescent season of first love, or when your first genuine sorrow poured its molten levin into the full capacities of your being, and thrilled to the utmost and lowest fibres of heart and soul. Here, also, you will only approximate. Your present mood, that mysterious conglomerate of all past moods, will effectually prevent you from realising any one of them in its individual entirety. It is only in rare "seasons of calm weather," that—

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And hear its mighty waters rolling evermore."

At other, and ordinary seasons the vision is dim, the voices are a

confused murmur. But "those first affections, those shadowy recollections"—

"Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence."

They are the best element of our life; they are our strength and our joy. Their sources are in time, and in all time; but on their wings we rise above time, and lay hold of eternity.

History is the memory of the race, and, like individual memory, it has spots of perennial verdure and seasons of noble heroism. Of such is the brief era of the Commonwealth. The seventeenth century, says the author already quoted, was not a canting century; far from it. There was then in England (and the same thing, though more perplexed, entangled, and undecided, was strong in Scotland also) a practical world based on belief in God. It was an age of strong, unhesitating faith, and in this we have the key to its whole history. We must strive, says Carlyle, utterly to dismiss the notion that Cromwell was a canting hypocrite, and the high priest of such, if we would see those times as they were, and feel them as they were felt by earnest men, who made them what they were. But he hardly thinks, strive as we may, that ~~this~~ is possible. "The age of the Puritans," he mournfully adds, "is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of memory herself; it is grown unintelligible—what we may call incredible. Its earnest purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not, even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities." Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was, and should have been, and shall yet be, immortal, has for the present passed away." Hoping, however, that the one in a thousand may become one in a hundred, or one in ten, or even a majority, we shall now glance briefly at some of the phases of this "heroism," and inquire how it was that neither the body nor the soul of it was able to sustain itself in the high place of power to which it climbed in the middle of the seventeenth century.

It would lead us far beyond our prescribed limits to trace to its remote causes the volcanic outburst of English Puritanism; suffice it to say, that it was a consequence or continuation of the mental awakening at the Reformation. But that event, in its turn, was the result of other kindred antecedents. The Reformation is commonly attributed to the revival of letters in the previous centuries, and to the invention of printing, which immediately preceded it. But beyond, and behind, and beneath all this, was something far more notable and glorious—the spiritual substance, the living soul—of which printing presses, and reformations, and puritanisms, were only the visible and transient manifestations. There are germs and elements in the life of man ever ready to put forth leaves and flowers, or to blaze up in world-wide conflagration, as skyey influences, or demoniac sparks, may chance to fall upon them. In the days of Luther, again, in the days of Cromwell, and, indeed, in all

such days, we trace the operation of these two sets of vital forces. The imprisoned, but imperishable, human soul, drawn out, and onwards, and upwards, by influences from above, and thwarted in this its natural course, by opposing forces of the earth, earthy, rises up, in its wrath and strength, now against a pope, now against a king—now against a Leo X., and now against a Charles I. Then we have high, heroic daring, such as it *does* cost an effort to conceive of in these Saturnian days of civil and religious liberty. We assume, then, that there are vital forces in our human life which mountains of stupidity may crush but cannot destroy; heaven-lighted fires, which ignorance may smother but cannot quench; that in its lowest degradation it has latent sympathies waiting to respond to the divine truths, when they break in upon it; and that these are the things which, above all others, have, in all ages, called forth its heroism and self-sacrifice: that the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, and Puritanism in the seventeenth, are notable instances of this heaven-descended human soul asserting its divinest rights, laying hold of the invisible and the holy, putting all of earth to peril for the sake of heaven, and, through the old and only way of sacrifice and suffering, narrowing the limits of the spirit of evil, and establishing the possibility of a higher life for all future generations.

Elizabeth was pleased to be a nursing-mother to the Reformation and, under her tutelage, it experienced the usual fate of the spoiled child of a capricious parent. Now she fondled, and now she whipped it. She allied herself with foreign powers in defence of it abroad, and persecuted to the death several of its professors at home. She would be a bulwark of Protestantism, but Protestantism must not dare to make her a whit less of a queen. She must be the supreme head of the English Protestant Church. Protestantism, upon the whole, had but little to object. The English mind had gained something by throwing off the pope, and was pretty well content with its partially reformed doctrines and ceremonial, and with the virtual popeship of its strong-minded queen. Even then, indeed, a process, unconscious, perhaps, to the English mind itself must have been going on in the depths of the English mind, which, sooner or later, must needs develop itself in overt acts; but there was comparative tranquillity on the surface all the days of Elizabeth. The English mind was even then in perturbation with Puritanism; but the birth time was not yet at hand, and it seemed as if old prerogative, and the new-born liberty of the mind of man, could live together in peace and harmony.

Our James the Sixth became Solomon the First of England. An effeminate man succeeded a masculine woman on the throne of the Plantagenets and Tudors. James was a great Protestant, a great doctor in divinity, and, in his own esteem, he was every inch a king. His prerogative, founded on "divine right," took cognisance of the ecclesiastical as well as of the temporal kingdom. Probably Elizabeth's notions of prerogative were as high as those of the Stuarts, and certainly she carried herself as imperiously as any of them; but that "under-current" was now working to the surface, and hence the stormy contrast which was about to be presented to the tranquil reign of the Virgin Queen. Had James and Charles been as strong minded as Elizabeth, their reigns could not possibly have been the counterpart of hers; but, in that case, English history might have run in other channels, for Elizabeth, with all her

queently notions, knew when to yield, and to yield like a queen. Unfortunately, neither James nor Charles, nor any of the Stuarts, was blessed with the time-discerning faculties; and their obstinacy, meeting with the advancing forces of Protestantism, in their civil and ecclesiastical aspects and tendencies, hastened the parturition with which the English mind was quick; brought forth Puritanism, "a goddess armed," and then there came the civil war, the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, the not unnatural anti-climax of the "Blessed Restoration," and, to close the eventful series, the glorious Revolution of 1688.

James had not sat a year on the English throne, when this new power confronted him. Early in 1604 was held a theological convention, known as the Hampton Court Conference. It was the first formal meeting of High Church and Low Church, whose conflicting claims are yet far from being settled, as the Gorham case bears witness. It was the first formal appeal of Puritanism to be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of its own conscience. James sat as moderator. Several petitions were presented to him, and, among others, one signed by nearly a thousand clergymen of the Established Church, praying for only a title of the religious liberty which all sects now enjoy. The Puritans (who were so nicknamed about this time) were represented by four doctors from the two universities; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other reverend dignitaries, represented and maintained the claims of High Church. "Awful, devout Puritanism" on the one side, "decent, dignified Ceremonialism," on the other. It was not in the nature of things that they should see with one eye at their first meeting. In matters of highest import, arguments the most conclusive never carry conviction at the moment; they may silence, but cannot satisfy. The Conference broke up, with a lame and impotent conclusion. The royal moderator flouted the Puritan doctors, threatening that if they did not wear their surplices and attend to their ceremonies meekly, he would hurry them out of the kingdom.

Disappointed, but not daunted, the Puritans retired from Hampton Court. Loyal to King James to a fault, but loyal also to the King of kings, they were drawn in opposite directions by double and conflicting duties; but nearly forty years passed away ere they felt called upon to make a decided choice between them. Puritanism continued to grow in strength and daring all this reign; and towards the end of it "already either in conscious act," says the editor of "*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*," "or in clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious thought and manhood of England had declared itself Puritan." James died early in 1625, and was succeeded by his son, Charles I. Charles ascended the throne with the firm determination that the royal prerogative should not suffer in his hands. He swiftly dismissed two Parliaments, because they would not vote him "supplies," without taking "grievances" along with them. The grievances related principally to matters of conscience. The Puritan element was already firmly opposing the demented and unfortunate king. His third Parliament met in March, 1628, and was more Puritanic than either of the others. It was ready to vote supplies, if his majesty would only take good counsel along with them. Honourable members became very bold about the beginning of June. Sir Edward Coke "now saw that God had not accepted of their humble and

moderate carriages and fair proceedings; and he feared the reason was, that they had not dealt sincerely with the king and country, and made a true representation of the causes of all their miseries." The "causes of their miseries" were specified by Sir John Eliot, who moved that "there might be a declaration made to the king of the danger wherein the kingdom stood by the decay and contempt of religion." The Puritan element was clearly in the ascendant, and the king, bowing to the storm, ratified the famous Petition of Right which the Parliament had sanctioned. But that Parliament might do no further mischief, it was forthwith prorogued, first to October, and then to January, 1629; and after a brief session in January and February, during which the House occasionally resolved itself into a "Grand Committee of Religion," it was finally dissolved in the beginning of March, and Charles reigned without a Parliament for eleven years. Oliver Cromwell sat in this Parliament for the borough of Huntingdon.

The next Parliament met in April, 1640, but was not at all in the king's humour, and he dismissed it, after a brief session of three weeks. Appropriately enough, it is known as the *Short Parliament*. But troubles increasing, another Parliament was summoned, and met early in November, 1640. This was the *Long Parliament*. "It accomplished and suffered very singular destinies; suffered a Pride's purge, a Cromwell's ejection; suffered re-instatements, re-ejections; and the *Rump*, or fag-end of it, did not finally vanish till 16th March, 1660." Oliver Cromwell sat in this Parliament for the borough of Cambridge.

Puritanism was intensely active, the last eleven years, in both ends of the island. Charles was even more resolute than his father that Episcopacy should be established in Scotland, and while, in matters ecclesiastical, he enforced the highest of High Church dogmas in England, he restrained his prerogative to the bursting in the affairs of civil government. The Puritans were hotly persecuted. Leaders, and other noted members, were pilloried, and had their ears cut off, and Hampden's ship-money trial, which took place in those years, is a landmark in English history. The thunder-clouds were gathering in every quarter. Already there was hardly a blue speck in all the heavens. The impending storm first burst out in the north. The Scotch Covenanters took the field before the English Puritans. The Scots had dealt roughly with his majesty's bishops; and in May, 1639, he sent an army to chastise them. The Scots took the field also, "for Christ's crown and covenant." Charles thought it prudent to negotiate and temporise, and both armies were disbanded. It was his majesty's poverty, and not his will, that consented to terms with his rebellious subjects; and, with the view of raising supplies, he summoned the Short Parliament. This Parliament, as we have seen, was quite unmanageable, and was not at all in the humour to vote supplies against the Scotch Covenanters. By forced loans, and other methods, a little money was raised, however, and the king again took the field in the middle of 1640. The Scots were as ready as his majesty; and, to save him the trouble of a long march, they crossed the Tweed in August, and advanced to meet him. But, in times like those, military discipline is subordinate to higher principles of action. The royal army was imbued with Puritanism; it shot some of its own officers, who showed a leaning towards malignancy; and was readier with

"three cheers" for Puritan clergymen than to fight the northern Covenanters. Serious fighting between two such armies was out of the question. After a few skirmishes, the Scots took possession of Newcastle, and other places in the north; and were no strangers in these quarters for the next seven years. The English Puritans gave them a cordial reception, and treated them rather as allies than enemies.

Such was the attitude and bearing of Puritanism when the Long Parliament met in November, 1640. Scotland and the northern English counties had already shown what spirit they were of; and, within a month of the meeting of Parliament, the metropolis presented a "monster petition," praying for a radical reform in bishops and ceremonies. The poor king, though "hedged" round with "divinity," and buttressed with the "decent dignified ceremonialism" of his bishops, soon found that he had enough to do to govern such a people. Part of them were already in arms against him; and those who still bore arms on his side were hardly less dangerous than his avowed enemies. A sore beleaguered king! But his new Parliament, instead of rushing to his aid, resolved itself into a "committee of the whole house on religion;" and, instead of voting supplies to put down the Scots, it launched out, in the first months of its existence, on the troubled sea of theological controversy. It offered no better for his majesty than its predecessors, with which he had dealt in a right royal way; but, profiting by their fall, it passed a bill, before it was a year old, "That this Parliament shall not be dissolved without its own consent"—a daring invasion of the prerogative; but the times were really out of joint, and the king gave the bill his sanction. This, then, was the Parliament which must settle the question which was unsettling the whole country: this Parliament alone, or the Parliament and the king together.

It was apparent from the first, and soon became clear enough, that the king and the Parliament would never draw one way. A Parliament which could even discuss the abolition of Episcopacy, and which actually abolished it, could have no sympathy from a king who was ready to stake his crown and life on the maintenance of that form of church government. But he had given it a charter of permanence, and the power of dissolution was no longer in his hands. However incendiary this Parliament might prove, he could not trample it out in the aggregate, but he might try to quench it in detail. Accordingly, Parliament turning out to be very incendiary, as his majesty thought, early in 1642, he demanded that five members, whom he named, should be sent to the Tower, as traitors who had invited the Scots to invade England. The House was in no hurry to comply, rather gave his majesty to understand that it declined to comply; whereupon his majesty, with an armed force, proceeded in person to seize the obnoxious members. They, being warned of his approach, evaded him, and escaped. London was in consternation; all England was soon in ferment. The crisis was come at last; on the 10th January, 1642, the king, with his court, quitted Whitehall, and from this we date the beginning of the first civil war.

Between this date and the 30th of January, 1649, lies the grandest episode of English history. The principal actors in the drama, as we have said, were the two divided parts of the trine embodiment of King, Lords, and Commons. This compound unity was now rent asunder,

and king and Parliament were pitted against each other in mortal antagonism. Each, though apart, was still a centre of power, and attracted huge elements of sympathetic strength. On the king's side was ranged an imposing array of positive and negative, of moral and material forces—reverence, prescription, habit, custom, the organised machinery in church and state, the birth and chivalry of England, the fears of the timid, the daring of the bold; and, besides all this, his own name was a tower of strength. On the other side, were a strong sense of right, and the irresistible promptings of an absorbing sentiment. King Charles of England was very great, but the King of Heaven was greater. The claims and commands of these two seemed now, to a large portion of the earnest thought and manhood of England, to be altogether incompatible; and there was nothing for it but to follow whither the pillar of fire should lead, and leave the issue to the God of battles.

The war broke out soon after the king quitted Whitehall. His majesty had the better of it in the early campaigns; and it was not till Cromwell had reduced to practice the idea of "fighting men of honour with men of religion," that the royal cause became hopeless. The struggle had now lasted four years—the Scots in the northern counties co-operating with the Parliamentary forces—when, in the spring of 1646, Charles, in disguise, rode off from Oxford, and threw himself on the loyalty of the Scotch army at Newark. If this was not a wise step, the Scots were not to blame. They had fought against him; but had much rather have fought for him, on one condition. They had fought for the Covenant against the King, but had much rather have fought for King *and* Covenant; and now they besought his majesty, on their bended knees, and with tears in their eyes, to take the Covenant, or at least to sanction the Presbyterian worship, and they would fight for him to the last man. But disastrous defeat and prospective ruin had not yet brought his majesty the length of toleration. He would not yet let his divine right go, in the smallest tittle of it. Conscience, in this its armed appeal to the God of conscience, had triumphed over him; but he would not yet abate his claim to be the lord of all the consciences in England and Scotland. Finding him impracticable, the Scots delivered him up to the Parliament, in the beginning of 1647; and then, their arrears being fully discharged, they marched away home.

The difficulties of Parliament seemed only to increase with the capture of the king and the discomfiture of his armies. England had passed through the crisis of a four years' war, and now men naturally looked for a harvest somewhat commensurate with such a seedtime. But the eternal dualism of humanity forbade it. While the king lived and kept the field, English Puritans and Scotch Covenanters were united as one man against him; but, now that their common enemy was subdued, they fell out and disputed among themselves. The army and the Parliament—the former representing the Independents, the latter the Presbyterians—got into hot dispute as to the true basis of a settlement of the nation. The Presbyterians preponderated in Parliament, and were disposed to make what the army considered to be a too easy, in fact, a very dangerous, arrangement with the king. The Scots sympathised with their Presbyterian brethren in England. The fountains of the great deep were again opening, and another deluge was rushing on apace. There had been a civil

war for great principles; and now, there must needs be another civil war for little details! While the elements were gathering for this second thunderburst, the king made his escape from Hampton Court, and this precipitated the crisis.

Charles fled from Hampton Court, November 16, 1647, leaving behind him letters of right royal pretensions, and turned up in the Isle of Wight. The war now broke out again with redoubled fury. Wales and several English counties were speedily in a flame. The Scots, under the Duke of Hamilton, twenty thousand strong, marched into England, "to deliver the king from sectaries;" in other words, to have a hit at the Puritan Independents, who were now rather tending towards republicanism. Cromwell again took the field; came up with the Scots at Preston, and, "by the help of the Lord," utterly routed them. He then marched victoriously to Edinburgh; back again victoriously to England; all resistance melting away before him. Meanwhile, the Parliament (covertly at cross-purposes with the army) continued to negotiate with the king; and, towards the close of 1648 (in the summer and autumn months of which these transactions took place), resolved that his majesty's concessions were sufficient, and should be accepted. Here was a fine prospect for the army! The military chiefs and the Parliamentary minority speedily assembled, and took counsel what was now to be done. Shall all our blood and toils be spent in vain, then? No, verily! The Parliament's resolution was taken early on the morning of 5th December. The Puritan soldiers and other leaders passed all that day and the following night in consultation and prayer. On the morrow, they acted. On the 6th December, 1648, Colonel Pride, with a company of foot, planted himself at the entrance of the House of Commons, and stopped this and the other member, as they were about to enter. Upwards of a hundred members were thus disposed of. This was "Pride's Purge." The Presbyterian Royalist majority were thus reduced to the minority, and, in these strangely altered circumstances, the question of a settlement of the nation was again discussed. There could be no true settlement without justice on delinquents, especially on the chief delinquent, who had brought all those troubles on the nation. Accordingly, it was resolved to bring the king to trial. This was in the beginning of December, 1648. On the 29th of January, 1649 (his majesty having been convicted of "high treason, and other high crimes," in the interval), his death-warrant was signed, and he was beheaded, on the open street, before Whitehall, the following morning.

We must here pause in our historical summary. We have just reached the threshold of the Commonwealth, but our limited space forbids us to dwell on the profoundly interesting movements and events of the decade from 1649 to 1659-60. We have reached the threshold of the Commonwealth through seas of blood, and through the blood of a king; but the threshold of a Commonwealth is not, unfortunately, the threshold of the Millennium. The antagonistic principles which, during the last seven years, had met in armed and mortal conflict on many a battlefield, had not yet exhausted themselves. Thousands of living men, in whom they were incarnated, had fallen on both sides, but the principles for which they fought and died still lived and struggled as before. Those which were incarnated in the king did not die with him, and his death

did not secure the ascendancy of their antagonists. It could not be so. Never by such means can it be so. The wars which ushered in the Commonwealth were a prominent manifestation of the everlasting duel between good and evil, which varies in its manifestation from age to age, but never ceases among men. The Commonwealth was proclaimed in May following the king's death. It was ordered by Parliament (Pride-purged, and now thoroughly Puritanic), "That the people of England, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are, and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, established, and confirmed to be, a Commonwealth or Free State; and shall from henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free State—by the supreme authority of this nation, the representatives of the people in Parliament, and by such as they shall constitute and appoint officers and ministers unto them, for the good of the people, and this without any King or House of Lords." Puritanism so ordered it—Puritanism, now near its culminating point—the triumphant principle for the moment—the better, and far the better, principle in this notable conflict, but not by any means a perfect one. When good and evil take the incarnate forms of living men, and come in collision in this concrete shape, they are never thoroughly good, nor absolutely wicked; and this is the chief reason why their conflict is never-ending. A foolish and tyrannical king had been disposed of, and the Puritans had nothing more to fear from Charles I.; but they were again soon called to arms against his son, Charles II. The Commonwealth was only a year old, when it was menaced by the young Charles, in alliance with the Scotch Covenanters. Cromwell, in the past months, had marched in the spirit, and with more than the success, of a Joshua, over the length and breadth of Ireland, storming cities, and doing exploits "in the name of the Lord;" and now, in the end of June, 1650, he set out for Scotland at the head of an army which had never known defeat. We cannot follow him in what proved to be a second career of victory. The Covenanters fought stoutly for the Covenant *and* the King, for more than twelve months; and then, by a bold but unsuccessful strategic move, they gave Cromwell the slip, and marched into England, hoping to rally the Presbyterian loyalty of that country around the white banner of the Covenant—a bold but unsuccessful step. Cromwell came up with them at Worcester, on the 3d September, 1651, and, after a protracted and bloody battle, valiantly fought on both sides, he utterly routed them, and put a final end to the civil wars.

To this issue the armed revolt of Puritanism has now led us—to the trial and execution of one king, to the defeat and inglorious flight of another. "No modern reader," says Carlyle, "can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability, of the execution of the king. To be equalled, nay, to be preferred, think some, in point of horror, to the crucifixion of Christ! Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison. We know it not, this atrocity of the English regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any body of men to be met with in history ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do." There is no exaggeration here. What, then, we naturally ask, was the

true nature of that Puritanic spirit which did the deed? What were the strong principles of action which were then so strongly stirred in the Puritan heart of England?

We must go far back for an historical illustration. Cromwell, we have said, marched through Ireland in the spirit and might of a Joshua; and we would now add, that he marched through all his battlefields in the might of a Joshua, *because* he was filled with the spirit of the conqueror of Canaan. Cromwell doubted no more than Joshua, that he was fighting the battles of the Lord. His armies, equally with those of Joshua, were impressed with the same conviction. The religious phraseology of the Puritans was not a cant: it was the genuine expression of their most cherished thoughts. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory." This was the uniform tenor of Cromwell's despatches, in writing to the Parliament of his battles and victories. After a storm and victory at Waterford, "Is it an arm of flesh that hath done these things!" he writes. "Is it the wisdom, or counsel, or strength of men! It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise." And when the war was over, and the question was, whether the Parliament or the army—whether genuine Puritanism, or half-hearted Presbyterianism—shall rule in England? the officers and regiments spent whole days and nights in special prayer for wisdom and counsel from above. The Puritans, now in the ascendant, believed, first, in God's eternal law and providence; and, secondly, that they knew his law, that they were his peculiar people, and that, in all these great transactions, they were the special instruments of his just judgments upon unrighteous men. This was Puritanism—these were its strong principles of action. The civil war was a crusade, in the strictest meaning of the term.

We now take leave of those old heroes with high, but not unqualified, admiration. It will be good for us to visit them occasionally, principally for their nobleness, but also for their faults. They were a brave people; and, measured by the motives which prompted it, a nobler conflict than that which they waged with principalities and powers, the world had never seen, nor has it yet seen. They were a clear, though not full-sighted people; theirs, in a higher and better sense even than the poet's, were "the vision and the faculty divine." They saw the vision of the Highest and the Holiest, and they saw also the vision of human life, bounded, as it ever is, with feebleness, helplessness, and the blackness of darkness, on one side; and, with the help and strength of the Mighty One, with the unspeakable splendours of heaven and eternity, on the other. They had ears to hear the voice of duty, and hearts to respond to it. Listening for the heavenly voices, they heard them from the eternal heights, commanding them to leave father and mother, wife and children—to put all of earth to peril, and to go forth "to the help of the Lord against the mighty." To hear was to obey. They went forth, strong in faith; and in the name of the Lord they did valiantly. They acted history as few men have acted it; and if all history be a continued prophecy, theirs is so emphatically—a prophecy which we shall do well to read and understand. The Puritan warriors have long gone to rest. The stormful valour of their great hearts is still enough now. The heroes of the Commonwealth, the whirlwind, the tempest, the garments rolled in blood, are fixed there, mute and still, in the silence of the receding ages, but yet

they are not very far from any one of us. Age is bound to age, man is bound to man, in all place and in all time, in hands mysterious, mystical, yet strong as the decrees of Heaven; and the men who made the seventeenth century noble and heroic are a power upon us to this day, and live and breathe in every vein and fibre of English life and civilisation in this nineteenth century.

We in this age, with the prophecy of the Puritan revolt spread out in its completeness before us, can see well enough how its practical issue, the Commonwealth, could not endure. A fortuitous, or, as the Puritans would have said, a providential concurrence of circumstances—chief among which was the heroic nature and practical sagacity of Oliver Cromwell—conspired to raise the religious *minority* of England to the high places of power. The Puritans *were* the minority, and, even in the zenith of the Commonwealth, there were overwhelming odds against them. Sprung from the spiritual, and based upon it, always stretching forth to the spiritual, strong only in it and by it, they nevertheless raised themselves by the sword: the mire clay was mixed with the iron and precious metals in the colossal image which they had set up, and such a compound could not be enduring. As often as Cromwell essayed (and he did so repeatedly) to trust the Commonwealth in what we should now call a constitutional course, he found it ever ready to diverge into the abyss of royalty, on one hand, or of anarchy, on the other. From the beginning of the civil war to the close of the Protectorate, force was the supreme law; and, though it was force well directed—such as force, or say tyranny, was never directed before, and never has been directed since—still it was force, and must needs come to an end. We have seen how Colonel Pride, acting for the Puritans, “purged” the Parliament, in order to compass the death of the king. Cromwell, acting for the Puritans, dissolved it by military force early in 1653, and he and his officers—in other words, a military Directory—were then the supreme power in England. A convocation of Puritan notables, which was nominated by the Directory a few months after, sat only a short time: they spontaneously dissolved themselves, and Cromwell and his officers were again the only semblance of constituted power. Cromwell was nominated Protector by his officers in December, 1653; and from this to his death, 3d September, 1658—five short but eventful years—he summoned two Parliaments, and governed more than a year without a Parliament at all, by major-generals—avowedly a military government. He dismissed both his Parliaments, because they could not, or would not, govern England according to the law of God, as it was understood by him and his Puritan soldiers. According to our constitutional canons, this was an unmitigated despotism; but, as we have said, such another despotism the world has not seen. The Commonwealth was an attempt to antedate the ages, to push forward the index on the horologe of Time—a truly noble and glorious enterprise, in which, in one or other of its forms, seers and sages have been engaged from the beginning, but which the greatest—which even a Divine One—cannot achieve for a whole people, by the sword or otherwise, in the short day of an individual life. Cromwell, the hero, attempted it, and failed. Like a spiritual Alexander or Caesar, he led a brave and devoted army far into an enemy's country: the little valiant band bore down all opposition, and proceeded to build up a better empire on the ruins of a rough barbarism or effete civilisa-

tion. All went well and prospered, so long as the general was at the head of his legions; but he died, and then enemies, that had been conquered but not subdued, lifted up their heads; the pent-up forces broke forth again, and the labours and sorrows of the brave ones seemed as if worse than thrown away. But it was not, and is not so. The best and greatest cannot ante-date the ages, but neither can all the powers of evil arrest their progress. Puritanism seemed to die with its champion; "the reign of the saints" was speedily overturned by the "Blessed Restoration." "Heroic Puritanism," as a body politic, then died, and has never since re-appeared on the earth; but the soul of it, "which was, and is, and shall be immortal," did not, and cannot, die. What was good and true of Puritanism yet burns, and will for ever burn, a light and a joy for many hearts; let us hope that what was false in it *will* pass away. The religious spirit of the seventeenth century was intense, unhesitating, full of fiery zeal; but narrow, sectarian, strait-laced in formulas, and prone to persecution. The religious spirit of the nineteenth century, if less intense, is more charitable; and even its scepticism, of which there are many foreboding fears, is a scepticism of the letter, rather than of the spirit—of the concrete, rather than of the abstract. Ours is a doubting, contemplative age, and contrasts strongly with that of the Puritans, with its armed faith and impetuous action; but, fresh as we are from the companionship of Puritans and Covenanters, we are disposed to look upon our own time with heart of hope, first, for what it is in itself, and, next, for those quivering lines of light where it touches the immediate future, which we welcome, in faith and joy, as the harbingers of a clearer and warmer day than ever yet has blessed the world.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

ONE day. Love, in a dream of bliss,
 Amidst the flowers was lying,
 And idly, for his sunny hair,
 A dewy wreath was tying,
 When Beauty came to seek the boy,
 Amongst the roses hiding—
 With flushing cheek and flashing eye,
 His thoughtless absence chiding.
 But Cupid knew her temper well;
 And, sure at last to melt her,
 With the bright flowers that round him lay,
 Began, the rogue, to pelt her.
 Half pleased, half angry, Beauty stood,
 His gentle missiles catching,
 Until her snowy hand was torn,
 In haste, some rosebuds snatching.
 "Ah! Love," she cried, "'tis ever thus,
 My harm, you still are working;
 You strew my path with flowers, 'tis true,
 But thorns beneath are lurking."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO HOLYROOD.

“With awe-struck thought and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings, in other years,
 Famed heroes, had their royal home.
 • Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps,
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore.”—*Burns*.

THE last time I had the honour to see a sovereign returning to his royal residence was to me an interesting scene. Acbar Shah, the reigning king of Delhi, had gone to the country, on a party of pleasure, in all his state magnificence. It was my duty to command a company of sepoy, at the palace-gate, to salute him on his return. Night set in before the royal cavalcade reached the city; the pageant was therefore lighted up by torches. On came, towering, solemn and slow, the majestic, canopied elephants, with the king and court of the Great Mogul; and never were Dryden's lines more truly realised—

“Aloft, in awful state,
 The god-like monarch sat
 On his imperial throne.”

Fallen as the Timur dynasty was, with little left but their palace, royal state, and splendid insignia, still the king, in his venerable, patriarchal grace, and surpassing graceful costume of an Asiatic monarch, and surrounded by the all-imposing spectacle of an eastern despot procession, was truly majestic. The throned and richly-caparisoned elephants, that seemed conscious of the honour in bearing royalty, moved on with haughty mien. Nor, in his fallen state, had the king ceased to reign, at least in the hearts of his subjected subjects: they still delighted to crowd around their nominal father. There was, on this occasion, none of the loud, heartfelt acclamation that bursts from the breasts of the excited British multitude of loyal and loving lieges, at the sight of their beloved maternal Queen; it was a calm, deep, but no less sincere tribute of devoted affection; soft murmuring from many a subjected heart, imploring a blessing of peace, prosperity, health, and long life, on the head of their paternal prince. The procession approached, with slow and measured steps, the dark, lofty, frowning, arched gateway, at whose base I and my sepoy stood. I saw, far above me, the great, but eclipsed, sun of Timur. The blaze bursts from the cannon, and, for a moment, shows, in sublime relief, the pageant, while the palace echoes announce the return of their royal resident. The sepoy presented arms, and, according to my previous instructions, the native musicians pealed, soft and slow, that melancholy, wailing air, “Lochaber no more,” so much in accordance with the scene and hour. I felt myself in a highly interesting, romantic position. I stood, a solitary Briton, amid a dense population of Asiatics, to pay royal honour to a race that Britons had subjected and

supplanted; but, on this occasion, save for myself, and the plaintive Scottish air, mingling with all that was foreign, and in complete contrast, the scene might have been the triumphal entry of an Arunzebe, in all the plenitude of imperial and despotic sway, in which, like the chimera of some enchanting dream, I was destined and delighted to bear a part. It was not the least impressive part of the ceremony to see the different objects of the procession successively and slowly disappearing down the dark, retiring arches of the palace vestibule, like the vanishing vision of an Arabian night's tale—

“ Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.”

But what, it may justly be asked, has all this about Delhi and its king to do with Queen Victoria and Holyrood? This question awakens us from a reverie into which we had fallen, while sitting, in holiday gaiety of spirit, on a platform overlooking the quadrangle in front of the Scottish Palace, during part of the three hours we had the honour and happiness to wait there, amid the smiles of a fine harvest sun, and the still lovelier sunny smiles of many a “bonnie lassie,” who, with gleesome expression at their novel position, to my great delight, had adopted the Eastern manner of sitting cross-legs on the top of the ancient broad boundary-wall; while a stranger, who stood near me, in the shape of a Bengal colonel, fresh from India, gave vent to his feelings in pure Hindoostanee. With this apology, therefore, for my digression, or rather diversion, from the engrossing subject of the day, and most humbly and respectfully begging her Majesty's and the courteous reader's pardon for the same, I shall now address myself to the scenes I had the pleasure to witness on this joyful occasion; and let it not be forgot, that, as apposite with my apology, the “king of diamonds”—the *Koh-i-Noor*—the symbolic sun of the house of Timur, has set in the east, and now shines in purer lustre in the west, shedding its radiance on the reign of victorious Victoria.

“ I know nothing more interestingly in contrast than to leave all the magnificence, gaiety, and improvements in Modern Athens, and turn at once into the Canongate—that venerable vista of “auld Dunedin” that leads down, with such consenting character, to Holyrood—where, at every step, the pilgrim, as if he had just quaffed Lethe's oblivious stream, loses all remembrance and influence of the present generation, and feels as if realising the days of other times. The lowering, overshadowing, antique, time-worn domiciles have such a mysterious dreaminess about them, while the old-world rustic denizens—with the Dutch-looking dresses of the men, and peaked mutches of the women, issuing from the infernal regions through the Stygian-like closes, their loitering, languid manner and occupations, so completely at variance with the bustle, fashion, and gaiety, of the upper new-born world—give to the whole the unchanged character of the Stuart centuries: and, oh, how unlike the gay, fluttering, gilded, insect race on Prince's Street! But when the visiter stands at last in front of the “noble, stately dome,” he feels (if he feels as I have always felt since a child) a sacred solemnity—an indescribable awe, as if standing on hallowed ground; while the shadowy forms of long-departed kings, knights, squires, and seneschals, seem still flitting around and through the royal residence. And why do not Scotchmen take more pride and interest in this kingly shrine?

The union of the kingdoms was a desirable and happy event, no doubt; but Scotch patriots ought to have made a better bargain in forming the alliance. The city, however, deprived of its king, court, and Parliament, instead of falling into decay, only rose like the desert-phœnix in new-born grandeur from the desolation. A late writer in the *PALLADIUM* justly observes, that, of all the revenue that flows from Scotland into the English treasury, a very small portion of it returns to benefit our country; and though we are too proud to beg, yet not ashamed to dig, we might have been spared the insult of hearing it discussed, in a Parliament that expends millions on modern gew-gaw senate-houses, whether a few paltry pounds should be granted to make Holyrood meet to receive our most gracious Queen, or to be denounced as a waste of public money: as if Scotland, and all that belongs to it, were beneath the notice of a British Legislature, being but a barren, unprofitable, unclassical, rude, uncultivated, uncivilised, disloyal province of the empire. But we tell the pettifoggers of the House of Commons, that we glory as much in Holyrood, with all its thrilling associations, as England does in Windsor Castle; and, though we disdain to ask it as a favour, we consider ourselves justly entitled to a share of the improvement-money of the empire. The most pitiful part of the unseemly and disreputable altercation in the honourable house was the conditional sanction to the grant by the pound-shilling-and-penny Montrose member. Well might the genius of Scotland have made a senate-house again re-echo with "*Et tu Brute!*" *O Josephus Humanus!* This, indeed, was the "unkindest cut of all." I rejoice to think that the nation intend to commemorate her Majesty's visit to Holyrood by adorning its vestibule with her statue. This is as it ought to be, for it is as deserved as desired; but let the independent people of Scotland go farther, and do what a parsimonious Parliament demur to do, and honour their Queen and themselves by holding their palace ever in a state meet for the reception of its sovereign, and especially wipe away the reproach that exposes to all eyes a roofless chapel royal, that noble gem of antiquity, buttressed with historic interest.

But to return. 'Tis now "wearing thro' the afternoon," and again, as a citizen of the unrivalled Scottish metropolis, "Queen of the North"—ay, "Queen of the World"—I am standing, an humble but enthusiastic spectator, on the platform on the north side of the square in front of the Palace of Holyrood, to witness the fair-haired Queen of Albion enter her long-forsaken hereditary halls. Oh, what a crowd of thrilling associations come rushing on the heart of the Caledonian at the thought that the royal portals are again thrown open to welcome, for the first time since Mary's day, a Scottish Queen! Yes, a Scottish Queen! Flows there not in her veins the blood of the Stuarts? Does she not reign in the north under the endearing title of the "Queen of Hearts," over a nation of devoted and admiring subjects, from John o' Groat's to the Tweed, traversing, free and happy, her own Highland domain, inlaid with nature's own beautiful mosaic—the bright green and purple heather? A mellow, harvest, declining sun is shedding its softened radiance, through golden drapery-clouds, full on the western front and gate of the palace. The northern towers of the venerable and venerated structure were close to me, on the left, while the whole front declined in fine perspective on the stupendous plutonic columns of

Salisbury Crags, whose varied tints harmonised with the grey, time-worn turrets of the ancient palace, and which stood nature's colossal guardian-barriers to a royal residence that seems coeval with themselves; the dark and dimly-seen arcades of the chapel, under the northern shadows of the palace, receded in gloomy grandeur far into the east, as if anxious to escape notice, and hide its dishonoured, unroofed chancel and cloisters; the expectant square was animated with gallant bands of foot and horse; the Highlanders and royal archers—most in character with the scene—were drawn up in front of the vestibule, while the civil authorities and officials, in their scarlet robes and cocked hats, stood on either side of the gateway, in excellent keeping. The time at which the Queen was expected had arrived, when an electric whisper announced that it would be nearly an hour more before she could reach Holyrood. I never felt a delay in such a situation pleasurable before, but on this occasion it only prolonged the enjoyment of the day. The platform on which we sat was not more crowded than a drawing-room, and we could move at pleasure throughout the whole; we at last got into delightful coteries, and talked away as if we had been old acquaintances. In the front of the one I had joined, we had in the foreground, as before-mentioned, a group of lovely, merry-hearted lasses, seated on the wall-top in Asiatic fashion—the palace beyond them—and, under, the clear, open square, with its troops drawn up in silent state, like burnished statuary. There was something regal in the golden afternoon sky, that threw an Eastern splendour over the whole. All were pleased in themselves, and therefore disposed to be pleasing to others; a calm joyousness and an accommodating amenity pervaded the happy assemblage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said I, "allow me, during this interregnum, to relate as an episode a queently story of Ind."

"Hear, hear!" was cheerily given.

"You have all read 'Lalla Rookh,' and are therefore acquainted with the illustrious and enchanting Noormahal, the beautiful queen-consort of Jehanguiire; but perhaps you are not so well aware of an interesting incident that occurred to her when an infant, and how little there was between her grave being in the sand of the desert, or in a majestic mausoleum. Her father, Shaja Ayaz, a soldier of fortune, was travelling in quest of employment, from Persia to India, with his wife. In crossing the great desert, she was delivered of a girl, and they journeyed on. Their supply of water being expended, they were at last reduced to such extreme weakness, that they found they must either give up all farther attempts to proceed, or abandon their child. Arriving at a solitary palm-tree in the waste of sand, amid conflicting and agonising feelings, they came to the heartrending alternative of leaving the unconscious sleeping babe at that spot. Laying it at the root of the tree, they wept their last adieu, tore themselves from the place, and hurried on. On turning to take a last look, the palm seemed the tomb of their child. They again proceeded, but, as evening began to close upon them, a mother's love for her child was too powerful for the love of life. She declared she would return and die with her infant, and, followed by her husband, she retraced her steps to the guiding palm. On their arrival, they found the babe still sleeping unscathed, and, to their surprise, beheld a huge cobra da capello seated at its head, with its outspread

dazzling crest harmlessly overshadowing its face. This the husband considered as an omen of future royalty to their child. Soon after, they were relieved by a caravan, and the child lived to become the Queen of India, under the title of Noormahal—the light of the palace. If my gentle listeners will indulge me a little longer, I will rehearse the event as a dramatic sketch.”

“Hear, hear!” again was kindly given.

THE MOTHER.

No, Shaja, no, it may not—shall not be:
 Restore me to my child, and let me die
 Beside it.
 Let the last drop of mother's breast be given
 To cheer my babe; and, when we're dead, be sure
 To make that breast its bier—so let us sleep.
 The desert toils are nought to what I suffer,
 Sever'd from her. The burden of my babe
 Made light my steps across the burning sands;
 Abandonment of her has laid a load
 Upon my heart too heavy for a mother.
 I felt for her I carried still a fount,
 Though drying fast, that she could drain, delighted,
 'Midst burning wastes, where fountain never flow'd;
 And, oh! the rich reward—her grateful smile,
 When she fell back, refresh'd, upon my arm.
 Turn, Shaja, turn, before my reeling brain
 Is fired with frenzy, and those flaming skies.
 The sun's declining, and the beasts of prey
 Will soon abroad. List, Shaja, to the howl
 Of the hyenas trooping from afar!
 Look, Shaja! Yonder, see, where hungry wolves
 Are all contending in their ruthless race
 Towards the palm-tree, at whose lonely roots,
 We, all inhuman, left our sleeping babe!
 There—list again! it was our daughter's scream!
 Hold, monsters! turn your ravenous rage on me,
 Remorseless mother! Oh, that scream again!
 I come, my innocent. My child! my child!

[Runs on, followed by Shaja.

SHAJA.

Oh, proof triumphant of maternal love,
 Who would not follow such a wife to death?

The Palm-Tree.

THE MOTHER.

She's here—she's here, still sleeping, all unscathed!
 O, omnipresent and almighty Power,
 Accept a mother's thanks! [Sees the serpent.
 Oh, sight of horror! see, a hooded snake!
 And has my child escaped the beasts of prey,
 To die beneath the serpent's venom'd rage?

Fear not, my love ; no serpent ere was known
To offer violence to passive being.
From this strange spectacle, I augur well.
I see the serpent, like the guardian true
Of sleeping innocence, with head prepared
To give the fatal stroke against a foe.
Its sparkling crest, outspread above her brow,
Betokens that that brow shall wear a crown.
Now, mark, its duty done, the serpent furls
Its kingly crest, and glides into the tree.

THE MOTHER.

'Tis even so. My child awakes and smiles.
Come to my arms, my loveliest, sweetest, best !
Death and the desert now have lost their dread,
For I am guiltless of a perish'd child.

And see, to crown our joy, and to begin
Fulfilment of the omen, far in the west,
Where flaming skies on the horizon rest,
Like fairy pageant in romance's dreams,
The camel kafilah, like ethereal forms,
Comes moving onwards, dear as angel mission,
To our relief. A mother's love has saved
Herself, her husband, and her darling child !

I had scarcely finished my legend, when the first gun from the castle sternly shook the palace and its vicinity. Following, a nearer and nearer roll of cheering, from the unseen multitude in the Queen's Park, announced the approach of the Majesty of England. Not more thrilling and far less morally sublime was the spectacle when the mountain side was peopled with armed and plaided warriors at the whistle of Roderick Dhu, than when the vast multitude rose *en masse* on King Arthur's Hill, in all the ecstatic devotion of loyal and loving lieges, as the Queen entered her own fair Park, and was welcomed with burst after burst of heartfelt acclaim. And who in the midst of that dense crowd, like a summer sea with all its glad waves, could fail to perceive the electric effect of these shouts of patriotic zeal on the "Observed of all observers?" Where could a meeter platform for such an occasion have been found than nature's green hillside, overhanging the vestibule to the Palace of her Mountain Metropolis? That scene is stamped from henceforth with immortality. Soon after, the royal carriage swept round the southern turret, amid a fresh acclaim, and stood in front of the royal porch ; and, as I reverently raised my hat, I followed, in solemn imagination, the steps of our beloved Queen, as she entered the dwelling sacred to royalty, glimmering with visions of the kingly glory of her ancestral line, while its echoes rung with the solemn anthem. I retired, dwelling on the interesting ceremony. The memory of the past continued through the evening to mingle with the realities of the day ; and, as I laid my head on my humble pillow, I wished for our sove-

reign "rosy dreams and 'slumbers light" in the chambers of Holy-rood,

Where no more the savage throng,
Rushing in the midnight, scares,
Nor, amid the festal-song,
The assassin-dagger glares:
She, amidst a nation's prayers,
Sleeps, devoid of every fear—
Her fair face no sorrow wears,
Save for Mary's fate a tear.

There is not a heart in Scotland that does not to-night respond to the loyal aspiration of

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

REMINISCENCES OF ROME AND ROMANISM,

DURING THE DAYS OF THE LAST REPUBLIC.

Romanism and the Fine Arts.

THE soft purple beams of an Italian summer's evening sky were pouring over the scene of revolutionary strife, as, in haste, I left it. It was, indeed, in haste; for, like the Egyptian Israelites, strangers in the papal city had, at that time, to stand ready girt, with shoes on their feet and staff in hand, and march hurriedly forth, lest a change in the enemy's movements should again close the city gates, and render void their permission of exit. As the foot withdrew from Rome, and the eye reverted to the city, fear and suspense being over, the lofty, serious form of St Peter's, rising a clear head (if one may so describe the dome) above the other objects of the scene, seemed, despite notorious history, to become dissociated from all sectarian despotism, and to stand, for a moment, as the type of Christianity overlooking, and eventually overruling, all the turmoil and confusion of cities and the world. The feeling, however, in this case, although depending on fancy, grew radically out of impressions received in Rome, and which tend, curiously enough (yet extremes oftener meet than we imagine), to make equally Protestant and Papist suspend hostilities, and join in reverence of a purer idea than either, as member of a sect, is contending for.

It was not till the writer was climbing the Apennines, and when the whole impression of his stay in Rome returned with something of the freedom of the mountain airs, that he could fairly analyse this feeling, and explain to himself why the capital of the Papacy, historically the very focus of Romish sentiment, should, even in its works of religious art (called into existence by ardent popes, and bent in every possible way to the support of the system under whose shadow they were produced), do more to nullify than substantiate the claims with which it exists in connection. In fact, a sensible Protestant resorting to Rome for education, and studying wisely the treasures of the Vatican, would inspire more strength to resist the superstitions of the creed with which

they are identified, than a Romanist, visiting Rome for the same purpose, could extract for fortifying himself in them. The inner spirit of art, as seen in the great papal collections, is completely at variance with the outer forms in which it is clothed; the subjects, in short, though for the most part treated after the Romish conception, and intended to prop a narrow dogma, are, in their largest impression, Christian. The twofold reference which they thus possess explains how pilgrims of both the great divisions of Christendom, however different may be their aims and motives, find their account in Rome; and, in connection with other things, it throws light on the fact, that the Roman revolution, as we have already indicated, was much less a religious than a political movement: that, indeed, it was scarcely at all religious, properly so called, but a contest between the people and the ecclesiastics, so far, and so far only, or almost only, as the ecclesiastics wished to retain a temporal power, which the people, for almost every reason, had resolved to wrest from their hands. The papacy, therefore, and not Romanism (according to the explanation of the difference which we shall give in the course of these remarks), was endangered by the republic: a fact, however, which connects itself so intimately with the general character of the papal capital, that no adequate exposition of it can be given without making some critical allusions to the city itself.

The thing which, apart from all momentary conditions of affairs, as whether a pope or a republic is in power, whether the city is open or under siege, whether the carnival or the ceremonies of the holy week occupy the senses of the inhabitants—the thing which arrests the eye of a stranger (and here, once for all, we must say, that we write as dispassionate observers, not as theologians) is the ecclesiastical, or, if the phrase be fairer, the religious, coating which the papacy has given everything within the walls. From Rome, spreading wherever the pope has gained children, the same feature has been imported into every Catholic town and country, with success varying with the devotion of the people; but the depth of the sentiment is greatest at Rome, and by far the most remarkable. Romanism is most sincere in Florence, most superstitious in Naples, and most rational and moderate in Rome; yet the tone of greater restraint, if we may so say, which the Romish idea imposes on itself there, is only the means by which it takes, in fact, a more potent hold of the mind: the impression of religious temperance arises from the anomalous character of the objects over which the sentiment is spread—objects of Pagan and Christian origin, of fabulous and historical spirit, new and old, of every epoch, persecuting, reviving, victorious.

The prodigious network which the papacy—somewhat spider-like, we should perhaps say—has thus cast and woven over everything, so as to entangle some of every species of mind which may yet stand remote enough from its central covert, is most curiously displayed in its appropriation of works of ancient pagan art. Romanism, much more than Protestantism, has clutched to its bosom the faith, that the earth, and the fulness thereof, belongs to the church: consequently, so far from finding anything suspicious in the procedure, it has taken into its crop the most incongruous materials, and however, in some sense, ludicrously distorted, has given to itself the semblance of having assimilated them. As you enter the papal city from the south, and would pass into the in-

terior, you are arrested by the towering mass of the Colliseum, which, on inspecting, you find has been converted from an amphitheatre for shows of cruelty and martyrdom, into a Calvary, with a dozen or more little chapels; the Pantheon, open, as it ever was, to the skies, is trodden by Christian priests, ministering at Christian altars; the columns of old Rome, quarried from the rubbish of ages by the orders of popes, are purged from all impiety, and re-erected to the honour of Peter or Paul; the bridges are consecrated by statues of the apostles and saints; the fountains, whither the common people resort, are marked by the same twofold spirit: everything, in short, in Rome is religious, or, if it must be said, receives the marks of religion; so that the one great idea which looks out upon you from every object is Catholicism. What illustrates this fact most characteristically, and shows what license the papacy has granted itself in using alien materials in the service of religion, is the presence of certain basso-relievos of mythology and Roman history upon the very gates of the chief temple, St Peter's, including, in the mythological groups, "Jupiter and Leda," "The Rape of Ganymede," and other devices of an equally edifying description.

In such works, of course, there is nothing religious; but it is easy to see how, even where the original expression of them is profane, or at least pagan, the employment of them, either for religious uses, or as trophies of religion, springs essentially out of the Christian instinct; and, were the seals of the papacy, as distinguished from spiritual Romanism (Christianity of the Roman, or, let us say, the Italian type), not so distinctly visible in the appropriation of these works to Christian purposes, they would, with a few exceptions (such as the above-mentioned illustrations on the doors of the papal temple), be important auxiliaries to the faith; for, as they are, they strengthen the papacy, by associating in people's minds the papal hierarchy with the most remarkable monuments of the triumphs of the Christian religion. Confused and unintelligent, indeed, is the popular feeling on the subject; but things seen always in conjunction become soon identified; even where scepticism has entered the soul, with respect to the papal claims, these are admitted in words, or at least acquiesced in, for the sake of that spiritual reality, in evidence of which these columns, arches, and temples of pagan idolatry, are extant witnesses.

The paintings, however, of the Vatican, it is needless to say—the immortal works of Fra Angelico, Raphael, and Angelo—are the results of art on which the modern papacy has with most reason dwelt complacently; but, except in their forms, they are less Romish than any work, either of poetry or art, which Protestantism itself has ever produced. The spirit and primary impression of them—we say it in no freak of paradox—are subversive of Popery, and contain, indeed, the purest expression of the Gospel and the Gospel Church, which any age since apostolic times has attempted to embody in an independent form. In connection with this fact, and illustrative of it, the pictures of Raphael and the other Christian masters have called forth none of the usual zeal of the partisans or opponents of the papacy; probably, because neither of the great sections of the Christian Church has felt a right to appropriate them to itself; both have been scared off from controversy on this sacred neutral ground: the bigotry of the one class, and the bareness of

the other, being equally abashed in presence of the serene catholicity which is the triumph only of universal insight. Oliver Cromwell, at once the sternest and most spiritual of practical Protestants, could, in the keen feeling with which he detected truth and falsehood under every conventional disguise, preserve for the nation what Charles I. could purchase for his own religious support—the cartoons of Hampton Court. Raphael, we venture to say, is associated with Romish faith in scarcely any mind in this country; his works circulate freely among us in copy, and are viewed by no Christian eye without tender and exulting emotion.

In an incomparably more limited sphere, and for freedom from conventionality not to be mentioned with Raphael, Fra Angelico might yet be cited as an example of this Gospel art, still more remarkable even than the pet of Julius II., and the idol of the troops of pupils which compassed his steps wherever he went. Less known, because more Romish in form, and certainly of limited invention, Fra Angelico is yet by far the most saintly of the Italian artists. Himself a man of the most rigid sanctity, the heads of his paintings are, for sweetness, purity, and heavenly-mindedness in expression, though associated with monastic life, positively overpowering in effect. The spectator, beholding them, feels as if the saints of Abraham's bosom had taken their "spiritual bodies," and come down to tabernacle among men; and this notwithstanding the bad odour in which he may hold the sisterhoods and fraternities to which the figures are assumed to belong. Popery, as distinguished from Romanism, or, as we shall see, the radical characteristics of Roman Christianity, finds only an incidental support in works of such stainless purity. Even in Raphael's famous "Miracle of Bolsena," representing a priest doubting the real presence, and, as he performs mass, seeing blood trickle from the consecrated wafer, the instinct of Raphael has survived the conditions under which he had to work: a pope, priest, and worshippers, are at least sincere, and, whether you accept or reject the dogma, you derive the same impression—that "nothing is impossible with God," and that, indeed, "He is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth." The innumerable *Maries*, too, painted by this artist, betoken the same primary reverence for the idea, and the subordination of the circumstance; so that popery, in his works (and the remark is applicable, with explanation, to the best works of all the great Christian painters), is but an appendage: the form is only a foil to the spirit; the popish body, to the Christian soul which is no part of it. If we began with the "Sposalizio of the Virgin," the most spiritual vision of the rite ever fixed on canvass, and, passing through the intermediate period of the Stanze and Loggia, arrived at the tapestries of the Vatican, we should find, from first to last, materials to verify the observation.

Still, it would be too much to expect of Romanists, that they would explicitly acquiesce in the doctrine of these statements, or, what is quite as difficult, recognise to themselves that the Christianity and the Popery of the Catholic artists, in their works, are strictly apportioned in the manner indicated. The mind easily passes from the substance to the form, and transfers the homage really paid to the one externally to the other. Consequently, however startling the history of the papacy is to

every religious mind, and with whatever measure of scorn and abhorrence the proceedings of the sacred college were viewed by the republicans of the late movement, religion itself, it is scarcely necessary to say, had been too long identified with the existence of a pompous hierarchy, to suggest a deeper remedy in the heart of the papal capital than the separation of the temporal and the spiritual powers. The writer, he is sorry to state, met with nothing, in the course of his Italian travels, to justify the belief, that the revolution was meant to stand for more than the riddance of an odious priesthood from the sphere of political affairs. What this desire, had it succeeded, might have eventually effected for spiritual reformation, it is difficult to say; it cannot be doubted, however, that, out of a successful movement for temporal freedom, the means of spiritual emancipation would have been more easily introduced and wielded. The connection, too, between the different phases of life is so intimate, that no vital change in one direction can long remain without acting in every other.

As the writer, quitting Rome, moved along, a foot-wayfarer, towards Florence, he met with many little adventures, in these times of religious unsettlement, which return upon his memory at this moment, with an interest in which, however willing, he would vainly attempt to make his readers sharers. Everywhere, as he proceeded, he was interrogated by curious and anxious villagers, and people by the wayside, all eager to know the news from Rome; and many a sigh and exclamation, and token of awe and wonder, broke from the listeners, as the feats and sufferings of the capital, with all the possibilities and impossibilities of the struggle, rose before their minds, in connection with the pictures which he was in circumstances to exhibit to them. A counterpart to the ludicrous disrespect for the sanctity of the pope, to which I was witness at the gates of Gaëta, showed itself after a different fashion, and one more amusing and interesting, as, after breakfasting at a village café, the morning after leaving Rome, I was slowly ascending the acclivity which led out of the hamlet, ruminating on the excitement which even a very unimportant personage may communicate among the groups of a café (and these in Italy, as well as elsewhere on the Continent, are of all classes), at a moment like that of the revolution. My eyes were bent on the ground, and taking in the shape of each foot as it came forwards from behind, slowly, when I heard a voice from above, a sort of sepulchral croak, demanding something, as it seemed, of me; and, on looking up, I was amused to see aloft, on the top of a high parapet, a Capuchin, in his brown cowl and gown, who, with the most genial smile, saluted me, and asked the news from Rome. At the question, a crowd of the holy brethren trooped to the wall from different parts of the enclosure, each more eager than the others to share the tidings. When I told them, among other things, that I had seen the cardinals' baubles in flames, the fraternity turned to one another with a stare and a giggle, not at all in malice, but partly, as I thought, from an innocent self-gratulation at their own quiet though ignoble life, a point removed from want, and yet lying far beneath the troubled atmosphere breathed by the haughty servants of the papal court; and still more in the spirit of country bumpkins, not far from town, yet forced to lead a rural life of seclusion, who have flocked to the roadside, where some wandering gipsy

retails a marvel to make them merry. The brethren were simple and courteous in their manners, and, I have no doubt, many of them had kindly hearts; but it is certainly curious to see how, in times of relaxation, even the pope and cardinals may have, among their minions, none "so poor as do them homage."

Nothing, however, in the course of the writer's wanderings among the Italian cities and mountains, struck him with so much emphasis, as the difference (already often alluded to in these papers) between what, if different things may be distinguished by different names, he would call Popery and Romanism. In the faith and worship of the Italians, there mix a device of priests and a religion: the religion is, the radical ideas of Christianity, which find a place in the minds of the most superstitious, if only in any true sense religious; and the device is, everything else overlying that religion, and which has grown out of the priesthood, bent on grasping all power—mental, moral, carnal—for purposes of self-grandeur and self-exaltation. The atrocities of popery, in their manifold forms, possess for us, at this moment, no interest; but Romanism, properly so called—or Italian Christianity, which we may further define as the type of the Christianity which is to be found in Italy—considered apart from the superstitions with which it is actually overlaid, is a topic of the greatest possible importance, and one which, in this country, has received little, or indeed no, consideration whatsoever. On the extreme top of a pile of hills, up which, by many a circuit, toils the common road to Florence from Rome, is a rude shelter of bare walls and a fireplace, erected for the passing traveller as a covert from the flying storms of these regions, or where he may rest and recruit himself, if, like the writer, he carry his simple fare along with him. I entered—looked around: sets of stones stood in a circle about the hearth, on which lay the ashes of former fires and a charred faggot. I looked round again, and saw a bare woodcut of the Virgin on the rough wall, roughly enough drawn, but touching and expressive, and with the words inscribed below, "*O quam tristis et afflicta!*" I was alone; the relics of life were there, but the occupants were gone: I confess that, at this moment, with the least possible disposition to romanise, I felt inexpressibly moved by the sight of this etching. A priest might have put it there, or some pure-hearted maiden, accustomed to fortify her modesty by recalling the supposed virgin life of the blessed Mary; but, if it were a priestly act, the act proceeded on the principle of the Italian mind, and of other minds of similar type and temperament, to which we may be allowed for a moment to advert particularly. •

The common way, among ourselves, of regarding the Christianity of the Romans (if we allow ourselves to call it Christianity), is under the figure of a heap of "salt," which has "lost its savour"—as, in short, a system of spiritual debauchery, in the rites and ceremonies of which, crimes of every dye and description either find a recognised place, or succeed in finding for themselves a place, under some pretext, more or less thinly disguised. The state of Rome, and of every country where the Romish forms prevail, is viewed with unmixed horror, and is prayed against as a state of idolatry, excluding, unless where something equivalent to a miracle interposes, even the "first principles" of Christian truth from the minds of its votaries. It would be impossible, without

more copious space, and quite another object than belong to these reminiscences, to discuss how much truth and how much error there is in our popular estimate: enough to say against Romish objections of unfairness, that in Italy, with some of the kindest hearts in the world, the Protestant faith is identified with infidelity, and that the aspects under which Scottish ignorance represents to itself Romanism, are incomparably more true to the facts, and less bad in their origin, than those which the priesthood systematically present to Romanists as pictures of our island Protestantism. But the confusion of Romanism and Popery, and the belief that reform in Rome would imply the abolition of every religious symbol commonly associated with superstition, are mistakes—mistakes containing, it is true, some mixture of salutary prejudice, considering how insidious the employment of symbols is in priestly Romanism; but not the less mistakes, and, so far as possible, to be corrected by those who may have convictions on the subject.

It seems to the writer to be a characteristic of some nations, as it is of some classes of minds, to shoot forth every idea which they have, and their religious ideas most of all, into visible forms; while other peoples and minds retain them, as it were, invisible, in the sanctuaries of their spirits. The former set are more exposed to fall into superstition than the latter, because they are ever stimulated by their sensuous nature to *picture* everything to themselves; while, at the same time, history seems to prove (and the fact is not difficult of explanation) that morals among the same class are on a lower, sometimes a very much lower, standard than with the other. But it is an error to suppose that the love of visible forms for embodying ideas is, in itself and necessarily, superstitious; for a picture, having figure and colour, may really suggest a less sensuous image than a sermon: a group of Raphael's may represent a Gospel story with less admixture of alien matter than a commentary on it. Protestantism, in a word, does not, in refusing the aid of the fine arts, necessarily approach nearer to the Gospel; in the most essential respects, it in fact does so, it is true; but it is a mere accident that it employs only words, and, as in Scotland, the voice, in religious service; it might also have made use of the organ and paintings, without necessarily being less pure and severely simple than it is at present.

That the Scottish mind could not worship God in symbols, even such a reformed Italian Christian might use, without being first debauched for the purpose, is certain; but this arises rather from the peculiarity of the type, than from the expression by it of the will of God being necessarily any purer than that of the southern type. In short, the facts and doctrines of the Gospel are fixed and unalterable, and are the same to every people among whom they are in any measure purely received; but the modes in which they may most profitably be announced may vary, within limits, with the idiosyncrasy of the people: here, balder; there, more glowing and picturesque.

Passing a Sabbath at Malta, I mixed with the throngs crowding away into the churches. I had gone but a few steps, when I heard the indistinct murmurings of an organ. I entered whence they seemed to come: the service was just commenced. On this occasion, losing all special consciousness of the creed and of the worshippers, and attaching my

own ideas to everything, I felt as if my heart clove, and my spirit departed; I seemed bathed in infinity, when the flute notes warbled through the consecrated air, rose higher and softer, died away like a spent wave, returned, and finally lost themselves in a rushing peal of thunder tones. I panted for breath, as if I had been suddenly flung up into regions of unimaginable height; my eyes saw uncertainly the golden beams of the fretted roof, which appeared opening behind into a scene of light and fairy beauty; all sensation for a moment paused: it was paradise.

I returned to myself as the kneeling worshippers rose suddenly, and a cloud of hooded heads, presenting in front the soft, moon-tinged, voluptuous features of these parts, swept past, and each figure crossed itself, with downcast, supplicating eye. I could not rise, like them; I felt the mysterious elevation of ecstasy, even after the exciting causes had vanished: it was as when we gaze with direct eye on the sun, and then avert the view; each object on which the vision rests disappears, and the whole air and earth is peopled with golden orbs and circumambient lights.

Now, in this instance, I believe, the music was too sensuous for a pure devotion, and the whole circumstances (as they always are arranged under Popery) were more suited to a coarse stage effect, than the awakening of simple, sublime ideas of God, and of His remedial will; but still, with this deduction, I felt as if I could find fit symbols for certain religious feelings, and that the services needed only to be purged of their false and idolatrous meanings, to render with effect some of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. But so much music and tinsel unavoidably debases the mind; and it is unquestionably difficult, even for a spiritual mind, to extract out of the Romish service the doctrine which is necessary to salvation, and which alone fits the life to offer an acceptable service. Whatever loss we Scotch may sustain by our antipathy to Romanisms of all kinds, let us be thankful that our error is on the safe side; for the most trivial shows of Romanism would be worse in this country than the follies and extravagances of the holy week at Rome. A more symbolic form of representing Christianity is as natural under the skies of Italy as the fig and the orange. Here, it would only be a forced growth; everything awkward, exaggerated, insincere, and priestly.

If, however, we may thus congratulate ourselves, it will be no unwilling news to Christian ears to learn, that, in Italy, there is, at least in the writer's belief, a vastly greater amount of true and beautiful Christian character than is generally believed in this country, or than seems at first possible under a system so worldly as Popery; and we shall conclude these reminiscences with one other Italian experience, aware how much more might be done to illustrate our subject, but anxious to bring these pictures to a close. It was on a quiet Sabbath morning, at early dawn, that I stole forth, by the northern gate, from the old, decayed town of Viterbo, celebrated for its fine fountains, hoping to reach Montefiascone, a small cathedral town, beetling on a cliff, seen from this point about a dozen Italian miles off, before the morning service. I had walked forth in the cool air, brushing away the night-dew at every step, and attempting to attune my thoughts to the duties of these sacred hours; knapsack over my shoulder, with umbrella for sun and rain-shade, as

well as staff; and for companions the fair chequered lizards, which appeared and disappeared every moment, innocently, all along the road. The sun was just ready to burst above the eastern horizon, when I heard, as I trod musingly on, the clink of a donkey's heels, and, on looking round, beheld, just a stonecast behind me, two young peasants, one of either sex, mounted on an ass, tramping at a quick walk. They soon overtook me, and, as I glanced aside, I took into my heart the cheerful sight of temperance, piety, and decorum, reminding me of some ancient Jewiss couple on their way to the Temple, which the simple pair presented. I saluted them as they passed, and was replied to with the delightful sweetness of well-bred peasantry; asked, for the sake of hearing them again speak, how far it was to Montefiascone, and learned that they were on their way thither, to attend the forenoon services, like myself. They soon outstripped me, and were several paces beyond, when they drew up, dismounted, and, as I came up to them again, were occupied in shifting what served for the saddle. I got before them once more, not looking round, lest I should seem impertinent; but they called after me, and, on turning about, I was begged to take my place on the donkey's back. I remonstrated against the incivility of allowing myself to displace one of the young maiden's sex, but she was quite as earnest as her partner; both were so kind and persuasive, that, although with shame, I at last consented.

The whole scene, and the pleasant morning's conversation, come back upon my memory just now with a power that makes me feel how trivial it unavoidably is to attempt depicting the sincere utterance of sincere hearts. The story of themselves was briefly this: they had been married a fortnight before—one belonging to Viterbo, which we had left, and the other, the bride, to Montefiascone, whither they were now going, to worship, and see their friends. We talked much of religion, of forms of worship, of our mutual beliefs, and, above all, of the Virgin Mary. I found that the efficacy of the Virgin was by them ascribed solely to her relation to her Son, whose infinite merits alone were the object of absolute veneration. The spirit of the conversation (for nothing more can be given here) left this impression on my mind, that, despite priests and priestly tricks, the great common Christianity of us all, in its essential power, had struck into the hearts of this simple couple. We discoursed of God, Christ, heaven, duty, immortality; and some of the blessedness of a Saviour's life and love lightened the path on which we were going, and brought us to the foot of the rapid ascent, on the top of which stands Montefiascone, before we knew (or I, at least) where we were. As we mounted the acclivity, and the prospect of parting was before us, the lines of Coleridge—

“To see, to know, to love, and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart”—

rose to my memory, and I could not help giving vent to the thoughts with which they recurred in connection. The young wife, turning aside, with moistened eyes, and casting a look up, replied, that, “if we parted here, we should meet in heaven!” They asked me to inscribe my name on paper, and take their names with me. I took them, dear Guiseppe and Guiseppe, and pursued my way, the wiser and the better for having greeted you both!

The course of these observations may seem to have led me far away from the topic which I agreed to illustrate—the state of Romanism during the days of the republic; but, indeed, to attentive readers, the remarks will not appear quite irrelevant, if the general propositions on which they are a commentary be borne in view—that the revolution had chief, if not exclusive, reference to the corruptions of the popedom, as a temporal power, and that religious reform, when it comes, will come rid of the papacy, but not, as the writer thinks, without a more imaginative worship than Protestants generally believe can consist with spiritual services.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM HAUFF.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are moments in the existence of single states, when the attentive observer of the age will say, Here there must certainly be a crisis. A year or two later, the same circumstances would not produce the same effects. Here is shown the finger of God, we are accustomed to say, when we fall in with such an important hour in the existence of a state. Such have in every age produced men who, whether inspired by their own genius or the study of history, have known how to appreciate such moments, and so calculated upon them as to effect the most astounding results, when they were not merely satisfied with foreseeing the crises, but were possessed of sufficient courage to proceed at the right time, and had power to carry through their ideas. History has long since decided upon the short government of the minister of Charles Alexander; no mortal escapes its verdict, and the sighs and tears of Wurtemberg must turn in hard words to the originator of its misfortunes in the year 1737, while it makes honourable mention of some men whom it will not let travel with the stream of forgetfulness—those who felt that things must be other than they were—those who did not tremble at the idea of change, and who finally guided the affairs of their country towards tranquillity and peace, as a higher power decreed a still more sudden change, while he closed two fiery eyes, and bade a brave heart be still.

* Who, that now looks upon this contented Stuttgart and its peaceful streets, could imagine it to have been then the scene of such oppression and fear? How calm on such affairs are the descendants of those who trembled every hour of that spring-time, so pregnant with the fate of their families, for the ancient rights of their country, for their very faith!

He who beheld the arrogant Stüss riding in his coach and six horses through the rich suburb, as he proudly smiled and looked down upon the pale, hostile countenances which met him everywhere; who saw the fearful Hallwachs, his intimate friend and adviser, seated beside him, and thought upon the many ruinous designs contrived by this man, the many monstrous monopolies he had already established, and

the fresh ones he contemplated; he who was aware of the unlimited confidence placed by the duke in him, must have despaired of the possibility of deliverance.

To this were added the singular and contradictory reports in circulation. One said that the duke travelled to Phillipsburg and Kehl, and had given the government not into the hands of the privy council, but had handed over the seals to the Jew; another contradicted this, and asserted that the duke had been seen at a window of the Castle of Ludwigsburg, and that, his horses being still there, he could not have begun his journey. In a village on the eastern frontiers of the upper country, the Catholics were suddenly to make an attack upon the Protestant inhabitants, and, as the latter maintained, there was a company of the troops of the circle drawn up near the frontiers towards the village as the field of battle. The most astounding report of all, which, however, confirmed this, was, that the finance counsellor, Hallwachs, had bespoke a Romish priest's costly vestment of the court-embroiderer, and ordered him to have it ready by the 18th of March, though it should be worked at by fifty hands; and, if he did not bring it at the time appointed, he was to be imprisoned. A Lutheran priest, who was mentioned by name, had presented little crosses, cut out of wood, to the children at the school, saying, "When you hold these in your hands, you can pray properly." Finally, it was told, as a something certain, that the Jew had, across the table, said to the duke, "Classes of society, your serene highness, are peculiarly oppositionists, and they have already stood thus so long, that they have become weary and insipid." Charles Alexander answered him, smiling, "It is true; come, then, let us give them chairs, and once seated, they will rise no more." Those men who were resolved to be beforehand with the destruction that threatened, heard these reports. But they were at this hour cold and tranquil; they knew, indeed, that there impended such a change over Wurtemberg—that it must be either relieved from calamity, or involved in it so deeply, that the grief of individuals must grow dumb before it. People spoke: they said, that all which was necessary, with the help of the country-people, was prepared to encounter a powerful, wicked, clever enemy, and if their enterprise succeeded, they had to thank for it the few bright names of those men of the provinces with whom the dwellers in Wurtemberg linked the interests of their country.

It was late in the evening of the 11th of March, when the consul Lanbek, his son, and Captain Reelzingen, sat at their wine in the parlour. The two former were grave and gloomy, but the captain could not conceal even now his gay spirits, and he divided his attention and conversation between the recess of the window, where the two sisters of Gustavus were sitting, and his other friends at his side. Hedwig sat pale and silent at her needle, but upon the face of Kathchen there was a higher colour than usual, while she every instant showed her white teeth and the lovely dimples in her cheeks, as the captain again repeated his wondrously merry jests and stories.

"How is your horse, captain?" asked old Lanbek.

"My chestnut horse is a better infantry-man than I am myself," replied he: "though I trot or ride up hill for six hours, still I get six

hours more of an easy gallop. He has only one fault, which is that he is not yet paid for, and this vice often causes me great sorrow."

"You may," continued the old man, "if you ride at a sharp trot from the Galgensteige (gallows ladder), pass by Ludwigsburg between eleven and twelve, be in Heilbronn by four, and there you may let your horse rest; between eight and ten to-morrow you may be in Oehringen."

"But, father," interrupted Gustavus, "would it not be more advisable to ride towards Heidelberg? I would venture to say that we are not more certain at Oehringen. Consider that the German order is widely extended there, that they of Mergentheim are certainly informed by the bishop in Würzburg, that——"

"That," continued his father, "you should rather fall into the road to Heidelberg, and, if you perhaps found the country no longer clear, you might have a last refuge with my old master and well-wisher, the duke in Neustadt, who certainly would not give you up at first. If Charles Alexander is satisfied with what we have done here, you can always return; if not, then you must go, as we have already said, further on—to Frankfort."

"Heavens! that I must leave you in such a crisis!" exclaimed Gustavus, with tears in his eyes—"when I perhaps am guilty of your misfortunes—when all may go adverse—when Süss hears of my flight, and revenges himself, father, upon you! No; I cannot—I must not go!"

"No, father," said Hedwig, while she became paler than even before, and hastened to seize her father's hand, "he must not leave us. You have terrible things in view; I know very well you are combining against those in power. Abandon this, father; Süss and the others will forgive you. I am nearly dead with grief."

"Go away, sister," said Kathchen, who had now come forward; "what others do, or what our father does, is nothing to us. But why should Gustavus go away in such haste? He might be of some use to us."

"Because I will have no Jewess for a daughter," said the old man, with severity, "therefore he must away; because I have intercepted a note from his fair one, and have despatched it with a protest to the Jew, and because the latter is now enraged, and will either make your brother marry his sister by force, or send him to Neuffen, therefore it is that he must go away. Yet I do not wish to grieve you, Gustavus, even now; we part as friends, and everything shall be forgotten: who knows when and where we shall meet again!"

While the old man spoke the last words, and reached out his hand to his son, there was a quick and loud knocking at the door, and before any one answered, a figure, enveloped in a cloak, walked suddenly in.

"What is this?" exclaimed old Lanbek. "Who intrudes so late here? Who are you?"

"Blankenberg!" exclaimed Hedwig, as the other threw off the cloak, and stepped forward some paces quickly, with a flushed countenance.

"Pardon, consul," said the young man, hastily; "necessity must excuse me. Gustavus, you must away instantly; Lieutenant Pinassa writes to me, that, by command of General Rümelingen, he must carry you off to-night between eleven and twelve o'clock. The honourable youth must not find you in your nest."

"Thanks! thanks!" exclaimed the old man, while he pressed the hand of Blankenberg. "Drink away, children, and take your farewell quickly. Here, my dear Reelzingen," continued he, placing a large purse in the hand of the amazed captain; "we cannot know whether your road may not be divided; you are very generous in accompanying my son."

"And would you repay this with gold?" interrupted the captain, displeased. "On my word, sir, I accompany my brother because we are old comrades, and not on account of your money. I would be——"

"Reelzingen," said Kathchen, in her sweet voice, "you do not understand jesting; they are bright copper coins, and I gave my father the purse, to send you in April."

"I do understand," whispered the captain, while he, colouring, kissed the hand of the fair girl. "I will bring you something from Frankfort for this."

"Bring me," replied she, while she could no longer restrain her tears, "only our Gustavus safely back, and," added she, smiling through them, "play me no foolish trick which may betray you."

"The horses are before the Watergate," said the consul to Reelzingen and his son. "You must not pass by the gate itself, for the first round is already over. Blankenberg, accompany my son through the garden, and bring me word how they succeed."

Young Lambek embraced his father and sisters; the latter followed him and his friend, weeping, to the garden-door; and as Hedwig afterwards bitterly blamed her younger sister because she had allowed the captain to kiss her, the other answered—"It was you who erred, and not I, in omitting it; we owe such complaisance to a man who does so much for our brother."

"Ah!" answered Hedwig, blushing, "Blankenberg has also aided him."

CHAPTER XIII.

The two young men rode on in silence through the dark night; there was not a star in the sky, and the wind howled round the hills.

"Ha! do you see there?" whispered Reelzingen, as they rode past the iron gallows, erected, during the reign of Duke Frederic in 1597, by the alchemist Monauer in metal, which he had promised to change into gold. "See that horrid brood of crows, who seem as if they scented some fresh carrion."

His friend looked upwards in silence, but quickly cast down his eyes, for it appeared to him as if he beheld the fair, dear form of Leah sitting weeping beneath the gallows.

"This iron pillar of infamy is strong enough," continued the captain, "to bear all the rascals in the country; but, were they to hang upon it with the gold they have pocketed, the gallows would then become but a rotten and broken stick. What a horrid melody these crows sing, to be sure! But what is this? Heaven preserve us, comrade! Give your horse the spur; there is a spirit seated near the gallows!"

It now seemed as if the horses, too, were afraid of this terrible spot, for at these words they galloped past the hill with the speed of the storm, nor rested until out of hearing of the screaming of the crows.

There was a small bridge betwixt Stuttgart and Ludwigsburg, of which there were many fearful tales told, and of which this much was certain, that something so inexplicable had occurred there, that persons said their prayers as they rode past the fearful spot. The story ran, that on this night the consul's son and the gay captain went speedily forward until they reached that bridge, but, once arrived there, their horses would not pass it, but stood still, snorted, and trembled. While the youths spurred and whipped them to no purpose, an aged and trembling voice was heard to exclaim—"Charity to an old man!"

"Who can draw his purse at night, and in the mist?" replied the soldier. "Back, old man; away from the bridge: our horses shy at you. Away, I say, or you shall feel my whip!"

"Not so fast, young blood—not so fast!" retorted the old man, whose dark form they now plainly perceived seated on the rails. "Haste with leisure; you will be soon enough. Give charity to an old man!"

"This passes my patience!" exclaimed the captain, raising his whip in the air. "If, while I count three, you have not left, I will strike you down!"

The old man coughed and tittered; it seemed to Gustavus as if his dusky form lengthened itself out unendingly, while a long arm held out a large hat, and, for the third time, but now in a threatening voice, the man of the bridge again croaked out—"Charity to an old man!—it will bring you success. Do not ride so fast; you cannot be yonder before twelve o'clock."

The arm of Reelzingen fell powerless and trembling by his side; he declared afterwards that a strange cold hand had laid hold of him. Gustavus, with a beating heart, drew out his purse, and threw a silver coin into the large hat.

"What o'clock is it, old man?" asked he.

"I know no hour except twelve," replied the form, in a hollow voice, once more squatting together upon the rail. "Thank yourself that you have luck; ride on," he said, and plunged backward with a heavy fall into the swamp over which the bridge led.

Terrified, Reelzingen put spurs to his horse, which now reared up, and then cleared the bridge at two bounds. But Gustavus, horrified, reined in his horse, alighted, and looked over the rails. Nothing stirred.

"Old man," cried he at length, "have you hurt yourself? Can I help you?" No answer—all was still as the grave.

An inexplicable dread now seized upon young Lanbek also; he felt his horse tremble as he again mounted it, and he did not venture to look back even once upon the fearful place as he rode after his friend.

"This is the second time that I have met him," whispered Reelzingen, breathing deeply, as Lanbek once more reached his side.

"Who?" asked Lanbek, surprised.

"The devil!" answered the captain.

His companion made no answer, and they went on through the darkness. As they passed through Zussenhausen, the clock struck a quarter to twelve; lights still burned in most of the houses, and now and then hymns were heard singing in the apartments. The night watchman blew his horn, and called the hour. The captain stopped and asked him, "What was meant by this late psalm-singing and praying?"

"Ah! sir, this is a fearful night: a man has knocked at many of the houses, and directed that the people should pray until twelve o'clock."

"Who was the man?" asked Lanbek, amazed.

"An old man, sir, as those say who saw him. It might be our old clergyman; may God keep him! He has been dead these twenty years; but it was nothing unchristian what he asked, and therefore it is that they are praying and singing in the lighted rooms, and spinning there."

"This night will turn my brain!" exclaimed the captain, as they rode on. "Gustavus, I believe that this night he is going round the world in bodily form; I think that this would be the best time to ask the old fellow, whether one may soon expect to be a colonel, or may have two hundred thousand Spanish quadruples."

"Nonsense," answered his friend; "the one you think of has nothing to do with prayers."

It now seemed as if the horses accelerated their speed on account of the lights, but yet the quarter of an hour seemed lengthened out to a whole one. Ludwigsburg was not yet in sight, and the night was so dark, that they could not tell, from the appearance of the country, whether they had mistaken their way, or whether the place was at hand. At length, after they had ridden for about half an hour longer, they observed a light shining at the distance of some thousand steps, and immediately found their way impeded by four horses, which, yoked to a travelling carriage, stood right across the highway.

"Take your horses aside, driver!" exclaimed the captain, "or my whip shall do so. Why do you block up the road?"

"Easily, sir, will that be done," answered a man who descended from the vehicle; but the time he put off in doing this, taking up the dropped reins and arranging them, was too much for the fiery soldier. He tried to turn aside the negligently-placed halters of the foremost team, and desired his friend to do the same; but, as usually happens in such cases of blind haste, the man drew up the reins of the vehicle, and the captain's horse remained with one of his feet entangled in the raised cords.

Lanbek leapt down to assist his friend, the driver hastened with sympathy towards him, and just as the foot of the unpaid-for horse was set free, some riders were heard approaching in great haste from the side of the town. The foremost had the start by about five hundred steps, but his horse was not a good one, and the captain distinctly discerned that he went at a short parade gallop, while the paces of the horse following were fewer, but far faster.

"Away! Give place! Away!" cried the first rider, and at the same moment the two young men heard a well-known voice, calling, with a loud tone and fierce expression—"Stop, Jew, or I will shoot you through the body."

Among the people of Wurtemberg, there was once heard a rhyme, which seemed to point to this impressive moment; it ran thus:—

"Then out spoke Herr von Ruder—
'Halt, or thou shalt die;'"

It was the old colonel who now sprung forward upon his companion

with a pistol in his hand, seized his arm with fury, and cried—"Whither away, Jew? Why so quickly to horse, when I called upon you to wait?"

"Be calm, colonel," answered the other in a haughty voice, while he trembled with anxiety; "I go on to Stuttgart, to ask her serene highness the duchess for directions how to proceed at this moment——"

"That is my road, too, sir!" replied the colonel, in a terrible voice; "but you shall not stir from my side, or I will fasten you to it with my pistol. Way, there! Who stands in the road?"

"Captain Von Reelzingen of the first company, and the counsellor of expedition, Lanbek."

"Good evening, gentlemen," continued Röder. "Are your pistols loaded, captain?"

"Yes, colonel," was the answer of the soldier, while he unfastened them from his waist.

"I command you, upon whatever errand you may now be, to ride here at the left hand of the minister. By your service and your honour, as a good man, if he attempts to fly, send a bullet through him. I take the responsibility upon myself."

"Counsellor," exclaimed Süß, "I take you to witness, that force of the most disgraceful sort is used towards me. Colonel Röder, I warn you once more; this scene shall be punished."

"Colonel Röder," said Gustavus, in a low tone of voice, "for the love of Heaven, be not over hasty; think of what the consequences may be. Reflect," added he, "upon the terrible wrath of the duke."

"The duke is dead!" said Röder, loud enough for all to hear.

"Charles Alexander dead?" exclaimed the captain, quite confused by all the occurrences of the night fearfully rushing upon his memory.

"Is the news certain? Heavens! what an event!" said Gustavus, musingly. "Was he at Kehl?"

"He died suddenly at Ludwigsburg a quarter of an hour ago; therefore it becomes our duty to bring these gentlemen, who employed themselves so busily in the government, quickly to the orphan rudder of the state."

"In Ludwigsburg, you say?" exclaimed Lanbek, "and dead suddenly? Eternal Providence!"

"In this same Ludwigsburg," said Röder, with emotion, "dead of a stroke of apoplexy in his bed. Peace be with his ashes! He was a brave man; but let us go on, friends, that the news may not reach Stuttgart before us."

"Gentlemen," cried Süß, in a voice nearly choked with anger and vexation, "I am still minister. Remember the edict which freed me from all responsibility. I tell you it will fare badly with you, if you join Colonel Röder. In the name of the duke and his heirs, I command you to leave me."

"Your rule is over, Jew!" exclaimed the captain, as he smiled savagely, took the bridle from him, and struck his horse upon the back with his whip, while the colonel rode at the right side, pistol in hand. The party set off at a gallop, and Gustavus followed in a half-dreaming state on through the psalm-singing village, towards the old man who once again sat hoarsely laughing on the bridge, and towards the gallows, where the crows screeched and flapped their wings; then,

as he cast a shuddering look upon the place of execution, did Leah and her unhappy fate occur to his mind with sad foreboding.

CHAPTER XIV.

When the inhabitants of Stuttgart awoke the following morning, they were surprised by two tales, which were equally incredible. The duke, instead of having set out upon his journey, had died suddenly the night before at Ludwigsburg. He had been a robust and healthy man, to whom many who had seen him would have given twenty or thirty years of longer life. The report of his death was almost annihilated by the joy at the other piece of intelligence. The Jew Süss, together with some of the chief persons at the court, had been at the castle of Ludwigsburg when the duke so suddenly died; he had, as soon as he saw the dead body, thrown himself upon his horse, and had ridden almost in a state of frenzy towards Stuttgart; but Colonel Roder, a man with whom there was no jesting, had detained him, and conducted him under surveillance thither. People laughed at the singular deception of the Jew, for he had expected to be with the duchess during the night to condole with her, and went out and desired an escort (stating that he must carry deeds of importance), composed of a lieutenant and six men. At the end of the corridor, a captain saluted him, and followed with twelve men: the other smiled, "It was too much honour;" but, as he turned the corner of Lanbek's house, and observed four sentinels before his palace, when he saw bayonets glittering at the entrance, and beheld Leah, pale, agitated, and weeping, opposite to him, then did he perceive what the blow was, and cried—"Heavens! I am lost!"

Though the will of the late duke, in the event of his death, had named an administration which would have been more grateful to his ministers, yet Duke Rodolph of Neustadt, in spite of his great age, as the next in rank, succeeded as administrator, and the country felt relieved and pacified by this. He allowed those persons to retain their offices (with the exception of such as were known to be bad men) as they held them under the last administration, and this was truly an act of graciousness, when we reflect that two-thirds of these situations had been sold. One alone was not satisfied with the place to which the duke administrator, with the most gracious expressions, had appointed him; it was the younger Lanbek. He wished to be named anew simply as counsellor of expedition; but as old Roder, in his zealous friendship for the father, had described his son as a talented and acute lawyer, the duke directly selected him for the commission which conducted the process against the Jew Süss. Old Lanbek considered himself not a little honoured by this, and frequently called his son the pride and support of his old age; but Gustavus looked on this choice as inexpressibly unfortunate—not that he would not, like others, have condemned the man who had thrown the country into such a state of misery—not that it was against his conscience to bring those crimes to light which had been so artfully concealed: but Leah; it was *her* brother whom he was about to judge, and it was this thought which now made his employment so horrible to him. Mean souls greedily satiate themselves with revenge; and to many it would have proved a great joy thus to visit a man who had lately stood so high, and was now in the deepest dungeon of the fortress; in an im-

perious voice to taunt him with his condition, to torture and irritate him. This man had, moreover, acted personally against Gustavus; he had treated him with the most outrageous insolence, had threatened him with that captivity in which he now himself languished, fearful of his future freedom, perhaps even of his life. But the heart of the youth was too noble to beat with joy, as he, for the first time, entered the cell of this man in the capacity of his judge; he who, now, stripped of all earthly grandeur, his countenance pale, and clad in ragged clothes, raised himself confusedly and slowly in his rattling chains. His countenance still reminded him of that of an unhappy and beloved being; he could scarcely restrain his tears, as, after the conclusion of the examination, the prisoner said—"Herr Lanbek, there is an unfortunate, innocent girl, whom we both know. When my house was sealed up, the rude men thrust her into the streets: she was a Jewess, and deserved no compassion. I had not a penny remaining with which to prolong her life; I know not where she is. Should you hear anything of her—she possesses nothing except the clothes she wore when she was driven from that door—give her, for mercy's sake, some charity."

The young man allowed his tears to flow, as he descended the hill from Hohen Neuffen. He heard, however, afterwards, that the Jew had deceived him; that there had been found in his house more than five hundred thousand florins, in gold and jewels; and that nearly a hundred thousand more were deposited in sure hands at Frankfurt; and Gustavus could easily see that he merely wished to affect him by such representations of poverty; still he could not get rid of the thought, that Leah must be deserted and unhappy, and this idea became only the more painful, as, in spite of all his inquiries, he could obtain no trace of her.

The spring, summer, and autumn had passed by, and still the process continued. Transactions were exposed at which the coldest judges were horrified; and though young Lanbek represented that there were four other men at least equally guilty with Süss, yet it seemed as if they wished to proceed seriously only against him, because the general dislike pointed to him as the most criminal.

It was a cloudy evening in October. The old consul had been travelling for some days, and his son worked in the library at a new examination, when his younger sister, now the happy bride of Captain Reelzingen, came in to him in a graver mood than usual. She spoke at first with indifference, then appeared to repress her tears with difficulty, and at length they stood in her mild eyes, as she asked whether he would not be angry if she brought in one who was well known to him? He looked at her in surprise, and, before he was able to reply, Kathchen left the apartment, weeping, and quickly returned with a veiled female. Before the dim light could properly show the outlines of the form, before the veil had been thrown off, his secret feelings told him whom he saw before him. Colouring, he rose up, but the unhappy girl had already flung herself down before him, cast aside her veil, and it was Leah who now raised her once loved eyes, full of melancholy, entreatingly towards him, clasping her pale, thin hands together, and stretching them imploringly towards him. "Mercy!" cried she—"only

do not let him die! It is said that he must die—his only hope now rests with you. Where shall I find words to soften your generous heart? What language can I use to speak to one who once understood me so well?" Tears allowed her to say no more, and Kathchen likewise wept bitterly.

Full of grief and astonishment, Gustavus took her cold hands, and raised her. He gazed at her—how her look distressed him! Her cheeks were pale, and had fallen in; her eyes were sunk in her head; and her mouth, which once seemed to have been formed only for smiles, now showed that its former sweet expression had been long unknown to it. The black hair, which fell around her forehead, and the pallor of her countenance, completed the ghastliness of her appearance.

"Leah! unfortunate Leah!" exclaimed the young man. "Why so long have you concealed yourself, and deprived your friends of the consolation of knowing where you were, or whether they could do anything for you?"

"Ah! it was not for this that I entreated your kind sister to bring me here," said she, smiling sadly. "Why should it not be well with me? I have long buried my hopes and my dreams. I have planted the remembrance of them as flowers beside the grave, and I water these flowers with my tears. No! you were always generous to the unfortunate; only give me assurance that my brother shall not die. It is so terrible to die, and what will his death avail this land?"

"Leah," answered the young man, embarrassed, "this has not as yet been talked of, and I think it may not. You should take comfort—it may not come to this."

"It may; but his fate lies in your hands," said she, in a low voice; "he has told me so; I have spoken to him. If the letter no longer existed—that letter which can destroy him. Oh, Gustavus, keep him for years, for ever, in prison—what harm can he do when he lies thus in chains?—only do not let him die. Gustavus, be generous—forget the letter, of which no one knows but you. You may save the life of a fellow-creature with the flame of a candle."

"Brother," said Kathchen, approaching, while she took his hand, "do this; your conscience cannot be hurt by it, for it can never do any harm. Burn the letter; it may have been lost."

The youth looked at the weeping girl. An extraordinary feeling struggled within him; he wavered for a moment, and Leah, who read this struggle in his countenance, seized his hand, pressed it madly to her heart, and then raised it to her lips. "He will!" exclaimed she, in ecstasy. "Oh, I knew this! He is noble; he will not, like the others, revenge himself upon the unfortunate, who once offended him; he will not let him die, laden with sins; he will let him live, and become wise and good. How gracious art thou, O God! who hast once again sent thine angel on this evil earth to one who blesses with the open hand of mercy, and smites not the transgressor with the flaming sword of vengeance!"

"No, no—it is not possible!" said Lanbek, with profound sorrow. "Leah, I could lay down my life to give you peace, but my honour, my good name— It is not possible! You know about this letter; some persons have already read it; and to-morrow I must lay it before them. Kathchen, speak, I entreat you—can I, dare I, do this?"

Kathchen wept, and a slight movement of her head appeared to indicate that it also seemed impossible to her. Leah had listened with a fixed look; the crimson of grief overspread her pale cheeks; she leant forward, as if she could not rightly comprehend the terrible denial; she looked, as Gustavus appealed to his sister, with an expression full of sorrowful confidence at the latter, and stretched out her hand spasmodically, as a drowning person stretches his towards the frail twig on the shore—in vain.

"Then he must die," said she, in a voice almost inaudible, after a pause; "and you—it is you who break his staff! For this I lived, and loved. Life is a strange problem! Could I have thought of this while yet a sportive child? Could I have thought we should perish thus?"

"Poor, unfortunate girl!" said Kathchen, folding her in her arms, "he cannot do otherwise. I see this now myself; but if it can console you, come to me as often as you like, you shall meet with sincere sympathy——"

"Leah," interrupted her brother, "can we do anything for you? You were accustomed to affluence. The wealth possessed by your brother elsewhere than in this country can and will be saved for you; you have the nearest claim to it, and I will do my best in this case."

"Kind Gustavus," she said, while she forced herself to smile, "let us leave that alone; people say that he amassed his riches from the poor of this country. He was wrong in this, and it were better that he had never seen this land; but it would be as wrong in me to make use of the gold which has occasioned his death. I will, however, take a shawl from you, fair, dear girl, for it is now very cold. I hear you are a bride—may you then be happy! May these be the last tears which shall ever hang upon your eyelids; but, if you must weep, may the unhappiness which grieves your kind heart be for strangers only!"

"Leah," said the young man, with a faltering voice, "I cannot let you go away thus; it is the deceitful tranquillity of despair which speaks in you. Visit my sisters; say where you reside. Leave me not in ill-will, Leah. God knows, I could not do otherwise!"

"I know this, Gustavus; and it was foolish of me to put you to this dangerous trial. Our misfortune is so terrible!—yet to purchase a little help at the expense of your honour and your peace, were to purchase it too dearly. Farewell! I want little—perhaps I shall soon want nothing more; but, should I be in need, I am not too proud to come to this friend, the only one which my misfortunes have gained for me."

"And do you forgive me?" said Gustavus, with tears.

"I have nothing to forgive," replied she, while she offered him her hand, with greater composure than his sister could maintain. "Farewell, my friend! I go to water my flowers. May the God of my fathers make you as happy as your kind heart deserves!" She ceased, cast a look full of love upon him, and went away, accompanied by Kathchen. The young man looked after her full of emotion; it was to him as if this hour would for ever influence his life, and he foresaw that he now beheld the unhappy Leah for the last time.

CHAPTER XV.

It would weary our readers, to detain them with the details of the

process against the Jew Süß. The news spread then like a train of gunpowder through every country, and is still related here and there to this day, that on the 4th of February, 1738, the people of Wurtemberg hanged their Minister of Finance, on account of his daring exactions in the affairs of his office. They executed him on a huge iron gallows, within an iron cage. In the decree of the duke administrator, the sentence ran thus—"To him, a well-deserved punishment; to all, a terrible example." Both the art with which this unhappy man misgoverned Wurtemberg, and his punishment, are equally striking and incomprehensible, in an age when the commencement of civilisation and enlightenment had long been passed, and when the blossoms of French literature, with irresistible power, enriched the cultivated portion of Europe.

At that time, there might have been an attempt to call the people of Wurtemberg barbarians, had not a circumstance occurred which was often repeated by the men of the day, who, when they could not justify the deed, declared that a necessity appeared for it. The transgressor (so they said) should have died upon the gallows, not so much because of his own evil deeds, as for the disgraceful actions and measures of mightier men. Relations, character, private promises, saved the others; the Jew—could and would no man save, and thus it was written, as the old Consul Lanbek expressed it, "What the others consumed was at his cost." Many years have gone by since then, and we know not whether the deplorable end of this man altogether pacified the minds of others. An edict of the duke administrator shows this scarcely to have been the case, for he was obliged to enact, "That subjects should avoid all adverse speeches and wrongous judgments upon their deceased lord, on pain of fine and punishment, and should hold him in proper and respectful estimation."

Old Lanbek performed this duty independently of the edict, for, as often as the name of Charles Alexander was mentioned, he raised his cap with a grave air, and exclaimed, "May God keep him!" He succeeded his late patron, under the administration of Rodolph of Neustadt.

It was related that his son never smiled again. Even his brother-in-law, Reelzingen, with his best stories, could never win from him a gay countenance. The year 1793 beheld him, a tall, thin, grey-haired man, walking along the streets, supported by a staff. His face was grave and sad, but his eyes were mild and full of sympathy. He had never married, and the saying went, that he had loved only once, and she he loved was an unfortunate girl, who met a voluntary death in the waters of the Neckar. Those who knew him asserted that he was usually reserved and cold, yet very interesting in conversation, when certain metaphysical inquiries were entered upon, with which studies he chiefly employed his old age. He died, lamented by those who knew him and his fate, and wept by the poor and the unfortunate. My grandfather was wont to say of him, "He was one of those who, if once made unhappy, can never more accustom themselves to happiness."

THE BRITISH FLORA.*

"HARD words have never taught wisdom, nor does truth require them." Thus wrote the enlightened botanist of England, Sir James Edward Smith, in the year 1823; and if the force of his remark was then frankly owned, how much more readily will it be acknowledged at the present time. Hard words have been the bane of botanical science; they have retarded its progress more than any other cause, and have turned away many an ardent student from a department of knowledge, which one would think there was small cause to bury beneath a load of ambiguous and obnoxious technicalities. How pleasing, then, to observe the daily-increasing facilities for the acquirement of this delightful branch of natural history. The works now before us, descriptive of our native vegetation, do not, indeed, belong to the class of popular books, and are not intended for the general reader; yet their lucid description, combined with great general accuracy, render them highly valuable to the student, and place botanical knowledge within the reach of all who are inclined to acquire it. The more simple and satisfactory the science is made, the more widely will its benefits be felt and acknowledged.

The publication of "Floras," or systematic accounts of the indigenous plants of particular countries, originated in the beginning of the eighteenth century; and, gradually increasing in numbers, they have risen to a most important rank in the botanical literature of the present time. No practical botanist can now lay his researches before the world in a more convenient form than that of a Flora. The uses of such a work are various, but depend in a great measure on the object of the author, the plan of his book, and the extent and accuracy of his knowledge and observation. When a Flora is simply a catalogue of the vegetable productions of a country, with indications of the frequency of occurrence of the various species and the *habitats* of the rarer ones, it is useful to the phytologist, in guiding him to the subjects of his study. Of more importance still is it to the geographical botanist, as exhibiting the extent and nature of the country's vegetation in a series of ascertained facts, which, when considered in connection with the like information possessed of other countries, leads to a knowledge of those laws according to which the distribution of the vegetable covering of our globe is regulated—a kind of botanical knowledge which assumes a truly philosophical aspect, and which has many important bearings on the industrial arts of life. When a Flora supplies not merely a list of a country's plants, but also contains accurate botanical characters and descriptions of the species enumerated, then it occupies a more extensive sphere of usefulness; its assistance is accepted not only by the practical botanist and the botanical geographer, but also by the student of descriptive botany, who is enabled by the systematic delineation of the species to acquire a know-

* The British Flora: comprising the Phenogamous or Flowering Plants, and the Ferns. By Sir WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, K.H., LL.D., &c.; and GEORGE A. WALKER ARNOTT, LL.D., &c. Sixth edition. London: Longman. 1850.

Manual of British Botany: containing the Flowering Plants and Ferns. By CHARLES CARDALE BABINGTON, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Second edition. London: Van Voorst. 1847.

ledge of them, and thus lay the necessary foundation of a more extended acquaintance with the science. When the plan of a Flora is still more extensive, and embraces, likewise, a detail of the historical information connected with the plants, their medicinal properties, and economical uses, then the book commands even a more extensive audience, and, for its variety of information, will be more frequently consulted by those whose lives are not specially devoted to the acquisition of that kind of knowledge which it is its purpose to inculcate.

The importance of a descriptive Flora of Great Britain and Ireland will thus, to a certain extent, be obvious; and the history of this kind of literature shows how rapidly the taste for the study of our native botany has increased of late years, and how quickly that feeling is passing away which regards it as a useless and an idle pursuit. Its important bearings on agriculture, on horticulture, on medicine, and its relation to other departments of science, are daily being more frankly acknowledged.

We have now before us the two standard works on British botany; and different in many important points as these books are (as different as it is possible to conceive two books on the same subject to be), they exhibit very accurately the present position of botanical science in this country. Before proceeding to consider their respective merits, let us first take a hasty but comprehensive glance at the indigenous vegetation of the British Isles, in its geographical relations.

Few unaccustomed to observe attentively the gay medley of wild-flowers that spring up around them, and adorn the meadows and the fields, can form any adequate idea of the order and harmony that exist in that portion of nature's wild domain, the vegetable kingdom,

"Where all is formed

With number, weight, and measure . . . and
 Lach holds a rank
 Important in the plan of Him who framed
 This scale of beings, holds a rank, which lost
 Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
 Which nature's self would rue"

According to the latest estimate by Lindley, the Flora of our globe comprises little more than 80,000 species of flowering plants, although this undoubtedly falls far short of the real number, considering the extensive tracts of country in various parts of the world which have never yet been visited by botanical travellers. The number of flowering plants indigenous to Britain and Ireland may be reckoned at about 1500 species.

As Humboldt beautifully remarks, "The carpet of flowers and of verdure spread over the naked crust of our planet is unequally woven; it is thicker where the sun rises high in the ever cloudless heavens, and thinner towards the poles, in the less happy climes where returning frosts often destroy the opening buds of spring, or the ripening fruits of autumn.

Thus we see variety and grace of form, mixture of colours, and ally the perpetually youthful energy and vigour of organic life, in- as we approach the tropics;" although *everywhere* "man finds

some plants to minister to his support and enjoyment." The noble family of Palms, the Princes of the Vegetable Kingdom, as the enthusiastic Linnæus so aptly designated them, are peculiar to tropical regions, and in many parts form the prominent imposing feature of the landscape. Rising, in stately majesty, sometimes to the height of 180 feet, overtopping even the luxuriant arborescent vegetation, and forming "a forest above a forest," with their expansive, fan-like foliage, waving in freedom far above the stateliest trees, well may they be styled the "loftiest and noblest of all vegetable productions, that to which the prize of beauty has been assigned by the concurrent voice of nations in all ages." Not less lovely, if less magnificent, are those elegant productions of the tropical forest, the tree Ferns, which, though humbler in stature, seem to wear an aspect scarcely less noble: a tribe of plants whose comparative rarity, elegance, and delicacy of structure, have ever rendered them objects of interest to the traveller and the botanist. The arborescent vegetation of the tropics, while not less lofty than that of the temperate regions, is of the most gorgeous description, clothed with luxuriant foliage of the freshest hue, and richly festooned with magnificent blossoms of the most glowing colours. Beneath the waving boughs, a rich and verdant under-wood enjoys the moisture and shade of the forest, while the boughs themselves are decorated with a numerous assemblage of parasitic, epiphytic, and climbing plants, which draw their nourishment, some of them from the soil beneath, some of them from the trees to which they cling, and many from the moist atmosphere alone; their roots, clasping the aged trunk or branch, only serve to anchor them in an aerial position, suited to their peculiar habits of growth. The flowers of the epiphytic *Orchidææ* often assume the most fantastic forms, mimicking the strangest and most familiar insects, and even, in some cases, betraying a likeness to birds and the faces of quadrupeds, while they sometimes diffuse a very peculiar and by no means pleasant odour; but often they emit a delicious fragrance, at once delicate and powerful, equalled by that of no other tribe in the entire range of the vegetable kingdom. In those regions, the grasses also assume an arborescent character, in the bamboo and other forms, whose hollow, jointed stems, indicating the accordance of their structure with more humble genera, often rise to the height of eighty or an hundred feet. The lacustrine vegetation corresponds in its character with the gigantic size and gorgeous appearance of the plants which clothe the dry land. The tropical lakes and rivers support a race of vegetables, exhibiting the most extraordinary beauty and structure; and a magnificent example—the *Victoria Regina*—whose recent flowering in England has excited so much interest, is considered the most wonderful production of the vegetable kingdom hitherto discovered.

In the tropics, vegetation assumes its highest development; the presence of constant heat, and, generally, of excessive moisture, favour the growth of those species whose size and rapidity of evolution require such conditions. But the case differs in our northern land. With a mean temperature varying from 45 deg. to 51 deg. of Fahrenheit, the British Isles produce none of those gigantic forms so conspicuous in the tropical landscape. The tree Ferns, which may well be styled the tenderest fosterlings of nature, do not extend beyond the northern tropic; and

the Palms, whose noblest forms are also confined to the tropics, disappear entirely in their humblest form on the southern shores of Europe.* If the vegetation of Britain, from a lower temperature, and other conditions affecting organic life, wants the luxuriance and gaiety which characterise the vegetation of more favoured climes, its interest and importance to mankind are not the less. Our primeval forests are all but gone: civilisation has swept them away. But the Oak, the Pine, and the graceful Birch remain to show that our indigenous arboreous vegetation combines both beauty and utility. We have no arborescent grasses; but the humble grasses, which we have in such abundance, are better adapted to our wants. They clothe our land in rich evergreen verdure, rendering it pleasing and refreshing to the eye. They feed our flocks, our cattle, and our horses. The cultivated varieties of this highly useful tribe form, indeed, the chief sustenance of mankind throughout the temperate regions of the globe, where Banana and Plantain are unknown; and as "man cannot live on tasteless unmixed flour alone, so neither can cattle, in general, be supported by mere grass, without the addition of various plants, in themselves too acrid, bitter, salt, or narcotic, to be eaten unmixed." Such plants are abundantly supplied by the Ranunculus tribe, and many other families, whose humble flowers begem our meadows and pastures, at once beautifying the earth and contributing their share to the support of animal life, and to the supply of human wants. Various and important are the economical and medicinal uses of many of our native plants; but we cannot enter at present into detail. One feature in the British Flora is worthy of remark, namely, the almost exclusive occurrence of several of our native species of Heath on large tracts of country, more especially in the northern part of our island. The species which most commonly occurs in this manner, and gives to such tracts the name of *Heaths*, is the *Erica* or *Calluna vulgaris*. Humboldt points out the Heaths of Northern Europe, "smiling in summer, with their purple blossoms rich in honey," as agreeing in character with the salt Steppes of Asia, and the Llanos and Pampas of South America. The Orchids of our northern region have little of the magnificence of tropical species; they seek not their homes on the forest boughs, but rise in humble beauty through the grass of the woods, and, notwithstanding their humility, exhibit, in their curious flowers, some highly interesting forms resembling the insect creation. Our Water Lilies want the gigantic size and rich colouring of those existing in the tropical waters. They spread out their beautiful but less expansive foliage on the placid lakes and gentle rivers of our land, and expand their scentless but lovely blossoms, of the purest white, or the richest yellow, "in sunshine and the middle of the day only, closing towards evening, when they recline on the surface of the water, or sink beneath it." The composite plants, which form about one-tenth of the whole vegetation of the globe, while they assume a shrubby or even an arborescent aspect in the genial clime of the tropics (where all vegetation has a tendency to those forms), decrease in stature and magnificence towards the north; and the Compositæ of Britain, although one of the most ornamental as well as one of the commonest tribes, partake of that gene-

* *Chamærops humilis* is the only European Palm.

ral humility of character common to our northern Flora. Familiar examples of the Compositæ are found in the common Dandelion, the Chrysanthemum, the Hawkweed, the Daisy, and in the Sonchus and Tragopogon, which open and close their blossoms at certain hours of the day and in certain states of the atmosphere; thus acting as horological and meteorological flowers to guide the shepherd and the plough-boy, whose constant intercourse with nature leads them to understand such simple monitors. The Leguminosæ, also, although they do in some cases assume the shrubby form with us, are generally composed of dwarf herbs, clothing our meadows and our mountain sides, instead of forming very forests as they do in the tropical regions.

If we consider our indigenous Flora in relation to the vegetation of the European Continent, we find that it only forms a fragment, as it were, of that vegetation. The plants which adorn our islands are all of them, with insignificant exceptions, found also on Continental Europe; hence the conclusion arrived at by Watson and other botanical geographers—and entertained by the authors of "The British Flora"—that the vegetable covering of our land has been originally derived in some way or other from the Continent. Balfour ("Manual of Botany," § 1166), in detailing the researches of Watson and Forbes, observes—

"These islands cannot be considered as a centre of vegetation, but as having been colonised by successive vegetable migrations. . . . They have been peopled by many colonies successively leaving the Continent of Europe, from the epoch of the middle tertiary formation up to our own. When a vast continent extended from the Mediterranean regions to the British Islands, the plants of the Asturias, and those of Armorica, peopled the south of England and Ireland. To this period succeeded the glacial epoch, during which the lands were immerged to a depth of about 1300 or 1400 feet. This is the period of the migration of the arctic plants, which still inhabit the tops of the Scottish mountains. When these lands emerged anew, England was united to France, the temperature being such as it is at present. At this time, the great German floral invasion took place; absorbing, so to speak, all the rest, and leaving very slight remains of them. Thus, while the Asturian plants, those of the south, are reduced to a small number of species confined to the south-west of Ireland, the hardy vegetables of the north completed their conquest. The colonisation being completed, England became separated from the Continent."

Martins thinks, that, "while Europe has had the principal part in the colonisation of the British islands, a great vegetable migration has also taken place from America; and that the arctic plants, originating in Greenland, have propagated themselves across Iceland, Ferøe, and Shetland, as far as the mountains of Scotland. These mountains have, therefore, derived their Flora partly from Norway and partly from Greenland, a sort of double migration. . . . In proportion, therefore, as we remove from Europe, the number of vegetables peculiar to that continent diminishes; but, at the same time, the proportion of the Greenland plants increases in nearly the same ratio." Martins, who does not agree with the bold hypothesis first alluded to, believes the colonisation of American and European species to be due to the agency of the gulf stream, which, he supposes, may have thrown *Eriocaulon septangulare* (a species not found on Continental Europe) on the shores of the Hebrides, and carried seeds to the sandy shores of Shetland, Ferøe, and Iceland. Indeed

Humboldt remarks in the "Cosmos" (a fact well known to botanists), that the celebrated gulf stream, after a wide circuit, crosses the Atlantic, and casts an abundance of tropical seeds (*Mimosa scandens*, *Guilandina bonduc*, *Dolichos urens*) on the coasts of Ireland, of the Hebrides, and of Norway.

The "British Flora," and the "Manual of British Botany," both rank as books of the very highest authority on the subject of which they treat; yet it is difficult to say which will attain the supremacy. The authors of both enjoy a reputation of the first class in the departments of botanical science to which they have devoted their lives—a reputation at once well-earned and universally acknowledged; but the mind of each has been cast in a different mould. Although in pursuit of the same object, they tread not the same path while perambulating the wild domains of nature; and it is reasonable to expect a difference in the results of their labours. In the author of the "Manual," we see the assiduous, untiring naturalist searching for, scrutinising, and comparing every form of every tribe in the vegetable kingdom; but most assiduous, most untiring, when among those obscurer families that have baffled the skill of former observers, or have been left by them unstudied. Every plant is attentively compared with authentic specimens of this and other lands, every discriminative mark, however minute, is noted, every British and Continental author is consulted; and when previously unobserved differences are detected, however minute they may be, if constant, they are carefully recorded, and often give rise to new specific names, or point out the existence, in this country, of obscure species, which the scrutinising eye of the German or the Swiss botanist has only been able to detect before. And the result is, that our author, carefully consulting the opinions of all other writers, but "taking nature as a guide, and not depending upon the authority of any name, however distinguished," presents in the "Manual" a most elaborate analysis of our native Flora, exhibiting, in searching description, not only all those so-called (although not universally acknowledged) *species* which depend on minute differences of structure, and are generally recognised by British botanists; but also the more obscure forms which many of the close-observing and ingenious botanists of Continental Europe have determined. No man, living or dead, has examined and compared the British with the European Flora with that care and attention which Babington has bestowed upon them; and to him is due the credit of ascertaining the great bulk of those closely allied and problematical species, which are now well known to form so important and so interesting a portion of our native vegetation.

But this is not the field of research in which the authors of the "British Flora" have been labouring, and although, in a few instances, a practical tendency thereto is shown, the general principle of founding species on minute characters is entirely disclaimed. Engaged as Hooker and Arnott are in the study of the vegetation of all regions of the globe, tracing the same species, it may be under different forms, from pole to pole, and observing the remarkable effects which various causes in nature produce on such cosmopolitan plants, it is not wonderful that they should feel inclined to adopt the convenient plan of combining nearly allied forms, held distinct by some, under one specific appellation, and thus

facilitate generalisation, by laying aside minor and discordant facts. But hear their own definition of a species, in the following extract, which, moreover, from the nature of the book, is almost the only paragraph available for illustrating the authors' style :—

"What is a genus, or what is a species, is a point upon which scarcely two botanists are agreed at the present day. With regard to the former, however much it may be necessary to subdivide in a system comprehending the known plants of the whole world, so as to retain only a limited number of species in each genus, the same does not apply to a local Flora; and it is there preferable to constitute sections or sub-genera, particularly when the limited characters are inconstant, difficult, or obscure. [The authors here strike at the very root of natural classification, in declaring genera, the most natural of all combinations of plants, divisible at convenience.] A species cannot be so treated: it is formed, by our Maker, as essentially distinct from all other species, as man is from the brute creation; it can neither for convenience be united with others, nor be split into several; but the difficulty is to ascertain what is such a primitive or natural species; and it is here so great a difference of opinion exists. Some pronounce a species to be distinct if it presents a different habit or appearance to the eye, particularly, if this be constant although often indefinable; others consider it a species, although exhibiting no difference of aspect, provided it can be defined, even although the differences are so minute that they can be detected only by the microscope; while a third party are of opinion that the validity of a species may be tested by cultivation. The authors are not inclined to believe that any one of these tests is sufficient. Of all the works of creation, we have a specific account only of man; but, as the others appear to be formed on the same plan, there is a strong presumption in favour of those arguments which assimilate the species of plants to what we know of the human race. With regard to mankind, it is universally acknowledged that there now exists so great diversity between an inhabitant of the torrid and an inhabitant of the frigid zone, and even of any one part of the globe and of another, that it can only be accounted for on the principle that each succeeding generation has a tendency to recede more and more, in general appearance, from the original type; and, if we apply this to the vegetable kingdom, we must at once allow that, although cultivation may sometimes in a single year or two satisfactorily show that two supposed species are the same, a thousand years' cultivation cannot prove them distinct. The more we cultivate a plant, or the more it is limited in its wild state to a particular climate or place of growth, the more permanency is given to the peculiarities of what was originally derived from the same root, or even seed vessel, of another apparently widely different form. Hence a rare, mountainous plant may frequently be a mere alpine permanent state of some common lowland species, or a Swedish species the more northern race or state of a southern one; and it is from this cause that we see in our gardens so many called species (as in the genus *Achillea*), which cannot now be referred satisfactorily to any of the wild ones, although primarily derived from them. Knowing, then, this tendency of nature to give permanency to a variety of forms obtained from one primitive species, there appears to be less violence done to her laws by combining too much, than by subdivision, unless where there is an anatomical or physiological distinction. Linnæus took nearly all his specific characters from conspicuous parts, especially from the stem and foliage, and they were therefore natural; but at the present day we are prone to select minute ones: of these some are of trifling value; while others, sufficient to constitute sub-genera, are connected with the habit of the plant, and should therefore not be neglected. Indeed the time may ere long arrive, when what are now called genera, or sub-genera, will alone be considered species [!] and another Linnæus be requisite to reduce the chaos that order. In the meanwhile, we have endeavoured to steer a middle course: the species

admitted in former editions are seldom reduced, unless where it was found that the characters were insufficient or variable; and as rarely has sanction been given to those which have been split off from other species, by the too refined ingenuity of the German, Swiss, and modern Swedish botanists. If in one or two cases this neomania has been yielded to, it has been more on account of the remonstrances of the authors' friends, who had opportunities of examining the living plant, than from any conviction of either the necessity or utility of so doing."

"No one, save he who adopts the hypothesis of development advocated in the *"Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,"* would think of controverting the general principle laid down in the first part of these remarks, namely, that a species must have been originally formed by our Maker as such, and is "essentially distinct from all other species, as man is from the brute creation." But, it is well remarked that *the difficulty is, to ascertain what is such a primitive or natural species.* This is the difficulty of difficulties in botanical science; and hence the importance of careful attention to descriptive botany. But how is the difficulty to be solved? Not by any hypothesis, however bold, novel, or enticing. Not, certainly, by disregarding all but the most evident differences of structure, retrograding in our knowledge of descriptive botany, and bundling together, as one species, plants apparently allied in their forms, as the authors of the *"Flora"* seem to think. The more we do this, the farther we recede from the prospect of ascertaining what is a species. This knowledge, if it even falls to the lot of human kind, must be the result of patient and persevering observation and research into the many varied forms exhibited by the vegetable creation, the influences which affect them, and the limits of their variation. We must watch attentively the development of species under the various circumstances in which they are placed; tracing the effects of climate, soil, elevation, exposure to atmospheric influences, and a thousand other causes which disturb the descent of species in their pure and unvaried primitive forms. A minute and accurate knowledge of supposed species, and forms that seem of subordinate value, is the essential groundwork of all such researches; for it is those obscure forms that are most likely to afford a clue to the mystery, and they should on no account be disregarded. To work out this problem will, indeed, be a laborious task; and it is one which demands the employment of a peculiar class of minds—minds that can, with unbiassed judgment, dwell upon and investigate the minute things of creation, regardless of the spirit of contempt which, too often, in our time, is shed upon those who devote themselves to such labours.

Hooker and Arnott consider that less violence is done to nature's laws by combining too much than by subdivision. Unnatural combination checks inquiry into unascertained facts. The tendency of the "species-botanists" is the reverse of this. Their principle is good, but only to a certain extent. The constant examination into minute facts and circumstances tends to overrate the value of small things, and is equally apt to raise a barrier in the way of advancing truth.

We are often asked, by beginners in the study of botany, what text-book for the description of British plants is the best? The two works now before us are both so excellent, that they almost enjoy a monopoly in the market; but their comparative value to the student depends entirely on the method he intends to pursue, or rather the bent

of his mind to particular branches of the science. The former editions of the "Flora" were more suited for the closet than the field; while the "Manual" has ever borne the character of a field book, and a most convenient one it is: but the difference between the works in this respect no longer exists, since in the present edition of the former the contents are *squeezed* into convenient size for the pocket, although it is still a third larger than the latter.

If the student desires a thorough knowledge of the structure of our British plants, and of all those new, and, in many cases, unproved species recognised in the European Floras, then we place the "Manual" in his hands, as the work which not only gives the best account of such plants, but whose clear, technical descriptions, devoid of all that vagueness which sometimes characterises botanical writings, are above all others calculated to elucidate obscure plants, as well as to communicate to the student habits of close and accurate observation, in obtaining a knowledge of our Native Flora. In the elucidation of the difficult and obscure tribes, such as the Hieracia, the Rubi, the Carices, this work is invaluable—for it is to these tribes that the author's attention is continually directed, and his researches are the most thorough of any botanist who has hitherto appeared in this country.

If, however, the student's object is to gain a comprehensive rather than a minutely-accurate knowledge of our native plants, we beckon him to the "British Flora." Here he will find a correct view of British botany in the form most convenient for one who desires to prepare himself for studying the laws of geographical distribution, &c. The descriptions in the "Flora," though drawn up with care, are not exempt from a certain vagueness at times—a defect which may probably be traced in the writings of all those who, not confining their attention to the botany of a particular country or district, take a comprehensive glance at the entire vegetation of the globe. The brief historical notes appended to the specific characters have always proved highly interesting, even to those not pursuing a course of botanical study; but in the general compression of the present edition they have suffered.

We think that the subject of the geographical distribution of plants, one of deep interest, might be advantageously treated at greater length in our Floras. The author of the "Manual" contents himself with giving mere indications of the geographical distribution of the plants described, with stations only for the very rarest; but the authors of the "Flora" devote more space to the subject, giving often a number of stations for the rarer plants. Some interesting facts affecting geographical distribution remain unrecorded, which, if not found elsewhere, might have been gleaned from the botanical periodicals of the last few years. The exclusion of plants not strictly indigenous, although naturalised in this country, is also a feature in the "Flora" which does not tend to recommend it, and the slender reliance which the authors place on the discoveries of such men as Don and Drummond, will not tend to increase the popularity of the work among Scottish botanists. We know that there exists a prejudice against Don; but that respect which is due to every scientific observer, calls upon us to consider his facts as true till they are proved false. With regard to recently discovered species, whose character as colonists from other lands has prevented their introduction to the

"Flora," we would observe that it seems preferable to accord a place to all such species where they have taken a permanent hold of British soil. No one ever thinks of questioning the right of species to a place in our Flora, where the colonisation has taken place at an early period; but in recent cases, where the process has been closely observed under the very eye of science, this is thought a sufficient reason for discarding them. We hope, however, that the day when all such naturalised species will be treated with due regard is not far distant, and when they shall assume their true rank in botanical works; for theirs is a peculiar history, and careful observation of them cannot fail to throw much light on the laws of geographical distribution. The natural system of classification is adopted in both works; and a synopsis is given of the Linnæan system, for the benefit of Linnæan students. The course is a wise one; every facility should be provided for the successful study of this delightful science, till it become universally known—till it be taught in every school, and in every family.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

THERE are few subjects on which the errors committed are more serious, more current, and more pertinaciously retained and repeated, than that of capital punishments. Painfully obvious as that subject is, and frequently as it is enforced upon public attention, by the execution of criminals, the fallacies by which the system is supported are so far from being exploded, that an opinion was hazarded in the leading article of the "Times" newspaper, no longer ago than the 28th of August last, that, if every parish in which an execution takes place could be fairly polled, the judgment of the majority would acquiesce in the sentence of the law. Our conviction is that this is altogether a mistake; still, while the sanguinary system which now prevails is sanctioned by the approval of so many even of the wise and the good, we feel it our duty to develop our views respecting it, and, at the same time, to give to the arguments of our opponents a full and candid consideration. In doing so, we know that we are not presenting to our readers an entertaining subject, nor do we propose to treat it in an amusing style; we can, therefore, only hope that its deep and momentous interest will claim for these few pages an attentive perusal.

Has a Christian executive government the rightful power to punish? what is the design of such punishment? and what, if any, are the necessary limitations of their power? These are the questions which we propose to discuss. The right, then, of removing from society an injurious member, of hindering or deterring him from further mischief, and, if it may be, of making his case exemplary to such as may be similarly disposed, is not so much an abstract principle as a corollary, from the very institution of society, from the existence of social rights and social duties, from the possession of property or of any individual claim, and from the natural right of self-defence. It must be obvious to all that the exercise

of this natural right by each individual would lead to infinite irregularity and injustice, inasmuch as the aggrieved party would almost invariably exaggerate the evil he had sustained, while the aggressor would as uniformly depreciate it. Hence would result a system of lawless vindictiveness—the wild justice of revenge. Individuals, therefore, without surrendering this natural right, transfer it to a constituted authority, which is supposed to be impartial, and to proceed on principles of general equity. In these propositions, we presume, are involved the seminal principles of all jurisprudence.

The next proposition is, That the adjudications of this executive body have a primary, and almost a sole reference to the welfare of the community, and not to the welfare of the individual; in other words, that the function of the magistrate is not to execute an absolute and strictly retributive justice, but to put a stop to social mischief, and, as far as possible, to prevent its recurrence. This will be made clear by the following considerations:—First, it does not lie within the capacity of the human mind to estimate the precise amount of guilt in the case of any given crime. For this, it would be necessary to be fully acquainted with the constitutional temperament of the offender—with his moral history—the advantages or disadvantages of his training—and the force of the temptation in each specific instance. To this omniscience alone is competent, and, consequently, retributive justice is the function of none but the Universal Judge.

Jurisprudence, therefore, with all the solidity of its fundamental principles, must ever be a system of compromise and conjecture. The identity of the offender can rarely be demonstratively shewn; and when it can, the amount of his ill-desert can never be accurately estimated. All that jurisprudence can effect is, to consult for the prevention of crime, the removal of the criminal from opportunities of repeating his injuries, and the deterring of others from the commission of similar offences. Secondly, That the administration of retributive justice is not the function of the civil magistrate, is further evident from the consideration, that the clearest principles of abstract morality are necessarily inapplicable to jurisprudence. For example, it is plain that the strength of the temptation to crime is a consideration that greatly mitigates the turpitude of the offence. A state of starvation almost excuses a larceny, and a paroxysm of anger, especially under great and just provocation, reduces, in the eye of the law, even homicide itself to a comparatively venial offence. Yet, in our criminal jurisprudence, we are compelled to act upon a principle very like the opposite of this. A confidential servant is under stronger temptations to theft and forgery than a stranger—a letter-carrier than the pickpocket who may pass him in the street. So, too, exposed property, as sheep and horses, present a stronger temptation than such as is in safer keeping. This the law recognises, but not so as to mitigate the punishment on the ground of the strength of the temptation, but, on the contrary, to increase the penalty on that very account. This is alike wise and necessary; but it furnishes another proof that there is no relation between right jurisprudence and strict retributive justice.

We now proceed to apply these general principles to the subject of capital punishments, adding some other considerations which pertain ex-

clusively to this branch of our criminal jurisprudence: and, as the punishment of death is now happily confined to the crime of murder, we will limit our argument accordingly.

When Draco was asked why he had adjudged the punishment of death to minor offences, he answered, that the smallest of them deserved death and that he had no severer punishment for the largest. Of late years the British statute-book has been cleared of those enactments which rendered it so analogous to the code of the Athenian legislator; but, in the system of capital punishment for murder, the retributive theory still continues in force. The disposal of human life being a manifest interference with the divine prerogative, it is not surprising that a Christian legislature should seek to justify it by an appeal to Scripture. With reference to the infliction of capital punishment for murder, the text which is solely and universally cited is, the divine declaration to Noah, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." But, in considering the application of this passage, we should bear in mind, first, that, even supposing it to be an injunction, since it affects not the divine administration, but only human jurisdiction, the same law is not necessarily applicable to a population of eight souls and to a world of a thousand millions; secondly, that, if this supposed injunction is binding upon us, the other portions of this address are no less so—such, for example, as the following, "But flesh, with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." But, thirdly, it is unnecessary to interpret the passage an injunction at all: it may properly be regarded as an instructive declaration, that deeds of violence will, in the natural course of things, be followed by a violent retaliation—a truth which the whole history of the world corroborates. In this view of the passage, the language of the Saviour, addressed to Peter, may be regarded as parallel, "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

But it is further argued that capital punishments were unquestionably ordained under the Jewish dispensation, and that this fact is conclusive against the abstract objection to them on which we intend to insist.

Against this we submit the following considerations. First, That if this argument proves anything, it proves too much, inasmuch as under that dispensation the punishment of death was inflicted for offences which would now, in the judgment of the most rigid, be amply expiated by a month's imprisonment.

Secondly, That the political system, to which our opponents appeal, was a theocracy—a system under which the Divine Being directly superintended and interfered with the secular regulation of his people. It will be obvious to every reader, that we should only weaken our argument by any illustration of the distinction which is interposed like an impassable chasm between the two cases.

The third suggestion we shall offer applies alike to the divine address to Noah and to what may be called the criminal jurisprudence of the Jewish dispensation. To this, and all future ages of the world, the New Testament is the guide of life. It is true that some of the precepts of non-resistance to injury, delivered by the Great Teacher, have been strained and warped from their original reference to Christians as such, and from their relation to the method by which a kingdom not of this

world was destined to be established in its midst, and ultimately to pervade it, and have been distorted into an unnatural application to the conduct of secular life, and to the duties of Christians as citizens and subjects. But, without falling into this error, it may safely be affirmed that the system of retributive justice, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, is altogether repudiated by the Founder of the Christian religion—that mercy is the twice blessed attribute of that benign and gracious system—and that human life, especially, is, under its auspices, fenced round with a sacred and inviolable barrier. The ancient dispensation was adapted to the infancy of mankind; hence it was in principle dogmatic, and, practically, if we may with reverence use the expression, it was arbitrary. The principles of the Christian dispensation are, on the contrary, distinctly enunciated, and one of its highest distinctions is, that it pays respect to the reason of mankind.

There is another respect in which an appeal to a past dispensation, by proving too much, defeats the cause it is designed to serve. For, under that dispensation, not only was all culpable homicide punished with death, but even the accidental destruction of human life involved the same penalty, unless the unfortunate author of the deed could escape from the avenger of blood, by taking sanctuary in one of the cities of refuge. Nothing can be more hostile to such a system as this, than the principles of the British criminal law. Its category of justifiable homicide is by no means a small one; while the perpetration of homicide by culpable negligence, in sudden anger, in duel, and other modes of personal conflict, is only visited with secondary punishment, under the mitigated designation of manslaughter. Until the homicide of the duellist and the pugilist is regarded and punished as murder, it is worse than futile to appeal to the language of ancient Scripture, which permits of no exception, but, if understood as a divine command, and of perpetual obligation, constitutes *all* homicide an offence which can only be expiated by blood.

But we will leave the religious aspect of this question, and invite attention to its moral and social bearings; and the first argument we will adduce against capital punishments is, that it is absurd in principle for a fallible tribunal to pass an irrevocable decree. It is but very rarely that the crime of murder is committed before innocent witnesses, and consequently the guilty party can only be ascertained by his own confession; otherwise, an approximation only to that result can be obtained by evidence of an indirect and circumstantial kind. Hence arises a fearful liability to mistake, owing to the fallibility alike of witnesses, jurors, and judge. In many cases, the witnesses are under the strongest motives to perjury, and, even where this is not the case, the darkness of night, the disguise and probable silence of the murderer, the frequent similarity of individuals, both in person and carriage, and the infinite diversity of accidents which make up circumstantial evidence, and which may frequently concentrate upon an innocent person, combine to present a frightful liability to error. The result of all this, in the not unfrequent execution of innocent persons, not only forms a subject so painful that the mind shrinks with horror from its contemplation, but is pregnant with various and collateral mischief. It throws discredit upon the law itself, and destroys all confidence in its administration. It alike

discourages prosecutors, witnesses, and jurors, from the prosecution of their duty, and plunges innocent men, with an almost wanton recklessness, amidst the possibilities of an awful and irrevocable destiny. It was publicly stated, a short time ago, by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who, though a candid, is still a decided, opponent of the views we are advocating, that, in his experience at the bar, no fewer than twenty persons had been executed whose innocence of the crime for which they suffered was conclusively established when it was too late. In aggravation of this fact, it is painful to surmise that a much larger number may have perished on the scaffold during our own times, whose memory has never been vindicated by the discovery of the guilty party, in whose place they suffered. We have in our recollection an instance, which we have every reason to believe is a case in point. Within the last four or five years, a commercial traveller was executed at Taunton, for the murder of a gentleman, who was sleeping in the same hotel. The convicted man had previously borne an irreproachable character, and the evidence on which he was condemned was of a very indirect and doubtful kind. The unhappy man prepared himself for death with the most becoming humility and penitence, fully acknowledging his sinfulness and ill-desert, but most solemnly denying to his last breath the slightest privy to the crime for which he suffered. We have been informed by a very intelligent gentleman, who was also travelling on business, that for many weeks he heard this case daily discussed by many who had known the prisoner, and who had most minutely acquainted themselves, on the spot, with all the circumstances. He states, that, though he has heard hundreds of intelligent men state their opinions, not a doubt was ever expressed of the innocence of the convict, and of that fact we ourselves have never had the shadow of a misgiving.

This, we say, is not only a crime but an error; it is not only wicked, but absurd; inasmuch as there is no imaginable proportion between the perilous functions which the administrators of the law undertake, and the degree of sagacity and knowledge essential to their right performance. In the absence of these qualifications—qualifications which lie without the limits of the faculties of man—our highest criminal jurisprudence is a mere lottery of death. We have said that legal punishment has reference, not to the criminal himself, but to the interests of the community by whom the law is made and for whom it is administered. Were it otherwise, the punishment of death would bear a character of unmingled vindictiveness. To escape this charge, it is pretended that capital punishments are perpetuated from a consideration of their salutary influence on society at large. We believe, and shall endeavour to show, that in this point of view, also, the system is, at all points and utterly, indefensible. For, in the first place, one grand purpose of the administration of law is the reparation of injuries sustained. How is this effected by the execution of a murderer? Were he suffered to live, the compulsory labour of his life might afford some compensation to survivors for the injuries inflicted by his crime. The death of the criminal is no compensation to the family; and, if the vengeance of the law afford them any gratification, it gratifies only a class of feelings, which are none the less vicious, because unhappily they are almost universal.

But it is still more important to consider the main argument of the

advocates of capital punishment, namely, that the terror of the penalty operates to prevent the repetition of the crime. We are thoroughly convinced that this position is falsified by the aggregate experience of the civilised world. Excessive severity of punishment has ever been the resort of cruel and arbitrary men. It prevails universally in those despotic states, whose governing principle is to uphold their sway by striking terror into the minds of their subjects. Yet all experience proves that the greatest severity is ineffectual. In those countries remarkable for the lenity of their laws, the inhabitants are as much affected by slight penalties as those in other countries are by severer punishments. Montesquieu remarks—"Robberies on the highways were grown common in some countries. In order to remedy this evil, they invented the punishment of breaking on the wheel, the terror of which put a stop for a while to this mischievous practice. But soon after, robberies on the highways became as common as ever." Indeed, the same principle is laid down in our own statute-book, and in a part of it where even the keenest inquirer would think it scarcely worth while to seek it; for, in the statute of 1st Mary, cap i., we read—"That the state of every king consists more assuredly in the love of the subject towards their prince than in the dread of laws made with rigorous pains, and that laws made for the preservation of the commonwealth, without great penalties, are more often obeyed and kept than laws made with extreme punishments." This principle is corroborated by the unerring testimony of history. It has been truly observed,* that frequency of executions in any country is generally followed by a proportionate increase of crimes of violence and blood. When the legislature lightly estimates human life, the people are apt to undervalue it. Laws of a vindictive character consecrate, as it were, the principle of revenge; and we cannot wonder that the more ignorant portion of the people emulate the example of the law, by the wanton or revengeful shedding of human blood. Laws of a mild character teach mildness to the people. Under such laws, the popular mind has not that practical education to deeds of violence which cruel examples produce. Revolutions are always most bloody in countries whose laws have most familiarised the people with spectacles of vengeance, and in every state the scaffold draws its victims from the brutalised crowds that surround it.

This is so natural a result, that it might well have been anticipated. Even the most degraded of mankind have a natural and instinctive respect for the sanctity of human life. This, however, like every other good principle, may be deadened by habitual violation. The most humane members of the medical profession become, as the creatures of habit, insensible to the horror of the most fearful surgical operations; and it is hardly to be expected that those whose moral feelings are never cultivated at all, should frequently view the violent extinction of human life upon the scaffold, without coming to a habit of mind in which the guilt of murder and suicide is outweighed by considerations of gain, revenge, and despair. A Christian minister, now no more, informed the writer that he had attended upwards of sixty criminals in their last moments at the gallows, and that he had learned from all these men, with only one or two exceptions, that they had frequently witnessed executions

themselves. "The punishment of death," says the Marquis Beccaria, "is pernicious to society from the example of barbarity it affords. If the passions or the practice of war have taught men to shed the blood of their fellow-creatures, the laws, which are intended to moderate the ferocity of mankind, should not increase it by examples of barbarity, the more horrible, as this punishment is usually attended with formal pageantry. Is it not absurd, that the laws which detest and punish homicide, should, in order to prevent murder, publicly COMMIT it themselves?"

Our argument receives further corroboration from the criminal statistics of those countries where the punishment of death has been abolished. In Belgium, for example, during the five years ending with 1804, 235 criminals were executed for various crimes, and 150 persons were convicted of murder; while, under the more humane system, which obtained during the four years which ended with 1834—a period, let it be recollected, immediately succeeding the Belgian Revolution of 1830, during which the administration of justice had been considerably relaxed—not one execution took place, and the accusations of murder only amounted to 41, out of which the number of convictions are not mentioned in the returns now lying before us.

From these facts, then, we deduce the following conclusions: First, That the amount of capital crimes increases with the amount of capital punishments. Second, That the sanguinary system increases the temptation to crime by increasing the reluctance of the humane to prosecute, of witnesses to give conclusive evidence, of jurors to convict, and of judges to affirm the sentence of the law. And, thirdly, That where death punishments have been abolished crime has rapidly decreased.

That the faith of the legislature in the efficiency, and even in the propriety, of capital punishments, has ever been feeble and wavering, is shown by two constitutional provisions; and which is the more mischievous of the two, it would be difficult to determine. The one is the discretionary power permitted to judges, and the other the prerogative of pardon vested in the crown. The first of these, in proportion as it is exercised, obviously neutralises the advantages of the trial by jury. Under this arrangement, nothing is left to the jury but to decide upon the prisoner's guilt or innocence, while his life and liberty, and the interests of the public, in so far as they are involved in his punishment, lie at the caprice of an irresponsible individual. Who can tell how much the fate of many a man depends upon a twinge of the gout, or a fit of the spleen, in the judge? how much upon his natural humanity or severity of disposition?

Every assize furnishes proof of the folly of this system. The case of the Birds, acquitted, under the direction of Mr Justice Talfourd, of the slow murder of their servant-girl, in Devonshire, will be fresh in the recollection of every reader; and two other recent cases, in which this power has been somewhat strangely exercised by Mr Baron Alderson, one of the most learned judges on the bench, have probably attracted the notice of many beside ourselves. The first occurred on a trial for murder at Durham, in which the jury found the prisoner guilty, but recommended him to the mercy of the Crown. The judge inquired, as usual, the grounds of the recommendation, and was informed, in reply,

that the jury were unanimously of opinion that no human tribunal has power to punish with death. His lordship inquired if that was the only ground, and, being answered in the affirmative, he rejoined, "And a most absurd one it is," and immediately passed sentence of death, which was executed accordingly. Still more recently, a person was tried before the same learned judge for a gross personal assault upon her Majesty; and, in passing sentence of transportation upon the prisoner, his lordship said, "I shall not add, in your case, the disgraceful punishment of whipping. The court has some respect for you, though you seem to have so little for yourself." Had the prisoner been a half-starved artisan, who had shot a partridge, would his lordship have expressed the same respectful consideration?

Such language, again, as the prerogative of mercy in the hands of the sovereign, involves fallacies and follies which will not bear a moment's examination. Mercy is the rightful prerogative of the Divine Being alone, and he alone is rightfully a sovereign. The person who, from the accident of birth, is placed upon the throne of a civilised and free country, rightfully possesses no claim to sovereignty, and no function of mercy. The law by which he reigns is the sole sovereign, and that law should be so based in the principles of mercy, that there should be no necessity for the interference of individual humanity and caprice. Let that law recognise the inalienable claims of society, and the unchangeable dictates of humanity—let it so recognise the unhappy case of the misguided and the vicious, as to provide at once for their harmlessness and their reformation, and not permit either a capricious toleration or an arbitrary intolerance, on the part of the fallible monarch and judges of the day, to interfere with its benign and wholesome operation. The power to pardon without a reason involves the power to punish without a cause.

Both these systems are the offspring of the noxious and monstrous fallacy of the divine right of kings, and, if they led to no other practical mischief, it would be enough that they encourage crime, by adding a new element of uncertainty to the necessary fallibility of all human penal administration. The certainty of punishment is of more consequence than its severity. Offenders do not so much console themselves with the lenity of the sentence, as they flatter themselves with the hope of escape with impunity. They are not so apt to compare what they gain by the crime, with what they may suffer from its punishment, as to encourage themselves with the chance of impunity from concealment or flight, or from the capricious tenderness of a monarch or a judge. For these reasons, a vigilant magistracy, an active police, a proper distribution of force and intelligence, together with a suitable interest in the public at large in the discovery and apprehension of malefactors, and an undeviating impartiality in executing the laws, contribute far more to the repression of crimes than any violent exacerbations of punishment. Nothing but the exclusion of public opinion from its rightful influence in the legislature can account for the perpetuation, to this time, of so clumsy a method of patching up, by discretionary power and prerogative, a barbarous and unchristian penal code.

The heart-sickening scenes which are witnessed at our public executions have induced some persons, who feel more correctly than they

think, to propose a very superficial remedy, in the privacy of capital inflictions. It is surprising that the abettors of this proposal do not see that they virtually surrender the main object, by reference to which capital punishments can be justified at all. It is their supposed exemplary effect upon spectators, in consideration of which they are suffered to continue; and every one at all acquainted with human nature must be aware how very slight would be the effect of such punishments, if they were inflicted, or said to have been inflicted, within the walls of a prison.

*“Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus”*

As it is, we question if the effect of executions outlives, in the majority of cases, the day on which they occur; and the most notorious criminals soon fade from general recollection, and only live in the traditions of the jail. From this, we may conclude how utterly unimpressive the occurrence would be, if it were veiled from the observation of the public.

We will not insist upon an objection which would, we believe, be universally made to such a system—that it is utterly repugnant to our national character and institutions—but rather point out two reasons which appear to us to justify that repugnance. The first is, that doubts would continually lie upon the mind of a large majority of the public, as to whether, in certain cases, the sentence of the law had really been executed; and it is needless to point out the tendency of such uncertainty to weaken those restraints, by which the more abandoned of mankind are solely withheld from the commission of crime. Were this the only objection to the system of private executions, we much doubt if it could prevail in this country for five years. Another objection to it, however, would be, that the public would have no sufficient guarantee that the punishment was not accompanied with circumstances which could neither be tolerated by humanity nor religion. Indeed, there is a popular feeling, whether well or ill founded, respecting all the functionaries who have to do with what is vulgarly called “the finishing of the law,” which, we think, would be intensified to a very pernicious degree, were executions suffered to be conducted even with comparative privacy.

But, far above these considerations, we are of opinion, that the advocacy of such a method would practically involve the abandonment of the great principle for which we have been pleading. We repeat our conviction, that the punishment of death, inflicted by any human tribunal, is an invasion alike of the rights of men and the prerogative of God—is a violation of the principles of the Christian religion—an outrage on the feelings and the decencies of civilised society, and a certain means of perpetuating the very crimes it is designed to repress. On these grounds, we think that the Christian world should admit of no compromise in this important matter, and that wise statesmen and humane and Christian men should give themselves no rest until the last vestige of the system is expunged from the statute-book, as an impiety, a barbarism, and a folly.

THE SCOTTISH CLANS AND THEIR TARTANS.*

WHILE we write, numerous gay and happy parties are passing to, and returning from, the Scottish Highlands. Every facility in the shape of rail, the good old stage-coach, the nimble steam-boat on lovely lake (whose glassy surface was unbroken, in days of yore, by the rude paddle-wheel, and whose pure, delicious atmosphere was then unalloyed by the impurities of smoke, except it might be a solitary curl sent stealthily forth from some unfrequented gully, what time the clansman produced his "mountain dew!"), is afforded to the tourists. They have "guides," too, in abundance: "Anderson" or "Black" will do the part of cicerone to the entire satisfaction of the most fastidious.

Numerous motives contribute to entice so many to do what may be called the grand northern tour. How picturesque and sublime the scenery in its general features! and how inimitably placid and sweet are many of the lakes, or lochs, as they are called, that lie cradled among the mountains! We shall never forget the impression produced upon our minds when standing upon one of the peaks of the Grampian range. All around, and stretching far away, there spread before you a perfect sea of mountain-tops. The billow-like heights diminished in distinctness and prominence as the circle widened, till they were lost in mere inequalities. As you circumscribed your gaze, and drew in your vision upon objects nearer to your stand-point, the rocky sea gathered itself up into waves, huge, high-crested, and far-stretching. At first, the more prominent and bare parts of the eminences were visible; then your eye swept along the green mountain-sides; then you looked down into the peaceful and smiling valleys that radiated from the base of the mountain on which you stood, each with its silvery stream fringed with a narrow border of deep green, with here and there a cultivated patch, and, in a shady-corner, a solitary shepherd's cot, white as the driven snow. Scarce observed, the sheep spread themselves over the higher regions of the mountain, picking incessantly the scanty herbage. On the richer parts of the valley, the cattle browsed, while the inmates of the cot moved about in solemn duty, or frolicked by the bonny burn, in obedience to the buoyant, happy spirit of youth, and in unison with nature in these sequestered regions. From this elevated position, where neither the strife of tongues, nor the lowing of the cattle, nor the sharp music of the hurrying stream, nor the peculiar hum (made up of various sounds) of a Highland valley, could reach your ears, you looked down upon an enchanted scene. You know that there is life and activity; but how the inmates are occupied, the character of their intercourse, the nature of their enjoyments, you are left to conjecture, and imagination is not long in busying herself.

How pure and invigorating the atmosphere! It is life to the pent-up, benighted denizen of the manufacturing city, and the pale-faced, ema-

* The Clans of the Highlands of Scotland: being an Account of their Annals, Separately and Collectively, accompanied with Accurate Coloured Delineations of their Various Tartans. Edited by THOMAS SMIBERT, Esq. Edinburgh: J. Hogg. 1850.

ciated student of law and literature. Many a tale is told of men, prematurely old, who went tottering from their homes with but small hope of permanent recovery, and who returned with the glow of health upon their cheek, and the freshness and vigour of manhood in their bones. Such an one was our friend Tomkins. The responsibility of a large business lay upon his shoulders, once of herculean strength. It was too great for him; he reeled under it; his nerves became unstrung; he became a weak man—the shadow of what he had been. A word pitched on too high a key, a look of astonishment, the unexpected appearance of a friend, would make him tremble and shrink like a man with a guilty conscience. He had nearly become a wreck, though one of the most moral of men. In this state, he was conveyed to the Highlands. His utmost pedestrian feat was a mile. He took up his abode in the house of a farmer; the kindness of the inmates made up for the limited and plain accommodation. Tomkins was content, and Tomkins grew happy in his Highland home. He boated on the loch; he fished with great success; he wandered on the hills, and went with his host in search of his scattered flock; and, in a few weeks, Tomkins was a new man. He returned to the bosom of an affectionate and anxious family, grateful for the restoration of health, and firmly resolved to take matters more easily for the future.

How numerous are the historical associations connected with the Scottish Highlands! Not a valley but has witnessed scenes full of tragic interest in those dim ages when the rivalry of clanship constantly appealed, alike on great and small pretence, to the broad-sword and the battle-axe. Not a gorge or mountain-pass but echoes doleful notes of woe and wailing. Foemen have often met foemen, where nought was seen save the rugged rocks besprinkled with the solitary mountain-pine above, and the peaceful copsewood around, and where nought was heard save the rushing of the leaping torrent sheer below; and bold deeds have been done, and clansmen's blood has mingled with the blood of clansmen, and spirits, brave and fearless, have burst forth from mortal clay, and taken their departure to the land of ghosts on the wings of the hoarse music that played incessantly, irrespective altogether of the death-blows that were dealt, and the death-moans that were heard. Not a lake whose waters have not been dyed with the life-blood of the Gael, and whose margin is not dotted with aged tree, or green mound, or grey cairn, to mark the spot where some debt of vengeance was paid, where some fierce attack was successfully resisted, or where some dauntless chieftain fell. Nor is the picture entirely dark, though it be deeply shaded: generous deeds were done, chivalrous acts were performed, and patriotism, stern and pure, found a home in the land of the Gael. Its valleys were never trod by the feet of the conqueror: the Roman eagle never soared over the Grampians. The atmosphere of our much-loved Highlands is vocal with ancient song and story. They encircle the mountain-tops, they sweep the mountain-sides, they hover over the pure and placid lakes, they find a voice in the gorges and gullies, they murmur themselves forth in the streams.

Walter Scott was not the cause, but simply the occasion, of the of fashion, and intelligence, and taste to the Scottish Highlands. re was enough in themselves—in their bracing atmosphere, in their

scenery, in their historic associations—to interest, to attract, to irresistibly draw to their valleys and their lakes the invalid, the lover of nature, the antiquarian, and the patriot. Our great novelist and poet had but to point his pen towards the north, and multitudes were prepared to turn their faces in that direction. He had but to write the words “scenery,” “historic association,” &c., and they were ready to go and appreciate them; he had but to point the rod to the sky, and the electric fluid discharged itself. Deeply indebted we are, notwithstanding, to the author of “The Lady of the Lake” and “Rob Roy,” and other writers of less note, for directing attention to the sublime scenery of the western Highlands, and laying open to the lowland and southern visitors the treasures of ancient Caledonia.

Everything about the Highlander, as well as about the Highlands, is interesting—his history, his social condition, his language, his very costume. Curiosity is awakened in regard to him; a strong desire is evinced to become better acquainted with him, both in his ancient and modern character—his past and his present condition. To direct properly this curiosity, and to gratify this desire, this splendid work on the Clans of Scotland was produced. There was, indeed, no lack of works on the subject. Not to mention more, there was the “Essay,” by Skene; “The Highlands and Isles,” by Gregory; and “The History of the Highlands,” by Dr Brown. Then there was the “Vestiarium Scoticum, with Notes,” by John Sobieski Stuart. But, notwithstanding the existence of these, and other works on the general subject, there was abundant room for another—one that should manifest equal familiarity with the history and character of the Gael, that should display equal enthusiasm in the treatment of the subject, and that should furnish more accurate information relative to the Tartans—the picturesque garb of the Scottish Highlander. Such a work is Smibert’s “Clans of Scotland.” Speaking of its literature, it has all the ancient lore, the wonderful familiarity with Scottish heraldry, that characterise Skene’s “Essay,” with far more of the popular element; it treats the subject in a more direct and systematic manner than the work of either Gregory or Brown, and consequently throws a flood of connected light upon the origin and history of the Clans, not as a nation, but as Clans distinct from each other, of which the nation was composed. The beautiful set of lithographic plates of the “Clan Tartans,” which the work contains, is, we should say, the most perfect that exists. It is now admitted, that the so-called original document of the “Vestiarium Scoticum” is a forgery, and, consequently, its Clan Tartans have no more authority than what may be derived from the knowledge or caprice of the Stuarts; and the work on Scottish Tartans, manufactured in Cunnock during the progress of Smibert’s work through the press, smacks so much of haste, and a desire to catch a market when expectation had been created, that its authority, one might say, will be found to be *nil*. For an intelligent, genial, popular history of the Gael, in their various septs or clans; and for an accurate, complete, and beautiful set of Clan Tartans, Smibert’s work stands unrivalled. And we know of no work that has a better claim to a place in the library of every Highland gentleman, whether he be still a dweller in the valleys of his fathers, or a sojourner in the sunny South, or an exile in the vast prairies of the New World. It is, indeed, a national work, and

should find a place in all our public libraries. When a copy of the work was presented to his Royal Highness, Prince Albert, on the recent auspicious visit of her Majesty and the Prince to Holyrood, it transpired that the attention of her Majesty had been previously directed to it; and so delighted was the Prince of Wales with the elegance of the volume, that he was observed to carry it in his hand when her Majesty and the royal family departed for Balmoral.

But it is now time that we should turn to the "Clans of Scotland," and, by a few extracts, justify at once our opinion of the work, and illustrate the character and social condition of the Gael. There is much truth in the following passage, and it, at the very outset, inspires us with confidence in the author:—

"No doubt, the custom of depositing the annals of a clan with the sennachies (bards or genealogists), was of vast importance in early times, and of which one can now form only an imperfect notion; but yet it is a plan which must ever have been insecure, and the evidence derived from it cannot be held as very conclusive—especially as the parties were expected more to praise their particular chiefs and clans than to record their true deeds. It is necessary, then, to draw, as far as may be, on the colder page of authentic history, in telling the veritable story of each tribe. What could one make out, in the shape of grave narrative, of the career of Fingal, his chiefs, and his compeers, from the fine but shadowy poems of Ossian? Real names may be gathered, but little more. In much the same light must we view the majority of the genealogical records left to us by the family sennachies of the chiefs of the Gael. The 'car-borne heroes' must come down to the position of parties mounted on, or drawn by, the galloways and shelties of the west and north-west of Scotland. The nature of the country, its products, and its roads—even if the parallel lines of Glenroy were admitted as genuine pathways of man's making—could never allow of car-driving, any more than the breed of horses would allow of grandeur in the execution of that exercise. The power of the poet is not detracted from, however, but raised by this view of the case. Though we will not here open up the entire Ossianic question, it seems indubitable, that a poet of that name did exist, whose fragments Macpherson collected more or less extensively, and used with more or less of conscientiousness. But we need to believe no more in the close veracity of the Gaelic bard's pictures than in those of Homer; and certainly it would be somewhat difficult to believe the accounts of the descents of the gods to the plains of Ilion, given by 'the blind old man' of *Æio*."

The great and primitive CELTIC RACE, which occupied the whole, or nearly the whole of Continental Europe in the very earliest ages of which any records remain, seems, beyond all question, to have likewise primarily peopled the entire British Islands. As we certainly cannot go beyond these British Celts, they may fairly be called the insular aborigines. From the Roman account of the voyage of Hamilcar the Carthaginian, in the fifth century before Christ, it appears that the oldest known name of the occupants of Britain was the *Albiones*, and of those of Ireland the *Hiberni*. At this period, the entire inhabitants were almost unquestionably pure Celts of one family. In the course of the next two or three centuries, however, a series of important changes commenced. We find that in the time of Cæsar a fresh race, called the *Britanni*, or Britons, possessed a large proportion of the coast-lands of the island, from them named Britain permanently. At the same era, another people are first

alluded to as inhabiting Ireland, to wit, the *Scotti*, or Scots, destined ultimately to give a designation to all North Britain. Whence these Britons and Scots came, or of what stock they sprung, is a point not quite satisfactorily determined by old authors. Most of these have held that the former, at least, passed over from Belgium; though it has been disputed whether they were adventurers of the original and pure Celtic blood, or formed a branch, more or less mixed, of another great and primitive section of the human family, the Goths. The first conjecture is most probably the correct one, and indeed almost certainly so, as will appear afterwards. The Goths, who overran Europe from the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas, and became better known under the subsidiary denominations of the *Teutonic* and *Scandinavian* nations, took, indeed, in the end, a most important share in subverting the ancient Celtic population of Britain. The Celts were at no period an ardent colonising race; but very differently stood the case with the wandering Gothic hordes from the Asiatic borders, who, two or three centuries before Christ, were led by their deified chief Odin through central Europe, and seized on all Scandinavia (Sweden, Denmark, and Norway), founding the existing races of these countries. The whole of the north of Germany was occupied by branches from the same stem, there termed the Teutonic. Holland also fell under their sway, as is seen in the name of *Teutsch* (or Dutch), durably borne by its people.

"The special annals of the Scottish Celts require now to be adverted to. It would appear that the Romans originally found the whole of Scotland, north of the Forth and the Clyde, in the possession of a people whom they called collectively the *Caledonians*. This name, however, was but one framed (probably out of some tribe-designation) by the invading visitors, the people themselves taking always the collective appellation of *Albanich*, or, in short, the *Albiones*; and there can be little doubt but that the *Caledonians* were the direct descendants of the pure Celtic race referred to in the voyage made by Hamilcar five centuries before Christ. Unvarying tradition, native manuscripts, and numberless local names, tend to establish this fact; and it receives strong additional confirmation from the circumstance of the term *Albion* or *Albyn* being specifically applied to the north of Scotland by its inhabitants for many subsequent centuries. In the course of the occupation of the island by the Romans, successive describers among them apply new names to the *Caledonians*, but these appear to be merely local or sectional appellations, and certainly indicate no alteration in the body of the people. In the third and fourth centuries we hear of the *Picts*, *Saxons*, and *Scots*, as banded against the Romans. That the former were merely a portion of the *Caledonians*, under another name, is apparent from the notices given of them by the Latin writers. One of these, for example, speaks of the '*Caledonians and other Picts*.' In reality, the people could not here have by possibility been changed, since they had neither as yet been conquered, nor expelled, nor exterminated. As to the *Saxons* mentioned, these may be presumed to have been simply bands of piratical rovers, taken in to give assistance against Rome. The *Scots* call for a much more extended notice. Numerous facts and authorities support the conclusion, that the *Scots* of North Britain came from Ireland, and that they were of unmixed Celtic blood. The simple statement of Bede, in the eighth century, when the two several and as yet distinct races of *Picts* and *Scots* were under his personal contemplation, goes far of itself to establish both suppositions. He says that the *Scots* spoke the same language as the *Picts*, but used a different dialect—exactly what they might have been supposed to have done, if of the Irish Celtic race. At what precise period they

first arrived in Scotland is not known, but it appears a mere hallucination to suppose them a powerful individual people three centuries before the birth of our Saviour. Such is the date usually assigned to the reign of their first king, Fergus. The truth is, that, from the final adoption of the general Scottish name, early actions of note have been assigned to the yet weak Scots, which should assuredly have been attributed to the really powerful Picts. During several even of the early centuries of our era, the Scots in North Britain seem to have been comparatively few in number, and to have but held their place as secondaries or auxiliaries to the Picts. But, in the fifth or sixth century, they received large accessions of numbers from Ireland, and became firmly and independently planted in the west of Scotland, or in Argyle and Islay. They are generally known about this point in their history, as the Dalriads or Dalriad-Scots.

It is probable that the growth of the power of the Dalriad-Scots excited at first little jealousy in the Picts; the two strong nations of whom held nearly all the land beyond the Forth, the northern and north-western branch of the race being called the Dicaledones, and the southern and eastern section the Vecturiones. Each of these nations, which were respectively subdivided into many tribes or clans, had originally its separate king; but, with the view of rendering the union more complete, Angus McFergus, king of the southern Picts, procured his election to the conjoint throne in the eighth century. In doing so, he sealed the fate of the entire Pictish monarchy. The jealousy of the northern Picts led them ere long to conjoin their power against their southern brethren with that of the Dalriadic-Scots, to whose regal line they united their own by marriage alliances. The Scots, encouraged by their strengthened position, over-ran and appropriated Galloway. From Bede's account of their condition in the middle of the eighth century, it is also obvious that they had by that time acquired other portions of the Lowlands, then called by the common name of Britannia, and mainly occupied by the provincial Britons who had been under the Roman authority. When the rule of Rome ended, however, the Angli or Angles had poured in from the southern borders, or from the seas, and founded considerable settlements. At various future periods, they so increased in numbers as to give the country its existing language. To return, meanwhile, to the Scots. Such was their rapid increase of strength, that, about the year 840, their prince, Kenneth MacAlpine, led his forces against the southern Picts, and routed them in a battle described as the bloodiest of that age, and from which they never recovered, or even temporarily rallied. The overthrow was signally decisive.

The ordinary historians of Scotland, in fact, say that in this conflict the Pictish race was *annihilated*. Pinkerton, and others who examined authorities for themselves, perceived this conclusion to be so utterly ridiculous, that they, again, declared the Scots to have been vanquished, and absorbed in the larger Pictish race. The actual truth seems to be, however, that Kenneth did certainly break for ever the warlike strength of the southern Picts, and gained a large and rich territory for himself and his people. That he massacred all of the hostile blood, young and old, is not for a moment to be credited. But even had he done so, the race of the Picts would *not* have been extinguished. The great tribes of the northern Picts, his friends and not his enemies, still remained—they remain to this day—they hold and have ever held the very lands of their sires—they are the present Gael—the existing Highlanders of Scotland."

After this long and able summary of the early history of the Caledonians, we shall give our readers a specimen of Mr Smibert's thorough acquaintance with heraldry. The extract has reference to the origin of the Clan Chattan, a famous confederation, including the Macphersons, the Macintoshes, and other septs. The clan, or confederation rather,

became known, and marked as one of the most extensive tribes of the north, after the independent maormorships, or earldoms, ceased to exist in that region:

"After mentioning the common tale of the descent of the Clan Chattan from the CATTI, a people said to have been driven from Germany by Tiberius Cæsar about A.D. 76, Nisbet points out that the same word is traceable in *Caithness*, as well as in the name of the *Keith* family. If the Sutherland house does not show the same nominal peculiarity, its armorial bearings at all events exhibit the Cat, which is held to be the peculiar emblem of all the race of the Catti. It is a prominent feature in the escutcheons of the proper Clan Chattan, and is noticed in the Macintosh motto, 'Touch not the cat but (without) the glove.' The Highlanders have long indicated an especial connection through this badge betwixt the Sutherlands and the Clan Chattan, by honouring the head of the former house with the title of The Great Cat. Sir George Mackenzie, however, no mean authority in such matters, denies any connection betwixt the Cat and the Catti, and simply refers the emblem to the number of wild animals of that class formerly infesting the north, and from which Sutherlandshire, he says, was styled Cattu. It strikes us that Sir George has given the more rational view of the case; since, if Chattan be derived from Catti, it is plain that the device of the Cat must be based on a mere heraldic pun, and, in short, must descend into the rank of mere canting mottoes. Besides, the Catti are called Germans, and that they should have founded one of the largest of all the tribes speaking the Gaelic language, and using the Gaelic customs from the first period of their appearance in history, is a thing not easily to be received or understood. The German and Gaelic tongues and institutions of old differed so widely, that some traces of the German Catti must have been discernible, had they founded the Clan Chattan. Orkney and Shetland, as yet in part Norse, prove this assertion fully. The possessions of the true Clan Chattan, moreover, lay mainly in the inlands. They ranged betwixt the borders of Moray and the north of Argyleshire. The clan bear the Oared Galley in their arms; which circumstance has been repeatedly pointed to as decisive of a residence by the western seas and lakes, if not always indicative of a common origin from one particular stem of the Celts.

There are indeed objections to any of the explanations given as to the origin of Clan Chattan, since the very best of them involve a strange admixture of languages, if not confusion of races. The probability certainly is, that the word is connected with the 'Caith' in *Caithness*, however that arose—be it from Catti, be it from Cats. Our impression on the whole is, that they were Gaelic, however named originally. The parties who style them Norsemen say that they were driven inland by the Danes, but this seems a very improbable story, if they were Norse. The more rational account is, that the Clan Chattan were Celts who joined the southern Picts, and shared in the defeat, so decisive in its results, which Kenneth II. inflicted on that people. But the clan obtained mercy from the king, and the survivors were allowed to settle in *Lochaber*. In the reign of Malcolm IV., one Muriach, who was parson of the kirk of Kingussie in Badenoch, became, by the death of an elder brother, the head of the clan, and was so acknowledged by all. He had at least two sons, GILLIECHATTAN and EWAN BANE, the former of whom became chief, as the eldest in succession; but his line terminated in a grand-daughter, usually named Eva. 'She was married,' according to Nisbet, whose story is now resumed, 'to Macintosh, head of his clan, who got with her several lands in *Lochaber*, and a command of part of the people, for which he was called Captain of Clan Chattan. But Ewan Bane, second son of Muriach, after the death of his elder brother (Gilliechattan) and the son of the latter, was owned as chief of the family, by the whole clan. He had three sons, Kenneth, John,

and Gillies. From Kenneth, the eldest, is come the family of Macpherson of Cluny, which was then and since known by the name of Macewan.' It is true that the clan might in part take the name of Macewan from Ewan Bane, and probably some of the Macewans of this day may be Macphersons; but Muriach also gave them a name in Gaelic, in the shape, as pronounced, of Clan Vuirich. The permanent and general name, however, came from the Parson of Kingussie, Macpherson being the Highland edition of Macparson. So at least we are told; and no better account has really as yet been supplied in the case. It will be recollected that the clergy of those days were not constrained to live in celibacy."

Of the power and independence of the chiefs of the Highland Clans, we have an illustration in the Macdonalds. On the whole, our author thinks it reasonable to conclude, that the direct founders of the Macdonald race came primarily from Ireland, at some very early period of the annals of the Dalriad-Scots; and that they were left, or made themselves the successors, of that people in place and power in the west of Scotland, at the precise time when the overthrow of the southern Picts drew their Dalriadic conquerors farther inland. Many Clans of no small note, we may remark in passing, besides the Macdonalds, must allow their origin to be traced to the same source:—

"It was chiefly through and in the person of Somerled, usually styled Thane (or Lord) of Argyle, and who flourished in the first half of the twelfth century, that the chiefs of the house became truly famous in the general annals of Scotland. This chieftain originally found the possessions of his immediate sires in an unhappy state, probably in consequence of the disturbing conquest, just before that period, of all the north of Scotland, including the Western Isles, by Thorfinn, Norwegian Earl of Orkney, and again by Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway. But, by his activity of character and prudent conduct, Somerled re-instated himself in the rule of the greater portion of Argyleshire; and he also obtained or recovered the lordship of the Isles of Man, Arran, and Buta, from King David I., who had taken them from the Norwegians. Still it was no part of the policy of Somerled to quarrel with the Norsemen, then lords of at least all the principal Hebridean isles. On the contrary, he took as his second wife the daughter of Olav, king or chief of the Norwegians of the Isles, foreseeing, most probably, that the heads of that race, *which at no period advanced in Scotland much beyond the position of a warlike garrison in a conquered country*, could never maintain their high place permanently. He lived to see his matrimonial alliance produce the very fruits expected, his eldest son Dugall, or Dougal, obtaining the Isle of Mull, and the others that lay south of the northern boundary-line of Argyle. This accession of power proved fatal to the family. The jealousy of the Scottish sovereign Malcolm IV. was excited, and he summoned the Thane of Argyle to do homage as a crown-vassal for his possessions. The only reply of the daring chieftain consisted in an immediate invasion of the west of Scotland. Landing in Renfrewshire, Somerled was met by a Scottish army under the newly endowed lord of that district, Walter the Steward, founder of the Stewart family, and was there vanquished and slain, about A.D. 1163 or 1164."

Though their chief was on this occasion vanquished and slain, the power and independence of the Clan were not destroyed. Kept for a time in partial subjection, the ultimate union of all the claims of the house, in the line of Donald, raised its heads anew to a high pitch of power and eminence, both in the Western Isles and on the mainland of

Scotland. John I., Lord of the Isles, married the daughter of the Lord Steward, who was afterwards Robert II. Donald, the issue of this marriage, possessed no small share of his father's spirit and capacity, and soon gave evidence of a similar guiding resolve to attain a condition of complete independence. The Dhu-Galls, or Dougals, were so powerful as to maintain a long contest with Robert Bruce for supremacy in Scotland; and, indeed, his hardest struggle, during his struggling life, was with the Argyleshire or Lorn Macdougals. Every one knows the important part which Archibald, eighth Earl and first Marquis of Argyle, played during the civil wars in the seventeenth century. No Scotsman, save his illustrious rival and personal foe, Montrose, can be placed beside him on the historic canvass. These two noblemen were literally types of their several races. The following interesting paragraphs have reference to the son and successor of the Marquis of Argyle:—

"All along, the principles of his family had been favourable to the Whig party—in short, to moderate liberalism, as opposed to the high Jacobite or ultra monarchical ideas of other statesmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He did not deviate from these principles in his present movements. The result of all was, that George I. looked on Argyle as the main pillar of his power in Scotland, at the time when Queen Anne died, and left the throne vacant for his ascension. The duke was named commander of the forces in the north, in September, 1714; and, when the Earl of Mar appeared in rebellion during the following year, his grace was ordered out against the insurgents. He found the military power of the crown in Scotland in a state of wretched weakness, but he led the troops under his command against the Earl of Mar, and met him at Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane, on the 15th November, 1715. The battle which took place undoubtedly checked the rebel army, and broke up their plans; but to pronounce who gained the victory has puzzled historian and poet ever since. 'Some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,' has been ever the cry of the Scots, in speaking of that engagement; and even Robert Burns thought the dilemma worthy of a spirit-stirring though semi-humorous lyric. Argyle himself is said to have turned poet on the occasion, but it may be doubted whether he did not merely content himself with making use of the old catch-verse of the 'Bob o' Dunblane'—*'If it be na weel bobbet, we'll bob it again.'*

His grace, though scarcely entitled to the honours of a victory, was at least successful, as observed, in checking the advance of the insurgents southwards, and they never again were able to make a stand against the royal army. Being joined by additional troops, Argyle moved northwards towards Perth early in 1716, but the army of Lord Mar had dispersed, and he himself, with the other chiefs of the party, had left Scotland, or taken to hiding-places. When the duke returned to London, he, to his honour, advocated the most lenient treatment of the Highland chieftains, and was rewarded with the violent displeasure of the king and court. Had his advice been taken timeously, there might have been no civil war in 1745. He knew far better than the English the spirit of the Gael, and was aware that kindness *then* might have allayed their animosity 'for ever and a day.' Another circumstance placed his grace in opposition to the court. From the days of Henry IV. to those of George III., the heirs-apparent of the British monarchs have almost always been placed in an attitude of hostility to their sires, chiefly because the rising sun is apt to attract worshippers, and to lessen the homage paid to, and expected by, the setting luminary. A party of the young and active in a state invariably congregates around the sovereign *in posse*, and hence arises the jealousy of the sovereign *in esse*. Our whole annals abound with evidences of this truth. In the present instance, the Duke of Argyle chanced to acquire the especial favour of the Prince of Wales, and, in proportion,

lost that of the king. In 1716, he was deprived of all his employments about the royal household, and it was not till 1719 that he was fully restored to favour. In that year he was created High Steward, and received the title of Duke of Greenwich, having before sat in the English Parliament as Earl of Greenwich. He was one of those well-meaning patriots who proposed the limitation of the number of English peers, and the augmentation of the roll of Scottish representative nobles from sixteen to twenty-five. He failed in his object at the time; but, by the conference of British titles on Scottish barons, his design of equalisation has since been carried out fully. He strenuously fulfilled his duties in Parliament during the busy years succeeding 1715, and was always at hand to defend there the interests of his own northern laud. He held but a dubious position with the court, but the Chief of the Campbells was of too much importance to be pushed to the wall by any changes of men or measures. When the famous Porteous riot took place in Edinburgh, his grace courageously stood forth to check the wild retaliatory steps which it was proposed to take against the city of Edinburgh. It was then, on being taunted with interested motives, that he pronounced the speech which Sir Walter Scott has rendered familiar to all general readers, by quoting it in the 'Heart of Midlothian':—'I am no minister, I never was a minister, and I never will be one. I thank God I had always too great a value for those few abilities which nature has given to me, to employ them in doing any drudgery, or any *job* of any kind whatever.' In short, the duke punished his ministerial opponents unsparingly in his oration, and frightened them into milder measures with respect to the city of Edinburgh. It was on this occasion, also, that he is said to have risked his head in imparting a similar lesson to royalty. Queen Caroline, left regent at the time of the Porteous mob by her royal lord's absence in Hanover, indignantly declared to the duke that 'she would turn Scotland into a hunting-seat.' 'If that be the case, madam,' said his grace, coolly, 'I must go down and prepare my hounds.' The threat was courteously worded, but was in reality a terrible one; and the queen felt its true force. She was guilty of no farther ebullitions of anger of the same kind. Edinburgh was pardoned on payment of a fine."

The relation of the clansmen to their chiefs was very close, and their devotion to them very intense. The former were entirely dependent; they were little else than goods and chattels. They were fed by the chief; they waited upon him, went on foray, or marched to meet a hostile clan, according to his humour. Dr Johnson tells a ludicrous story of Sir Allan Maclean, the head of that Clan, in 1773. His fortune was sadly dilapidated, and he resided on one of his minor islands in humble style. He still retained, however, his high claims as a chieftain. "Sir Allan had been told that one of the name had refused to send him some rum, at which the knight was in great indignation. 'You rascal!' said he, 'don't you know that I can hang you, if I please! Refuse to send rum to me, you rascal! Don't you know that if I order you to go and cut a man's throat, you are to do it?'—'Yes, an't please your honour! and my own too, and hang myself too?' The poor fellow denied that he had refused to send the rum. His making these professions was not merely a pretence in presence of his chief; for, after he and I were out of Sir Allan's hearing, he told me—'Had he sent his dog for the rum, I would have given it: I would cut my bones for him.' It was very remarkable to find such an attachment to a chief, though he had then no connection with the island, and had not been there for fourteen years. Sir Allan, by way of upbraiding the fellow, said, 'I believe you are a *Campbell*.'"

The spirit of savage barbarism and keen revenge that prevailed so extensively, and till a comparatively late date, among the Highland Clans, is but too well illustrated by the following extracts :—

“ The story of the Macleods, like that of other Gaelic tribes, becomes less marked and romantic as we approach the era of civilisation. The two great divisions of the house, however, those of Harris and Lewis, still seem to have acted unitedly, and were engaged in some exploits of no small note. When the Macdonalds attempted to regain or retain their proud superiority, the Clan Macleod joined the Macleans, and aided in winning the victory. The Macleods also took a deep revenge on the Macdonalds for the supposed misusage of a daughter of the chief of the Macleods, by her husband, the Captain of Clanranald. Mr Skene tells the story at length, and graphically; but it must here be given in a condensed shape. The incidents occurred at the close of the sixteenth century. An injury to the child of a chieftain, was an injury to the whole clan, and the smothered fire had been only waiting for a vent. It found one finally. Several members of the Macleod clan had landed on the isle of Egg, and are said to have been received hospitably; but, being a little too free in their conduct to the young women of the island, they were bound hand and foot, thrown into their boat, and set adrift to the mercy of the waves. As it fell out, they were discovered and relieved by another party of the Macleods, and all of them went to Dunvegan in Skye, where the chief resided, to communicate the story of the presumed outrage. The Macleod manned his galleys instantly, and set off to revenge at once the late insult, and pay back old scores. The people of Egg saw or heard of his approach, and, to the number of two hundred, men, women, and children, fled to a cave for refuge. The place was so retired and secret, that Macleod did not find them out for two days. He did detect their hiding-spot at last, and his vengeance was diabolical. A stream of water half hid the entrance to the cavern. Causing it to be turned aside from its course, he piled up combustibles around the mouth, and every living being within the cave was in a short time suffocated. Amid the cruel wars with which man has afflicted man, we scarcely know of one perfect parallel to this case, save in the treatment of the poor Arabs by Colonel Pelletier in the recent Abdel-Kader contest.”

In 1603, Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, then chief of his name, contracted a quarrel with the Macgregors, memorable for its fatal consequences:—

“ The dissension was founded on general causes, the Colquhouns having taken part in the execution of the letters of fire and sword issued by the crown against the Macgregors. But the following special circumstance led to a fresh outbreak of the feud. Two of the Macgregors, being benighted near Luss, sought food and shelter; and, as the request was refused, they seized a sheep and killed it, for which act they were summarily executed by Sir Humphrey Colquhoun. This harsh exercise of feudal power so exasperated the Macgregors, that, under their chief, the Laird of Glenstrae, they marched against the Colquhouns in strong force. Apprised of their design, the knight of Luss collected his kin and vassals, to the number of four hundred men, and, being joined by the Buchanans and Grahams of the Lennox, with a body of Dumbarton citizens under their provost, Tobias Smollet (ancestor of a more famous Tobias), he marched against the invading Macgregors. The parties met at Glenfruin, or ‘ the Vale of Lamentation,’ not far from Luss, and engaged in a bloody conflict. The ground was unhappily chosen for the Colquhouns, being a boggy spot, which rendered their horse nearly useless; and the Macgregors, though much inferior in numbers, soon began to obtain the superiority. They inflicted a merciless slaughter on their

enemies in a very brief period, leaving betwixt two and three hundred of them dead on the field. The horses, which had been thus unserviceable in the fight, mainly enabled the survivors, with Sir Humphrey Colquhoun himself, to escape the swords of the victors. The loss here fell chiefly on those of the name of Colquhoun.

An act of the Macgregors, which followed the conflict of Glenfruin, shows by what a fearful thirst for blood they were impelled. A large stone is pointed out near the scene, bearing the name of the Leck-a-Mhinisteir, or the Minister's Stone. It received that title, according to tradition, from the murder of a party of students, said by some to have come accidentally from Glasgow, but more probably mere Dumbarton school-boys, tempted thither by curiosity to witness the engagement. One of the Macgregors, named Dugald Ciar Mhor (or the Mouse-Coloured), was entrusted by his chief with these students or school-boys, and by him they were butchered in cold blood. Being asked by Glenstrae afterwards what had become of them, Ciar Mhor replied, holding up his bloody skene-dhu, 'Ask that, and *God save me*'—alluding, in the latter words, to the unheeded appeals made by the youths for mercy. Such is the common legend of the country on this subject. The Macgregors themselves deny the fearful crime imputed to Ciar Mhor; and they, moreover, assert, that the two men originally executed by the Colquhouns offered to pay for the sheep killed by them when hospitality was refused. The fact of the Glenfruin battle and its savage character cannot be contradicted; and it seems plain, from all the circumstances, that the Macgregors had taken their foes by surprise. On their own side there fell but one man of note, the brother of the chief; but the clan paid dearly, in the end, for their success. Eleven score women—widows, mothers, and daughters of those slain on the part of the Colquhouns—attired themselves in deep mourning, and, mounted mostly on white palfreys, appeared before King James VI. at Stirling, demanding vengeance on the heads of the Macgregors. The spectacle must have been one deeply impressive, and the more so, as each of the petitioners bore on a spear the bloody shirt of him she mourned. The consequence was, that measures of extreme severity were taken against the Macgregors, their very name being abolished. The bitter ban lasted for a long period; and hence it is that the grandson of Dugald Ciar Mhor, the famous Rob Roy, is found bearing the adopted name of Campbell."

We must quote a short passage descriptive of the battle on the Inch of Perth, between the Clans Macpherson, Macintosh, and Cameron. There were no mutual charges of rapine and slaying advanced, nor any redress sought on such grounds. The losers were simply to succumb and vail their bonnets to the victors in the time coming !—

"Sir W. Scott's beautiful tale of 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' as all know, is based chiefly on this remarkable Gaelic tournament. And now—the character of the combatants being commented on—let us say a word on the incidents which occurred at that *Passage of Arms*—unparalleled since the Horatii and the Curiatii fought a similar battle for the predominance of their several nations. The Roman and Alban heroes, however, were but Three in number; whereas the Clan Quhele and the Clan Kay—subordinate names adopted by the two parties, probably because they mainly fought to decide who should be called the Clan Chattan—brought not less than Thirty men on each side into the field. It was in truth the cruel policy of Albany to ensure in any case the destruction of the best and most active warriors of both septs; and he was seconded in his views by Moray, Douglas, and the savage Crawford, the latter of whom, though then but a boy, was the most active promoter of the bloody conflict. As 'Earl Beattie,' he was well known in the subsequent civil broils of Scotland. 'The better day, the better deed.' So says our old Scottish byword. Palm Sunday, in March 1393, was the day appointed for what the Highlanders on both sides

deemed an honourable trial of bravery betwixt their two septs, but which the Regent and the Lowland lords certainly considered as a most promising way of cutting off both the parties. The king, Robert III., then lay at Perth, with his court, and a numerous body of the nobility. A large space of the Inch was enclosed for the encounter, and seated platforms erected for the hosts of spectators whom the spirit of the times drew together to behold the mutual massacring of the two hostile parties.

The following account of the combat is not long, but it is the foundation of all the other versions, being from Boece, as rendered by Bellenden. It will be here again seen that it is vain generally to form any judgment from names. The Clan Chattan are termed by Bellenden 'Glenquhattanis;' and the matter is further obscured by the mention of the others as 'Clankayis.' The author of the description was nearly a contemporary, and, in so prominent a business, could not err greatly. Let the pointed word *Irsmen* be also noted here.

'At this time, mekil of all the north of Scotland was hevely trublit be two clannis of Irsmen, namit Clankayis and Glenquhattanis; invading the cuntre, be thair weris, with ithand slauchter and reif. At last, it was appointit befrix the heidis-men of thir two clannis, be avise of the Erlis of Murray and Crawford that xxx of the principall men of the ta clan sal cum, with othir xxx of the tothir clan, arrayit in thair best avise; and sall convene afore the king at Perth, for decision of al pleis; and fecht with sharp swardis to the deith, but ony harness; and that clan quhare the victory succedit, to have perpetuall empire above the tothir. Baith thir clannis, glaid of this condition, come to the North Inche, beside Perth, with jugis set in scaffoldis, to discus the verite. Ane of thir clannis wantit ane man to perturnis furth the nowmer, and wagit ane caril, for money to debait thair actioun, howbeit this man pertenit na thing to thaim in blud nor kindness. Thir two clannis stude arrayit with gret hantrent aganis othir; and, be sound of trumpet, ruschit togidder; takand na respect to thair woundis, so that thay micht destroy their ennimes; and fauchtin this maner lang, with uncertane victory: quhen ane fel, ane othir was put in his rowme. At last, the Clankayis war al slane except ane, that swam throw the watter of Tay. Of Glenquhattannis, was left xi personis on live; bot thay war sa hurt, that they micht nocht hald their swardis in their handis. This debait was fra the incarnation, mcccxcvi jeiris.'

Sir Walter Scott relates the story of the battle in his own admirable way, and there is no fiction in his account, at least, of the conduct of the standard-bearers and pipers on both sides:

'They (the standard-bearers) attacked each other furiously with the lances, to which the standards were attached, closed after exchanging several deadly thrusts, then grappled in close strife, still holding their banners, until at length, in the eagerness of their conflict, they fell together in the Tay, and were found drowned after the combat, closely locked in each other's arms. The fury of battle, the frenzy of rage and despair, infected next the minstrels. The two pipers, who, during the conflict, had done their utmost to keep up the spirits of their brethren, now saw the dispute well-nigh terminated for want of men to support it. They threw down their instruments, rushed desperately upon each other with their daggers, and each being more intent on despatching his opponent than in defending himself, the piper of Clan Quhele was almost instantly slain, and he of Clan Chattan mortally wounded. The last, nevertheless, again grasped his instrument, and the pibroch of the clan yet poured its expiring notes over the Clan Chattan, while the dying minstrel had breath to inspire it. The instrument which he used, or at least that part of it called the chanter, is preserved in the family of a Highland chief to this day, and is much honoured under the name of the *Federan Dhu*, or Black Chanter.' "

Mingled with this savageism and bloodthirstiness, there was found much hospitality, generosity, and fidelity among the ancient Highlanders. They were a brave and daring race. The entire history of the Gael demonstrates their bravery; and the history of individuals fully establishes their daring. Where could be found a better illustration of this feature in their character than in the life and exploits of Rob Roy Macgregor? The tale of this daring Highland rover has been so frequently told, and our space is drawing so near a close, that we must abstain from quotation on this head. As may be readily supposed, literature was little cultivated by the Clans; still, some individuals among them, despite their disadvantages, rose into eminence even in this department. The reader will call to mind the famous George Buchanan of that sept, and, in some respects, the no less famous Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord-President of the Scottish Court of Session, in the 18th century. We do not introduce the much-disputed subject of Ossian and his poems. But here is a happy paragraph which we must cull. The peer mentioned is James, the fifth Earl of Balcarres:—

“One of the daughters of the peer mentioned, Lady Ann Lindsay (by marriage Barnard), won a lasting literary name as authoress of ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ which, like *Hardyknute*, fairly puzzled antiquaries for many long years. They could not but pronounce it exquisite, and yet they could not tell whence it came. Lady Anne finally solved the difficulty by avowing the piece as hers to Sir Walter Scott; and, in doing so, she gave to us a little touch of nature, perhaps even more exquisite than the piece itself. It is almost needless to remind readers that Jenny, while loving ‘Jamie far at sea,’ gives her hand to auld Robin Gray, in consequence of accumulated ills having befallen her own poor family. The authoress, while heaping up these evils, felt at a loss for a crowning one; ‘Steal the cow, sister Anne!’ cried a younger member of the Balcarres household. So ‘our cow was stow’n awa’; and the tale of distress completed. Lady Anne tried in after years to give a happy close to the story, by widowing Jenny, and wedding her at last to her ‘Jamie.’ The attempt was injudicious, the effect of the first piece resting mainly on the utter misery therein depicted. The very music revolts against being made the vehicle of happiness. Lady Anne Barnard showed herself to be a woman of no common mind by her letters in after life; but ‘Auld Robin Gray’ was the work of a moment of inspiration, not often bestowed on the most talented of mortals.”

Then there is the learned but eccentric knight, Sir Thomas Urquhart, the translator of the famous French wit Rabelais. But the great work of Sir Thomas Urquhart, knight of Cromarty, is his “Genealogy.” The history of no family in existence is so complete. The knight of Cromarty goes back at once to Adam and Eve, including in his line many illustrious families, from “thence descended,” which, as yet, are in esteem in the countries of Germany, Bohemia, Italy, France, Spain, England, Scotland, Ireland; and many other nations of a warmer climate, adjacent to the famous territory of Greece, the lovely mother of this most ancient and honourable stem! So says the knight himself; and his conclusion is, that he, “The said Sir Thomas is, by line from Adam the 143, from Noah the 134, from Esromon the 128, from Molin the 108, from Rodrigo the 100, from Alypos the 91, from Char the 76, from Astioremom the 68, from Lutork the 67, from Zeron the 32, from Vocomom the 30!”

Tempting though many passages of the work be to quote, we find that we must draw to a conclusion, and shall furnish only two specimens more. The first is upon the Tartans and the custom of wearing them; and, though somewhat long, the felicitous discussion which it contains will be a passport for it to the reader:—

“On the Tartans, and the custom of wearing them, a few words are necessary, and but a few may suffice. The origin of that custom is not very difficult of discovery. In the very first stages of human civilisation, the use of war-paint on the body, and the practice of tattooing, show that men began to ornament their persons with diversified and discriminative colours before they could even boast of any species of corporeal attire. Our southern British ancestors were so adorned personally in the time of Julius Cæsar; and, if the very name of the Picts was not derived from the Latin word *pictus*, signifying ‘painted,’ we know at all events that they did paint their bodies, seeing that the poet Claudius speaks of them as being *non fulso nomine pictos*—that is, as not untruly called ‘painted men.’ That ‘Pict’ came actually from ‘pictus’ is rendered the more likely by the fact of the word being first found in Latin writers. After tinting the naked skin, what, then, would be the next step in advance? When clothes were really arrived at, gay though simple colourings of these would form the natural resource subsequently, wherever they were procurable. Both the first and the second stages of progress are observable in Africa and America at the present day; and the state of things was much the same, obviously, in the time of the early Jews, as witness Joseph’s coat of many hues. In his case, such a coat was a mark of pre-eminence; so would it everywhere be originally. The arrangement of the colours systematically, so as to produce the best effects of variety and contrast, may be held to have been yet a farther and later movement onwards. Even the custom of *cross-gartering*, mentioned in the ‘Twelfth Night’ of Shakspeare, may be pointed to as a primitive mode of obtaining the effects mentioned; and, indeed, what are the Highland hose at this day but specimens of cross-gartering in one parti-coloured piece? Men having reached the point of wearing bodily attire, then, and having been moved by personal self-esteem to have them dyed gaudily, the ultimate step of adopting distinctive family colours would certainly if not quickly follow, in a state of society such as the Gaelic, where the people seem ever to have been divided into tribes, and to have lived under independent chiefs. Pride of house and name, and the necessity for displaying a recognisable exterior in the hour of battle, might be expected to suggest such a custom at a very early period. It would long be confined, however, to the *chiefs*, and then would descend to their followers. It can scarcely be doubted that in this simple way has sprung up the habit of tartan-wearing among the Gael of Scotland. Nor could it be at any time much more difficult to produce dresses of such varied tints, than it would have been to have wrought them more plainly. Every chief and clan in due time had their weaver or weavers, who, labouring with the materials of the country, both in point of yarn or dyes, soon became expert in supplying the peculiar family attire in request. Fergus M’Ivor’s household tailor, ‘James of the Needle,’ though a fictitious personage, is still a copy from the life. As to the weavers, we find Duncan Forbes of Culloden complaining bitterly, so late as the middle of last century, that the Frasers had harried and injured a weaver living near him, who was ‘a general blessing to the country.’ No doubt, his loom supplied all around Culloden with tartans.

The period at which *regular Clan-Tartans* were first used over the Highlands has been the subject of frequent controversy. It seems probable, that, while the wearing of garments of diversified colours is to be viewed as a custom of great antiquity among the Gael, the adoption of formal family or tribe tartans is at least not of equally distant origin. Lindsay of Pitcottie, in 1573, alluding to the dress of all the Highlanders

generally, speaks only of 'a mantle and a shirt, *saffroned* after the Irish manner.' In like manner, a French traveller, in 1583, tells us of a 'large and full shirt, *coloured with saffron*, and over this a garment hanging to the knee.' By these and other old writers, the use of the *kilt* in their times is established beyond all doubt; and indeed the custom was even much more ancient, the nakedness of the Gael below the knees being noticed in the Norse Sagas eight centuries ago. To the kilt, the common people seem to have added the *plaid*, which, worn over the shoulders, probably constituted nearly the whole of their primitive attire. The mantles of the rich, in truth, were but large plaids. With regard to the colours, it may be remarked that Taylor, the water-poet, describes the Highlanders of 1618 as all wearing, without distinction, 'stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours called tartan,' with 'a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours.' The plaid and hose seem certainly to have been the first articles tinged as tartans. In 1716, Martin relates that the plaid of the Islanders 'consisted of divers colours,' and that there was 'a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy.' It must be owned that he does not leave to us here a perfectly distinct account of the use of established Clan-Tartans by the generality, though from another remark, to the effect that a connoisseur could tell the district where a plaid came from by its appearance, it may be presumed that some formal arrangements were usual at this time as regarded plaids. Some few years later, distinct notices appear of what must be understood as regular Clan-Tartans. When Lady Grange was carried away to St Kilda, the agents in her abduction, according to her own account, were several 'Highlanders in Lord Lovat's *livery*.' This can only be interpreted as meaning the Fraser tartans. In 1745, again, the clans were to a large extent attired in tartans peculiar to or adopted by their septs respectively. It seems very likely, indeed, that the Scottish civil wars, from those of Montrose down to the rising under Prince Charles, would be largely instrumental in causing a closer adherence to fixed forms of the tartans by the clans. Each, in all probability, would select or be made to select that set which its chiefs had used, perhaps long before, as a means of distinction from other chiefs. In that light, Clan-Tartans may be viewed as things of high antiquity. At all events, the form—the plaid and the kilt—and the general variegation of hues, are peculiarities of the Gaelic garb which in all likelihood originated even with their most remote Pictish sires."

The second and last quotation brings under our notice the social condition of the Scottish Highlander. We feel sad as our eye runs over the sentences; but we fear that what the author states is too true; and nothing is left for us but to direct the calm consideration of all interested in this ancient people to the suggestions which he offers:—

"We love and admire the pictures given of Highland prowess and fidelity in the times of old, as we do the similar pictures presented by Homer; but, as reason tells us that the large-limbed Achilles, and the ox-slaying Ajax, are not men for these days, so also does it indeed object to the resurrection of the heroes of the airy hall of Fingal. Looking at a much more recent period than that of Ossian, we find a state of society fitted for and created by the exigencies of the times, but utterly incompatible with the modern condition of things. The late Macdonell of Glengarry attempted to revive many of the old Gaelic customs, but the retainers whom he fed, clothed, and sheltered, and who in other days would have been to him a strong and even necessary mean of defence, and indeed a source of solid profit, were, in our advanced age, merely productive of useless and ruinous expenditure. Glengarry, and other Highland chiefs besides, found, to their cost, that, to keep their due place in the society of polished capitals, they required to adopt the same territorial manage-

ment and habits which enable other landholders to dwell and shine in such spheres. Not doing so, they were lost. And again, it may be asked, is this altered state of things seriously to be regretted, even if it could be avoided? No doubt it is most painful to see the Gaelic chieftains and people, with their deep and fervent local attachments, removing by degrees from the lands of their sires, and giving place to strangers; but the whole is very obviously the result of a great law of nature, the action of which cannot be checked by human means. The native landed proprietors who have old-fashionedly attempted to stand in its way have almost to a man been ruined; and then has the unavoidable change come on in a compulsory and aggravated shape. If the Highlands could be shut closely up from the rest of Britain, and the world at large, the inhabitants might perhaps remain so far as they were of old, though even then only for a short season; but, penetrated as the country of necessity has been by canals and railroads, and opened up as it is to visitors of all descriptions, it must infallibly be affected by all those alterative influences which are in such active and wondrous operation elsewhere. The ultimate effects must be for the good of all. Since the onward progression of our race results from the obvious decrees of Providence, it would be rash and wrong indeed, to assume that it can finally lead to evil. *The difficulty lies in the period or stage of transition and change.* To soften the hardships of that epoch to all concerned therein, is the grand point which should be aimed at by men of enlightened and benevolent minds. Innovation must inevitably affect more and more deeply the hills and dales of the Highlands for many a day to come, and the object, then, we repeat, should be—not to throw futile obstacles in its way—but to mitigate the severity of the irruption to the natives of that romantic land. Publicly and privately this end ought to be kept in view. It should be ever in the minds of the native Highland proprietors themselves; it should be remembered by those who attain to new power and possessions there; and, lastly, though not least, it should never be forgotten by the authorities and government of the general country."

The work contains, besides the set of Clan-Tartans and so much interesting historical matter, all the family arms beautifully lithographed. We do those parties who are interested in the Scottish Gael a service, for which, should they become purchasers, they will yet thank us, when we strongly urge upon their attention "The Clans of Scotland."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

OBJECTIONS TO ISRAEL'S RESTORATION. By EDWARD SWAINE. London: Jackson and Walford.

This little work appears in its present attractive form, at the suggestion of the Rev. William Jay, the distinguished preacher of Bath. This circumstance says much for the intrinsic value of the work, and is very complimentary to the author. It might almost be deemed superfluous to utter a word of recommendation, or to give a word of advice after this. Still, since the work has been put into our hands, that we might give an opinion, we must say, that we heartily agree with Mr. Jay in thinking that it is calculated to be of great service in imparting just,

rational, and Scriptural views on the question. The plan of the work is comprehensive; the arrangement of the argument, though easy, is most excellent; and the argument itself is well conducted. The only fault we take to the work is, that, on a subject so interesting, the discussion is too brief. We should have liked more upon the Scriptural testimony concerning the Ten Tribes, and the future destinies of the world and the Church. This is a fault which critics rarely require to point out—a fault which in our time becomes a recommendation of no small value.

LECTURES on the SOCIAL CONDITION of FRANCE, as compared with that of ENGLAND. By ROBERT WILSON. Edinburgh: Menzies.

Mr Wilson is farmer at Glassmount, in Fife. He has spent some time on the Continent, and devoted some attention to the literature of France especially. He is an accurate observer, and thinks with great boldness. His acquaintance with social questions is very extensive, and his notions are very liberal. In the first lecture, he discusses the laws of succession, and the effects of the subdivision of property on the social condition of the people; also, the comparative advantages of large and small farms. He is decidedly in favour of the law of equal succession, and consequently of small farms. Numerous facts are adduced in support of this view. A great part of the second lecture is occupied in considering the influence of women in French society. The last is devoted to French literature, state of the fine arts, &c. We don't identify ourselves with the opinions and sentiments contained in this little volume; but candour compels us to say, that the author has done his work most ably. There is an air of intelligence and manly independence about the treatise that pleases us much.

A PLAIN INSTRUCTOR; or, a Compendious View of Several Subjects, Divine and Human. Part I. By the Rev. J. JONES, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

This volume is so very full of matter that we cannot characterise it in a sentence or two. To give the reader some idea of the entire work, we quote the following paragraph from the introduction:—"In the first chapter, I have spoken of education and knowledge in a general way. In the second chapter, I question you on miscellaneous matters, to produce in you a desire for more exact and full information. In the third chapter, I put before you the subject of language, in the form of a slight grammar, and with a list of Scriptural words. In the fourth, I give you a concise view of the Bible. In the fifth, I put religion before you, more especially in the subjective form. In the sixth, I endeavour to give you some knowledge of yourselves. In the seventh, you have a slight view of history. The eighth chapter gives you an idea of numbers and mensuration. I then proceed, in the following chapters, to look into the universe around us: in the ninth, to the heavens; in the tenth, to the description of the earth's surface; in the eleventh, to the examination of the crust which forms its surface; in the twelfth, to the elements of that crust; in the thirteenth and fourteenth, to the vegetable and animal

kingdom." In the volume before us, the first seven chapters are briefly discussed; and we suppose the remainder will occupy another volume. Into the merits of the undertaking we do not enter; but it must have been prepared at the expense of an enormous amount of reading and labour.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. By MISS JULIA CORNER. London: T. Dean & Son.

We have already had cause to speak of the series of able and beautifully-written "Histories for the Young," by Miss Corner, to which the volume before us belongs, when noticing, in an early number of the *PALLADIUM*, the "History of England." In the present edition, the authoress informs us, that she has made many corrections and improvements, and has added recent events, so as to continue the history to the present time. The volume contains two or three beautiful plates, and an excellent map of the country. Altogether, it is an interesting work, well got up, and in every way suited to be a companion volume to the "History of England."

TAYLOR'S BEE-KEEPER'S MANUAL. London: Groombridge & Sons.

The "Bee-Keeper's Manual" has been before the public for twelve years, and during that period has passed through four editions. No stronger proof of its excellence could be given; and it certainly precludes the necessity of criticism. Nevertheless, we must be allowed to say that the examination of it has yielded us very great pleasure, and not a little information relative to the habits and treatment of the honey-bee. A more useful companion to those who cultivate the bee, either as amateurs or professionally, could not be had; for, though brief, it furnishes a luminous description of the most recent and most approved modes of treatment, during all seasons of the year. We heartily join the author in his concluding paragraph:—"Whatever may be the degree of darkness in which, on some minor points respecting the honey-bee, we are still involved (and these are, probably, not often practically important), there are few but may receive instruction and example from these wonderful little creatures, in the duties of persevering industry, prudence, economy, and peaceful subordination, whilst all may be taught, by their perfect organisation, a lesson of humility; and, finally, by the contemplation of their beautiful works, 'to look from nature up to nature's God.'"

MEMORIALS OF WORTH; or, Sketches of Pious Persons Lately Deceased.
By the Rev. ROBERT SIMPSON. Edinburgh: J. Hogg.

Mr Simpson is extensively known in Scotland as the author of several small works of a similar nature to the one before us, all of which, we believe, have met with a ready and extensive sale. The Sketches are written in a flowing and very pleasing style; and their perusal cannot fail to contribute to the encouragement and guidance, especially of the young, in the paths of virtue and religion.

REGENERATION : A Poem, in Six Books. By G. MARSLAND. London: Pickering.

When we had read the following ten lines of this poem, we came to a stand:—

"Most humbly I essay to sing the theme
Of God's concern with man : a sacred song :
Thy Spirit's inspiration, Holy Ghost !
Who searchest out the hidden things of God,
I fain implore, to my low mind exalt,
To eminence that may not thee disgrace :
That I may speak for Thee, and make Thee known
To men as Thou thyself wouldst wish to be.
Inspire that Faith which shall unite my soul
To Thine, that in Thy light I light may see."

Unable to go forward, we went back to the author's address to the public, to whom he thus delivers himself:—"I have thought that there was room for me to treat religion with the same healthy and cheerful spirit with which the great Shakspeare has treated life and morals." Undoubtedly;—and "I am conscious to myself that my mind has been, to a great extent, the passive instrument of the Great Spirit, who, through me, speaks to the world." We can really say nothing after this; we are entirely disarmed; and cannot doubt that he "elevates such themes to a nearer approach to their true greatness and grandeur, and furnishes a repository from which religious teachers may adorn and illustrate their discourses." Hear this, ye Binneys, Browns, Candlishes, Hares, and Alexanders; and all from a youth of twenty-one!

DISCUSSION ON PHRENOLOGY, held in Birmingham between CHARLES DONOVAN, Esq., and the Rev. BREWIN GRANT, B.A. London: B. L. Green.

We have been much amused with this four days' discussion on the so-called science of Phrenology. The subject, certainly, should have got justice, for the parties who supported the respective sides of the argument are universally admitted to be qualified in no common degree for the work in hand. Mr Donovan, judging from the report, committed the universal fault of the writers and lecturers on Phrenology, by taking for granted what a philosophical mind must have proved, before it can take a single step forward; and, consequently, assertion constantly usurped the place of argument. We do not know what Mr Grant's powers of ratiocination are, for he had no opportunity for their exercise in the debate, but the flow of humour and the play of wit, all through the discussion, are most refreshing and invigorating. No wonder that his opponent lost both his wits and his temper. And yet it was fair; for if a man comes before the public with dogmatic pretensions, he must submit to be met with the most suitable argument that can be employed, and that can produce an impression, namely, ridicule.

THE PALLADIUM.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

THE GREAT POEM-MYSTERIES.

NO. I.—JOB.

EVER since man existed, he has felt more or less profoundly the mystery of his being, and, ever since he felt, he has sought both to find out its meaning and to throw off its burden. In both these attempts, he has been in a great measure baffled, and yet, in both, he has to a considerable extent succeeded. Hence his position as that of one seeing a certain way into a deep abyss, and straining to see farther—having rid himself of a portion of a heavy load, and still striving, with far-seen stress, and far-heard pantings of heroic endeavour, to undo the whole—is painfully interesting and exquisitely poetical. He reminds you of Newton, while the key of nature was still crashing dubiously in the lock, and ere the door of the material universe opened, “on golden hinges turning”—ere warm faith, eager hope, and joy, leaping, babe-like, in the womb, had become certainty too coldly sure, fact too final, and rapture too short-lived, from its very excess. This poetical point of inquiry* into the “burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world,” no length of time, no depth of experience, and no splendour of revelation, have yet enabled us to surpass. “Now,” says Paul himself, who had been caught up to Paradise, and had heard things unutterable, “we see through a glass darkly.” And while, from this dark bright vision, so unsatisfactory, yet so suggestive, the logical intellect turns away, either sighing in selfish grief, or smiling in scorn, in it, as in an element congenial as the shaded and mellow grandeur of an autumn eve, has the devout and poetical imagination, in every age, delighted to revel in serious sport. Man, unable fully to comprehend his peculiar burden, or to shake it utterly away, has thrown it out into a thousand ideal shapes. He has transferred it at one time to the deserts of Arabia, and at another into the midst of the Alpine peaks; he has now hung it up amidst the rocks of the Caucasus, and again laid it on the Atlantean shoulders of imaginary* infernal beings. His objects in this have been to magnify his difficulties, as he does his scenery, by a prospective glass, that he may see

* We do not, of course, mean that the Devil of Scripture is an imaginary being; but Milton's Satan and Byron's Lucifer certainly are.

them more clearly—to separate his long evening shadow from himself, that he may judge of it more impartially—to give a general expression to particular feelings—and to beautify, by the power of poetic art, alike the knots which bind him, and the solution which may have in part, if not completely, enabled him to evade their bondage.

Hence have come the "Great Poem-Mysteries" of the world—those poetical creeds and confessions of the "great angels" of the race, which are quite as well worthy of examination, if not of belief, as those which churches have stereotyped so strongly, that with millions their every copulative is deemed divine. We propose to criticise, in series, the principal of those great poems, from "Job" to "Festus;" and, to prevent misconception, we may state, at the outset, our objects. These are, first—were vain to deny it—to ~~indulge~~ in the refined luxury of admiring teaching others to admire, those surpassing masterpieces of literary to teach our readers, besides, to feel how beautiful our bondage come, in the light even of the most imperfect solution, when and genius are there also to smile upon the chains—to show earliest solution is the best—to lead men to infer, from the number, the sincerity, and the power of the attempts made to loosen the bond, that it is resolvable, and shall be yet resolved—to mark and show the strange unity of thought and difficulty exhibited by the greatest minds under the most divers circumstances, and in ages remote from each other—and, lastly, to draw the strong moral of charity, faith and hope, from the whole survey. And now, having announced our objects, we should like our readers to forget this formal statement of them, till they shall ask, at the close of the series, if, on the whole, they have been accomplished.

First, grandest, and most comprehensive, among all those wondrous fables, stands the divine book of Job. We call it a fable, not because its leading incidents are false, or that even as a story, it contains aught that is to us incredible, but simply because its early date, anomalous structure, and profound obscurities, have invested it more than any book in the Bible with a mythic character. It still stands before us, like the loftiest of a long ridge of hills, from the rest of which the mists have rolled away, while it continues to wear them around it in folds of proud and sun-gilt grandeur. Yet surely the curtain is not altogether impene- trable, and may be found, perhaps, less dark, although it cannot be found less magnificent, than many suppose. We do not propose, in this paper, dwelling upon the general poetic elements of this book. Upon these, we intend, in another form and elsewhere, soon amply to dilate. It is to Job, as a *mystery*, that we confine ourselves principally at present.

The scene in heaven may be considered as the prologue to the grand drama. This has often been admired for its poetic merit, and often imitated. It struck Byron's fancy much, particularly the thought that he might be *literally* true—that Satan might actually be brought back, as by an invisible chain, to the court of heaven, and compelled to witness its felicity, and to subserve the purposes of its God. Shelley meditated a tragedy on the subject, and his "Prometheus," indeed, is an accommodation of "Job" to his own views. Goethe in his "Faust," and Bayley, in his "Festus," have both imitated this scene. It abounds still more in profound meaning than in poetic interest. The patriarch Job has pre-

viously been pictured sitting, in peace and prosperity, under his vine and fig-tree. He is a rich and benevolent man, but has little about him to excite any extraordinary interest. Suddenly the blue curtain of the sky over his head seems to open; the theatre of the highest heaven expands, and of certain great transactions there he becomes the unconscious centre. What a background now has that still figure! Thus every man always is the hero of a triumph or a tragedy, as wide as the universe. Thus, "each" is always linked to "all." Thus, around each world, too, do heaven and hell stand continually, like the dark and the bright suns of astronomy, and the planets between them. In that highest heaven a day has dawned of solemn conclave. From their thousand missions of justice and mercy, return the Sons of God, to report their work or their tidings, and inasmuch as their work has been done, their aspects are equally tranquil, whether their tidings are evil or good. But behind them—

"A spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved;
His brow was like the deep, when tempest tost."

He is a black "spot" in this "feast of charity," a scowl amid this splendour, and yet acts as a foil to its beauty and brightness. Thus all things and beings are in perpetual communication with their source and centre—God; thus, even evil brings in its dark barbaric tribute, and lays it down at his feet, and there is no energy in the universe so eccentric as not to have a path and perihelion round the central sun.

Turning aside from the multitude of worshippers, the Almighty questions the grim spirit—"Whence comest thou?"—not, in surprise, "*Thou here!*" but in inquiry—"Whence hast thou now come?" The reply is, "From going to and fro in the earth." Yes! the earth seems ever that spot of creation round which higher intelligences throng—not on account of the paltry stakes of battles and empires being played therein, but because there a mightier game, as to the reconciliation of man with God (thrilling, though simple words—words containing in them the problem of all theology!), is advancing with dubious aspect, but with certain issue. One man in the land of Uz seems to have attained the solution of that problem. He is at once virtuous and prosperous. Adored by men, he adores God. He is wise, without any special inspiration; he is perfect, but not through suffering; he is clean, without atonement. This man is pointed out by God to Satan—"Behold the type of the good man! What thinkest thou of him? Canst thou perceive any flaw in his character? Is he not at once great and good?" The subtle spirit rejoins that "he has never been tried. He is pious, because prosperous; but let afflictions strip away his green leaves, and they will discover a skeleton, stretching out arms of defiance to Heaven; or should the tree, remaining itself un mutilated, though stripped of its foliage, droop in submission, yet, let its *trunk* be touched and blasted, curses will come groaning up from the root to the topmost twig, and, falling, it will bow in blasphemy, not in prayer." What is this but a rendering of the fiendish insinuation, that there is no real worth or virtue in man but circumstances may overturn—that religion is just a form of refined selfishness—and

that no mode of dealing, whether adverse or prosperous, on the part of God, can produce the desired reconciliation? And the purpose of the entire after-poem is, in reply, to prove that affliction, while stripping the tree, and even touching its inner life, only confirms its roots—that affliction not only tries, but purifies, and tends to perfect, the sufferer—that individual suffering does not, indeed, furnish an adequate index to individual culpability, but that the tendency of the suffering of the good is, first, to throw back the sufferer into the arms of the Great Inflictor, and afterwards to suggest the necessity of the medium, which can alone accomplish reconciliation, that, namely, of intercessory sacrifice—that there is a something higher than peace or happiness, into which sorrow introduces—and that all this, finally, casts a clearing and softening lustre upon the sad mysteries of the world, as well as proves the necessity, asserts the possibility, assigns the means, and predicts the attainment, of final reconciliation. *This is the argument of the poem.* Or we may state it somewhat differently, thus:—There is sorrow in the world. Its existence and infliction are by no means fully explained by the existence of sin, inasmuch as it often falls indiscriminately upon the righteous and the wicked. Why is this? Why is there *more* misery in the world than seems necessary to punitive purposes? To this, the reply is—God is great to infinitude, and his ways—a part only of which we see—are past finding out. Affliction is a blessing. Absolute perfection does not exist on earth. “There is not a man on earth who doeth good, and sinneth not.” To affliction, darkness, and all the other evils of this present state, we must be reconciled ere we can be reconciled to the Maker; and, finally, there is a divinely-appointed way through which *all* must seek acceptance with God, and that is, the interposition of a Mediator. ~~It is, between the fire~~ of our own trial and the smoke of another’s sacrifice that we must pass into the arms of our Heavenly Father.

Let us proceed to see how this “great argument” is pled. Job is given up to the hands of the enemy, and his ruin swiftly succeeds. The thick succession of his calamities is one of the most striking passages in the poem. The conduct of Ford’s heroine, who continues to dance on, while news “of death, and death, and death,” of brother, friend, husband, are brought her in succession, her heart the while breaking in secret, has been much admired; but princelier still, and more natural, the figure of the patient patriarch, seated at his tent-door, and listening to message after message of spoil, conflagration, and death, till, in the course of one curdling hour of agony, he finds himself flockless, serfless, childless, a beggar, and a wreck, amid all the continued insignia of almost regal magnificence. But his heart breaks not. He does not dash away into the wilderness; he does not throw himself upon the ground; he does not tear his white hair in agony. With decent and manly sorrow, indeed, he shaves his head, and, after the custom of his country, rends his raiment; but his language is—“Naked came I out of my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!” From some clime of supernal calm seem those accents to descend. The plaints of Prometheus and Lear come from a lower region. The old tree has been shorn, by a swift-running and all-encompassing fire, of its fair foliage,

but has bent its head in reverence before the whirlwind ere passed away. In sculpture, there are a silence and calm, which in nature are only found in parts and parcels—a stillness within stillness—the hushing of a hush; but not even sculpture's "marble language" can fully express the look of resignation (as if all calamity were met and subdued by it) which Job's countenance returned to that sky of ruin which suddenly bent over the tent of his fathers. But, alas! all calamity was not met and subdued by it. Other griefs were in store, and the iron must enter into his soul. Under the pressure of bodily pain and domestic trouble, his patient resolve, firm as the "sinew" of Leviathan's neck, was at last subdued, and there broke forth from him that tremendous curse, which has made the third chapter of "Job" dear to all the miserable. Who can forget the figure of Swift, each revolving birthday, retiring into his closet, shutting the door behind him, not to fast or to pray, but to read this chapter—was it with wild sobs of self-application, or in a silence of horror, direr still? Nor could even he wring out thus the last drops of its bitterness. It is still a Marah, near which you trace many miserable footsteps, and never, while misery exists, can its dreary grandeur, its passion for death, the beauty it pours upon the grave, the darkness which, collecting from all glooms and solitudes, it bows down upon the one fatal day of birth, be forgotten. "Let them bless it that curse the day," for surely it is the most piercing cry ever uttered in this world of lamentations, mourning, and wo.

Has Satan, then, succeeded? Has he proved Job a mere fair-weather saint, or has he only proved him to be an imperfect but honest man? Has he shown him to be essentially corrupt, or has he only *roused* the elements of corruption which were in him, and which must be taken away by penitence and by sacrifice, ere he can be fully reconciled to God. *This* is the question on which, in the controversy between Job and his friends, issue is joined. They contend that he is an unparalleled sinner, because he has been an unparalleled sufferer. He maintains his absolute innocence. Both are wrong, as Elihu, and God himself afterwards, effectually prove, and as they all, by submission and sacrifice, confess. Job is not a great sinner, but neither is he perfectly pure. He is clean to the eye of man, but vile (comparatively) in the sight of God. He has not fallen before the fiery trial, but he has shaken in it; and, while maintaining his own goodness, he has impeached the goodness and the justice of God. To purge him, therefore, thoroughly, he must undergo a severer suffering than the Chaldeans, or the leprosy, or his recreant wife had inflicted on him—the anguish of remorse. He must crawl, like a scorched worm, in the sunlight of the vision of God for a season. He must learn the lesson of his own littleness and God's surpassing greatness, and thence deduce that of his sinfulness, and of God's righteous goodness. And thus schooled, by sinking deeper and deeper into the dust, he is to become at length a "sadder," it may be, for a time, but certainly, for life, a "wiser" man.

The close of the poem, representing Job's renewed prosperity, is in singular contrast with the daring machinery and rich imagery of the rest of the book. It is simple and strange as a nursery tale. By a change as sudden as surprising, the wheel turns completely round. The patri-

arch rises from the dust; a golden shower descends, in the form of troops of friends, bringing with them silver and gold; sheep and oxen, as if springing from the earth, fill his folds; new sons and daughters are born to him; the broad tree over his tent blooms and blossoms again; and long, seated under its shadow, may he look ere he desery other messengers arriving breathless to announce the tidings of other woes. In Blake's "Illustrations of Job" (a wondrous piece of imagination, full of bright colours and dark meanings, less a commentary than a variation of the book), not the least interesting or significant print is that representing the aged man, seated in peace, surrounded by a multitude of singing men and singing women; camels, sheep, and oxen, grazing in the distance; and from above, God (an exact likeness of Job) smiling, well-pleased, upon this full-length portrait of the man perfect through suffering—the reconciled man. Blake was himself, perhaps, the true and only key to his volume. But one of its objects probably was to shadow out the reconciliation of man—the *entire* species—to God in heaven—to shadow forth the painter's view of man's original state, his fall, and final recovery. His book is the "Pictorial Festus." We think, on the other hand, "Job" a dramatic and allegorical representation of the necessity, means, and consequences of the reconciliation of man the *individual*, and that, besides, it shows us, in dim perspective, the future reconciliation of man the race on earth.

The great problem, as we have said above, of this world is, how is man to be reconciled, or made *at one* with his Maker? He appears, as David describes himself, a "stranger on this earth." All elements, and almost all beings, are at war with him. He has nothing friendly at first but the warmth of his mother's bosom. Rain, cold, snow, even sunshine, beasts, and men, seem, and are, stern and harsh to his infant feelings and frame. As he advances, his companions, his schoolmasters, are, or appear to be, renewed forms of enmity. "What have I done to provoke such universal alienation?" is often his suppressed feeling. The truths of art, science, nay, of God's word, are presented, as if contradicting his first fresh feelings. Books, catechisms, schools, churches, he steals into, as if they were strange and foreign countries. At every step, he breathes a difficult air. Sustained, indeed, by the buoyant spirits and eager curiosity of youth, he contrives to be cheerful amid his difficulties; but at last the "death in life" appears in his path, the dreadful question arises—"Must there not be something *in me* to provoke all this enmity? Were *I* a different being, would to me every step seem a stumble, every flower a weed, every brow a frown, every path an enclosure, every bright day a gaud, every dark day a faithful reflector of misery, every hope a fear, and every fear the masque for some unknown and direr horror? If it is not the universe, but *I* that am dark, whence comes in me the shadow that beclouds it? Whence comes it that I do not partake either of its active happiness or of its passive peace? And seeing that the universe is unreconciled to me, and I to the universe, must it not be the same with its God, and who or what is to bridge across the gulf between him and me? If a finite creation repels me, how can I face the justice of an infinite God? If time present me with little else than difficulties, what dangers and terrors may lurk in the heights and depths of

eternity? If often the wicked are prosperous and contented on earth, and the good afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, may not similar anomalies abound hereafter? And how am I to be convinced that a system so strange as that around me, is wise; that sufferings are salutary, and that God is good? And how, above all, if God be good, am I ever to be fitted for his company, and likened to his character?"

Such is a general statement of the difficulty. In various men, it assumes various forms: in one, a gloomy temperament so poisons all the avenues of his being, that to tell him to be happy, and to worship, sounds at first as absurd as though you were giving the same counsel to one burning in a conflagration; another is so spell-bound by the spectacle of moral evil, that he is able to do or say little else than ask the question—"Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape?"—a third, sincere almost to lunacy, is driven doubly "mad for the sight of his eyes which he doth see"—the sight of a world, as hollow in heart as some suppose it to be in physical structure, a fourth has his peace strangled by doubts as to the peculiar doctrines of his faith, or as to its evidences—doubts which go not out by prayer and fasting; and a fifth, of pure and benevolent disposition, becomes a mere target for the arrows of misfortune—at once a prodigy of excellence, and a proverb of woe.

This last case is that of Job, and perhaps, of those now enumerated, the only one then very conceivable. But the resolution of the difficulty he obtained, applies to all the others unreconciled; it *ought*, in a large degree, to satisfy them.

How was he instructed? By being taught—first, in part, through suffering, and, secondly, through a manifestation of God's immense superiority to him—a childlike trust in God. Even amid his wailings of woe, he had falteringly expressed this feeling—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." But, that he might understand God better, a whirlwind was sent of stormy and victorious poetry, which, as it rushed along, ruffled the foundations of the earth, churned up the ocean into spray, unveiled the old treasures of the hail and the snow, soared up to the stars, the lightnings saying to it as it passed, "Here we are;" and which next, stooping from this pitch, swept over the curious, noble, or terrible creatures of God's handiwork, rousing the magic of the lion, stirring the still horror of the raven's wing, racing with the wild ass into the wilderness, flying with the eagle and the hawk, shortening speed over the lazy vastness of Behemoth, awakening the thunder of the horse's neck, and daring to open the "doors of the face" with the "teeth, terrible round about," of Leviathan himself! Before this, what can Job do but fall prostrate? And seeing and feeling God's greatness expounded by himself, he reasons thus: "One so great, must be good; one so wise, must mean me well by all my afflictions. I will distrust and doubt him no more; I will loathe myself for my sins, but, most of all, for my imperfect and unworthy views of God. Henceforth I will confide in the great whole; I fearlessly commit my bark to the eternal ocean, and, come fair weather or foul, will believe that the wave which dashes, or the wave which drowns, or the wave which wafts to safety, is equally good. I will also repent in dust and ashes, and trust for forgiveness

through the medium of the great sacrifice which the smoke of my altar feebly symbolises."

The "peace which passeth understanding" is generally pregnant with other blessings, and procreates other peace. Well says the wise man—"If a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Thus Job, reconciled fully to God, finds friends springing up around him "as by the grass," and dies full of honours as of years. His beginning was prosperous, but his latter end did greatly increase.

Behold, in this story, the outline of our reconciliation! The Creator of this *great universe must be good!* Books of evidences, begone!—one sunset, one moonlight hour, one "solemn meditation of the night," one conversation at evening with a kindred heart, is worth you all! Such scenes, such moments, dissolve the most massive doubts easily and speedily, as the evening air sucks down those mimic mountains of vapour, dark or fiery red, which lie along the verge of heaven. The sense given, indeed, is but that of beauty and power—transcendent beauty, and power illimitable; but is there not insinuated something more—a lesson of love as transcendent, and of peace as boundless! Does not the blue sky give us an unutterable sense of security and union, as it folds around us like the curtain of a tent! Do not the stars dart down glances of warm intelligence and affection, secret and real as the looks of lovers! Do not tears, torments, evil, and death, seem at times to melt and disappear in that gush of golden glory, in that stream of starry hope, which the milky way pours each night through the heavens! Say not, with Carlyle—"It is a sad sight." Sad!—the sight of beauty, splendour, order, motion, progress, immensity, eternity, power, Godhead!—how can it be sad! It is true, indeed, that man must at present weep as well as wonder as he looks above. Be it so. Is it not simply because the vessel in which he is carried along is so vast, and moves so swiftly! We have seen a child weeping bitterly on her mother's knee, while the train was carrying her triumphantly on. "Poor child," we thought, and had almost exclaimed, "why weepest thou? Thy mother's arms are around thee; thy mother's eye is fixed upon thee, and that bustle and rapidity, so strange and dreadful to thee, are but carrying thee faster to thy home." Thus man, in his weakness and darkness, wails and cries, with God the Father above, God below, God around, and God before him!

Not always shall he thus weep; but other elements are still necessary for his full reconciliation—full, we mean, so far as our partially lighted sphere will permit perfection. It is not necessary merely that power, beauty, and wisdom, lead to the conception of God's goodness and love; but that suffering, by perfecting patience and teaching knowledge, should, while humbling man's pride, elevate his position, and put into his hands the most powerful of all telescopes—that of a tear. "Perfect through suffering" must man become; and then how do all apparent enemies soften into friends—how drop down all disguises—and misfortunes, losses, fevers, falls, and deaths stand out, naked, detected, and blushing lovers!

One thing more, and the atonement is complete. Man has another burden beside that of misery; it is a burden of sin. To this he cannot be reconciled. This must be taken away ere he can be at one with the

universe or its Maker. This, by the great sacrifice at Calvary, and the sanctifying power of the Word and the Spirit therein, can be taken away. And now, whoever, convinced of God's benevolence, by the voices of his own soul echoing the language of the creation, satisfied from experience of the benefits of suffering, is also, through Christ, forgiven his iniquities, stands forth to view the reconciled man.

Be he of dark disposition, his gloom is now tempered, if not removed; he looks at it as the pardoned captive at his iron bars the last evening of his imprisonment. Be he profoundly fascinated by moral evil, even with its dark countenance, a certain morning twilight begins to mingle. Has he been sick of the hollowness of the world?—now he feels that that very hollowness secures its explosion; it must give place to a better system. Has he entertained doubts?—he drowns them in atoning blood. Has he suffered?—his sufferings have left on the soil of his mind a rich deposit, whence are ready to spring the blossoms of Eden, and to shine the colours of heaven. Thus reconciled, how high his attitude, how dignified his bearing! He knows not what it is to fear. Having become the friend of God, he can look above and around him, with the eye of universal friendship. Amid the blue sky, he dwells as in a warm nest. The clouds and mountains seem ranged around him like the chariots and horses of fire around the ancient prophet. The roar of wickedness itself from the twilight city is attuned into a melody—the hoarse beginning of a future anthem. Flowers bloom on every dunghill—light gushes from every gloom—the grave smiles up in his face—and his own frame, even if decaying, is but the loosened and trembling leash, which, when broken, shall let his spirit spring forth, free and exulting, amid the liberties, the light, the splendours, and the “powers of the world to come.”

And this problem of to-day was solved, so far as it can be solved here below, thousands of years ago, among the herdsmen of Edom. In our future papers, we shall find the problem and the solution broken down, or disguised, or perverted, or imperfectly presented, in the proudest productions of human genius. But it was given to the inspired author of “Job” first and fully to answer the question “What is truth; where does wisdom dwell; and where is the place of understanding?” How many insufficient and evasive answers have since been given? Science has sought for truth in fields, and mines, and furnaces, in atoms, and in stars, and has found many glittering particles; but not any such lump of pure gold, any such sun of “saving knowledge” as is entitled to the name of the truth. “The sea saith, It is not in me.” Art, too, has advanced to reply: her votaries have gazed at the loveliness of creation—they have listened to her voice—they have watched the stately steps of her processes; and that loveliness they have sought to imitate in painting; those steps to follow in architecture; and those voices to repeat in music and in song: but, alas! painting must whisper back to poetry, poetry repeat to music, and music wail out to architecture—“It is not in us.” Others, again, have followed a bolder course. Regarding art as trifling, and even science as shallow, they have aspired to enter with philosophy into the springs and secrets of things, and to compel truth herself to answer them from her inmost shrine; but such speculators have discovered little that is really and practically valuable; they

have uttered many cloudy falsehoods, chequered with a few gleams of pure light—but the truth has remained afar. "The depth saith, Not in me." Nay, others have in desperation knocked at the gate of hell itself, and have asked—"Does the truth dwell here?" but destruction and death say only, with hollow laughter "We have heard the fame of it with our ears."

Standing above the prospective wreck of all such abortive efforts, the author of "Job" discloses at last that path which the "vulture's eye hath not seen." The "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." Here we find that *portion* of the universal knowledge, truth, or wisdom, which satisfies without cloying the mind, which reflects the inner man of the heart, as face face in a glass, which gives a feeling of firm ground below us—firm, if there be *terra firma* in the universe—and on which have reposed in death the wisest and best of mankind. Calmly does Job propound this great maxim of man, although it might have justified excess of rapture. Archimedes ran out, shouting—"Eureka!" Had he found the truth? No; only one golden sand upon the shore of science. Nay, though he had discovered all natural knowledge—had, by one glance of genius, descried the axle-tree whence shoot out all the spokes of scientific truth—though louder far in this case had been his Eureka, and deeper far his joy—would he have found the truth? No; it was in the deep wilderness of Edom, and to the heart of a holy herdsman, that this inspiration at first came, and no cry of triumph proclaimed its coming, and no echo then reverberated it to the nations.

But here we must pause. What more we have to say of "Job," of the effect of the scenery of its country upon its poetry, of its natural descriptions, of its moral pictures, of the description of the ghost, and the speech of the Deity, must be said at another time, and in another page. But we cannot shut this old volume, without remembering with astonishment first its age, for although Ewald finds in it the commencement, if not the climax, of the degeneracy of Hebrew literature (we should not wonder if he were next to seek to prove that "Prometheus Vincetus" was written after the subjugation of Greece by the Romans, and can fancy, on the same principles, a subtle critic in the thirtieth century, starting the theory that "Macbeth" was translated from the German of Kotzebue, and falsely attributed to Shakspeare), we deem it among the very earliest of poems; secondly, its having no name annexed to it, save the name of God—*stat nominis umbra*—the first and greatest of authors is anonymous; and, thirdly, its unparalleled sublimity, beauty, profundity, and truth. All great poets have since been copying its imagery, all great mystery-writers diluting its argument, and all great theologians "desiring to look" into the depth of its views of God, of man, and of the living Redeemer who has laid his hand upon them both. Ah! it proclaims itself the child of a period when the names of prophet and of poet were the same, when genius and God were still in perfect harmony, and when every spark produced by the glorious union was a sun.

THE INDIA-HOUSE;
OR, A CANVASS FOR A CADETSHIP.

“Get a cadetship, and your son’s provided;
He’s off your hand—he’s handed to Hindoos;
And, soon from you by half the world divided,
He’ll scarce recross the globe to cross your views;
And of returning should he send you message,
Be quite composed— he cannot pay his passage.”

“I was told that the best claim for a cadetship was that of a father, after a long and faithful service in India, applying for a son.”

It is just fifty years since I, Charles Basil, a rosy, raw Scotch boy, having obtained the honour to serve as cadet to the Honourable Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies, was put, like a piece of live stock, into a mail-coach, consigned to the care of a worthy old uncle, a London merchant, who promised to give me board and bed, and to show me the India-House. The first day’s laughable adventures on the road I must leave for another occasion, and hurry on to the modern Babel, where I arrived at the end of three strange days and stranger nights, safe in wind and limb. My uncle, being deeply immersed in business of his own from morn to smoky eve, could only spare one hour to introduce me to the palace of the Mogul merchant-monarchs. The old gentleman, in a spruce cocked hat and silver-buckled shoes, with a golden-headed staff in his hand, and as stiff as a poker, stepped out along the streets at a rate that gave me my first lesson at double-quick. We at last arrived at Leadenhall Street, and were soon in front of the India-House. The noble portico of the building, and the still nobler portly porter, in his ample rich livery cloak, standing in his fixed and solemn position, made a deep and lasting impression on my youthful wonderment; while the statuary over the porch, of kneeling camels, transported me already, in imagination, from the crowded European streets to silent desert scenes in tropic lands, and to the new mode of life to which I had come to devote myself. But I had only a moment for such associations. My uncle dashed into the lobby, and began to thread the endless labyrinth of corridors, with me at his tail, in a kind of tremor, either from the chilly atmosphere of the place, or the approaching crisis in my life. By dint of inquiries at the liveried servants, who ever and anon rapidly crossed our path, like express trains, my uncle at last discovered the office of Simon Snarle, where cadets-elect were first ordered to present themselves. He shook me by the hand, and hurried off to a more congenial atmosphere in ‘Change Alley.

I found in the antechamber of Simon Snarle about a dozen of young aspirants, like myself, after golden opinions and gold mohurs, sitting round a faintly kindled fire. The farther end of the waiting-room was divided off by a wooden partition about four feet high. The young squad, re-

cognising me at once as a recruit come to join their corps, made room for me at the fireside; and, as I took my seat, I, for the first time since leaving home, lost the depressing feeling of isolation and desolation. I found I was now among a set of young compeers, bound on the same voyage of life as myself. A tacit copartnership for the future seemed at once agreed upon.

There was no actual speaking among the young gentlemen, but a great deal of dumb show was going on, by nods and dodgings, smirks and smiles; and, every now and then one of the company would point to the wooden barrier, and then apply his thumb to his nose. This led me to conclude that some mysterious being wined behind the barricade; and, looking in the direction, I perceived, above the screen, the upper portion of a pure white shining bald head, like a half-seen full moon rising above the horizon. The talking with fingers, elbows, and toes, went on for some time, when an unfortunate young man, forgetting himself and place, gave the coals a poke with his varnished stick. On this, the Moon rose in an instant, in orbal completeness, above the horizon, and the Man o' the Moon (with a pen behind his ear, that might have stood for his hatchet) looked sternly down on the youthful assemblage, and angrily demanded by what right they presumed to meddle with the fire, declaring, at the same time, that if they did not behave themselves better, he would deprive them of their cadetships every one, and concluded by announcing, that it was no use our waiting there any longer to-day, for nothing could be done in the cadet trade at present. So saying, the Moon, with its attendant face, again dipped upon the horizon; while we rose *en masse*, and rushed into the echoing passages, which we made resound with our hitherto ill-restrained laughter.

"Old Crusty for ever!" shouted one.

"Let us go over to the Cross Keys, and drink to his better temper," cried another.

"I wish," said a third, "we had him there, to toss him in one of John Company's own blankets."

"Och," exclaimed an Irish boy, "and I should like to crack that pumpkin skull of his own, and see if there is any pulp in it at all, at all!"

However, we all seconded the first motion, by motioning off to the Cross Keys, where we drunk to Crusty's reformation in laughing champagne, mingling our toast and jokes with the efflorescence.

These scenes were enacted day after day for a whole fortnight, without a single step of progress in getting ourselves entered on John Company's long roll. My uncle got quite disgusted, and lost his usual equanimity and patience at this irregular way of transacting business. "Why," said he, "here is a good bill at sight for a cadetship, and this fellow of a clerk refuses to get it honoured and cashed; and this, too, is the firm dubbed forsooth the Honourable Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies! This clerk, however, Charles, is a rogue, depend upon it, and therefore has his price; try him with a bribe; I'll vouch for it, he will take the bait." Accordingly, next day he put a golden guinea into my hand, and despatched me once more to Leadenhall Street. I arrived at Crusty's cave before he had ensconced himself in his inner den, and told my new friends the attempt I was going to make in trying to open rusty Crusty's hollow heart with the golden key. They shouted their

approbation of the ruse, which promised, at least, some variety to the monotony of the forenoon's durance.

As soon as I saw the half-moon in position, I rose, softly approached the hostile barricade, and then, raising myself on my tip-toes, I looked, trembling at my presumption, into the sanctum of the clerk. The Man o' the Moon was either writing, or pretended to be writing. On seeing my audacious caput violating his privacy, he looked sternly up, and asked me, how I dared to do such a thing?

"I humbly beg pardon, sir," said I, in a half-whisper, "but I am sorry to think of the trouble I am daily giving you. Will you do me the favour to accept a small consideration, as a poor remuneration for the same?"

At these words, he rose, and, opening the wicket-gate, admitted me into his immediate presence, when I tendered him the image of George III. in pure gold. The philosopher's stone is said to transform what it touches to gold: the touch of the gold transformed the flinty man into flesh; a gracious smile played on his sinister face. "Oh," said he, as he *con amore* pocketed the piece, "there was no occasion for this. Your name, I think, is——"

"Charles Basil."

"Charles Basil—you are quite right—so it is. And now, Mr Basil, I will give you a memorandum, which you will take up stairs to Secretary Cheeseberry, who will get your business done in a twinkling, and I wish you all success and happiness."

Having got my bill indorsed, I retired, and, in passing through the group of my merry-faced companions, I held it up in my left hand, while with my right I, for the first and last time in my life, essayed the vulgar but emphatic expression, by the junction of thumb and nose.

The band of young heroes had now got their cue, and old Crusty had soon twelve more guineas in his purse, and the Company twelve more gentlemen-cadets on their pay-list. There was one exception, however—the young Irishman before mentioned as riotous in his threatening of Crusty. Morgan either had no guinea, or was resolved to spend it to better purpose; so, when all had got their bills accepted and had departed, he, placing his hat in the most martial manner, on the side of his head, and buttoning up his coat so as best to resemble a military surtout, and flourishing his shillelah like a claymore, marched bravely up to the enemy's bulwark, the gate of which still stood open, and, boldly entering the breach, stood alongside of the commander of the citadel, and spoke as follows—"Mr Humbug, you will either give me my passport this moment, or I will passport my shillelah across your bare skull, and no mistake, honey; and, what is more and besides, I'll indict you before the Honourable Court for the dishonourable misdemeanour of bribery and corruption, sweetest."

The poor craven scribe trembled from head to foot like an aspen leaf, and faltered out, "I beg your pardon, sir; you shall have your paper immediately; and, if you'll promise to say nothing about this day's business, I'll add a *nota bene* which will get you to the top of the list."

"Och, and you're a gentleman, after all, and every inch of you, entirely. I'll keep your dirty secret, honey, as snug as my purse." Having received the document, he continued, "And now good morning and

good luck to you, Mr Grusty, my dear. Long may you sit here to do the green ones out of their gold guineas, while I go to do John Company out of his gold mohurs."

Morgan, having said this, stuck the scroll, like a captured banner, on the top of his stick, and marched down the passages with his flying colours, and whistling the tune of "Paddy Whack!" to the no small amusement of the porters and visitors.

Arriving at the office up stairs, he found his companions-in-arms in front of a counter, waiting the coming of Mr Cheescherry, to present their certificates. As soon as the said clerk was in place, Morgan, from the rear, poked his paper, at the end of his stick, over the heads, right under the clerk's nose. This created a loud laugh, and even the official could not resist a smile, as he snatched the scroll, rather angrily, from the banner-tree, and read it. "I see," said he, "by a P.S., that you are in a hurry, Mr Morgan, which is the best and only apology for your rather rude behaviour."

"In a hurry, indeed, and you may say that, my jewel. I have lost too much time already with this paltry cadetship, and have no mind to lose my passage to Hindy into the bargain."

"Well, well, here it is. Take this to the other end of the house. Ask for Mr Stowage, and he will give you an order for you and your luggage to be received on board."

"Long life to you, dearest," said Morgan; and, sticking the new banner again on his stick, marched off.

The rest got theirs in succession; and before noon the Company had twelve more able-bodied young men in their service, either for pen or sword, the field or the cabinet—either to cut Hindoo throats, or, as members of the Clothing Board, to cut out regimentals—the scissors or the sabre, the first being ever the favourite.*

Such were the scenes I witnessed at the India-House towards the end of the last century. It is now some twenty years since I again found myself in front of the great emporium for cadets and cheeses, after a long banishment. There stood the same portico, and, it seemed to me, the self-same portly porter—at least, it was the same cloak and cocked hat—above, the same camels still kneeling—I alone seemed changed. My raven-black hair was as white as Himalayah; a good standing ochre had usurped the place of white and red in my cheeks; in mind, I felt, I rejoice to say, much the same. I thought of Tennyson's sleeping palace, and my fifty years' dream, but I had to deal with realities—to try and obtain a cadetship for a son. I could not, however, resist a choking kind of feeling at the throat, as I traversed again the long, dull, damp passages, and I dashed away something very like a tear from my eye; but, being winter, it was perhaps only the effect of the cold. The associations of boyhood, long exile, strange adventures, long-lost friends, and—— but no matter; they all rushed powerfully on my mind.

My first, and, I hoped, my only essay, I designed for an old familiar

When my friend Major M'Snip was appointed a member of the Clothing Board, he vociferously exclaimed, "That's the thing—awa' wi' the sword—gi'e me the shears!"

brother officer, General Boweswell, or Bob Bowsy, as we used to call him in India, now a Director at the India-House. On arriving at Bob's waiting room, and finding he was in his office, I desired the lackey to show me into the general's presence.

"Your card, if you please, sir."

"Oh, there is no occasion for cards between us. My name, Colonel Basil, will be quite enough."

"Beg pardon, sir, but it is more than my office is worth to show ~~any~~ one into the general's room without a card."

"A card to see my old friend Bowsy, that's good! Well, here it is."

"I will hand it to him when it comes to your turn. This ~~lady is first~~ for an audience."

"Oh, by all means," said I, turning round to the fair one, and making my best salaam. "Ladies take precedence, whether first or last on the list." She whom I addressed was seated on a sofa, with a boy on each side—her sons, of course. One of them, over his blue coat, wore a string of "orient pearls at random strung," in the shape of military medals, which, no doubt, had descended through the family for several generations, for I saw the half worn words of Plassy, Seringapatam, Carnatic, &c., and on the reverse, the skeletons of tigers, and time-worn towers and minarets. The other boy was decked out in a sash and gorget, which had doubtless belonged to his late father. The widow mother was still beautiful, though in cap and weeds. I thought I had seen the face before, while she, on her part, regarded me with a smile of something more than common complacency. At this moment, the director's bell rang a decided peal. The servant dashed off and immediately returned, saying, "Now, madam, General Boweswell will see you for one moment."

The lady rose and took a boy in each hand, and, as she passed me, she repeated her smile, and whispered—"I'm afraid, sir, I'll detain you for more than a moment: for I won't raise the siege before the general's entrenchment till he capitulates. I shall either have cadetships for these boys, or I'll turn the siege into a blockade. He has generalled well in his day: 'tis now my turn to outgeneral him."

"Should your claims be rejected, your charms will be irresistible, and will oblige him to surrender at discretion."

"The general waits," said the servant, impatiently.

"*Then, forward!*" as my poor dear husband used to say, when he commanded the grenadiers." The lady then advanced to the storm, herself leading the forlorn hope. In about a quarter of an hour, the boys returned to the waiting-room, and before another quarter, the lady herself entered, radiant with smiles and blushes.

"I can read your success in your looks," said I.

"Indeed, I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. Come away, boys; you are cadets from this hour."

"And you, madam?"

"You have forgot me, Colonel Basil, but I can never forget your kindness to me, when, a gay young spinster, Harriet Winning, you gave me away to dear Vanquish, in the absence of relations, on my marriage day, at Cawnpore; and therefore, as my second father, I tell you, as a secret, that I expect ere long to be Mrs General Boweswell."

"Bravo, madam! I remember Miss Winning well, and wish you all

joy on thus so ably providing for yourself and boys at the same moment." The bell rang, the servant called out, "Colonel Basil, the general has just one moment to spare!" I shook hands with the lady, and followed my guide.

On entering the general's stronghold—which, however, had just surrendered—I found him as composed as could have been expected after such an exciting scene. He had, however, if he had been previously on his knees, taken up a stiff and stately position at his director's desk, and sat in all the solemn state of his royal relation, the Great Mogul. He condescended, however, to stand up, and presented his hand for me to shake, and then, in a true courtier style, pointed to a chair, and said—"I hope I have the pleasure of seeing Colonel Basil well?"

"Quite so. I need not ask the same question of you, for youth and youthful animation have returned to your cheeks and eyes; and so, Bob, you are a regular cheesemonger yourself at last?"

"Oh, that's a poor, stale joke," said Bob, pettishly.

"It may be a stale one with you now, with whom it was once a *mity* good one (a stale pun, you'll say), and is still a current one in the East, for want of a better. Are you still as fond as ever of Hodgson's pale ale, 'seven's the main,' and the hooka, Bob?"

"Sad loss of time and misuse of talents those days," said Bob, dryly.

"Well, not to lose any time unprofitably at present, let me come to the point at once. I want, on the score of services and old acquaintance, a cadetship for my son Bob, your namesake."

"Quite out of the question, Basil—totally, wholly out of my power. I am engaged [here Bob blushed deeply]; I am pledged over head and ears"—a deeper blush.

"I know it, Bob; so, not to interfere with your engagements and pledges, I wish you, sir, a very good morning;" and, looking at him with supreme contempt, I continued—"It must be true what Virgil says—'Omnia vincit amor'—when love has mollified even your hard heart."

"What do you mean?" said Bob, rising from his chair of state.

"No offence, Bob. I wish you joy in being, at seventy, an accepted lover, and again wish you good morning." So saying, I bowed so low and slow as to indicate anything but respect, turned on my heel, and left Bob Bowsy to his meditations on love and friendship, and how the first could exist independent of the second.

Having failed with an old companion-in-arms, I conceived it would be more than useless attempting to gain my point through any of the more indifferent directors. However, being on the spot, if for nothing but the fun of the thing, I resolved to see what kind of reception they would give me. I, therefore, determined to knock at all the doors of the India menagerie; but the same hopeless growl was given from each: "Highly appreciate your services, sir, but entirely out of my power to serve you. Earnestly recommend you to try some other director." Thus, like Hunchback, each of them, to get rid of me, sent me to his neighbour's door.

It was not a little amusing, while sitting in the different waiting-rooms, to witness the character of the various applicants for cadetships waiting for interviews with the director dons. Sometimes an anxious mother for a son—sometimes an orphan son for himself—sometimes a timid sister in

behalf of a brother in India. One lady I observed sitting with what I at first conceived to be her infant on her knee, but, on looking more closely, I saw it was a pretty large alabaster image of Budd. She told me her late husband had carried it off from the Dagon Temple at Ragoon, when storming the place. She designed it, she said, as a present for the director we were about to meet, who, in India, went by the name of Peter Pundit, and who, from his great attachment to Hindoo mythology, was suspected to be favourable to the faith of that faithless race. "If he does not grant me my request," said she, "I will dash his god in pieces at his feet." In another antechamber, I saw a youth sitting, with a two-handed Assamese claymore between his knees. ~~It was about two~~ feet longer than himself, and the two together would have been a good study for an artist employed to portray the youthful son of Jesse, with Goliath's sword. The lad told me his father had wrested it from the hand of Takor Blusterdom Doss, in single combat—that he intended it for a present to Director Brigadier Bragadosh, an old acquaintance and particular friend of his dad's. At another resting-place, there was a young man with one of the largest tiger skins I ever saw—and I have seen a good many in my day: he had it rolled up like a sheet of elephant paper under his arm. The tiger, ~~he~~ told us, to which it belonged had charged his father's elephant, and was shot with the mouth of the rifle actually down its throat. His father had just sent it home, and written to say, that he had only to present it in his name to his old friend, Mr Sherman Spears, one of the best hog stickers in Bengal, and he would get a cadetship *instantly*.

At one of the antechambers, my turn was to succeed that of a young lady of the name of Dunning, who had gone into the inner den in quest of a cadetship for her brother. She staid unusually long. At last, contrary to usage, the bell rang furiously before her return. The servant who answered it returned and said, "Who is the first gentleman for an audience?"

"I am," said I.

"Your card, if you please, sir. Sir David Dilemma will be lappy to see you. Be so good as follow me."

"Happy to see me!" said I, as I walked on. "This augurs well, for the rest he would rather see an apparition, I'm sure."

On entering the den, what a subject for a painter! The director stood in dark relief, with his back to the window, and a pen in his grasp. Over his head, from above the neighbouring chimney-tops, the sun poured a stream of light on a lovely girl, who was kneeling before him, her hands clasped across her bosom. Her bonnet lay on the carpet before her; and her long dark hair had been so arranged, as to fall, on its removal, in streaming tresses over her shoulders and breast; her eyes were fixed in supplicating expression through a transparent veil of tears on the distressed Sir David. The graceful, kneeling figure in light, and the stiff director in shade, were in fine contrast, and might have furnished an excellent model for the Hindoo festival in honour of the god of trade, when the deity, holding the emblematic pen in his hand, is worshipped by his votaries.

The entrapped baronet first glanced his eye at my card, and then at myself, and said, "I have asked the favour of your presence, Colonel

Basil, to assist me in persuading this young lady to be reasonable, and rise from her knees, for it is as painful for me to witness her humiliating position, as it is impossible to grant her request."

"Far be it from me, Sir David, to lessen, by my presence, the powerful effect of such a scene, and such an irresistible appeal. I even waive my claim in the lady's favour, and have little doubt but her filial piety will be crowned with success; so, wishing you, madam, patience, perseverance, and prosperity, and you, Sir David, good morning, I make my exit from the stage, having no further part to play."

So saying, I walked away, leaving the lady and gentleman *in a fix*. I never saw the result, but, among the list of cadets for the season, was one of the name of Dunning, who, I hope, was the young lady's brother.

In passing through a distant part of the vestibule, I recognised, with strange and startling sensations, once more the door of poor old Crusty's cadet den. I could not resist the painfully longing desire I had to peep into it again. It was something like a vision in a fitful dream, as I softly and slowly pushed open the green valve of the silent revolving door. It seemed to me as opening to my view a vista of my life, since I stood here a boy fifty years ago, up to my present aged transformation. I looked at the wooden horizon, there it stood, the same, but the bright half-moon of Crusty had set for ever; and, in its place, lo! like a fearful apparition, was seen a coal-black curly caput! I cannot describe the thrill of horror that this simple but dark change in the horizon created in my mind. I fancied Crusty's shining moon under the eclipse of death. The complete and dismal contrast between what was there before, and what was there now, actually appalled me, and I turned away from the view with a shudder, as the self-closing door silently shut on the phantasmagorian transfiguration.

The most interesting exception to the whole group of stiff and starched court of directors was exhibited to me in the den of old Jackson, or Jykissen, as he was called in India, from his naturalisation with Bengal and Bengal tigers. He had been one of the military humorists of the Clive generation of Ind. He had been fifty years in India without ever visiting home, and was now in the eightieth year of his age, but, from his sportsman habits—gymnastic feats, in which he bore off the bell over all India—lively and energetic. His little dapper form was as straight as an arrow. He had a prominent aquiline nose; his lynx-like eyes glared out from under an overhanging jungle of bushy eyebrows; his head was encircled with a furred Mogul cap; a cashmere leopard-spotted shawl tunic supplied the place of a coat: he wore a pair of sharp-pointed Hindostanee slippers, that gave a claw-like resemblance to his feet. The rug before his fire was an enormous tiger-skin; at the farther end of the apartment was a stuffed specimen of the same animal, recumbent, and, to complete its life-like appearance, two cats with tiger-stripes were moving about it, in lieu of cubs. Hog-spears, bows, arrows, matchlocks, shields, sabres, hookas, muskets, hubble-bubbles, &c., were dispersed through the room in great abundance. Jackson, instead of being seated in solemn state like the rest, was traversing his den with that restless circuit motion of the confined leopard, to which he bore a striking resemblance, as far as human, by dress and habit, can resemble the brute species.

On my entrance, he checked in an instant, like the same wild spotted semblance, his rotatory career, and, like it, stood arrested as if by a spell, and stared at me, the spectator of the show. I made my bow, and spoke my wishes.

"Salam, sahib, salam," said he, in a speech as rapid as his motion had been; "Want a cadetship? You want a very bad thing. Make your son a shoe-black—make him anything but miserable. However, I am happy to think I will have no hand in it. Disposed of all my gifts in that way in one day to foolish fathers and mothers who wanted to see their sons ready-made gentlemen, and off their hands. Was made one myself against my will. Staid so long in India that I became a ~~Hindoo~~; and, now I have retired, am neither one thing nor another in this country—a kind of mongrel. Fool! to leave India where I was at home; here, everything is foreign to me, except myself. So, unless you wish your son to transmigrate, keep him at home. Good morning."

So saying, he resumed his impatient circling, and I retired from the den highly amused.

My card was carried in, at one place, on the same tray that held some savoury covered dishes; it was ushered in incensed with turtle perfume, which, no doubt, had far greater charms for the old Indian, than all the

"Odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest."

The answer to my intercessory offering was just what might have been expected from the worthy alderman-director earnestly engaged in belly-worship:

"Mr Titbit is too deeply occupied at present to see any one."

"I perfectly believe it," said I, "and I should be sorry to damage my claim and hope, by interfering with the honourable gentleman while so congenially employed with extraneous matter: besides, these long, cold passages, and my long campaign together, have given me quite a fellow-feeling with your master, so I will follow his commendable example, and go over for commissariat to my old haunt at the Crosskeys, and re-enforce myself to bear the rest of the day's service."

I was surprised, on going away, to meet an old schoolfellow coming smiling out of one of the directors' sanctums. I left him a writer's apprentice in my native town on going to India; on my return, I found he had the best business in the county, and kept his carriage.

"Ha! Mr Stolum," said I, "have ye business with the Cheesemonger Company?"

"Not in my own line, sir; but my son, Tom, foolish fellow, turns up his nose at the good grey-goose quill, like a goose himself, and is resolved to be food for powder; so I have been obliged to come up to town to get him a cadetship, which has just been accorded him."

"Ah! How do you manage these things, Mr Stolum?"

"O! by getting votes for our worthy member. He gave me a letter which did my business like the slit of a pen."

"Well," said I, "if this is the way they are got, I may give up, in disgust and despair, all hopes from battles, balls, bile, and boluses, endured in their dirty, sultry service, and beat a retreat."

So saying, I marched down the avenue, and took my last look at the

portico and everlasting porter, and bade a long farewell (as I thought) to the Honourable Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies.

As I stepped into the street, a kind of shabby-genteel gentleman politely raised his hat, and hoped I had been successful.

"Indeed I have not," said I.

On this, he presented me with a sealed envelope, and disappeared. On opening it, I found it contained the following notice:—"Cadetships procured *sub rosa*. Apply to Z. Z., at No. 5 Lothbury Lane." I tore the infamous libel to pieces, and scattered the fragments to the winds of Cornhill.

I was preparing to leave London, when I received a kind letter from my old friend, the fair widow of the India House, requesting me to do her the favour of once more giving her away at her approaching marriage. I lost no time in waiting on the lady, and promised to comply with her request, on two conditions—first, that my fee should be a cadetship; and, second, that it should be a secret till the hour of the wedding;—to both of which she smilingly agreed.

Conceive my old friend Bob's surprise (and displeasure—had the joyful occasion permitted such a feeling) when I entered the church with his intended hanging on my arm. On coming up to him, I whispered, "I return good for evil, in giving you such a prize, while you refused me a paltry cadetship."

He looked for a moment abashed.

The ceremony concluded, I handed Mrs General Boweswell into the carriage, and, while shaking hands with her for the last time, she looked smilingly over my head, and said, "My dear, I promised that our friend's fee for his kind duty to day should be a cadetship. You will confirm the promise, I'm sure, dearest."

"Certainly, my love," said the impatient and impassioned husband.

Bob now gave me a more cordial shake of the hand than before, and then mounted the steps of the carriage with more agility than might have been expected from his age and increasing infirmities. They drove off, and I drove home, having obtained my object in a most unexpected manner.

Having given the company credit for a cadetship, and struck the balance with the court of directors, I now close accounts for ever with the Honourable Merchants trading to the East Indies.

• CREATION, OR DEVELOPMENT?

A NEW work, on the interesting, and now popular science of geology, has lately been published by Mr Hugh Miller, the distinguished Scottish geologist.* It contains a detailed description of a most interesting ichthyolite organism, discovered in the lowest beds of the old red sandstone, and for the first time placed before the public. Sir R. I. Murchison, indeed, and some of the continental philosophers, had discovered fragments of the same species; in the vast Russian development of the

* Foot-prints of the Creator. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

old red; but no effort had hitherto been successful in restoring the creature, so that its size and probable appearance might be obtained. In connection with the description of this organism, there is also much important and deeply interesting information relative to the size, organisation, and habits, of contemporary and succeeding fishes. There is no one man better—we might say equally well—acquainted with the deposits of the old red, so largely developed in Scotland, than Mr Miller, and, of all the writers, on this science, it is acknowledged that none equal him in accurate and powerful description: the consequence is, that we have, in the work before us, a deeply interesting and thoroughly able discussion of a somewhat difficult subject. The object that the author has in view is, to collect, classify, and exhibit the facts which the science of geology, especially in its earlier formations, furnishes, illustrative of the great mystery of LIFE. In opposition to certain recently revived notions of creation and development, grounded on a beautiful, but baseless hypothesis, Mr Miller contends for a series of creative acts, spread over the epochs, which geology demonstrates the earth to have passed through. These creative acts, however, are connected with a magnificent system of development, which stretches over, and includes the entire period, however long, during which vegetable and animal life have had a place upon this globe.

More recently, a handsome volume on the general science has been published by Dr Anderson of Newburgh, Fifeshire.* The author goes over a wide field; his description extending from the granites of the Grampians, to the limestone of the Alps. The plan adopted is by far the best. Instead of beginning at the surface, and in his descriptive survey leading the reader downwards, through the various and numerous rocks of which the crust of the globe is composed, Dr Anderson goes at once to the bottom of the geologic scale, and brings us upwards till he places us safely again on the surface. The mineralogical description is brief, but accurate; and the general description is fluent, able, and quite enticing to the reader. There are some valuable observations on the fossils of the old red sandstone; but it is no easy matter to shine in this department with such a man as Miller in the field. The controversy, which has existed for some time between these two geologists, relative to a certain fossil fish of Dura Den, Fifeshire, is now settled—and settled in favour of Miller's opinion. That opinion is, that the said fish of Dura Den is not a distinct and new genera, which Dr Anderson maintained, supported for a time by the authority of Agassiz, but is a variety, or, at most, a species of the winged fish of Cromarty. This question was brought to an issue during the recent meetings of the British Association in Edinburgh, by the arguments *pro* and *con* being placed before a private meeting of the distinguished geologists congregated in the city at the time, by the respective parties. The decision was unanimously in favour of Miller's opinion. However, in the investigation, and comparison of facts and evidence, great credit was reflected on the Fifeshire doctor. It appears to us, that more advantage might be taken, than has hitherto been the case, of the presence of such distinguished men as meet on these occasions, to investigate, with a view to settle, if

* *Course of Creation.* London: Longman.

that be possible, points in science that may give rise to perplexing diversity of opinion. Though pleased with the science, and delighted with the literature of the book, we cannot go along with the author in his theory. The objectionable parts, as they appear to us, are under the head "general principles." We cannot resist the conclusion, that geological phenomena demand long, unmeasured, perhaps, to us, unmeasurable, periods of time; and, instead of militating against aught that we hold true and sacred, it seems to us to be in perfect keeping with the statements of the Bible, and to wonderfully expand and exalt our conceptions of the Creator. Dr Anderson, as a clergyman, we believe to be under no necessity to hold by the dogma of the recent creation of our earth, on the ground of his religious creed. The term "beginning," as used by Moses, is certainly indefinite; and it stretches quite far enough back into the shadowy past, to allow of the immeasurable flow of time which the facts of the science demand. Grant it freely, the book will not suffer from the admission.

The other objection we take to Dr Anderson's book, is one to which Mr Miller's work is also exposed. This consists in making the "days" in the narrative of Moses "epochs" of long duration, and not portions of time of twenty-four hours each. Miller is consistent throughout; for he demands long periods of time for the development of the numerous geological phenomena which the crust of the earth contains. The idea of the creation being millions of years ago, and the idea of the "days" of the Bible being six long "epochs" harmonise with each other; although we believe that only the *first* of the two ideas is derived from geological facts. But we cannot see how the idea of *recent* creation, and the idea of the days of Scripture being *long* "epochs"—for, in truth these epochs are admitted to be long—can at all be made to harmonise. The demands of geology upon time gave rise to the "epochs" of the narrative of Moses; and when these demands are not granted (and they are not by Dr Anderson) the holding of the "epochs" appears to us an inconsistency. We would respectfully call Dr Anderson's attention to this point. It may be expected that we should now state our own opinion. It is simply this: The moment when God brought this earth into existence is probably millions of years ago. The narrative of Moses, from the second verse downwards, has reference to a portion of the earth's surface only, and describes a remodelling process. The first verse alone has reference to the act of creation proper. The six days are periods of twenty-four hours each. The reasons we cannot, of course, state in the present connection; but this is our belief, and in other circumstances we should not despair of being able to defend it.

Irrespective altogether of the truth or falsity of conflicting systems and hypotheses, relative either to the origin or classification of species, genera, families, and orders, the question of "Creation, or development?" possesses an intense and permanent interest for all the lovers of nature, and the spiritual worshippers of nature's God. Below the surface of this globe, in the rocky rind which philosophers call its crust, extending several miles (five of which have been examined) downwards, there is found the remains of vegetable and animal life, retaining their accurate form in many instances, and, in others, vividly and beautifully impressed upon the plastic matrix, in which they have been hid for untold ages. In

all formations, from the unconsolidated alluvium to the Cambrian slates inclusive, that is, from the surface, down through all the variety of rock and number of beds that intervene between it and the primary or crystalline rocks, these remains are found in greater or less abundance. The species that existed during the respective epochs of the previous history of the earth, specimens of which have been thus preserved in the archives of nature, and laid open to our wondering gaze by the geologist, are not identical with those that exist at the present time upon its surface; nor are the specimens of one geological epoch identical with those of another. There is a striking difference between the creatures that appear in the dawn of animal life, and those that now inhabit the earth, rather we should say the sea, for land creatures were not introduced so early; and so there is a difference, more or less marked, between the creatures of the consecutive epochs. But, though there be a difference, there is no contrast—no antagonism. The great orders and classes into which animated nature is conveniently divided, are few, and these have never entirely failed and disappeared since their respective introductions; but whole families have died out. Many, many genera have served their day, and disappeared; and untold species have for ever passed away, leaving no direct descendants behind them, bequeathing to us only a few of their vertebrae or scales, or, perchance, a broken spine. There is a beautiful analogy between many of the fishes of the old red seas, and those that inhabit the present waters of the globe. Though there be no specific, no generic resemblance, yet there is a family connection. There are certain features or characteristics in common. The shark and dogfish of present seas sustain this relationship to the gigantic *placoids* of the silurian system.

These are the “Foot-prints” of the Creator. They tell of his presence and his power. They prove the wisdom, and comprehensiveness, and unity of his system. They are a commentary upon, and give a larger meaning unto, the saying of Christ.—“My Father worketh hitherto.” No one can trace these “foot-prints,” especially with such a guide as Miller, without pleasure and profit. In the construction of the fossil plant, and the fossil creature; in the relation of part to part, and individual to individual; in the adaptation of soil, and sustenance, and climate—the *habitat*—to vegetable and animal life—there is equally much to admire, as, in connection with present animated nature, with its beautiful provisions. How large, and how ennobling is the view which we obtain of the character of God, when engaged in this exercise. It enlarges our perceptions, but it dwarfs ourselves. God’s greatness, and benevolence, and unity, and wisdom, contrast strikingly with our cold and circumscribed natures. Yet no man can contemplate the Creator in these manifestations of his ancient power, without being ennobled in his ideas and aspirations, while he bows before Him in the deepest humility. Geology rolls back the dense mist that had come down upon the PAST, preventing our eye from looking upwards, beyond a fractional portion of existence; and opens, to our astonished vision, far-stretching vistas, which, though leading backwards some millions of years, still lose themselves in clouds and darkness. What an idea it gives us of existence! Traversing its long-past epochs, we are better able to form some faint conception of the ANCIENT OF DAYS. Though this science

gives to the earth a high antiquity, it must not be inferred that it views it or any material object as eternal. It presupposes what the Bible asserts, that there was a "beginning;" and it cheerfully assents to the proposition, that, "In the beginning God *created* the heaven and the earth." Geology discloses to us the fact, that, during all the epochs through which the earth has passed, it has teemed with *life*. The seas of the silurian and old red sandstone periods, especially those of the latter, were literally swarming with creatures, of all sizes, shapes, colours, and habits. Then came the period, when, to the inhabitants of the waters, was added the amphibious creatures. They skulked by pools, by river margins, and by ~~the~~ shores. Strange was their conformation, and their bulk enormous. Ere long, creatures as strange, though of smaller proportions, floated heavily in the air. Then, the marsupial, first of quadrupeds, appeared, followed by hosts of all kinds of "four-footed" creatures. Strangeness of conformation, length of skeleton, and breadth of wing, gave place to the heavy-built, slow-footed, thick-skinned, but, withal, good-humoured quadrupeds, the immediate predecessors, speaking geologically, of man. In this long succession of living creatures, type after type, higher in the scale of organisation, following each other, till the human creature appeared; in this boundless variety that prevailed, in conformation, in instinct, in habit; in the adaptations that everywhere appear between the nature of the creature, and the physical character of its habitat, and the time of its introduction; in all this, and much more, which must remain untold, and for the knowledge of which we are indebted to geology, what an enlarged and vivid impression do we receive of the power, the wisdom, the goodness, and the unity of the Creator! Call you this a godless science? Some have done so; but we are willing to allow that it was in ignorance. Here you can best trace the "foot-prints" of the Creator, "and follow nature up to nature's God." The works of God are sought out of all them that take pleasure in them. The wise and the good have done so in all ages:—

"Thus Zoroaster studied nature's laws;

Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;

Thus heaven-taught Plato traced th' Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind."

There are several points brought out much more distinctly in Miller's work than in any other, of the same character, with which we are acquainted. These are the points on which the advocates of the Lamarekian hypothesis of development come into collision with the defenders of the old, and all but universally received, system of creation and progress, at the *fiat* and under the guidance of the Almighty. We shall enumerate the chief of these points; and, eschewing altogether the technicalities of the science, make it our endeavour to concentrate some light upon them. We opine that the battle must be fought on the ancient field of the Old Red and Silurian systems. If the "development hypothesis" meets with support in the curious organisms of these systems—if they clearly and indisputably fulfil its conditions—then the hypothesis is transformed into a theory based in nature; but if, on the contrary, it meets with no support from them, if they clearly and indisputably oppose and nullify its conditions, then it must be characterised,

according to truth, as a splendid but baseless vision. The *nebula*-hypothesis was all along a favourite with the Lamarekians, inasmuch as it suggested, rather forcibly, what *might* have been the processes through which this globe, and all others, passed on their way to their present state of perfection. Given a certain substance called "fire-mist," they, with wonderful dexterity, and without "let or hindrance," evolved out of it a perfect, harmonious, and magnificent solar system. There is the sun, holding, by the power of attraction, all the planet-worlds in their places, and urging them onwards in their spheres; and there, too, are the planets, themselves the centres of other bodies that wheel around them, with the same order and regularity as they do around their ~~own~~ ^{stars}. And there are many solar systems bound up, but still left with scope enough for the uncramped revolutions of all their members, in one firmament. And there are many firmaments in the universe. One is saved the trouble of putting and pressing certain questions in connection with this hypothesis, especially bearing upon the origin and direction of the complicated rotatory power which operates in every system, by the important discoveries of the powerful telescope of Lord Rosse. Certain of the nebulae, apparently at different stages of their growth into systems like our own, have been examined by that instrument, and the result is, that these masses of floating star-dust are now ascertained to be vast clusters of perfectly formed stars; their previous nebular appearance being due to their immeasurable distances from the eye of the beholder. The hypothesis is now no more—the phenomena which suggested it having, in part at least, disappeared. But, previous to this discovery, it was cherished with uncommon interest by the Lamarekians. The reason is obvious: Establish the fact that the worlds were developed, in accordance with law, out of this supposed "fire-mist," and you have got half way to the conclusion, that, as with the globe itself, so with the plants and creatures that inhabit it; they, too, exist by development and law. Nor would this analogical argument be entirely destitute of force; for marvellous harmony pervades all the works of God. We are far from asserting that the worlds were made without, or contrary to, law; there must be order in all God's workings as well as in his works. But we must pass from this hypothetical world-making, to the consideration of the question—*How were the inhabitants of this globe introduced*—BY DEVELOPMENT IN ACCORDANCE WITH LAW, OR BY DIRECT AND OFTEN REPEATED ACTS OF CREATION.

The fact that the great body of scientific men and philosophers answer in favour of *creation*, does not settle the question; for there are individuals, especially on the continent, whose attainments in science are by no means to be despised, who answer in favour of *development*. The question, then, must be brought to the proof; and it is fortunate that all parties are agreed, that in no department of science is the proof desiderated, more likely to be discovered than in geology. If the development hypothesis be founded in nature, there must be evidence of it here. And it will not avail one to say, that, if these proofs do not yet appear, in due time, that is, when the science has made greater progress, they shall. For, in the first place, the advocates of this hypothesis have appealed to the science as it is, and have even talked of fixing their opponents down to the consideration of "facts"—facts, of

course, with which the science, in its *present state*, is conversant. In the second place, it is not too much to affirm, that every geologist who has a character to sustain in the scientific world believes that the discoveries in this science are so numerous, and the inductions so wide based and so accurate, that if evidence in support of the popular notion of development existed at all, it must in some formations, and to some considerable extent, have appeared. Consequently, Mr Miller is, in our judgment, without prejudging the case, justified in affirming, that an appeal from geology as it is, to geology as it *shall be*, is a begging of the question.

The Lamarckian believes it to be essential to his hypothesis, to maintain that everything which, in strict language, can be spoken of as *ed*, was and must have been "microscopic." The globule in which lodged the germ of the first plant was so; so likewise was from which sprung the first creature. It is a condition of this hypothesis, that the first creatures, therefore, that appear must be, if not microscopic, at least diminutive. Passing over the class of invertebrate creatures that existed previous to the introduction of fishes, because of the substance of many of them being ill adapted for preservation, thus rendering it next to impossible to deliver an authoritative judgment upon it, we come to the vertebrata. This hypothesis requires that the earlier families of fishes must have been small; that those who stocked the seas of the old red sandstone and silurian systems must have been dwarfs in comparison with those that inhabited the seas of later formations, and that abound in present seas. And further, it requires that those found in the upper beds of the old red, should be larger than those found in the lower beds of the same system; that those belonging to the old red system should be large in proportion to those that are found in the silurian rocks. The condition of the hypothesis is this—that the nearer the point when fishes first appeared in the waters of this globe, the smaller those fishes were, the more nearly they resembled in size, if not in shape, the soft-bodied, boneless creatures that preceded them. And this is strenuously maintained to be the fact by those who have adopted this hypothesis. On the other hand, the defenders of the old idea were in great measure indifferent about the size of the creature, when first introduced; their argument being drawn from organisation rather than from size. As it appeared to them, it did not materially differ whether the first fishes were minnows or sharks, dwarfs or giants. They believed that there was no more reason to conclude that the minnow sprung from the loins of a trilobite, than that the shark was son to the sea-pen. But the consideration of this question was pressed upon them by their opponents; and, when they would or not, it rose into importance. All orders, and classes of creatures when first introduced upon the earth, it was asserted, were diminutive, thus fulfilling the condition of the development hypothesis.

All parties were now willing to interrogate the only science that could throw light upon the question. To the oracle they came, and by its response they promised to abide. What, then, is the response of the oracle? What is the nature of the evidence furnished by geology? Up to a very recent period, geologists of the highest standing, but who

put no confidence in the development hypothesis, were inclined to the opinion, that in the class of fishes, for example, it appeared to be a law that the nearer the point at which they were introduced, the smaller, upon the whole, they were. The science of geology is, more than any other science, with the exception of chemistry, progressive. Numerous discoveries are being made year by year; and in the process of discovery, it has been found that this law by no means holds good. There is, it is admitted on all hands, indisputable evidence to prove that many of the species of the old red seas were small; but they were not all dwarfish. And this admitted fact no more proves that the *entire class* of fishes were diminutive (a conclusion which the development hypothesis demands), than does the fact, that very many of the inhabitants of the present seas being small in size, prove that all the recent fishes are so. But positive evidence has been brought to light, within the last year or two, of the existence of fishes, in some of the oldest fossiliferous rocks, of gigantic proportions. The recently discovered organism, entitled *Asterolepis*, from its star-like scales, is believed to have been, in some species, 18 or 20 feet long. It is, indeed, true that no entire skeleton has been found; for some parts of the creature, and the backbone was one of those parts, were of a substance ill adapted to preservation. Neither has there been discovered an entire set of plates belonging to any one individual of this gigantic species; and yet there is little doubt that it was as large as we have stated. Every one but tolerably acquainted with ichthyology is aware how accurately an entire creature, though previously unknown, is restored and described from a single tooth, or even the fragment of a bone. The key to the structure and size of the *Asterolepis*, is a bone or plate connected with the head. The corresponding plate in a number of species, whose proportions are known, is carefully examined, and compared with the plate of the new organism. In all the species examined belonging to the same family, or order, it is ascertained that a certain proportion exists between the size of plate and length of body. Now, the reasoning seems to be good, that if several species of the same order (and these all the species that have been determined) uniformly possess a body in proportion to a certain breadth of plate, an entire plate of any new species will enable us to say what was the size of the individual to which it belonged. This is the argument which Mr Miller leads so ably in the work before us, relative to the size of the earliest fossil fishes; and though it be somewhat complicated, tedious, and analogical, yet even the advocates of the development hypothesis will not venture to deny its force and conclusiveness. On the same principle, the fishes whose remains have been found in the rocks of the silurian system, and the limestones of Bala, a deposit still lower than the silurian, are proved to have been by no means of dwarfish proportions. The key in this instance is a broken *spine*; but it serves the purpose equally well with the hyoid plate of the *Asterolepis*. By the discovery of these comparatively large fishes in the lowest fossiliferous rocks, at the very dawn of animal existence, the question of size seems to be for ever settled *against* the Lamarckians.

The following extract bears so directly upon the point which we have been considering, and contains such a remarkably graphic and

the *Asterolepis* still retained its elasticity, and was scarce less liable, when heated, to start from the glass—a peculiarity through which he at first lost several preparations. I have seen a human bone that had for ages been partially embedded in a mass of adipocere, partially enveloped in the common mould of a churchyard, exhibit two very different styles of keeping. In the adipocere it was as fresh and green as if it had been divested of the integuments only a few weeks previous, whereas the portion which projected into the mould had become brittle and porous, and presented the ordinary appearance of an old churchyard bone. And what the adipocere had done for the human bone in this case, seems to have been done for the bones of the *Asterolepis* by the animal bitumen.

The size of the *Asterolepis* must, in the larger specimens, have been very great. In all those gnathoid fishes of the old red sandstone that had their head covered with osseous plates, we find that the cranial buckler bore a certain definite proportion—various in the several genera and species—to the length of the body. The drawing-master still teaches his pupils to regulate the proportions of the human figure by the seven head lengths which it contains, and perhaps shows them how an otherwise monstrous draftsman,* much employed half a century ago in drawing for the wood engraver, used to render his figures squat and ungainly by making them a head too short. Now, those ancient gnathoids which possessed a cranial buckler may, we find, be also measured by head lengths. Thus in the *Coccolepis* the length of the cranial buckler from nape to snout equaled one-fifth the entire length of the creature from snout to tail. The entire length of the *Glyptolepis* was equal to about five one-half times that of its cranial buckler. The *Pterichthys* was formed in nearly the same proportions. The *Diplipterus* was fully seven times the length of its buckler, and the *Osteolepis* from six and a half to seven. In all the cranial bucklers of the *Asterolepis* yet found the snout is wanting. One very fine specimen terminates abruptly at the little plate between the eyes, while another terminates at the upper line of the eye. The terminal portion which formed the snout is wanting in both, and we thus lack the measure, or *module*, as the architect might say, by which the proportions of the rest of the creature were regulated. We can, however, very nearly approximate to it. A hyoid plate in my collection is, I find, so exactly proportioned in size to the cranial buckler, that it might have belonged to the same individual, and by fitting it in its proper place, and then making the necessary allowance for the breadth of the lower jaw, which swept two thirds around it and was surmounted by the snout, we ascertain that the buckler, when entire, must have been, as nearly as may be, a foot in length. If the *Asterolepis* was formed in the proportions of the *Coccolepis*, the buckler must have belonged to an individual five feet in length, if in the proportions of the *Pterichthys* or *Glyptolepis*, to an individual five and a half feet in length, and if in those of the *Diplipterus* or *Osteolepis*, to an individual of from six and a half to seven feet in length. Now I find that the hyoid plate can be inscribed—such is its form—in a semicircle, of which the nail-shaped ridge in the middle (if we strike off a minute portion of the sharp point, usually wanting in detached specimens) forms very nearly the radius, and of which the diameter equals the breadth of the cranial buckler, along a line drawn across at a distance from the nape, equal to two-thirds of the distance between the nape and the eyes. Thus, the largest diameter of a hyoid plate which belonged to a cranial buckler a foot in length is, I find, equal to seven one-quarter inches, while the length of its nail somewhat exceeds three five-eighths inches. The nail of the Stromness specimen measures five and a half inches. It must have run along a hyoid plate eleven inches in transverse breadth, and have been associated with a cranial buckler eighteen one-eighth inches in length, and the

* The late Mr John Thurston.

Asterolepis to which it belonged must have measured from snout to tail, if formed, as it probably was, in the proportions of its brother Celacanth the *Glyptolepis*, eight feet three inches; and if in those of the *Diplopterus*, from nine feet nine to ten feet six inches. The oldest of Scottish fish—this earliest-born of the ganoids yet known—was at least as bulky as a large porpoise.

It was small, however, compared with specimens of the *Asterolepis* found elsewhere. A Thurso specimen, which I owe to the kindness of Mr Dick, measures nearly fourteen inches, and the cranial buckler of the same individual, fifteen one-fourth inches, in breadth. The latter, when entire, must have measured twenty-three one-half inches in length; and the fish to which it belonged, if formed in the proportions of the *Glyptolepis*, ten feet six inches; and if in those of the *Diplopterus*, from twelve feet five to thirteen feet eight inches in length. Did the shield still exist in its original state as a buckler of tough, enamel-crusted bone, it might be converted into a Highland target, nearly broad enough to cover the ample chest of a Rob Roy or Allan M'Aulay, and strong enough to dash aside the keenest broadsword. Another hyoid plate found by Mr Dick measures sixteen one-half inches in breadth; and a cast in the British Museum, from one of the Russian specimens of Professor Asmus, twenty-four inches. The individual to which this last plate belonged must, if built in the shorter proportions, have measured eighteen, and if in the longer, twenty-three feet in length. The two hyoid plates of the specimen of *Holoptychius* in the British Museum measure but four and a half inches along that transverse line in which the Russian *Asterolepis* measures two feet, and the largest Thurso specimen sixteen inches and a half. The maxillary bone of a cod-fish, two and a half feet from snout to tail, measures three inches in length. One of the Russian maxillary bones in the possession of Professor Asmus measures in length twenty-eight inches. And that space circumscribed by the sweep of the lower jaw which it took, in the Russian specimen, a hyoid plate twenty-four inches in breadth to fill, could be filled in the two-and-a-half-foot cod by a plate whose breadth equalled but an inch and a half. Thus, in the not unimportant circumstance of size, the most ancient ganoids yet known, instead of taking their places, agreeably to the demands of the development hypothesis, among the sprats, sticklebacks, and minnows of their class, took their place among its huge basking sharks, gigantic sturgeons, and bulky sword-fishes. They were giants, not dwarfs."

It is also a condition of the development hypothesis, that the first introduced species of a family or order of creatures should be less perfect in organisation than those that follow. To render the discussion as simple as possible, we confine ourselves still to fishes, knowing that, if the principle be established in one class of creatures, whether it be for or against "development," its application to all the other classes is easy. The Lamarckian argues that fossil fishes are, upon the whole, less perfect than are the fishes of present seas. He maintains that those found in the older formations belong to species low in the scale of organisation. It is admitted that many do; but he does not make out his case, unless he can prove that they *all* do. The argument from organisation may be conducted on various grounds; we may take the *tail*, and examine its shape, and relative position, and proportions; we may take the *vertebræ*, the back-bone, and the *limbs*, and examine them, especially as to number, and how placed so as to perform certain functions; we may take the *head*, and direct our scrutiny to the form of mouth, construction of jaw, and the balancing the head upon the body; and the argument in each case would, as Miller has ably demonstrated, result in establishing the fact, that these very ancient fishes are equally

high in organisation with the fishes of present seas, that stand, by universal consent, at the top of the ichthyolite scale. But, after all, the argument from the development of *brain* is the soundest and the most convincing. We shall place before our readers an extract or two from Miller's book on this point, rather than attempt to condense his argument and illustration. The importance of this argument will at once appear from the following paragraph :—

"That special substance, according to, whose mass and degree of development all the creatures of this world take rank in the scale of creation, is not *bone* but *brain*. Were animals to be ranged according to the solidity of their bones, the class of birds would be assigned the first place; the family of the *Felinae*, including the tiger and the lion, the second; and the other terrestrial carnivora the third. Man, and the herbivorous animals, though tolerably low in the scale, would be in advance of at least the reptiles. Most of them, however, would take precedence of the sagacious *Delphinidae*; the osseous fishes would come next in order; the true placoids would follow, succeeded by the *Sturiones*; and the *Suctorii* would bring up the rear. There would be evidently no order here; the utter confusion of such an arrangement, like that of the bits of a dissected map, flung carelessly out of its box by a child, would, of itself, demonstrate the inadequacy and erroneousness of the regulating principle. But how very different the appearance presented, when, for *solidity of bone*, we substitute *development of brain*! Man takes his proper place at the head of creation; the lower mammalia follow, each species in due order, according to its modicum of intelligence; the birds succeed the mammalia; the reptiles succeed the birds; the fishes succeed the reptiles; next, in the long procession, come the invertebrate animals; and these, too, take rank, if not according to their development of brain, proper, at least, according to their development of the *substance* of brain. The occipital nervous ganglion of the scorpion greatly exceeds in size that of the earth-worm; and the occipital nervous ring of the lobster, that of the intestinal ascaris. At length, when we reach the lowest, or *acrite* division of the animal kingdom, the substance of brain altogether disappears. It has been calculated by naturalists, that, in the vertebrata, the brain in the class of fishes bears an average proportion to the spinal cord of about two to one; in the class of reptiles, of about two and a half to one; in the class of birds, of about three to one; in the class of mammalias, of about four to one; and in the high-placed, sceptre-bearing human family, a proportion of not less than *twenty-three* to one. It is palpably according to development of brain, not development of bone, that we are to determine points of precedence among the animals."

The fishes found in the silurian system belong to the Placoid order, and are most nearly represented by the spotted dog-fish of the present seas. Let the reader bear this remark in mind, and the force and conclusive nature of the following brief summary will at once be felt :—

"But do the placoids possess, in reality, a large development of brain? I have examined the brains of almost all the common fish of our coast, both osseous and cartilaginous, not, I fear, with the skill of a Tiedemann, but all the more intelligently, in consequence of what Tiedemann had previously done and written; and so I can speak with some little confidence on the subject, so far, at least, as my modicum of experience, thus acquired, extends. Of all the common fish of the Scottish seas, the spotted or lesser dog-fish bears, in proportion to its size, the largest brain; the grey or picked dog-fish ranks next in its degree of development; the rays, in their various species, follow after; and the osseous fishes compose at least the great body of the rear; while, still farther behind, there lags a hapless class, the *Suctorii*, one of which,

the glutinous hag, has scarce any brain, and one, the *amphioxus* or lancelet, wants teeth altogether. I have compared the brain of the spotted dog-fish with that of a young alligator, and have found that, in scarce any perceptible degree, was it inferior, in point of bulk, and very slightly, indeed, in point of organisation, to the brain of the reptile. And the instincts of this placoid family—one of the truest existing representations of the placoids of the silurian system to which we can appeal—correspond, we invariably find, with their superior cerebral development."

The argument from organisation appears to be as decidedly in favour of the old idea as the argument from size. The facts of geology do not fulfil the conditions of the development hypothesis. There is no evidence brought to light, to prove that from a globule sprung the lowest species of plants and creatures; that the first produced creatures were diminutive and imperfect in organisation, and evolved in process of time other and more perfect creatures; and these again others, till at length, last and noblest of the developments by law, man stood forth, the child of reason, and the bearer of the image of God. It is true, that, looking at the entire creation, connected with the past and present conditions of this globe, as these are read in the sciences of zoology and geology, there can be no question, that we behold a magnificent series of developments. Upon the whole, the first introduced creatures were low in the scale of organisation; these were followed by a higher type; and these again by one still higher, till at length the highest type of all—the human creature—made its appearance. But no man thoroughly acquainted with the present state of geology, unless at the mercy of an unbridled imagination, would venture to affirm that the science proves, or even hints, that the one type sprung from the other and inferior type, in accordance with what is commonly understood by the law of development.

"I remember being much struck," says Miller, "several years ago, by a remark dropped in conversation by the late Rev. Mr Stewart of Cromarty, one of the most original-minded men I ever knew. 'In reading in my Greek New Testament this morning,' he said, 'I was curiously impressed by a thought which simple as it may seem, never occurred to me before. The portion which I perused was in the First Epistle of Peter; and as I passed from the thinking of the passage to the language in which it is expressed—'This Greek of the untaught Galilean fisherman'—I said, 'so admired by scholars and critics for its unaffected dignity and force, was not acquired, as that of Paul may have been, in the ordinary way, but formed a portion of the Pentecostal gift! Here, then, immediately under my eye, on these pages, are there embodied, not, as in many other parts of the Scriptures, the mere details of a miracle, but the direct results of a miracle. How strange! Had the old tables of stone been placed before me, with what an awestruck feeling would I have looked on the characters traced upon them by God's own finger! How is it that I have failed to remember that, in the language of these Epistles, miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the mind, I possessed as significant and suggestive a relic as that which the inscription miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the stone could possibly have furnished?' It was a striking thought; and in the course of our walk, which led us over richly fossiliferous beds of the old red sandstone, to a deposit of the Eathie Lias, largely charged with the characteristic remains of that formation, I ventured to connect it with another. 'In either case,' I remarked, as we seated ourselves beside a sea-cliff, sculptured over with the impressions of extinct plants and shells, 'your relics, whether of the Pentecostal Greek or of the characters inscribed on the old tables of stone, could address themselves to but previously existing belief. The

sceptic would see in the Sinaitic characters, were they placed before him, merely the work of an ordinary tool; and in the Greek of Peter and John, a well-known language, acquired, he would hold, in the common way. But what say you to the relics that stand out in such bold relief from the rocks beside us, in *their* character as the results of miracle? The perished tribes and races which they represent all *began* to exist. There is no truth which science can more conclusively demonstrate than that they had all a beginning. The infidel who, in this late age of the world, would attempt falling back on the fiction of an 'infinite series,' would be laughed to scorn. They all began to be. But how? No true geologist holds by the development hypothesis;—it has been resigned to sciolists and smatterers;—and there is but one other alternative. They began to be, *through the miracle of creation*. From the evidence furnished by these rocks we are shut down either to the belief in *miracle*, or to the belief in something else infinitely harder of reception, and as *stiflingly* unsupported by testimony as it is contrary to experience. Hume is at length answered by the severe truths of the stony science. He was not, according to Job, 'in league with the stones of the field,' and they have risen in irresistible warfare against him in the Creator's behalf."

The whole body of evidence goes to prove that, as the first and lowest type of animal life *was*, because God said *Let it be*; so every succeeding type, each higher than its predecessor, existed, because God willed it should. God willed man to exist, and he *is*. But each expression of God's will was an act—or, if you will, a work—a creation. Geology presents the idea of a world neither developed by godless law, nor created by a lawless God. All the types of life were created; but created in harmony with law.

LAMARTINE.

M. ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE is well known to the British public at the present day, as one of the most eminent of the living statesmen and writers of France. Enough, and, indeed, more than enough, however, has been already said of him in his political character, in our recent periodicals of all descriptions. It is in his phase of a Poet that he remains yet comparatively unknown among us, though his name is held, and not unjustly, as second to none in the existing literature of his own land. Occasional scraps of translation, only, have hitherto appeared to give to British readers a knowledge of Lamartine as a bard. We shall here endeavour to cast a little additional light on the subject, and show by what works, and style of works, M. de Lamartine has attained to the rank and repute of the first poet of modern France.

Poetry, in the highest sense of the term, our Gallic neighbours can scarcely be said to have at any time really cultivated, appreciated, or possessed. This may seem a strange and harsh saying, and yet it is without doubt a true one. Ingenious verse the French have certainly produced in abundance, but little or no verse of that exalted species which Greece and England have deemed to be alone worthy of the name of poetry. Of fancy and sentiment, their writers have shown no lack, from Ronsard to Voltaire; but into the depths of imagination and passion, they found not, or, rather, never sought, an entrance. From

rather than individual deficiencies or peculiarities, they arose from the *head* and for the *head*, the *heart* being neither drawn upon nor addressed, save in rare and exceptional instances. Clover and grammaticism, in short, formed to Old France, at least, the *us plus ultra* of excellence in poetical composition; beyond a cold glitter and point of word as often as of thought, no effort was made to ascend. The general justice of this remark may be most readily recognised, perhaps, by looking at the English poets who adopted the principles of the French school, after the Restoration. Prior, one of the most able of these, represents fully all the faults and merits of his models; and where stands he now? He has fallen from his once lofty place among the poets of his country, not on account of his impurities, but because the revival of the proper national spirit of poetry has exposed him to the eyes of men in the light of a talented and ingenious versifier merely, and not (what he was once thought) a true poet of the first class. With the exception, so far, of Dryden and Pope, whose powerful intellects saved them from absolute prostration before the literary exemplars of Gaul, almost every one, indeed, of our poets of the era of Queen Anne and the first Georges, by succumbing to the influence of French innovation, became but cold and soulless, though polished, versifiers. Cowper, who, with all his constitutional debility, had a manly English heart, was the first to resuscitate the nobler animus of the national muse. Burns, too, adopted the same better path; and, in the wake of these suns of song, followed Wordsworth, and a long train of scarcely lesser lights, who irradiated by their genius the now passing age, and made it second only to the Elizabethan in poetical glory. Drawing their inspiration from the old wells of English undefiled, they, without despising or discarding art, linked poesy once more with her true and best companion, nature.

M. de Lamartine has the merit of having furthered, at all events, a similar revolution in the poetical tastes of France. Rousseau, de Stael, and Chateaubriand, had certainly begun the change before him, infusing, in their respective ways, something like feeling and passion into the heartless literature of the old Gallic school. Lamartine, however, more distinctly attempted, or practically prosecuted, the same course of improvement, being led thereto, in no inconsiderable degree, by his ardent admiration of the writings of Lord Byron. Born in 1791, the young Freichman, as he approached to mature years, found the noble English poet in the act of bursting meteorically on the world of letters, and pursued him with rapt eyes throughout his brilliant after career. An aristocrat by birth, and attached to the service of the Bourbons, Lamartine was attracted, no doubt, to Byron, partly by the sympathies of position, but still more by similarities of mind and temperament. Both, for example, displayed a warm orientalism of taste and imagination; and the Gallic bard, like his English contemporary, indulged that bent by actual and lengthened eastern travel. In truth, Lamartine cannot be more aptly or honourably described in his poetical capacity, than by calling him (with due remembrance of the force of the adjective) a "French Byron," in all save *religious* points. The advantage here singularly enough, lies on the side of the French poet, the enthusiastic fervour of whose disposition has ever been tempered

and directed by sincere devotional feeling. Nor, in terming him a French "Byron," do we seek by any means to place him on a level with the English poet in respect of genius. Their spirits were congenial in kind mainly,—ardour of imagination being their common and prevailing characteristic, and the writings of both being pervaded by the same sombre and melancholy tone of thought, though Lamartine never absolutely lost sight of his Christian faith and hope, nor allowed himself to sink into the depths of misanthropical despondency. In facility and copiousness of diction, and even in luxuriant felicity of imagery, the French poet approaches, at least, to his chosen English prototype. His descriptions of natural scenery are almost always masterly.

So much for the general character of Lamartine as a poet, and his station in his native literature, positively and relatively. During the first brief rule (in 1814) of the restored Bourbons, his monarchical predilections led him to accept a commission in one of their regiments of guards, but he never saw active service, and did not resume his military position after the final fall of Napoleon. He subsequently lived a life of ease in Paris for some years, fortunately, perhaps, for his literary fame, since the "*Meditations Poétiques*" were the product of this portion of his existence. First issued in 1820, this work gained for him immediate popularity, which was increased by his "*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*." The author was rendered of note enough by these works to be deemed worthy of diplomatic employment under the state. After serving for some time as an attaché of the Neapolitan and Tuscan embassies, during which period he married Miss Birch, an Englishwoman of fortune, the poet was sent to Greece in 1829, as French Plenipotentiary. The Three Days of July, 1830, unsettled all things anew in France, and Lamartine, not long thereafter, undertook his eastern journey, fully recorded by him in his "*Voyage en Orient*." This expedition also gave rise to some of his finest occasional verses, as his "*Departing Address to the Marseilles Academy*," and his "*Gethsemane*," a poem on the premature death, in a foreign land, of his only daughter Julia, a lovely girl of fifteen. Never, perhaps, did parent pour forth a more exquisitely touching lament for a deceased child. Eloquent as Shelley's "*Adonais*," and tender as the "*In Memoriam*" of Tennyson, it exceeds both the one and the other even of these beautiful pieces, in impassioned depth of feeling. It is the cry of a real grief—the wail, almost, of true despair.

Returning to France after his heavy loss, M. de Lamartine, in 1834, entered the Chamber of Deputies as representative of Dunkirk, and made an impression as an orator not incommensurate with his literary reputation. Raised to the office of Foreign Minister under Louis Philippe, the poet, at the fall of the Orleans dynasty, succumbed to the Republican order of things, and seemed for a time destined to play even the first rôle thereunder. But, though he has written, and well written, the history of the Girondists of the old Revolution, and has shown that that eminent party fell mainly through the error of theorising when they should have acted, he himself has sunk into comparative political insignificance from the very same misconception of the wants of his time. Men of greater practical energy have pushed him from the front

place, and he is not likely ever to regain it during the continuance of the republican regime.

The muse of Lamartine has not been altogether silent during the later portions of his life. A poem, entitled "Jocelyn," has been published by him—lengthened in extent, though only in a fragmentary state. The poet calls this composition an "episode," and divides it into "epochs," from which terms we are chiefly to understand that its character is "epic" generally. We confess ourselves to be much in the same position with regard to Jocelyn, as Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, from one of whose *Ham* common-place books, some remarks on this subject, to the following purport, found their way into print:—"Tried to read *Jocelyn*, but could not." At a later date, "Opened *Jocelyn* again, but could make nothing of it." And on a third occasion, "Attempted *Jocelyn* once more, but failed, and gave up the task wholly." Lamartine himself has, indeed, endeavoured to explain his views in a preface, but he does not make us much wiser thereby. "I sought," says he, "an epic theme suited to the age, the state of manners, and the future—a theme which should permit the poet to be at once local and universal, to be marvellous and to be true, to be immense and to be one. That subject offered itself naturally; there are not two such; it is humanity—the destiny of man." Though it is evident, from this and other circumstances, that the poet intended *Jocelyn* to rank as his *magnum opus*, it is not less undeniable that he has completely failed in his design. No better account of the poem can be given to the English reader, than by stating it to be a feeble copy of the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, having ten times the vagueness of even that work, and being far less frequently lightened by gleams of redeeming genius.

Among the other larger poems produced by Lamartine, one merits prominent notice at the hands of Britons, being the "Last Canto of the Pilgrimage of *Childe Harold*." The strong influence of Byron upon the French poet has been mentioned. It actually amounted to something like fascination, exceeding in extravagance and intensity even the impression made by the noble bard on the sentimental clerkings and green school-girls of his own land, though by them he was idolised or supernaturalised to some purpose. To such parties he appeared as a "mystery shrouded in a winding-sheet, and crowned with a halo," to use the phrase of Galt. They could not stoop to regard his lordship as a man of common flesh and blood, who latterly grew *fat*, to his special annoyance, and dieted upon sour-kraut to keep down his "corporation." Lamartine participated so deeply in the feelings of romantic awe with which the noble *Childe* was viewed by parties of the sort described, as to address to him a set of very serious verses, beginning

"Thou, whose true name not yet mankind have gleaned,
Mysterious spirit, angel, man, or fiend!"

Byron heard of this address, and alluded to it humorously in a letter to Moore. He might well wonder, indeed, what was to come next, since "a respectable man," as "he understood Lamartine to be," had gone the length of taking him for "the very devil himself." In attempting a supplementary and concluding canto of "*Childe Harold*," the design of the French poet was, to conduct Byron himself to the close of his career;

and he has done so, preserving throughout the name of the supposititious pilgrim-hero, and continuing the description of his wanderings as nearly as possible in the strain of the English bard—though, in reality, it is plainly Lamartine writing of Byron all the while.

The poem opens with an address to the Muse of Greece, not Mythologic but Christianised—the spirit, in short, of love and liberty combined. We are reminded, by the passage, of Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity," as well as of portions of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Of love, the poet proceeds to say, he has often sung, when spellbound by its might; and he now invokes the sole inspiring aid of the second co-eternal sentiment:—

"O Liberty! first boon of God to man,
That stampest him a child of heavenly race,
And whose imprint, in all the meaner things,
Awoke in Eden revential awe;
Thou gift, more sweet than day, brighter than flame,
Immortal ether, pure life-breath of souls!"

On this spirit the poet calls; it is already astir among the nations; he sees its banner uplifted in Greece. Childe Harold, however, the object of his song, is not yet there, and must be followed and found.

"Where, then, is Harold, pilgrim of the waste,
Whose wandering footsteps I so long have traced?
Hath he his anchor dropped in life's mid-deep,
Or sunk amid ignoble loves to sleep?"

Him since the city of the Cæsars saw,
Once more toward her sacred ramparts draw;
Since Tiber, full of the Blandusian song,
Thrilled with delight as swept his muse along;
And since Albano's summit, whence the eye
Discerns a sea that seems to touch the sky,
Heard from his lips that last sublime adieu,
Pronounced with the abyssal deep in view;
His voice hath sounded not; and the wide earth,
Yet echoing that music last of birth,
In hushed expectance waits, like some mute fane,
To hear the diapason roll again.
What doth he? Whither have inconstant stars
Driven his prematurely shattered spirit?
Come, muse, whose lyre alone his sorrow cheers,
Trace we anew his footsteps by his tears!"

This is half Byron upon Harold, and half Lamartine upon Byron—of which sort of semi-identification, however, the English poet set the example, beyond question, in the genuine pilgrimage. Its continuator now carries us to Italy, and gives a very fine nocturnal sketch of a Genoese villa, with a glimpse of its principal inmate, the fair but frail Guiccioli, paramour of the Childe. The scene might be transferred with great effect, it strikes us, to the canvass of the artist:—

"Beyond a grove, where many a cypress-tree,
Emblem of sorrow and eternity,
Casts its sepulchral shades on circling walls,
Chequered by streams of light at intervals,
There stands a rural villa on a slope,
With myrtle thickets girt as with a rope.

Long winding alleys course athwart a lawn,
 O'er which scarce yet a grassy veil is drawn,
 And lead the steps of him who threads their maze,
 Or but conduct, as it may be, his gaze
 Far as a threshold, where tall colonnades
 Are formed by hanging flowers into arcades;
 Where orange-trees on terraced roofs are seen,
 With fruits of gold amid the foliage green;
 And founts leap into basins, which, at eve,
 On all the air a breezy coolness leave.
 Adown the slope, the charmed eye descries
 The sea-born Genoa from the waters rise,
 With the tall spires upon its hallowed fanes,
 That tell to man how fast each moment wanes;
 And dimly-havened barks, whose masts upstand,
 High as the proudest palaces on land;
 And which, stirred by the sheltered waves around,
 With their low moaning make the beach resound.
 How silent all! Advance we; sleep reigns here.
 No lights before the searching eyes appear;
 No footfall, not a voice, sounds all about;
 But, at an angle of the seaward route,
 A page waits with two steeds; and, farther down,
 In that small creek, where billows never frown,
 A brig, of slender build, from silent boats
 Receives its freight, spreads sail, and ready floats.
 These steeds, these arms, this vessel on the main,
 Speak of a parting. All is calm again."

No! there is *not* calm, either within or around that villa of Italy. A light is ere long seen, passing from window to window, from floor to floor; and the poet takes us up to a casement, through which we behold, by the help of a lamp burning in a transparent urn, on an alabaster pedestal, a chamber, orientally rich in carpetings, tapestry, and paintings:—

"There, in a dim alcove, where the pale light,
 Like dying torch above a tomb by night,
 Conjoins of morn and eve the doubtful dyes,
 On ebon couch a youthful beauty lies."

It is The Guiccioli. She sleeps, "by a dream beautified;" but it is not a sleep wholly of peace and happiness. The curved lip and slightly contracted brow tell of recent or present pain and care. Harold comes to look for the last time upon the partner of his sin and love, and—

"More than the torch which trembles in his hand,
 The soul within him seems to vacillate;"

but, after an unheard address to the slumbering beauty, in which he not very flatteringly says, that all he has owed to her in life has been a little "forgetfulness," he turns his steps away, and speedily finds himself "once more upon the waters, yet once more," steering his course for Greece. M. de Lamartine, however, does not let him go, without placing in his mouth an apostrophe to Italy, really of a very noble cast of poetry, and not unworthy of Byron himself. On the voyage, there occurs some sharp fighting with the "Ottomite;" and Harold saves from death a lovely Grecian child, whom he takes under his charge, much as Juan does Leila in the veritable history of the Don. After landing his hero in Greece, Lamartine does not introduce us to the

bustling scenes of war, amid which the last days of Byron were actually spent. On the contrary, we are carried to quiet spots among the old classical hills, and made to listen to the pilgrim-hero's conversations with nature, and to his musings on man, destiny, and deity. At length, Harold is stricken with illness, and his life draws to a close. But, before the curtain drops, he is visited by a dream; and it is an appalling one. Seriously, Lamartine has put forth all his powers on this imaginary vision of the night; and, whatever may be thought of it in respect of taste, it will be generally felt, we think, to be no imperfect imitation of Byron himself, in his more powerful and terrific moods. It seems to us to exceed in impressive horror, even the dream of Sardanapalus. Let the reader judge for himself, nevertheless. Harold rests; and—

“ Amid the long entrancement of that sleep,
He dreamed a dream—a final dream sublime.
No vision ever froze the soul, that touched
More closely on the dread reality.

Freed (as he thought) by death from mortal ills,
Harold, amazed, found yet a life in death,
And, dragging off his frame the worthless shreds,
Thrid with chance steps the shadows of the tomb.
No star lit up the bleak horizon there;
The scene was not of heaven, nor yet of earth;
A second chaos seemed to reign around.
His outstretched arm touch'd bones, and bones alone,
Which, roaming like himself athwart the gloom,
Chilled with sepulchral rattlings all the air.
Like waves urged forward by succeeding waves,
Some mystic impulse drove them through the night.
Onwards they moved, as sands are swept along
By desert winds; onwards and onwards still,
Toward the waste vale of Jehoshaphat,
Destined to see man's rising from the dust.
The peopling generations of the grave
Pressed all to reach that dark and lonely spot.
But the destroying angel, sword in hand,
Against the silent throngs barred up the access.
Harold alone found entrance instantly.
The flame-eyed angel touched him with the sword.
And into the dread place, trembling and lone,
He passed, to stand his proof before his God.
But Christ, who shines as the eternal morn,
Balance in hand, came not to judgment there!

A voice cried—‘ Harold! lo, the fearful hour!
Thy proper doom thyself must now pronounce.
The while thou livedst, in a night obscure,
Those hours abusing meted out by Heaven,
The time for acting was in doubting spent.
The endless day now rises to thine eyes;
But God, clement ineffably, grants still
Another proof in love. Hear, and again essay!
Yet tremble, for it is thy final chance.
Mark! in the dimmest spot of these death-plains,
Where night appears to thicken her mute shades,
The judgment-angel now hath placed two urns,
Which are the same to vision and to touch;

But one of them encloses in its womb
 The fruit corruptless of the tree of life,
 Which man, through fatal curiosity,
 Plucked prematurely in the world's young days.
 The other urn conceals, in its deep gloom,
 The cause of man's temptation and his fall.
 Symbol of evil, there the darkling snake
 Lies couched with all its folds orpicular ;
 And, blackening with its venom its retreat,
 Darts death upon the hand that plunges there !
 Jehovah, by my voice, before thy doom,
 Bids thee attempt this choice of dread import,
 And gives thee, to direct thy human eyes,
 Three torches, with celestial light illumed.
 Go, then, with Reason, Genius, and Faith :
 Wo ! If these lights should be extinguished ! wo !
 Choosing and plunging blindly, thy hand
 Must then at hazard draw, or life or death !

All now is hushed. Harold, with terror chilled,
 Sees Faith descending to his side from heaven.
 She places in his hand her lamp, whose flame
 Is the soul's guide amid the mists of fate.
 Its dazzling brightness overpowers his eye ;
 At his first steps beneath the blaze he stumbles ;
 And, giving back to gloom his feeble lids,
 The heavenly torch is in the dust extinguished.
 The lamp of Reason Harold now receives ;
 Its weaker glow embraces lesser space,
 Yet it suffices to assure his steps.
 More firmly planted, slowly move his feet ;
 But birds of night, of heavy flight and low,
 Shake the expiring spark at every step.
 In vain he shields it with his shading hand ;
 The dusky crowds besiege it ceaselessly ;
 And, finally, a bird with weighty wing,
 Extinguishes his second torch of hope !

The third and last remains. Infinite grace
 Hath left the lamp of Genius burning still—
 Though oft a light without enlightenment.
 Harold, in bearing it, fears even to breathe,
 And, veiling in his breast the sickly flame,
 Watches with dread, as one would watch his soul.
 Alas ! when near the goal, his eye, alarmed,
 Beholds its doubtful rays grow fainter slowly.
 It scarcely tints with white the urns of fate ;
 He would re-animate it with his breath :
 He breathes, and it expires. ' Unhappy one !'
 Exclaimed the voice—' three lamps, bestowed as guides,
 Are now extinguished as thy journey ends.
 The urn alone can clear the awful doubt.
 Within its bosom, veiled by darkness from thee,
 Make thy eternal choice, and choose by chance !'
 A bloody sweat, more chilly than the tomb,
 Falls in large drops from Harold's pallid front.
 Forward he steps, pauses, and vainly looks ;
 Three times his hand advances, and three times
 He shifts from urn to urn, with fears o'erwhelmed ;
 Trembling, he fain would quit the spot of doom.
 Braving at length the dark decree of fate,
 His hand he plunges, with averted eyes.

He opens it, by freezing horror cramped,
 To sound by touch the gloomy depths within,
 When, lo ! the cold, encircling snake he feels,
 And falls, loud shrieking—"Harold, thou hast erred !"
 The echo of that cry Jehoshaphat
 Prolongs, until the sound dispels his dream !
 He shudders, lifts aloft a long sad look—
 A name is on his lip; it is too late—
 He is no more !"

It is only as a piece of powerful writing, that we offer this dream to the notice of our readers. Regarding its taste, its charity, its religious spirit, we shall leave them to decide for themselves, only begging them to remember that Lamartine gives it as but a dream. "Such as it is, it closes his supplement to "Childe Harold"—a poem, with many fine passages, if not quite fulfilling the author's expectation of equalling his illustrious model.

The chief fault of Lamartine, as a poet, is diffuseness, not to say positive verbosity. He often presents beautiful and truly poetical fancies in small compass ; but, generally speaking, he is needlessly circumlocutory. Perhaps, in this respect, he resembles Shelley more than any other bard of England, and he can frequently plead the redeeming quality of the same poet in extenuation of the charge of wordiness—namely, the exquisite harmony pervading the passages rendered most faulty by verbal amplifications. Altogether, he is likely to rank in future in the literature of France, very nearly in a position analogous to that of Shelley in England. 'Such a place is no mean one.

INTERNATIONAL CONCORD.

"And everybody praised the duke,
 Who this great fight did win—"

"But what good came of it at last !"

Quoth little Peterkin—

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a famous victory."—*Southey.*

"And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field,
 For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield"—*Spenser.*

NATIONS, like individuals, are slow in the recognition of any principle, however benevolent its aspect towards them, which interferes with established practices, and comes into collision with the usages of society. They dislike its aggressive appearance. They see rebuke flashing from its eye, and the words of its mouth say that they have erred. National pride is offended. Ancestral wisdom is impugned. Venerable customs, all but worshipped by an admiring posterity, are insulted. Sacrilege is committed in the temple of aristocratic fame. And the preachers of

the offending principle, instead of being reasoned with as rational, are held up to ridicule by the scribes and orators of the pet barbarity. The thing, in itself considered, may be all very well. It may be possible to affirm something really excellent in its favour. Nay, there need be no objection to entertain it as a speculation, to look upon it as a chimney-piece ornament, or, as an elegantly bound volume of homilies which is never read; but to give it board and lodging, to treat it as one of the family, or to allow it a vote in social legislation, is out of the question. This is asking too much. This is carrying your amiable enthusiasm beyond the limits of courtesy. Keep the thing to yourselves, write farthing tracts about it, deliver lectures in its favour, if you will; nay, you may organise a society of its friends, and obtain subscriptions from sentimental philanthropists to keep the wheels of the machinery in motion—thus far nobody will oppose you; but do not obtrude your moral empiricism on the notice of intelligent society, and expose not yourselves to the ridicule of men of worldly experience, who know the utter impossibility of reducing your theory to practice.

It is precisely thus that the friends of the great movement towards the abolition of the war practice have been treated by—we blush to write it—an influential portion of the British Press. We are not about to commit ourselves to the *Peace Society*, as such, though, if we did so, we should be found in the company of men whom any nation might be proud to call its citizens—men of character, influence, high moral worth, and unquestioned patriotism; and men who desire to see the intercommunion of nations regulated by the eternal principles of truth, peace, and equity. But the opposing scribes have furnished no food for our intellect; they have presented no thought, in the form of objection, whose rationality entitled it to serious consideration; and they have submitted no counter proposition of sufficient weight to turn the scale against the lightest argument of the men who plead for the salvation of the nations from the terrible curse of war. Banter, ridicule, gibes—these are their “strong reasons” for “the faith that is in them.” Banter, ridicule, gibes—against a principle whose adoption by the world would save unborn generations from the terrible loss of treasures and blood—from the carnage, widowhood, and orphanage, and from the fearful crimes against society and the God of heaven, which have been the unfailling results and concomitants of war, ever since that “reign of terror” was set up in the dark places of our globe! Our humanity recoils, as from a poisonous reptile, from the picture of a *man's hand* deliberately writing words of scorn against the doctrine that it is possible to save mankind from the horrors of the battlefield! Banter, ridicule, gibes—against a principle *involved* in the mission of the world's Redeemer, and certain of universal adoption, if not at an earlier period, on the same day that witnesses the universal recognition of the *grand* object of that mission! Our religion weeps over the state of heart that can turn the song of angels into mockery, and make the burden of their anthem the subject of burlesque. Are we too serious? No; the subject is one of intense importance to all the interests of human society—to trade, commerce, morals, and religion; to this, and every other nation on the face of the globe; to the yet unfounded empires in our vast colonial possessions, whither the stream of emigration is daily bearing our friends

and neighbours, our sons and daughters; and to the whole race of men, while the world shall endure. Instead of looking upon the peace theory as one of those insignificant things to which restless speculation is constantly giving birth, it presents itself to our mind as a matter of such grandeur and magnitude, that we know not well how to address ourselves to the task of speaking of it at all. If it be an imposture, let it be written down, reasoned down, left to perish; but those who turn themselves into buffoons for hire, when the social happiness of a world is the question, must be told that, though it is impossible for them to blush for themselves, there are men who feel ashamed that England in the nineteenth century should witness the humiliating exhibition.

Had the Great Teacher done nothing more for humanity than scatter broadcast upon its breast—panting, heaving, groaning, beneath the weight of intolerable woes—those grand principles of light, liberty, and love which fell from his lips like crystal waters rushing from their native spring, he had established a claim to the immortal gratitude of the human race. In a single paragraph of his recorded speeches, may be found the essence of universal morality; in a sentence, the germ of human greatness and national weal. Standing, a man among men, “like unto his brethren,” and using the ordinary speech of his country, he yet uttered truths so divine in their character and universal in their application, as to convince the generations of the world that “the God was there.” In the simplest possible language, were clothed ideas whose fulness, depth, and breadth, remain to this day the monument of their supernal source. He was, in fact, the Legislator of the world; and the principles he proclaimed have been wafted by every wind of heaven, and, like imperishable seeds, have fallen upon many a spot throughout the nations of the wide earth. Without parade, without noise, without tumult of any kind, like the great processes of nature, they have been silently doing their hallowed work; laying hold upon the intellect and securing the approval of men; exhibiting their harmony with the good, and the true, and the beautiful; overcoming hostile prejudices, and removing hindrances to their growth and development; gradually interlacing themselves with the meditations, and moulding the opinions, of thinkers; and promising, from the firmness of their texture, and the vitality of their spirit, a permanent residence and an ultimate sovereignty on the earth.

Or, take another view of the case. Suppose the absence of any recognition of these principles, or any appreciation of their value. It is deeply interesting to regard what we may call the phenomena of human progress. These, like so many tributary streams, have actually tended towards the main river. Men have slowly opened their eyes to the great fact, that their worldly interests lie in *that* direction. Put the thing upon the lowest and most common ground—“the religion of the ledger.” It has entered the minds of myriads that a peaceful interchange of national products is better for all parties than national hostility and the trade of war. The sale of bread-stuffs “pays better” than that of bayonets; bales of cotton are better than barrels of gunpowder; raiment, to clothe the naked, than roaring cannon to send them to eternity; the merchant’s traveller, than the harnessed warrior; letters of credit, than declarations of hostility; and friendly congratulations

between courts are preferable to the withdrawal of ambassadors. It is thought that a sheaf of wheat looks more beautiful, and is decidedly more useful, than a sheaf of spears; and that the erection of warehouses along the shores of nations, is a more unequivocal sign of prosperity than the building of huge hospitals to receive the maimed and mutilated survivors of a "tented field." Open ports are judged superior to blockades; and the merchant-ship, laden to her bulwarks with the precious fruits of a generous earth, is deemed a finer sight than the man-of-war bellowing deep curses from a hundred iron throats. We are not much skilled in naval and military philology, but, if the best terms have not been used, we are confident that the thing itself has been fairly stated. Now we can easily fancy some poetical aspirant for the epaulet—whose young ambition has been fired at school by Hesiod and Achilles, and who has often smitten upon his thigh in search of the imaginary sword which was dangling there, whilst he repeated in sublime ecstasy—

"The flag that's braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze;"

drawing himself up "straight as a ramrod," and voting all this low, vulgar, and prosaic. "Well," we would say to this embryo conqueror, "Go where glory waits thee;" but we did not vouch for the poetry of the thing: we put it upon the doctrine of the ledger—a book which is certainly not so poetical as the "Iliad," and which makes no mention of the wars of the gods; and yet, after all, though it matters not whether our name be Smith or Hodges, we really fancy that we have a little taste in the poetical line ourselves; and though it may be a heterodox view of the subject, we sometimes think that there is more poetry in that very ugly thing a steam-tug, panting, and plashing, and grunting up the river with the weight of seven hundred tons in her wake of spices, fruits, and gems from India, than in the smart war-ship, riding at anchor, and showing her teeth, like a chained blood-hound, waiting only to be let loose to spring on his prey. To our imagination, there is more poetry in the weather-beaten faces of those hardy fellows that have crossed the Equator to add to the conveniences and comforts of civilised life, and who are now waiting with beating hearts to press their wives and children to their bosoms, than in the smart attire of that company of compulsory celibates who have received instructions to carry the ammunition of death to a foreign shore. We would rather compose a sonnet upon the peaceful village with its curling smoke, and shouting children, and industrious inhabitants following the plough and gathering the weeds from the field, than upon the same village with its fireless hearths, and battered cottages, and terrified little ones, and fainting mothers, and heart-broken husbands, even though we could not finish with the words—"It was a glorious victory!" And we should feel the inspiration of a setting sun stretching his golden rods across a golden field ready for the reaper's sickle, much sooner than if his last beams looked down upon the blackened fields clothed in sackcloth by the devouring fire of the war-demon. In the first case, there would be a psalm of the heart to the Lord of the harvest, whose goodness crowns the year; in the last, there would be a bitter groan over the immeasurable wickedness of our brethren of "human-kind!" Poetry, indeed!

Military glory, triumphal arches, bronze statues, marble monuments, conquering heroes, undying fame! Well, sing to the top of your voices, run up the gamut, and call in the grand chorus, but remember that every note is in mockery of a thousand groans, and every pause to renew the singer's strength is filled up with the wailings of humanity, and the groanings of the earth longing to cast out her dead! -

Science lifts her voice in favour of international concord. Already has our knowledge of the properties of matter enabled us to triumph over difficulties, which otherwise would have been absolutely insurmountable. Things which our fathers knew not have come to pass. Our age is the era of wonders; and surprising discoveries, the least of which would have been traced by our ancestors to superhuman agency, are matters of such everyday occurrence, that we scarcely feel astonished at them. Human labour has been diminished, comforts increased, speedy intercourse with distant regions of the earth realised, chasms filled, valleys exalted, mountains levelled or penetrated, and the tribes of the long-divided human family are beginning to enjoy those peaceful interviews which, we believe, will be greatly instrumental in bringing about the time when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Discovery and invention, as applied to the means of national intercommunion, will assuredly hasten that happy period to which the finger of prophecy so steadily points. Man travels by fire and talks by lightning. He rides through the hearts of mountains at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and carries his magic rods through the air and under the bed of the ocean, and discourses through them with distant nations in the twinkling of an eye.

"There runneth an enchanted wire
O'er the sea-bed, from shore to shore
Of nations that were foes of yore;
The conduit of a magic fire,
Lightning beneath the waters' roar.

The skulls of ancient enemies,
Around it lying, grimly frown
There, where the slain of old went down,
Through wars of hoary centuries,
In many an action of renown.

The flash amid those forms of death,
Flits quick as thought from land to land,
No hostile bolt, no deadly brand,
Nay: but a soft electric breath
Warm like the grasp of friendly hand.

A kindly spirit guides its aim,
Benignant science bids it fly,
Conveying question and reply;
There's language in that social flame,
And France and England talk thereby."

Morality pleads for international concord. All the evil passions of human nature have ample scope for indulgence in the war system,

Avarice, ambition, pride, revenge, lead to it; rapine, violence, licentiousness, brutality, cursing, blasphemy, accompany it; torture, agony, broken hearts, insanity, death, follow it! Macaulay celebrates Cromwell's Ironsides for their honesty and purity. Shopkeepers closed not their shutters, servant-maids fled not to hide themselves; when the army of that extraordinary man halted in a town. This fact is praised by the eloquent historian as something extraordinary; in which it is, of course, implied that the immorality of the war system is notorious! Bonaparte said, "If soldiers are not corrupt, they ought to be made so: the worse the man, the better the soldier." Channing said, "The death-groan on the battlefield is awful; how much more appalling the spirit of murder which extorts it!" Dr Knox said, "Morality and religion forbid war in its motives and consequences." Louis Bonaparte said, "War is an inheritance of the savage state, disguised by ingenious institutions and false eloquence." Jortin said, "Wars waged by Christian nations are notorious offences against the sixth commandment." Robert Hall said, "War is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." The Duke of Wellington said, "Men who have nice notions about religion have no business to be soldiers." Such testimonies, some of them from exceedingly unlikely quarters, and therefore all the more valuable, might be multiplied a thousandfold. But it is unnecessary. Vice *must* be the consequence of such a system. Rigid discipline may modify, but cannot abolish it; and therefore the best discipline would be to abolish the system which fosters it.

But how is this to be done? There lie before us three remarkable documents,* the thoughtful perusal of which will furnish an answer to those who have not already pondered the important question. These documents record the sentiments of some of the most intelligent, patriotic, and cool-headed men in Great Britain, America, and on the Continent of Europe. There is no rhapsody, no fanaticism, no folly. They look the whole question right in the face, and grapple with it in all its parts. The men are in earnest. They believe, and therefore speak. Hear one of them, M. Victor Hugo:—

"Gentlemen, if, four centuries ago, at the period when war was made by one district against the other, between cities, and between provinces—if, I say, some one had dared to predict to Lorraine, to Picardy, to Normandy, to Brittany, to Auvergne, to Provence, to Dauphiny, to Burgundy—'A day shall come when you will no longer make wars—a day shall come when you will no longer arm men one against the other—a day shall come when it will no longer be said that the Normans are attacking the Picards, or that the people of Lorraine are repulsing the Burgundians:—you will still have many disputes to settle, interests to contend for, difficulties to resolve; but do you know what you will substitute instead of armed men, instead of cavalry and infantry, of cannon, of falconets, lances, pikes, and swords:—you will select instead of all this destructive array, a small box of wood, which you will term a bal-

* 1. Report of the Proceedings of the Second General Peace Congress, held in Paris, on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of August, 1849. London: Gilpin.

2. Trois Meetings des Amis de la paix, à Londres, Birmingham, et Manchester, les 30 et 31 Octobre et 1 November, 1849. Paris.

3. Report of the Proceedings of the Third General Peace Congress, held at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, in August, 1850.

let-box, and from which shall issue—what?—an assembly—an assembly in which you shall all live—an assembly which shall be, as it were, the soul of all—a supreme and popular council, which shall decide, judge, resolve everything—which shall make the sword fall from every hand, and excite the love of justice in every heart—which shall say to each, ‘Here terminates your right, there commences your duty: lay down your arms! live in peace!’ And in that day you will all have one common thought, common interests, a common destiny; you will embrace each other, and recognise each other as children of the same blood, and of the same race; that day you will no longer be hostile tribes—you will be a people; you will no longer be Burgundy, Normandy, Brittany, or Provence—you will be France! You will no longer make appeals to war—you will do so to civilisation. If, at the period I speak of, some one had uttered these words, all men of a serious and positive character, all prudent and cautious men, all the great politicians of the period, would have cried out, ‘What a dreamer! what a fantastic dream! How little this pretended prophet is acquainted with the human heart! What ridiculous folly! what an absurd chimera!’ Yet, gentlemen, time has gone on and on, and we find that this dream, this folly, this absurdity, has been realised! And I insist upon this, that the man who would have dared to utter so sublime a prophecy, would have been pronounced a madman for having dared to pry into the designs of the Deity. Well, then, you at this moment say—and I say it with you—we who are assembled here, say to France, to England, to Prussia, to Austria, to Spain, to Italy, to Russia—we say to them, ‘A day will come when from your hands also the arms you have grasped will fall. A day will come when war will appear as absurd, and be as impossible, between Paris and London, between St Petersburg and Berlin, between Vienna and Turin, as it would be now between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when you, France—you, Russia—you, Italy—you, England—you, Germany—all of you, nations of the Continent, will, without losing your distinctive qualities and your glorious individuality, be blended into a superior unity, and constitute an European fraternity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, have been blended into France. A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industry, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the deserts, improving creation, under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers—the fraternity of men, and the power of God.’”

Hear another, Rabbi Stein:—

“I thank God that he has permitted me, the teacher of God’s oldest revelation, to live to this day, to address this large and honourable assembly. Could our persecuted fathers rise from their graves and hear the precious word ‘Peace,’ they would extend their hand to this union, formed of all the nations of the earth. Now that the ark of thought is come to rest on the top of the Ararat of our time, will we send out the dove of peace! Germany may at this moment have no voice to raise for the aim for

which we strive, but do not believe on that account that her sympathies are not with us. Germany, whose fields have so often been heaped up with the bloody bodies of her children—Germany cheers you on. A people which arms against itself, appears to me like a man who plants himself before a mirror, and strikes his own reflection. The standing army is perilous to freedom within and without. Not only governments, but also representative assemblies, are called to abolish the policy of an armed peace! Peace, at any price, the cabinets demand. Abolition of standing armies, at any price, is the cry of the people. Let the iron of the hills be no more converted into instruments of murder to divide the people, but let it be forged into rails for roads which may connect distant countries. Let it be said of this age, as it was of Franklin—*Eripuit cœlo fulmen, scepturnque tyrannis*—‘from heaven he wrested the lightning, from tyrants the sceptre.’ Never do I look upon the panting engine, or the railway vomiting forth its steam, but I think of the cloudy pillar by day, and the fiery pillar by night.”*

Hear a third, Richard Cobden:—

“We are tired and disgusted with the old mode of calling in men, with swords by their sides and bayonets over their shoulders, to decide such matters, which should be left to reason and justice. Now, we bring the diplomatists of the world—the governments of the civilised world—to this issue with us: ‘Will you have war, or will you have arbitration?’ We say: ‘You tell us you are as much opposed to war as we; you deride us as children running up and down, declaring and preaching mere truisms, sentiments upon which all the world are agreed. Well, then, we say, if we are agreed, will you support our plan to settle those disputes which may be raised between nations, and which our diplomatists have taken in hand to settle themselves?’ It is done in private life continually. ‘Why, scores and hundreds of British acts of Parliament have been passed, requiring that such disputes should be settled by arbitration. The members of our houses of Parliament do not doubt the possibility of individuals finding the means of subjecting private matters to arbitration; and I say plainly, the principle you find good for individuals in every case, without exception, you will find good for nations; because, never let it be forgotten, that the intercourse of nations is the intercourse of individuals, that the interests of nations are the interests of individuals in the aggregate; and you cannot find a better plan in dealing with nations, than that which is found successful in dealing with the intercourse of individuals.”†

Here, then, is the gist of the whole matter, the practical solution of the difficulty, and a common-sense answer to the question, How is war to be abolished? **ARBITRATION v. WAR INCLUDES THE WHOLE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL CONCORD.** With this sublime issue ever before their eyes, the friends of peace labour. This is the resolution at every Congress. Henceforth, it is superfluous to reiterate that nations ought not to go to war—the doctrine now is, they *need* not. If nations will quarrel—and, whilst human nature remains the same untamed thing that it has so long been, the probability is that offences will come—let them not embroil their hands in the blood of their fellows, and slay the innocent to adjust the differences of the guilty—the peaceful subjects to appease the anger of their kings; let them submit the subject of discord to a High Court of Nations, a recognised umpire, whose decision shall be final. In reality, it comes to this even now; for, after the blood of myriads has been shed, and vast treasures worse than thrown into the midst of the sea,

crowned heads, or their representatives, meet to arrange the conditions of peace! War settles nothing. The rage of battle contains no argument. Victory is not a synonyme for "right." Defeat is not convertible into "wrong." Hence, after the physical-force insanity has reduced itself to helplessness, reason assumes its prerogative, and, with pen, ink, and parchment, adjusts the dispute. When gold and life have been destroyed, and the nation lies a mangled corpse, the gordian knot is thrown to the umpire! How much better to have done this first! It would have been moral, just, rational, aye, religious, to have done so, and an appeal to arms would have been avoided, whilst the nations would have continued to enjoy the inestimable blessing of peace! Let the intelligent advocates of this great movement hold on their way; let them lecture, publish, meet in Congress, and by every other proper means preach the doctrine of Arbitration. They have lifted up a noble standard to the nations. Let them not take it down. Numbers, influence, virtue, equity, and piety, will assuredly gather beneath it; and, by the blessing of the God of peace, to their loud shout of national brotherhood, all the people will say, "Amen!"

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.—OUR JOURNEY.

EARLY in the spring of 184—, a villanous Florentine Vetturino, who had earned the soubriquet of Marmone (the marble one), by his extreme hardness of head and heart, had undertaken to drive us from Milan to Naples. Being anxious to save time, we chose the short road, leading to Pontremoli, over the highest ridge of the Apennines.

On reaching the little village of Cisa, we found ourselves a prey to one of the most common tricks of the trade, namely, the necessity of passing the night in the Osteria dell' Aquila Nera, one of the cheapest and dirtiest of cheap and dirty osterie. As usual, when fine weather is worth anything to a traveller, the day had begun tolerably and ended detestably. A substantial pile of clouds settled upon the tops of the mountains, and filled the air above and below us with sleet and drizzle: the wind howled most inhospitably, and the road soon became as slippery as a wooden pavement after a drenching shower. The carriage seemed to be dragged through a ledge of deep clay, forming a strip of neutral ground between a towering crag to the right, and a yawning abyss to the left. Cold, tired, and hungry, we had no other amusement than to calculate the probability of one of the leaders slipping over the precipice to the left, or the chance of being overwhelmed by one of the masses of snow which threatened us on the right. We were not sorry to hear the creaking of the Black Eagle, as he swung drearily in the sleety wind, in spite of that well-known bird's bad fame for accommodating travellers.

The weather was too desperate to admit of our host's appearing to greet us. Marmone, who was, of course, in the worst of humours, left us

as soon as we alighted, and went to look after his jaded horses. We were hungry enough, however, not to be irritated by his want of courtesy. Guided by the flaring light of a huge fire which cast a comfortable glow over sundry little panes of cracked glass, we soon found our way into the kitchen, secured a place in the corner of a chimney-piece, large enough to accommodate half a company of infantry, dried our clothes, restored sensation to our toes and fingers, ordered the usual dinner—a pigeon and an omelet—despatched the same with no ordinary zest, and settled ourselves down for the rest of the evening with the customary meerschaum, and a glass of antidote against internal cold.

We anticipated some difficulty in securing a room for the night, and were not without vague apprehensions that something like a nocturnal visitation awaited us.

The bed of an Italian osteria is seldom one of roses! Moreover, our host had informed us, in the early part of the evening, that his best apartments were occupied by a carriage full of travellers who arrived about an hour before us, and the choice of our chamber seemed to excite no small agitation in the household. So much so, that, when we imperiously required a tall servant girl with red elbows and redder face to guide us towards our dormitory, we were followed thereto by a whole family of huge men, large women, and stout children, each bearing some species of light. But who in these days dares to own himself a believer in ghosts and haunted rooms?

CHAPTER II.—THE PRELIMINARY PLEASURES OF AN ITALIAN BED.

So we entered doggedly, and dismissed the attendants (who told us to call if we wanted anything), cocked our pistols, placed a chair against the door, closed the window securely, hid our purse under our pillow, undressed like one about to do a desperate deed, climbed up a lofty bedstead, dashed through its outworks of dirty hangings, and deposited our weary limbs upon a mattress, whose stuffing of Indian corn leaves crackled and rustled under our weight. A few minutes, and we should have been happy! But, alas! the enemy was too strong and active for us. For a time, we defended ourselves stoutly, but numbers, as usual, at last prevailed. With a groan, we abandoned the field of battle, and fled. Our host, summoned by a roar rather than a call, entered at the head of his establishment, all in a state of violent excitement. Had we seen anything? No, but we had felt more than we wished. Knowing, by experience, that our frame requires a few minutes' breathing time before making a second attempt to sleep, we ordered a mattress to be spread on the ground, and began to recruit exhausted nature by means of a certain narcotic weed, and the contents of a certain little bottle half bound in leather. Our host again retired, recommending us to the care of the holy Sant' Antonino the younger.

CHAPTER III.—OUR FIRST VISITER.

"Entrate! Who can that be at the door?" Still a kind of scratching continued. We heard it plainly, even through the roars of the Tramontana wind as it tore madly round the corners of the little inn, and the splashing of the torrents which were deluging the face of nature.

"Entrate." No one, however, entered.

We rose, not steadily, but determinately, grasped one of the tall brass lamps, whose wicks flickered desperately amidst the multitudinous currents of air which assailed them, and without much difficulty opened the door. He was a bad looking dog, neither large nor small, evidently one of the low-life order. We could not but remark that we had never seen the breed before; however, we at last worked up a kind of resemblance between him and a poodle. His dirty black coat curled in crisp locks over all his body, and nearly hoodwinked a pair of staring, red, impudent eyes, and a muzzle detestably expressive; his legs were short, crooked, and ragged, and, finally, his tail had apparently met with an accident which deprived it of the power of wagging.

That dog's manners admirably matched his appearance. He seemed perfectly at his ease, stalked about the room, sniffing at every object with the air of an owner, and seemingly resolved to pay as little attention to us as possible. Yet, in spite of his assumed nonchalance, we could see by the twinkling of his villanous red eye that he was wide awake to all our movements.

There was something amusing in his oddities, so we did not turn him out of the room; on the contrary, we addressed him politely, by every variety of canine name from Borrichio to Rosa, returned to our chair, mixed a third glass of "antidote," looked intently at, and reflected upon, our strange visitor. His manners now changed from the rude to the peculiar. The sniff gradually became a grunt, and he began to describe a series of gyrations about the room. At first, his gait was slow and leisurely; it presently increased in speed, till our head actually swam in the endeavour to keep sight of his ragged back rushing violently round us, and his odious eye always fixed upon the centre of the circle—ourselves. This continued "usque ad nauseam,"—literally as well as figuratively.

"Che il Diavolo ti pigli!" cried we, almost losing our balance, in an attempt to startle him by a show of offence. Our exclamation seemed to produce an effect upon him; he stopped suddenly, gave utterance to a sharp yelp, flew towards the door, and evidently quitted the room. Surely the door was closed! We again arose, this time with greater difficulty. It certainly *was* shut, so we returned to our chair in a state of all-absorbing wonder, mixed another glass of antidote, and proceeded to consider how that dog could have passed through the door.

"Interruptions will never cease to-night! Don't people sleep at Cisa? Entrate! Come in, will you?" we exclaimed, when a low knocking became audible.

This time the door was opened by a visiter of very different appearance, who carefully closed it, and advanced towards us with a profusion of polite bows.

CHAPTER IV.—OUR SECOND VISITER.

Who could the old gentleman be? Probably one of the strangers who had secured the best rooms, and, hearing of our discomfort, had come to offer us a better lodging. We were too tired to rise, and he seemed to guess as much. With a waive of the hand, intended to forbid ceremony, he sat down upon the nearest chair at the table close by

our side. Who can this old gentleman be? again we reflected. He was a man about fifty, with a very little very grey hair, pleasing features, distinguished look, and a decidedly benevolent expression of countenance. His dress surprised us not a little. It was new, and fitted him well, yet it had a strange appearance that militated against the fitness of things. That white cravat so accurately tied—that swallow-tailed coat with the red ribbon in the button-hole—those boots so carefully polished—what had they to do on the person of an ancient gentleman, about midnight hours, putting up at the Black Eagle, in Cisa, amidst the Apennines.

“I think you sent for me?” said our visiter inquiringly. We assured him that we had not. He seemed surprised, hemmed two or three times, applied a cambric pocket-handkerchief to his mouth, and reflectively rapped the lid of his gold snuff-box. Still he sat near us, looking very polite and very benevolent.

We forget exactly how the conversation began. One thing we do recollect is, that, when it did commence, it appeared as if it would never end. Excited by the courtly inquisitiveness of the old gentleman, we soon set his mind completely at ease as to our individuality, and concluded by informing him that we were *en route* to India for the purpose of joining our regiment, which had been ordered up to the — war. Thus far it was *à propos*: after this, digressions many and various led us through a variety of subjects, of which we have not retained the slightest recollection. We cannot as much as guess the steps by which we were led to discuss the pretensions of Cornelius Agrippa, and the magic mirror in which the beauteous Geraldine appeared to her absent lover. Upon this latter point we remember being sceptical. The old gentleman was credulous, without, however, becoming fierce. He smiled once or twice with a slight peculiarity of look, and hemmed perhaps a little oftener than before. His smile excited us; we launched out into a diatribe against all believers in magic, demonology, and witchcraft, exulted in Lane’s Egyptian failure, and concluded with asking our listener tauntingly, whether he could be the dupe of such impostors as Dr Dee or Torreblanca?

Again the old gentleman smiled peculiarly. “I have studied the subject a little,” he quietly remarked—“it is a very abstruse one.”

And verily so it appeared; we nearly cried *peccavi* at the end of his dissertation upon it.

“But,” said he, concluding, “perhaps you would like to see a small specimen of my powers. Give me your hand, I must first mesmerise you.”

Somehow or other, his fingers seemed to scorch our skin. Unlike mesmerisers, in general, he certainly succeeded. We slept soundly in a few minutes.

CHAPTER V.—THE FIRST SCENE PRESENTED TO OUR VIEW.

At first, a veil of darkness covered our eyes. Gradually the black background began to lighten up, and there appeared a little group of figures, whose misty outlines every minute grew more liny and distinct.

The scene was a handsome bedroom, probably in an old English country-house, to judge from the polished oaken wainscoting, the

family portraits, and the many articles of comfort and luxury which were strewed about it. At the further end, upon a large bed, hung with damask curtains, reclined a young woman, to all appearance dying. Her hand was clasped in that of her husband, who was sitting upon a chair, close by; and, on the other side, lay a child, sleeping, with his tiny thumb in his mouth, utterly unconscious of all that was going on. Near the bed, stood an old lady, of fierce aspect, and two or three young ones, all dressed in deep mourning. We were certain that we had seen their faces before, so familiar they appeared to us; but an unusual air about them, and the antiquated fashions in which the figures were dressed, prevented our immediately recognising them.

"Reflect, dearest Kate," said the old lady at the conclusion of a long argument; "reflect upon what you are determined to do. Your mother has her jointure—an ample one for a woman of her years, and a widow, too; but your daughter—your younger son! what will become of them? If you refuse to give up the will, all your father's property goes to this boy, and who knows how he may turn out? You beggar your other children. Kate, dearest, be a mother to them all. Give up the will, let the entail be cut off, and solemnly we promise you that this boy shall not suffer for it."

All eyes were turned upon the young mother's face, with the deep anxiety of interestedness. "Mamma," said she languidly, "you are right; you, my sisters, my other children, all must not suffer for the boy's sake. Bring the deed; I will sign it."

Those around her gave short time for reflection, as they quitted the room immediately with their prize. The husband followed them, without kissing his wife's pale forehead; even the old nurse left the sick chamber.

The child awoke, cried faintly, and clutched his parent's night-dress with all the might of his little hands. The poor mother turned round with difficulty, and sank backwards upon the pile of pillows, weeping bitterly. "My boy, my poor boy, what have they made me do?"

A violent fit of hysterics recalled the old nurse, but not the husband, or the mother, or the sisters.

... ..
The scene gradually melted away before our eyes, which, to say the truth, had lost something of their clearness of vision. Such incidents are affecting for more reasons than one.

CHAPTER VI.—ACT THE SECOND.

After a few minutes' interval, appeared another *tableau vivant*. Two figures were looking out of a drawing-room window; the elder a youth about twenty, the younger not more than sixteen. A lovely little figure she was!—not quite fully formed, but so full of promise! How well we recognised those bright brown eyes, that silky hair, and soft red lips. From a million of charming necks and waists, we could have singled out that neck and waist. But this is *par parentlese*. She was leaning towards her companion, clasping his hand, and fascinating him with such a look of confiding and innocent love, that the poor wretch seemed quite overpowered by it.

"Anne, love, pray don't look so. I must—I must go! you know I

must. Would my aunt ever allow us to—to— as long as I have little fortune, no profession, prospects, or name? Only a few years, dearest! How many have made fortunes in India, and why should not I?"

"But this dreadful war, Tom!"

"Well, what of it? If I am to die, surely I should break my neck as certainly at some Cambridge foxhunt, as be shot by an Indian match-lock. Come, dearest cousin, you are a soldier's daughter too. Don't dissuade me; don't, darling! Indeed, I can't bear to see you cry."

This the little girl well knew. In five minutes, all her cousin's resolutions would have melted away in half-a-dozen tears; so she wept on, knowing that she was winning her point.

"Anne," cried a wiry voice, "and Thomas, what are you two doing there?"

The two turned round, and saw behind them the yellow face, purplish hair, glaring eyes, thin lips, and wrinkled front of the maiden aunt. She was gnawing the stumps of her well-bitten nails, as usual, when in a turbid state of mind.

"Anne, go to your room. Thomas, your father writes that he is waiting for you at Gravesend; and the steamer starts from London Bridge at twelve—it is now nine."

Thomas had scarcely time to rush up to his bedroom, pen a few hurried lines to his cousin, and slip the note into her hand when saying good-by. With brimming eyes and a bursting heart, he rushed out of the room; the sight of certain tears had quite unmanned him. He stood for a moment or two upon the staircase, but did not hear the concluding sentence of the maiden aunt.

"Anne, let me see the note Thomas put into your hand. I insist upon it, or your mother shall be informed of the whole affair."

... ..
In spite of our drowsiness we now became seriously affected. We retain strong recollections of old maiden aunts.

CHAPTER VII.—ACT THE THIRD.

We had a presentiment that the third act would be somewhat tragical and exciting.

The two figures re-appeared; at least, we knew that they were intended to be the same pair; yet they were altered. The little girl had grown into a lovely woman. Her figure was taller, its form more developed, and far more striking. There was not so much alteration in her features, except that they were a little more regular, and, perhaps, less pretty than before. The other actor we recognised at once. A few years had told heavily upon him; his hair was thin, his face had lost much of the appearance of youth; it seemed as if toil and care had stamped deep lines upon his brow. The sickness of disappointed hope had made him an old man before he had ceased to be a young one.

The pair was sitting *en tête-à-tête* before the fireside, both looking intently at the burning coals; she with the air of a resolution permanently taken—he restless and agitated.

"So Anne, dearest Anne, in seven short years of absence you have forgotten——?"

"No, Thomas, I have forgotten nothing. But all our friends are so averse to it. I cannot—I cannot——"

"Save me from my friends," rejoined he bitterly. "My friends have ever been my worst foes, from the day when they cozened away my birthright till now—now that they would deprive me of all that's worth living for. Then there is no hope for me, dearest cousin?"

Anne shook her head. She could not but know why the friends were averse. Certainly, it was hard for poor Thomas! It was not his fault. She knew he had done all he could to deserve her, *but* he was still poor, so Anne shook her head.

He looked at her for a moment; then turned his face away, determined that she should not see his tears. A few minutes of gloomy silence passed slowly, very slowly. At length he rose, wished a cold good night, and left the room for India once more.

At this moment, we were startled by the appearance of the old gentleman's countenance. It began to wear an expression of malicious joy, and display other diabolical passions. Our excitement changed into apprehension, and the past scenes gave us little desire to peer into futurity. We endeavoured to struggle, but could not—tried to shriek in vain, and closed our eyes; and yet saw clearly through our eyelids.

The old gentleman was determined to punish us for incredulity!

CHAPTER VIII.—ACT THE FOURTH.

Again the black curtain fades away.

In the far distance, lies a vast plain, studded with little villages, of mud houses, with here and there a few stunted mimosa trees. A narrow canal divides into two equal parts; the near one is occupied by a few thousand men—British troops, as their red coats, polished bayonets, and symmetrical order, prove. Opposite them, in a position, flanked by jungle, thick with thorny underwood, stands a huge mass of barbarians, gaily clad in gaudy cottons, bright silks, and satins, and flashing mail-coats. Tomtoms are sounding; the wheeling of cavalry raises clouds of dust, and an occasional matchlock sounds like a challenge to "come on."

The reconnoitring is over. Hark! the steady firing of artillery is heard, on the left of the British line. Regularly, as on parade, the guns are served. Their admirable precision tells upon the enemy's park, with fearful effect. At last, a column of blue smoke is seen slowly rising through the clear morning air; men and guns, horses and bullocks, are scattered round its base, like chaff before the whirlwind. A tumbrel has blown up! At this moment the bugle rings, "advance in echelon from the left."

Steadily step off the white-faced red-coats, followed by their dark comrades. They charge up to the little watercourse, which separates them from the enemy. What makes them stand? No halt has sounded! The watercourse has been scarped, and they have forgotten fascines.

Once more, the barbarians take courage, and pour a shower of bullets upon the halting line. The British General rides up in front of his men, and, waving his hat, urges them on. Still they move not.

Suddenly, the crowd before them begins to waver. A horrible confusion ensues; the din of praying and cursing, taunting and abusing,

is perfectly tremendous. They are attacked in flank by a few hundred irregular horsemen, who are riding through, and cutting them down, in all directions. O that we could see the face of their commander, the thin man, on the grey Arab, who is plunging like mad, amidst the forest of flashing spears!

"It is he! a little thinner, and more yellow, with longer mustachios, and a fiercer look than he wore before. Could Anne but see him now!

The infantry pours down the canal bank, and swarms up the other side, with the terrible British shout. Crushed by their own unwieldiness, the huge force of the enemy falls, as it were, into a thousand pieces. The day is ours, indeed!

But where is the rider of the white Arab?

Again the scene became dim, and the fearful din of war melted gradually away in the far distance.

CHAPTER IX.—ACT THE FIFTH—SIMPLE, YET CONCLUSIVE.

A white object seemed to advance from the background of darkness which supported it. Presently lines, and afterwards letters, appeared upon a page of what we easily recognised to be an order-book. "The General commanding the ——— division of the ——— field force cannot allude, without the deepest regret, to the loss the service has sustained, by the death of Captain Thomas Dalton. That gallant officer, heading his brave irregulars, at the critical moment of the charge, by a resolute attack upon the enemy's flank, decided the fate of the day." We wept with joy!

Possibly, our unexpected gladness so disappointed the benevolent old gentleman, that he departed in high dudgeon. At any rate, we saw no more that night.

Reader, we can vouch for the reality of the occurrences above detailed. A converted sceptic, we laugh at scepticism, and fearlessly throw down the gage of combat to all unbelievers.

We are peculiarly savage upon this point, on account of the amount of doubt with which our adventure has been treated; even our host, when he appeared with the customary cup of coffee, early in the morning after our night of visions, began to betray latitudinarian opinions.

"Eccellenza," said the wretch, grinning broadly below his mustachios, "What *was* the matter with your honour last night? Per Bacco! you have strewed all the furniture about the floor; you first called my poor poodle, then kicked him through the pannel of the door; and lastly, when I requested the gentleman up stairs, who is a doctor, to come and see you, you nearly treated him as you did Carlo."

"A doctor?" we exclaimed. "Why, look at our wrist! that gentleman's fingers have left a mark, which——"

"Oh, Santa Maria," rejoined the host, "is your excellency suffering from the nerves? What *have* the gentleman's fingers to do with a B—— bite?"

ALLINGHAM'S POEMS.*

It is not often that reviewers have to notice such a first-book as Mr Allingham's. As it is much more agreeable to us to praise than to find fault, we shall at once get rid of what we have to say about the shortcomings of this volume, reserving our applause until all its qualifications have been stated, and liberty remains to us to praise, without the unhappy aid of "but," and "if," and "notwithstanding." There are three hundred pages in this volume; and there are not more than thirty of them which, in our opinion, ought to have been printed in their present condition. Mr Allingham, in a preface, which, though short, it would perhaps have been better to have omitted, says—"It is his hope, should he have the opportunity of making a future essay in literature, to show an ascent above some of those many faults and defects of which he is conscious at the present stage of his progress. One of the chief inducements to this publication is the belief that it will assist him on his way, by giving, as it were, a fresh starting-point, and also some external checks in calculating his position. First publications, especially when they wear the shape of poetry, almost always afford inadequate expression to the power from which they proceed,—supposing them to give evidence of the existence of any genuine power;—yet, if all early effusions, in such cases, were to be burnt instead of printed, later ones would undoubtedly be deprived of some elements of nature." Though, no doubt, Mr Allingham is unconscious that it is so, there is much more of plausible excuse than of sound reason in this. It is commonly in a man's power to correct a fault of which he is conscious; in any case, it shows a deficient estimate of the responsibility of appearing in print, to put forth a volume, like the present, abounding with faults, which required nothing but a few months' labour for their removal. This is a sin which depends for its magnitude upon the powers of the author committing it. In Mr Allingham, it is a very grave error indeed. We would not have had him burn *all* these his "early effusions;" but, for his own sake (more than for the sake of his readers), we regret that many of them were not so devoted. It would have been a worthy and a politic sacrifice upon the altar of his fame. As for the "external check in calculating his position" which is supplied by a publication capable only of giving the writer a much lower position than that which he is perfectly capable of assuming, if he chooses to work conscientiously, we cannot think much of it. And it should always be remembered that a bad or poor work of art is a sin that can never be wiped away by any future repentance. As long as the British Museum and the Advocates' Library are in existence, it will be upon record that Mr Allingham published a second-rate volume of poems, when he might and ought to have done better; and the greater the fame that shall be attained by him, the more conspicuous will his first fault appear. It must be a sad humiliation to a true poet to know that he has written

and published things to which an envious poetaster may point, and say, "This is no better than I can do!"

We speak with unusual freedom of Mr Allingham's faults, because they are indeed his fault, and not owing to any natural defect or want of perception whatever. A year's additional labour upon this volume would have sent it forth with a very high degree of perfection. Mr Allingham possesses an ear for music which is inferior to that of no living poet, and few dead ones: yet most of his poems are ruined by lines which violate the commonest feeling for metre. His perception of propriety in language is admirable; and yet we come upon frequent instances of the utmost violence done to the genius of the English tongue: hideous Germanisms, in the shape of hyphen-wrought copulations of essentially independent words; omissions of the article, and inversion of the natural order of nominative and verb, for the sake of the metre; lazy circumlocutions, and lines deformed by dashes, when a little thought would have indicated some different turn of phrase, allowing of the legitimate comma or semicolon. In a word, although possessed of the vividness and warmth of fancy, knowledge and command of language, promptness and depth of thought, and all the rare qualities which are required, in combination, for the production of really finished poetry, Mr Allingham has descended to the production of many hundreds of verses in which none of these attributes of genius are visible.

Having pronounced this strong censure upon the faults of Mr Allingham's effusions, we now gladly proceed to justify by quotations the high praises which have been implied in it.

The volume opens with a poem which, although it too often illustrates the foregoing complaints, cannot but put the reader in a good humour at the outset:—

• THE PILOT'S PRETTY DAUGHTER.

The harbour banks, all glittering gay,
Laughed in their turn no sad adieu
In parting from a fair spring day
That laughingly withdrew.
Great brilliant clouds, piled round the sea
And hills, had left blue zenith free
• For last lark earliest star to greet;
When, for the crowning vernal sweet,
Along my path I chanced to meet
• The Pilot's pretty Daughter.

Round her gentie, happy face,
Dimple soft and freshly fair,
Danced, with careless ocean-grace,
Locks of silk-brown hair;
Shading her cheeks, or waved behind,
As lightly blew the veering wind,
Unbound, unbraided, and unlooped;
Or when to tie her shoe she stooped,
Below her chin the half-curled drooped,
And veiled the Pilot's Daughter.

Rising, she tossed them gaily back,
With gesture infantine and brief,
To fall around as soft a neck
• As wilding rose's leaf.

Her Sunday frock, of lilac shade
 (That choicest tint), was neatly made,
 And not too long, to hide from view
 The stout, but noway clumsy shoe,
 And stocking's smoothly fitting blue,
 That graced the Pilot's Daughter.

With look half-timid and half-droll,
 And then with slightly downcast eyes,
 And blush that outward softly stole,
 Unless it were the skies
 Whose sunlight shifted on her cheek,
 She half-turn'd when she heard me speak;
 But 'twas a brightness all her own,
 That in her firm, light step was shown,
 And the clear cadence of her tone—
 The Pilot's lovely Daughter!

Were it my lot, there peeped a wish,
 To hand a pilot's oar and sail,
 Or haul the dripping moonlight mesh
 Spangled with herring-scale;
 By dying stars, how sweet 'twould be,
 And dawn-blow freshening the sea,
 With weary, cheery pull to shore,
 To gain my cottage home once more,
 And meet before I reached the door,
 My darling Pilot's Daughter!

This element beside my feet,
 Looks like a tepid wine of gold;
 One touch, one taste, dispels the cheat—
 'Tis salt and bitter cold:
 A fisher's hut, the scene perforce
 Of narrow thoughts and manners coarse,
 Coarse as the curtains that beseeem
 With net-festoons the smoky beam,
 Would no-way lodge my favourite dream,
 E'en with my Pilot's Daughter.

To the open riches of the earth,
 Endowing men in their own spite,
 The "Poor," by privilege of birth,
 Stand in the closest right:
 But not alone the palm grows dull
 With clayey delve and watery pull,
 And labour sends a sleepy class
 To school, a childish school to mass—
 True love will raise not sink. Alas!
 How fades my Pilot's Daughter!

Raise her, perhaps?—But, Ah! I said,
 'Twere wiser let such thoughts alone.
 So may thy beauty, simple maid,
 Be mine, yet all thy own:
 Joined in my free, contented love,
 With these fair gathering stars above,
 Before whose stedfast truth, it seems
 That "Rich" and "Poor" are as the beams
 And shadows on the river streams,
 That soon will sing thee into dreams.
 So passed the Pilot's Daughter.

In spite of double adjectives, omissions of the article, parentheses, German-hyphen-wrought-copulations, italics, dashes, and imperfect adaptation of pauses in the sense to the pauses of the metre, this is a lovely little poem.

Had Mr Allingham's volume been made up of such poems as the following, his laurels would have been secure for ever.—

EVENING—A CLOSE VIEW.

Star-shadows dot our tiny lake,
 And, sparkling in between
 The dusky fringe the larches make,
 Soft stars themselves are seen ;
 Our boat and we, not half awake,
 Go dreaming down the pond,
 Whilst slowly calls the rail, "Crake, crake,"
 From meadow-flats beyond.

The happy, circling, bounded view
 Embraces us with home ;
 But up, through heaven's star-budding blue,
 Our souls are free to roam ;
 Whence for this veil of scented dew
 That makes the earth so sweet,
 A touch of a-tral brightness, too,
 A peace—that is complete.

Could we bring our minds to like the style of thing at all, we should confess ourselves entirely pleased with a piece called "Justice for Ireland." It seems to us to be inferior to none of Burns's effusions of the same kind:—

Justice for Ireland ! Brothers all,
 Of every creed and station !
 Both great and small, a private call
 Hath each to serve the nation.
 The impulse of my patriot heart
 Is to advise her truly
 (Advisers have an easy part)—
 Be yours to act it duly.

Justice for Ireland ! Oh, ye bards,
 By whom her woes are bruited ;
 Her laurel wreath the Muse awards
 To strains more deeply rooted.
 For tears and rage are transient things,
 And whilst on these ye're battered,
 The sky looks love, the gay bird sings,
 The mountain soars unflattered.

Justice for Ireland ! If ye can,
 Oh, host of writers broguish ;
 Nor paint each fellow-countryman
 As blundering or roguish.
 Think less of oddities and rags,
 And more of human-nature ;
 And, 'stead of party words and flags,
 March under something greater.

Justice for Ireland ! Oh, ye priests,
 Both Protestant and Roman,

Let each observe his fasts and feasts,
But try to anger no man.
Religion's rind is little worth,
The milk is in the kernel ;
All love is of celestial birth,
All hatred, of infernal.

Justice for Ireland! Echoing band
Of empty agitators ;
Who scorn each noiseless busy hand,
And canonise the praters.
Well may shrewd foes in secret scoff,
Nor think your mouths of corking ;
While so much steam is blowing off,
There's little left for working.

Justice for Ireland! Members, dear,
Be honest not so rarely ;
And blush, ye landlords, praise to hear
For treating tenants fairly.
Justice for Ireland! Poorer man,
Your evil passions bridle ;
And to assist her, try the plan
Of ne'er by choice being idle.

Justice for Ireland! Brothers all,
Of every creed and station ;
And other counsel if ye call,
For saving of the nation—
This maxim in the meantime prize,
Nor think its plainness humbling --
*Let every one beware of lies,
And laziness, and grumbling.*

The profound metrical feeling displayed in the piece called 'The Serenade,' makes bad verse inexcusable in Mr Allingham.

Oh, hearing sleep, and sleeping hear,
The while we dare to call thee dear,
So may thy dreams be good, although
The loving power thou canst not know !
As music parts the silence, lo !
Through heaven the stars begin to peep,
To comfort us that darkling pine,
Because those fairer lights of thine
Have set into the sea of sleep,
Yet closed still thine eyelids keep ;
And may our voices through the sphere
Of Dreamland all as softly rise
As through these shadowy rural dells,
Where starlight echo, sleeping, dwells,
And touch thy spirit to as soft replies ;
And, shed from gentle guardian skies,
Till watches of the night be worn,
May undisturbing angel-light
Fall round thy bed,—then joyous morn
Steal on its shadows rosy bright !
Good night ! From far-off fields is borne
The drowsy echo's faint—"Good night!"—
Good-night ! Good night !

Mr Allingham has an excellent feeling for the supernatural and ghostly. "The Goblin Child of Ballyshannon," and "The Dream," are displays of great power in this way. We give the former.

A regiment, filing row by row,
One evening sixty years ago,
As wintry dusk was drawing late,
Through Ballyshannon's old bridge gate,
Changed pass-words with the pacing guard,
Left wheel'd into the barrack-yard,
And halted willingly, for tired
The men were, drooping, soaked, and mired ;
And even the highest in command,
With trembling knee and fever'd hand,
Felt on his horse almost as jaded,
And glad to end the march as they did.

No wonder, then, that he withdrew,
Betimes to bed ; and though 'twas true,
His quarters here proved strange enough ;
Snatched as they seemed, with trimming rough,
From long disuse ; yet in a pile
Heaped on the hearth, in good old style,
Bogwood and turf, with jovial roar,
Threw ruddy blaze on wall and floor ;
And the new-comer thought he might,
On such a fogged November night,
E'en in a rougher place, have found
A door to sleep's enchanted ground.

Yet, when he tried, he tried in vain.
A dim, fantastic, endless train
Of striving fancies vexed his brain ;
Till, as the weary hours went by,
He ever grew, he knew not why,
More anxious, and his heart was sick,
And the pulse in his pillowed ear beat thick.

The wide, half-furnished barrack-room
Was full of heavy midnight gloom,
Save when the sinking coals gave birth
To smouldering flashes on the hearth,
And from the single darkness made
A thousand ghostly forms of shade,
On which the waker gazed and gazed,
Until his thoughts grew mazed and mazed,
And down, at length, his aching lids were weighed.

When suddenly—O Heaven !—the fire
Leaped up into a dazzling pyre,
And, boldly, from the brightened hearth,
A naked child stepped forth.

With a total, frozen start,
A bound—a pausing of the heart,
He saw. It came across the floor,
Its size increasing more and more
At every step, until a dread,
Gigantic form stood by his bed.

Glaring for some second's space
Down into his rigid face—

Back it drew, with steadfast look,
 Dwindling every step it took,
 Till the naked child returned
 To the fire, which brightly burned
 To greet it; then black, sudden gloom
 Sunk upon the silent room—
 Silent, save the monotone
 Of the river flowing down
 Through the arches of the bridge,
 And beneath the casement-ledge.

It happened when our island still
 Had nests of goblins left, to fill
 Each mouldy nook and corner close,
 Like spiders in an ancient house.
 And this one read within the face,
 Intruding on its dwelling-place,
 Lines of wo, despair, and blood,
 By spirits only understood;
 As mortals now can read the same,
 In the letters of his name,
 Who in that haunted chamber lay,
 When we call him Castlereagh.

With the exception of some half-dozen pieces, we have now quoted all the poems to which we can attribute unqualified praise. "The Light," "The Witch Bride," "The Bull," "In the Train," "The Bubble," "The Three Flowers," "The Mother," "Poets and Flowers," "Sweet Sunday Bells," and "A Fairy Dialogue," are all notable poems; and there are few pieces in the volume which do not indicate the possession of unusual powers by the writer of them: but, we repeat, the execution of the greater number is slovenly and inefficient.

The longest poem in the volume is a tale called the "Music-Master." The subject is beautifully chosen and managed; many passages are lovely and tender in the extreme; and yet, to us, the perusal of this story is rendered, upon the whole, a pain rather than a pleasure, by the constant display of fine powers in connection with the most slatternly execution.

Mr Allingham has three choices before him. He may write only to please himself, as he appears to have done in this volume; in which case, he will have a small circle of admiring readers, made up of persons who do not know the worth of time. Or he may write to please the people, and, by humbling his fine powers to the service of epigrammatic subjects, may easily win a popularity unequalled since the flourishing days of Moore. Or he may become truly famous. But this he can only do by the most laborious cultivation of his genius, accompanied by a long and vexatious sacrifice of immediate reputation. In any case, let him not care a fig for what reviewers say, or neglect to say, of these his first effusions. Not one reviewer in twenty has the capacity, if he had the time, to recognise new poetry unhelped.

“ALTON LOCKE, TAILOR AND POET.” *

No book has been issued from Paternoster Row, or the Strand, or, indeed, from any other quarter, for many a long day, containing so much truth, and earnest remonstrance, and pointed rebuke, as does “Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet.” It is a work of fiction; but a work of fiction built up entirely, and with admirable skill, of the most stubborn facts. It is by far the most effective treatise on the Condition-of-England-question that has appeared. We do not speak of it at present as a work of fiction, but as a work embodying sober, extensively-existing, and alarming facts, touching the social and religious condition of our country. We certainly do not pledge ourselves to all the opinions and sentiments which it contains, nor do we always look upon facts from the same point of view; but we believe that the work merits an extensive circulation among the people, and more than a passing notice from the press. It is entirely independent; it panders to no party—at least, not offensively

so. “Progress” is written on every page; but progress in subordination and obedience to the laws of God and the rights of every class of the community. Its politics, its æsthetics, its religion, are all advanced and liberal, although not always sound and trustworthy. With the working classes, it sympathises most deeply; but it fearlessly exposes their faults and sins, and reads them a lesson which many of the wisest of them will not refuse to learn. It appreciates all that is noble and generous, in the upper classes; but it mercilessly denounces their exclusiveness and heartlessness. It admires benevolence, but it pleads for discrimination. It bows before Christianity, but it demands life and heart in the pulpit, and consistency and brotherhood in the pew. It aims at liberty, equality, and fraternity—such as shall exist and bless men, when the simple, but all-powerful principles of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth shall be universally recognised, intelligently appreciated, and honestly acted upon. Before it, all parties must stand reprovèd; from it, they may all receive much instruction, and derive not a little encouragement in playing their respective parts in the shifting drama of human life. The work appears anonymously, but it is well known that its author is one of the most active clergymen in the Church of England. This, itself, is a significant sign of the times.

We intend to quote freely, only coming forward ourselves to connect the parts of the story, that consistency and intelligence may characterise the analysis.

Alton Locke was a Cockney among Cockneys. His eyes never looked upon nature in her richness and beauty, till he was a stripling of seventeen, and yet he was enamoured of her as a poet only can. The family to which he belonged were poor, but respectable, and were by profession Baptists. We are sorry to observe a want of charity in those portions of the work where this sect is introduced; but we would not charge the author with malice. There may, indeed, exist characters

such as he describes in this and in every other sect; but care should be taken not to give character to a body from the oddities or bigotry of an individual, and thus to involve the whole in the same condemnation. Young 'Alton was early called to labour, though by no means of a robust constitution: his mental faculties were in more healthful exercise than were his bodily members. His introduction to the workshop, where he should imbibe so much both of opinion and sentiment, which, afterwards placed him in strange positions, and led him to experience bitter as well as pleasurable feelings, is thus described:—

“With a beating heart, I shambled along by my mother's side next day to Mr Smith's shop, in a street of Piccadilly; and stood by her side, just within the door, waiting till some one would condescend to speak to us, and wondering when the time would come when I, like the gentlemen who skipped up and down the shop, should shine glorious in patent-leather boots, and a blue satin tie sprigged with gold. Two personages, both equally magnificent, stood talking with their backs to us; and my mother, in doubt, like myself, as to which of them was the tailor, at last summoned up courage to address the wrong one, by asking if he were Mr Smith. The person addressed answered by a most polite smile and bow, and assured her that he had not that honour; while the other he—he'd, evidently a little flattered by the mistake, and then uttered in a tremendous voice these words—‘I have nothing for you, my good woman—go. Mr Elliot! how did you come to allow these people to get into the establishment?’

‘My name is Locke, sir, and I was to bring my son here this morning.’

‘Oh—ah!—Mr Elliot, see to these persons. As I was saying, my lard, the crimson velvet suit, about thirty-five guineas. By-the-by, that coat ours? I thought so—idea grand and light—masses well broken—very fine chiaroscuro about the whole—an aristocratic wrinkle just above the hips—which I flatter myself no one but myself and my friend Mr Cooke really do understand. The vapid smoothness of the door dummy, my lard, should be confined to the regions of the Strand. Mr Elliot, where are you? Just be so good as to show his lardship that lovely new thing in drab and *bleu foncée*. Ah! your lardship can't wait. Now, my good woman, is this the young man?’

‘Yes,’ said my mother; ‘and—and—God deal so with you, sir, as you deal with the widow and the orphan.’

‘Oh—ah—that will depend very much, I should say, on how the widow and the orphan deal with me. Mr Elliot, take this person into the office, and transact the little formalities with her. Jones, take the young man upstairs to the work-room.’

I stumbled after Mr Jones up a dark, narrow, iron staircase, till we emerged through a trap-door into a garret at the top of the house. I recoiled with disgust at the scene before me; and here I was to work—perhaps through life! A low lean-to room, stifling me with the combined odours of human breath and perspiration, stale beer, the sweet sickly smell of gin, and the sour and hardly less disgusting one of new cloth. On the floor, thick with dust and dirt, scraps of stuff and ends of thread, sat some dozen haggard, untidy, shoeless men, with a mingled look of care and recklessness that made me shudder. The windows were tight closed to keep out the cold winter air; and the condensed

breath ran in streams down the panes, chequering the dreary out-look of chimney tops and smoke. The conductor handed me over to one of the men.

'Here, Crossthwaite, take this younker, and make a tailor of him. Keep him next you, and prick him up with your needle, if he shirks.'

He disappeared down the trap door, and mechanically, as if in a dream, I sat down by the man and listened to his instructions, kindly enough bestowed. But I did not remain in peace two minutes. A burst of chatter rose, as the foreman vanished, and a tall, bloated, sharp-nosed young man next me bawled in my ear—'I say, young'un, fork out the tin, and pay your footing at Conscumption Hospital?'

'What do you mean?'

'Aint he just green? Down with the stumpy—a tizzy for a pot of half-and-half.'

'I never drink beer.'

'Then never do,' whispered the man at my side; 'as sure as hell's hell, it's your only chance.'

There was a fierce, deep earnestness in the tone, which made me look up at the speaker, but the other instantly chimed in—'Oh, yer don't, don't yer, my young Father Mathy; then yer'll soon learn it here, if yer want to keep yer victuals down.'

'And I have promised to take my wages home to my mother.'

'O criminy! hark to that, my coves! here's a chap as is goin to take the blunt home to his mammy.'

'Taint much of it the old'un 'll see,' said another. 'Ven yer pockets it at the Cock and Bottle, my kiddy, yer wont find much of it left o' Sunday mornings.'

'Dont his mother know he's out?' asked another; 'and wont she know it—'

Ven he's sitting in his glory
Half-price at the Victory?

Oh! no, ve never mentions her—her name is never heard. Certainly not, by no means. Why should it?

'Well, if yer wont stand a pot,' quoth the tall man, 'I will, that's all, and blow temperance. 'A short life and a merry one,' says the tailor—'

The ministers talk a great deal about port,
And they makes Cape wine very dear,
But blow their his if ever they tries
To deprive a poor cove of his beer.

Here, Sam, run to the Cock and Bottle for a pot of half-and-half to my score.'

A thin, pale lad jumped up and vanished, while my tormentor turned to me. 'I say, young'un, do you know why we're nearer heaven here than our neighbours?'

'I shouldn't have thought so,' answered I with a *naïveté* which raised a laugh, and dashed the tall man for a moment.

'Yer don't? then I'll tell yer. A cause we're a top of the house, in the first place, and next place, yer'll die here six months sooner nor if yer worked in the room below. 'Aint that logic and science, Orator?' appealing to Crossthwaite."

The following may be called Alton Locke's first lessons in Chartism. They were given him by Crossthwaite—

"‘Come on,’ he said, peevishly clutching me by the arm; ‘what do you want dawdling? Are you a nursery-maid, that you must stare at those red-coated butchers?’ And a deep curse followed.

‘What harm have they done you?’

‘I should think I owed them turn enough.’

‘What?’

‘They cut my father down at Sheffield—perhaps with the very swords he helped to make—because he would not sit still and starve, and see us starving round him, while those who fattened on the sweat of his brow, and on those lungs of his, which the sword-grinding dust was eating out day by day, were wantoning on venison and champagne. That’s the harm they’ve done me, my chap!’

‘Poor fellows! they only did as they were ordered, I suppose.’

‘And what business have they to let themselves be ordered? What right, I say—what right has any free, reasonable soul on earth, to sell himself for a shilling a-day to murder any man, right or wrong—even his own brother or his own father—just because such a whiskered, profligate jackanapes as that officer, without learning, without any god except his own looking-glass and his opera-dancer—a fellow who, just because he is born a gentleman, is set to command greyheaded men before he can command his own meanest passions. Good heavens! that the lives of free men should be entrusted to such a stuffed cockatoo; and that free men should be such traitors to their country, traitors to their own flesh and blood, as to sell themselves, for a shilling a-day and the smirks of the nursery-maids, to do that fellow’s bidding!’

‘What are you a-grumbling about here, my man? gotten the cholera?’ asked one of the dragoons, a huge, stupid-looking lad.

‘About you, you long-legged cut-throat,’ answered Crossthwaite, ‘and all your crew of traitors.’

‘Help, help, comrades o’ mine!’ quoth the dragoon, bursting with laughter; ‘I’m gaun to be moorthered wi’ a little booy that’s gane mad, and toorned Chartist.’

‘Locke; my boy, I’ve made an ass of myself, and got into a rage, and broken a good old resolution and a promise that I made to my dear little woman—bless her!—and said things to you that you ought to know nothing of for this long time; but those redcoats always put me beside myself. God forgive me!’ And he held out his hand to me cordially.

‘I can quite understand your feeling deeply on one point,’ I said, as I took it, ‘after the sad story you told me; but why so bitter on all? What is there so very wrong about things, that we must begin fighting about it?’

‘Bless your heart, poor innocent! What is wrong? what is not wrong? Wasn’t there enough in that talk with Mackaye, that you told me of just now, to show anybody that, who can tell a hawk from a handsaw?’

‘Was it wrong in him to give himself such trouble about the education of a poor young fellow, who has no tie on him, who can never repay him?’

'No; that's just like him. He feels for the people, for he has been one of us. He worked in a printing-office himself many a year, and he knows the heart of the working-man. But he didn't tell you the whole truth about education. He daren't tell you. No one who has money dare speak out his heart; not that he has much certainly; but, the cunning old Scot that he is, he lives by the present system of things, and he wont speak ill of the bridge which carries him over—till the time comes.'

I could not understand whither all this tended, and walked on, silent and somewhat angry, at hearing the least slight cast on Mackaye.

'Don't you see, stupid?' he broke out at last. 'What did he say to you about gentlemen being crammed by tutors and professors? Have not you as good a right to them as any gentleman?'

'But he told me they were no use—that every man must educate himself.'

'Oh! all very fine to tell you the grapes are sour, when you can't reach them. Bah, lad! Can't you see what comes of education? that any dolt, provided he be a gentleman, can be doctored up at school and college, enough to make him play his part decently—his mighty part of ruling us, and riding over our heads, and picking our pockets, as parson, doctor, lawyer, member of parliament—while we—you now, for instance—cleverer than ninety-nine gentlemen out of a hundred, if you had one-tenth the trouble taken with you that is taken with every pig-headed son of an aristocrat—'

'Am I clever?' asked I, in honest surprise.

'What! haven't you found that out yet? Don't try to put that on me. Don't a girl know when she's pretty, without asking her neighbours?'

'Really, I never thought about it.'

'More simpleton you. Old Mackaye has, at all events, though, canny Scotchman that he is, he'll never say a word to you about it, yet he makes no secret of it to other people. I heard him the other day telling some of our friends that you were a thorough young genius.'

By this time Crossthwaite had gained the ascendancy over our young hero, imbuing him with his opinions, which were democratic in the extreme, and taking him with him to the evening clubs, where he was the chief orator. Sandy Mackaye also, an associate of Crossthwaite's, and a Scotchman, as his name imports, exerted no small influence upon him; but, notwithstanding the old man's oddities, being a sort of good genius, his influence was rather beneficial in its tendency. He lends him books which he greedily devours, and by this means he not only makes himself acquainted with English literature, but even manages to gather some idea of the Latin language. With the knowledge he picks up, and the bitter feeling he begins to cherish towards the higher classes and the clergy, it will not astonish the reader to hear that he became infidel in his opinions. This led to his being banished the house of his mother, whom he never sees again alive. Alton has a cousin, George, the son of a wealthy grocer, and who is studying at Cambridge for the church. They meet, and in their rambles visit the Dulwich Gallery, where Alton, while gazing in raptures upon Guido's "St Sebastian," comes in contact with a living figure by whom he is captivated and enslaved.

—the fair Lillian. He now began to write poetry, was thrown out of work by a strike, visited Cambridge, met with patrons there, under whose auspices his poems were published, found his lost idol, who turned out to be the niece of the scientific dean, his patron. Under the dean's influence, he expunges all the verses containing extreme political and social notions, basks a while in the light of men of science and cultivated women. His book produces a sensation, newspapers applaud it, and sentimental ladies weep over its pages, and even sing some of its songs in aristocratic drawing-rooms.

Alton takes leave of his cousin in Cambridge, of whom he has formed no very favourable opinion, and returns to London, where he lives—rather attempts to live—by his pen, contributing to Mr O'Flynn's newspaper—the paper of the people. The Irish editor and our hero don't work long together. They part, and his quondam friend attempts to write him down, which he succeeds in doing for a time, having ferreted out everything connected with his suppressing his political opinions in his book to please the "aristocrats," and lays things to his charge of which he was entirely ignorant.

Though toiling day by day with his pen for bread, Locke was always ready to lend a helping hand to those in need. Farmer Porter, with whom he had become acquainted when at Cambridge, had come to London in search of a long lost son, who, it was believed, was imprisoned in some sweater's den.

Much search had been made, and hope had almost died away, when, "as I passed through Covent-Garden," our hero relates, "a pretty young woman stopped me under a gas-lamp. I was pushing on, when I saw that it was Jemmy Downes's Irish wife, and saw, too, that she did not recognise me. A sudden instinct made me stop and hear what she had to say.

'Sure, then, and yer a tailor, my young man?'

'Yes,' I said, nettled a little that my late loathed profession still betrayed itself in my gait.

'From the counthry?'

I nodded, though I dare not speak a white lie to that effect. I fancied that, somehow, through her I might hear of poor Kelly and his friend Porter.

'Ye'll be wanting work, thin?'

'I have no work.'

'Och, then, it's I can show ye the flower o' work, I can. Bedad, there's a shop I know of where ye'll earn—bedad, if ye're the ninth part of a man, let alone a handy young fellow like the looks of you. Och, ye'll earn thirty shillings the week to the very least—an' beautiful lodgings. Och, thin, just come and see 'em—as chape as mother's milk! Come along thin—och, it's the beauty ye are—just the nate figure for a tailor.'

The fancy still possessed me; and I went with her through one dingy back street after another. She seemed to be purposely taking an indirect road, to mislead me as to my whereabouts; but, after a half-hour's walking, I knew, as well as she, that we were in one of the most miserable sloop-working nests of the east-end. She stopped at a house-door, and hurried me in, up to the first floor, and into a dirty, slatternly par-

lour, smelling infamously of gin, where the first object I beheld was Jemmy Downes, sitting before the fire, three-parts drunk, with a couple of dirty, squalling children on the hearth-rug, whom he was kicking and cuffing alternately.

'Och, thin, ye villain, bating the poor darlints whinever I lave ye a minute!' and pouring out a volley of Irish curses, she caught up the urchins, one under each arm, and kissed and hugged them till they were nearly choked. 'Och, ye plague o' my life! As drunk as a baste; an' I brought home this darlint of a young gentleman to help ye in the business.'

Downes got up, and, steadying himself by the table, leered at me with lack-lustre eyes, and attempted a little ceremonious politeness. How this was to end I did not see; but I was determined to carry it through, on the chance of success, infinitely small as that might be.

'A' I've towld him thirty shillings a week's the least he'll earn; and charges for board and lodging only seven shillings.'

'Thirty!—she lies; she's always a lying; don't you mind her. Five-and-forty is the werry lowest figure. Ask my respectable and most piousset partner, Shemei Solomons. Why, blow me, it's Locke!'

'Yes, it is Locke; and surely you're my old friend, Jemmy Downes? Shake hands. What an unexpected pleasure to meet you again!'

'Werry unexpected pleasure. Tip us your daddie! De-lighted, delighted, as I was saying, to be of the least use to yer. Take a caulker? Summut heavy, then? No? 'Tak' a drap o' kindness yet, for auld langsyne?'

'You forget I was always a tætotaller.'

'Ay,' with a look of unfeigned pity. 'An' you're a going to lend us a hand? Oh, ah, perhaps you'd like to begin? Here's a most beautiful uniform, now, for a markis in her Majesty's Guards; we don't mention names—tarn't business like. P'rhaps you'd like best to work here to-night, for company—'for auld langsyne, my boys;' and I'll introduce you to the gents up-stairs to-morrow.'

'No,' I said, 'I'll go up at once, if you've no objection.'

'Och, thin, but the sheets isn't aired—no—faix; and I'm thinking the gentlemen as is a going isn't gone yet.'

But I insisted on going up at once; and, grumbling, she followed me. I stopped on the landing of the second floor, and asked which way; and, seeing her in no hurry to answer, opened a door, inside which I heard the hum of many voices, saying, in as sprightly a tone as I could muster, that I supposed that was the workroom. As I had expected, a fetid, choking den, with just room enough in it for the seven or eight sallow, starved beings, who, coatless, shoeless, and ragged, sat stitching, each on his truckle-bed. I glanced round; the man whom I sought was not there. My heart fell; why it had ever risen to such a pitch of hope, I cannot tell; and half cursing myself for a fool, in thus wildly thrusting my head into a squabble, I turned back and shut the door, saying—'A very pleasant room, ma'am, but a leetle too crowded.'

Before she could answer, the opposite door opened; and a face appeared—unwashed, unshaven, shrunken to a skeleton. I did not recognise it at first.

'Blessed Vargen! but that wasn't your voice, Locke?'

‘And who are you?’

‘Tear and ages! and he don’t know Mike Kelly!’

My first impulse was to catch him up in my arms, and run down stairs with him. I controlled myself, however, not knowing how far he might be in his tyrant’s power. But his voluble Irish heart burst out at once—‘Oh! blessed saints, take me out o’ this!—take me out, for the love of Jesus!—take me out o’ this hell, or I’ll go mad intirely!’ ‘Och! will nobody have pity on poor sowl in purgatory—here in prison like negur slaves! We’re starved to the bone, we are, and kilt intirely with cowl’d.’ And as he clutched my arm, with his long, skinny, trembling fingers, I saw that his hands and feet were all chapped and bleeding. Neither shoe nor stocking did he possess; his only garments were a ragged shirt and trousers; and—and, in horrible mockery of his own misery, a grand new flowered satin vest, which to-morrow was to figure in some gorgeous shop-window! ‘Och! Mother of Heaven!’ he went on, wildly, ‘when will I get out to the fresh air? For five months, I haven’t seen the blessed light of sun, nor spoken to the praste, nor ate a bit o’ mate, barring bread-and-butter. Shure, its all the blessed Sabbaths and saints’ days I’ve been a-working like a haythen Jew, and niver seen the insides o’ the chapel, to confess my sins, and me poor sowl’s lost intirely—and they’ve pawned the relaver* this fifteen weeks, and not a boy of us iver sot foot in the street since.’

‘Vot’s that row?’ roared at this juncture Downes’s voice from below.

‘Och, thin,’ shrieked the woman, ‘here’s that thief o’ the world, Micky Kelly, slandering o’ us before the blessed heaven, and he owing £2:14:½, for his board an’ lodgin’, let alone pawn-tickets, and goin’ to rin away, the black-hearted ongrateful sarpent!’ And she began yelling indiscriminately ‘Thieves!’ ‘murder!’ ‘blasphemy!’ and such other ejaculations, which (the English ones at least) had not the slightest reference to the matter in hand.

‘I’ll come to him!’ said Downes, with an oath, and rushed stumbling up the stairs, while the poor wretch sneaked in again, and slammed the door too. Downes battered at it, but was met with a volley of curses from the men inside; while, profitting by the Babel, I blew out the light, ran down stairs, and got safe into the street.”

In a few hours, Mike Kelly, Crossthaite’s brother-in-law, and young Porter, are rescued; but the other poor wretches, though offered their liberty, preferred to go back to toil and die in the sweater’s den. The old man and his son went home next day, promising Locke, if he would come to see them, “two hundred acres of the best partridge-shooting, and wild ducks as plenty as sparrows; and to live in clover till he burst, if he liked.”

Our hero is carried away, notwithstanding certain cautions administered by his old friend, Sandy Mackaye, in homely, but strong “daw-rick,” as he called it, with a newly-arrived preacher of the Emersonian school. He struggles with the slavery of the press, and refuses to prostitute his talents to the vile purposes of unscrupulous party rage and malice. Circumstances bring him again into connection with his cousin,

* A coat kept by the coatless wretches in these sweaters’ dungeons, to be used by each of them in turn when they want to go out.

who is now discovered to be a rival. Meanwhile, Alton loses influence with the working men, is strongly suspected of leaning to the aristocracy, and is hooted from democratic meetings. Determined to redeem his character, he volunteers to go to the country, where a rising among the peasantry was expected, as a deputation from the London Chartists, and vehemently claims to be appointed. The gathering is to be in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, and he attends the meeting, of which the following is a graphic description:—

“There were many women among them, talking shrilly, and looking even more pinched and wan than the men. I remarked, also, that many of the crowd carried heavy sticks, pitchforks, and other tools which might be used as fearful weapons—an ugly sign, which I ought to have heeded betimes. They glared with sullen curiosity at me and my Londoner’s clothes, as, with no small feeling of self-importance, I pushed my way to the foot of the stone. The man who stood on it, seemed to have been speaking some time. His words, like all I heard that day, were utterly devoid of anything like eloquence or imagination—a dull string of somewhat incoherent complaints, which derived their force only from the intense earnestness which attested their truthfulness. As far as I can recollect, I will give the substance of what I heard; but, indeed, I heard nothing but what has been bandied about from newspaper to newspaper for years—confessed by all parties, deplored by all parties, but never an attempt made to remedy it:—

‘They farmers makes slaves on us. I can’t hear no difference between a Christian and a nigger, except they flogs the niggers and starves the Christians; and I don’t know which I’d choose. I served Farmer — seven year, off and on, and arter harvest he tells me he’s no more work for me, nor my boy nether, acause he’s getting too big for him, so he gets a little ’un instead, and we does nothing; and my boy lies about, getting into bad ways, like hundreds more; and then we goes to board, and they bids us go and look for work; and we goes up next part to London. I couldn’t get none; they’d enough to do, they said, to employ their own; and we begs our way home, and goes into the Union, and they turns us out again in two or three days, and promises us work again, and gives us two days’ gravel-pecking, and then says they has no more for us, and we was sore pinched, and laid a-bed all day; then next board-day we goes to ’em, and they gives us one day more, and that threw us off another week; and then next board-day we goes into the Union again for three days, and gets sent out again: and so I’ve been starving one half of the time, and they putting us off and on o’ purpose like that; and I’ll bear it no longer, and that’s what I says.’

He came down, and a tall, powerful, well-fed man, evidently in his Sunday smock-frock and clean yellow leggings, got up and began:—‘I hav’n’t no complaint to make about myself. I’ve a good master, and the parson’s a right kind ’un, and that’s more than all can say, and the squire’s a real gentleman; and my master, he don’t need to lower his wages. I gets my ten shillings a-week all the year round, and harvest-ing, and a pig, and a ’lotment—and that’s just why I come here. If I can get it, why can’t you?’

‘Cause our masters baint like yourn.’

'No, by-George, there baint no money round here away like that, I can tell you.'

'And why aint they?' continued the speaker. 'There's the shame on it. There's my master can grow five quarters, where yourn only grows three; and so he can live and pay like a man, and so he say he don't care for free trade. You know, as well as I, that there's not half o' the land round here grows what it ought. They aint no money to make it grow more, and, besides, they wont employ no hands to keep it clean. I come across more weeds in one field here, than I've seen for nine year on our farm. Why arn't some o' you a-getting they weeds up? It 'ud pay 'em to farm better—and they knows that, but they're too lazy; if they can just get a living off the land, they don't care; and they'd sooner save money out o' your wages, than save it by growing more corn: its easier for 'em, it is. There's the work to be done, and they wont let you do it. There's you crying out for work, and work crying out for you, and nether of you can get to the other. I say that's a shame, I do. I say a poor man's a slave. He daren't leave his parish—nobody wont employ him, as can employ his own folk. And if he stays in his parish, it's just a chance whether he gets a good master or a bad 'un. He can't choose, and that's a shame, it is. Why should he go starving because his master don't care to do the best by the land? If they can't till the land, I say, let them get out of it, and let them work it as can. And I think as we ought all to sign a petition to Government, to tell 'em all about it; though I don't see as how they could help us, unless they'd make a law to force the squires to put in nobody to a farm as hadn't money to work it fairly.'

'I says,' said the next speaker, a poor fellow whose sentences were continually broken by a hacking cough, 'just what he said. If they can't till the land, let them do it as can. But they wont; they wont let us have a scrap on it, though we'd pay 'em more for it nor ever they'd make for themselves. But they says it 'ud make us too independent, if we had an acre or so o' land; and so it 'ud, for they. And so I says as he did—they want to make slaves on us altogether, just to get the flesh and bones off us at their own price. Look you at this here down. If I had an acre on it to make a garden on, I'd live well with my wages, off and on. Why, if this here was in garden, it 'ud be worth twenty, forty times, o' that it be now. And last spring I lays out o' work from Christmas till barley-sowing, and I goes to the farmer and axes for a bit a land to dig and plant a few potatoes, and he says—'You be d—d! If you're minding your garden after hours, you'll not be fit to do a proper day's work for me in hours; and I shall want you by-and-by, when the weather breaks' (for it was frost most bitter, it was). 'And if you gets potatoes, you'll be getting a pig—and then you'll want straw, and meat to fat 'un—and then I'll not trust you in my barn, I can tell ye;' and so there it was. And if I'd had only one half acre of this here very down as we stands on, as isn't worth five shillings a-year—and I'd a given ten shillings for it—my belly wouldn't a' been empty now. Oh, they be dogs in the manger, and the Lord 'll reward 'em therefor! First they says they can't afford to work the land 'emselves, and then they want let us work it ether. Then they says prices is so low, they can't keep us on, and so they lowers our wages; and then when prices

goes up ever so much, our wages don't go up with 'em. So, high prices or low prices, it's all the same. With the one, we can't buy bread, and with the other, we can't get work. I don't mind free trade—not I: to be sure, if the loaf's cheap, we shall be ruined; but if the loaf's dear, we shall be starved—and for that, we is starved now. Nobody don't care for us; for my part, I don't much care for myself. A man must die some time or other. Only I thinks if we could some time or other just see the queen once, and tell her all about it, she'd take our part, and not see us put upon like that, I do.'

'Gentlemen!' cried my guide, the shoemaker, in a somewhat conceited and dictatorial tone, as he skipped up by the speaker's side, and gently shouldered him, 'it an't like the ancient times as I've read of, when any poor man as had a petition could come promiscuously to the king's royal presence, and put it direct into his own hand, and be treated like a gentleman. Don't you know as how they locks up the queen now-a-days, and never lets a poor soul come anear her, lest she should hear the truth of all their iniquities? Why, they never lets her stir out without a lot o' dragoons with drawn swords, riding all around her; and if you dared to go up to her to ax mercy, whoot! they'd chop your head off before you could say, 'Please your majesty.' And then the hypocrites say as it's to keep her from being frightened—and that's true—for its frightened she'd be, with a vengeance, if she knowed all that they grand folks make poor labourers suffer, to keep themselves in power and great glory. I tell ye, 'tarnt perpracticable, at all, to ax the queen for anything; she's afeard of her life on 'em. You just take my advice, and sign a round-robin to the squires; you tell 'em as you're willing to till the land for 'em, if they'll let you. There's draining and digging enough to be done as 'ud keep ye all in work, arn't there?'

'Ay, ay; there's lots o' work to be done, if so be we could get at it. Everybody knows that.'

'Well, you tell 'em that. Tell 'em here's hundreds and hundreds of ye starving, and willing to work; and then tell 'em, if they wont find ye work, they shall find ye meat. There's lots o' victuals in the larders now; haven't you as good a right to it as their jackanapes o' footmen? The squires is at the bottom of it all. What do you stupid fellows go grumbling at the farmers for? Don't they squires tax the land twenty or thirty shillings an acre? and what do they do for that? The best of 'em, if he gets five thousand a-year out o' the land, don't give back five hundred in charity, or schools, or poor-rates; and what's that to speak of? And the main of 'em—curse 'em!—they drains the money out o' the land, and takes it up to London, or into foreign parts, to spend on fine clothes and fine dinners; or throws it away at elections, to make folks beastly drunk, and sell their souls for money, and we gets no good on it. I'll tell you what it's come to, my men—that we can't afford no more landlords. We can't afford 'em, and that's the truth of it!'

The crowd growled a dubious assent.

'Oh, yes, you can grumble at the farmers, acause you deals with them first-hand; but you be too stupid to do aught but hunt by sight. I be an old dog, and I hunts cunning. I sees farther than my nose, I does. I larnt politics in London when I was a 'prentice, and I aint forgotten the plans of it. Look you here. The farmers, they say they

can't live unless they can make four rents—one for labour, and one for stock, and one for rent, and one for themselves; aint that about right? Very well; just now they can't make four rents—in *couse* they can't. Now, who's to suffer for that?—the farmer as works, or the labourer as works, or the landlord as does nothing? But he takes care on himself. He wont give up his rent—not he. Perhaps he might give back ten per cent., and what's that?—two shillings an acre, maybe. What's that if corn falls two pound a load, and more? Then the farmer gets a stinting, and he can't stint himself—he's bad enough off already; he's forty shillings out o' pocket on every load of wheat—that's eight shillings, maybe, on every acre of his land on a four-course shift; and where's the eight shillings to come from, for the landlord's only given him back two on it? He can't stint himself, he daren't stint his stock, and so he stints the labourers; and so it's you as pays the landlord's rent—you, my boys, out o' your flesh and bones, you do—and you can't afford it any longer, by the look of you—so just tell 'em so!

This advice seemed to me as sadly unpractical as the rest. In short, there seemed to be no hope, no purpose, among them—and they felt it; and I could hear, from the running comment of murmurs, that they were getting every moment more fierce and desperate at the contemplation of their own helplessness—a mood which the next speech was not likely to soften. A pale, thin woman scrambled up on the stone, and stood there, her scanty and patched garments fluttering in the bitter breeze, as, with face sharpened with want, and eyes fierce with misery, she began, in a querulous, scornful falsetto:—‘I am an honest woman. I brought up seven children decently, and never asked the parish for a farden, till my husband died. Then they tells me I can support myself and mine—and so I does. Early and late I hoed turnits, and early and late I rep, and left the children at home to mind each other; and one on 'em fell into the fire, and is gone to heaven, blessed angel! and two more it pleased the Lord to take in the fever; and the next, I hope, will soon be out o' this miserable, sinful world. But look you here: three weeks agone, I goes to the board. I had no work. They say they could not relieve me for the first week, because I had money yet to take.—The hypocrites! they knowing as I couldn't but owe it all, and a lot more beside. Next week they send the officer to inquire. That was ten days ago, and we starving. Then, on board-day, they gives me two loaves. Then, next week, they takes it off again. And when I goes over (five miles) to the board to ax why—they'd find me work—and they never did; so we goes on starving for another week—for no one wouldn't trust us; how could they, when we was in debt already a whole lot?—you're all in debt!’

‘That we are.’

‘There's some here as never made ten shillings a-week in their lives as owes twenty pounds at the shop!’

‘Ay, and more—and how's a man ever to pay that?’

‘So this week, when I comes, they offers me the house. Would I go into the house? They'd be glad to have me, acause I'm strong and hearty, and a good nurse. But would I, that am an honest woman, go to live with they offscourings—they”—(she used a strong word)—“would I be parted from my children? Would I let them hear the

talk, and keep the company as they will here, and learn all sorts o' sins that they never heard on, blessed be God! I'll starve first, and see them starve too—though, Lord knows, its hard.—Oh! its hard," she said, bursting into tears—"to leave them as I did this morning, crying after their breakfasts, and I none to give 'em. I've got no bread—where should I? 'I've got no fire—how can I give one shilling and sixpence a hundred for coals? And if I did, who'd fetch 'em home? And if I dared break a hedge for a knitch o' wood, they'd put me in prison, they would, with the worst; what be I to do? What be you going to do? That's what I came here for. What be ye going to do for us women—us that starve and stint, and wear our hands off for you men and your children, and get hard words, and hard blows from you?—Oh! if I was a man, I know what I'd do, I do! But I don't think you be men, three parts o' you, or you'd not see the widow and the orphan starve as you do, and sit quiet and grumble, as long as you keep your own bodies and souls together. Eh! ye cowards!"

Alton addresses the meeting, grows excited, rouses the feelings of the starving wretches, they become uncontrollable, and, in spite of all his efforts, break off, and plunder and burn the neighbouring property. Our hero is seized, brought to trial, and condemned on the evidence of men who were themselves the guilty parties, to three years' imprisonment.

He left his dungeon, soured in spirit and full of discontent, a desperate man. His rival is about to marry Lillian; he dashes wildly into the insane schemes of the physical-force Chartists, which were so ludicrously broken up on the memorable 10th of April. Accidentally, he is brought into contact again with the miserable sweaters, and witnesses the horrible end of poor Jemmy Downes and his family. He is seized with brain fever, and awakes to consciousness, from a long symbolical dream, to be told that his cousin has died of the same disease, derived, in both cases, though by different channels, from the sweater's den. By the visits of Lady Ellerton, cousin to Lillian, both he and Crossthwaite are brought to see matters in a very different light. They still, indeed, remain attached to Chartism; but they become converts to the religion of Jesus Christ, and see in the universal adoption and practice of its principles the surest guarantee of the success of political liberty and social happiness. By the will of old Mackaye, who died on the eve of the 10th of April, sorely bewailing the madness of the workmen, Crossthwaite has received a sum of money, on condition that he goes to some new country for the space of seven years. The benevolent Lady Ellerton sends poor Alton with his friend, and generously makes provision for him for three years, because of his health being entirely shattered. The vessel anchors by the shore of Texas, but our hero was not permitted to set foot on the new land—the land of liberty. His last words were words of hope:—

"Yes! I have seen the land! Like a purple fringe upon the golden water, 'while the parting day dies like the dolphin,' there it lay upon the far horizon—the great young free New World!—and every tree, and flower, and insect on it new—a wonder and a joy—which I shall never see. . . . No, I shall never reach the land. I felt it all along. Weaker and weaker, day by day, with bleeding lungs and failing limbs, I have travelled the ocean-paths. The iron has entered too deeply into

my soul. . . . Hark! Merry voices on deck are welcoming their future home. Laugh on, happy ones!—come out of Egypt and the house of bondage, and the waste and howling wilderness of slavery and competition, workhouses and prisons, into a good land and large—a land flowing with milk and honey, where you will sit every one under his own vine and his own fig-tree, and look into the faces of your rosy children, and see in them a blessing and not a curse! Oh, England! stern mother-land, when wilt thou renew thy youth? Thou wilderness of man's making, not God's! . . . Is it not written that the days shall come when the forest shall break forth into singing, and the wilderness shall blossom like the rose? Hark! again, sweet and clear, across the still night sea, ring out the notes of Crossthwaite's bugle—the first luxury, poor fellow, he ever allowed himself; and, yet not a selfish one, for music, like mercy, is twice blessed—'It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' There is the spirit-stirring marching air of the German workman students:

'Thou, thou, thou, and thou,
Sir Master, fare thee well!'

Perhaps a half-reproachful hint to the poor old England he is leaving. What a glorious metre! warming one's whole heart into life and energy! If I could but write in such a metre one true people's song, that should embody all my sorrow, indignation, hope—fitting last words for a poet of the people—for they will be my last words— Well, thank God! at least I shall not be buried in a London churchyard! It may be a foolish fancy—but I have made them promise to lay me up among the virgin woods, where, if the soul ever visits the place of its body's rest, I may snatch glimpses of that natural beauty from which I was barred out in life, and watch the gorgeous flowers that bloom above my dust, and hear the forest birds sing around the Poet's grave.

Hark to the grand lilt of the 'Good Time Coming!'—Song which has cheered ten thousand hearts, which has already taken root that it may live and grow for ever—fitting melody to soothe my dying ears!—Ah! how should there not be a good time coming?—Hope, and trust, and infinite deliverance!—a time such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive!—coming surely, soon or late, to those for whom a God did not disdain to die!"

The outline of this story, furnished in the foregoing pages, is not by any means perfect, and no criticism has been mingled with the analysis. We have intentionally presented only one phase of the book; but we are persuaded that the reader, notwithstanding, needs no further evidence to prove to him that "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," is the type of a large class among our artisans, and that, though his philosophy may not always be sound, the words that he utters demand the serious attention of patriot, philanthropist, and Christian.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE COCKNEY IN SCOTLAND. By JUNIUS JAVELIN, Esq. With numerous Illustrations. Edinburgh: H. Paton.

WE had the pleasure of being introduced to Junius Javelin on his late visit to Auld Reekie, and a more interesting juvenile we have seldom set eyes on. To the beau ideal in person, and accomplished manners of a perfect gentleman, he united a store of first-rate talents, which most unassumingly (their crowning charm) developed themselves in his conversation, pencil, and pen. His society was indeed a treat; for, without any effort or affectation, he threw himself, in succession, into a crowd of characters, throwing the company by turns into convulsions of laughter, or floods of tears: and not the least interesting part of his own character was, that, with a quick and exquisite sense of the ridiculous, the expression of his beautiful and intellectual countenance was deeply shaded; in his silent moments, with a young melancholy, which never failed to affect the gazer with an irresistible and sympathising tenderness. He is the son of a talented Indian officer, and has been educated as a civil engineer. The bursting of the steam-engine threw him, like hundreds of other young stokers, into the mud, and on their own resources. After furnishing embellishments for some of the London comicals with much success, Javelin took advantage of a visit to Scotland to sing out in Auld Reekie, "Wha wants me?" He took up his position there, in a dismal den in the Auld Toon.

As the first specimen of his skill, he flung into the bookshop-windows a couple of Edinburgh caddies. For *them* we challenge the very first place of veritable representations of Scottish bipeds of that original portion of the Celtic race. When they first appeared, we were amused, at a bookshop we entered, whose window was darkened by gazers and grinners outside, to hear different admirers exclaiming—"Eh, man, I ken baith o' them chaps; they stand up in Nicolson Street!" "I dinna ken what they ca' them," said another, "but I ken their faces grand; they're doon i' the Cowgate, baith o' them." This was the best testimony to their merit. We asked Junius if he had any particular porters in his eye. He said, "No; I had the whole original race in my eye, and tried to embody their essences." It is to be regretted that Modern Athens did not smile more graciously on the gifted and interesting young adventurer, and retain him, to give lasting form to her characteristics; and yet it is better for himself that her neglect was kindness, as he might have laboured on and wasted his youthful time and prime in endeavouring to procure a precarious livelihood on the "Cross-cassies," instead of going forth into a wider and fairer field, as he is now doing, being aboard "The Ohio," on the Atlantic, to try his pen and pencil on the scenes of a younger and less occupied world. May all success attend the cast of his "Javelin" on Yankee-land!

He amused us much with an anecdote attending the forthcoming of his unrivalled "Caddies." Some young students of all nations, who had got acquainted with him, and had the power to appreciate his talents, clubbed their pocket-money together to bring out the caddie couple.

When ready for publication, a solemn meeting was called, to devise the best method for the caddie accouchement, and for announcing their birth. Among other judicious arrangements, it was put to the vote whether or not all the periodical papers in Edinburgh should be furnished with copies gratis. This was carried in the affirmative, with the single, but not singular, exception of a canny Scotclaman, who, when it came to his vote, propounded his scruples with a grave and anxious earnestness, as follows—"Eh, gentlemen, wadna that be gi'ein' awa' a great number o' them for naething ava?"

During Javelin's short stay in Edinburgh, to cheer his dismal days and enliven his lonely hours, he put together some of the incidents he had met with in Scotland, and which, with the touches of his graphic pencil, form the contents of the little bagatelle brochure under notice; and we are happy to find that Mr Paton, who kindly undertook to usher it forth into the cold world, has not done so in vain. The lively and clever little young Cockney will speak so well for himself that we see no need to speak for him. In conclusion, we hope our interesting and gifted young emigrant will occasionally transmit us delineations of Yankeeism, that will afford both artist and publisher a harvest of mellow fruit and ampler remuneration; and the fireside readers at home a better acquaintance with, and many an innocent laugh at, the humour and ways of our worthy and enterprising brother Jonathan, on the other side of the "blue dub."

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF MILITARY LIFE. Edited by Sir CHARLES NAPIER. London: Colburn.

THERE is just one drawback to Sir Charles Napier's most instructive and amusing hand-book on the war trade—it is too late in the day. "Arms and the man" are now only admired in song. This guide-book for soldiers ought to have appeared at the latest half a century ago, when every man was at heart a soldier, and war was in all its glory. But we now look on standing armies with something of the fearful and suspicious feelings of the Trojans towards the wooden horse. The appearance of a manual for the art of war at the present day, is like offering to teach an old man tottering on the brink of the grave to dance a hornpipe. But Sir Charles Napier, perhaps, is not a member of the Peace Association, that has in view the extinction of "Othello's occupation;" or perhaps, to be more charitable, he thinks his military lectures better late than never. But, should his book happily never be required for the perfecting the man at arms, it will ever be a most interesting book for all classes in a universal peace; it will enliven the quiet monotony, and be a valuable "in memoriam" of what a first-rate officer and soldier was, or rather ought to have been, when the bloody calling was in action. To the casuistical philosopher, its beautiful sophistry will show how wholesale butchers like Boney may be whitewashed with pipeclay, and the piebald soap of circumstances, till they assume their proper character—that of sanguinary saints; and also how a field of battle may be garnished with glory, so as to have outward dazzling charms, though within "full of dead men's bones."

It will be also pleasant to read what a merry life that of a manslayer was in camp and campaign, when not actually employed in his more

important bloody business, "cutting foreign throats;" and likewise how a man might be a despotic Martinet and a *bon comrade* at the same time—cracking his jokes with a private the one day, and cracking his cat-o'-nine-tails on his back the next—all for love and the good of the service. But, alas! the world is growing too wise to be gulled even by the well-dressed feather fly-hook of the acute angler, Sir Charles Napier. People may nibble at his bait, but he will get no glorious bite. War was, and perhaps is still, more or less a necessary evil, and we were, or are, obliged to those who do the bloody work with most advantage for our security; we have a right to expect it, for we pay well for it; and, except when they are obliged to come to the scratch, soldiers have an easy, jolly life of it. But we now see things in their true light, and give them their intrinsic value. War and warriors are now looked upon as *gony*, not glorious, objects; the hero's wreath has been analysed, and found to be composed chiefly of nightshade; and widows and orphans, discovered through their tears, to be the groups that grace the conqueror's ear; and the spoils to consist of unbearable taxation on the labours of the peasant and mechanic. All right-minded and right-hearted men desire the advent of the day of "no longer hosts encountering hosts," when the only memorials of the battlefield will be the pastime of a summer holiday, to witness a sham fight, with blank cartridge and soft music, while standing armies will melt down into grey-headed veterans fighting harmlessly over again and again their oft-fought battles; and one and all, from the high-minded Sir Charles Napier, commander-in-chief, to the humble hired bluiser, shall

"To ploughshares beat their swords,
And study war no more."

THE GREAT REDEMPTION By the Rev WILLIAM LEASK.

London: Benjamin L. Green

The author of this volume is well known to the religious public, and his works are highly prized by them. We do not wonder that he is a favourite; for in all his productions there is such a clearness of conception, order in execution, and fine genial spirit, that must strongly and at once commend them and him to their admiration and their love. The work before us is no exception. Indeed, it is the ablest and most important which he has yet produced. The whole question of Redemption is discussed in a calm spirit, and upon a philosophic plan. Let not this remark startle the reader; there is here only the order, clearness, and logical sequence of philosophy—nothing of the obscure and complicated arrangement and scholastic jargon, that disfigure and sink into oblivion so many learned works in theology. The opinions advanced in the work are large, without being latitudinarian; liberal, without being unsound. It is the product of a mind well cultivated, well stored, and well able to give forth its views to others. It would prove an invaluable treasure and help to young pastors, and all who aspire to the honourable but arduous task of forming the moral and religious character of the young.

THE PALLADIUM

DECEMBER, 1850.

SCOTTISH PREACHING.

It may be questioned whether, during the Millennium, there will be the peculiar mode of religious instruction which has prevailed since the rise of Christianity. The long-employed apparatus may then be dispensed with, and no distinct body of men trained and ordained to preach the Gospel—the clerical order not being that “of Melchisedek.” The prediction concerning the universal diffusion and reception of Divine knowledge, that “no man shall say to his brother, Know the Lord, for all shall know him, from the least to the greatest,” seems to indicate the elevation both of general and individual Christianity to the level of the pulpit, and the termination of the venerable and illustrious line of preachers. It is not unwarrantable to infer from such a statement that then in the Church there shall be no distinction of ministers and people, but that all will stand upon such a high platform of attainments, that the various eminences will not need to become pulpits from which truth professionally and formally drops down to the position of the masses; and so elevated will be the intellectual and spiritual state of the people, that superiors shall not deem it necessary to take up the regular occupation of teaching, and throw themselves each week into an attitude of explaining and exhorting, but content themselves with the many facilities and agencies for improving their fellow-men which are now reckoned more common and inefficient. We believe, indeed, that religious writings are fast becoming of greater consequence, as means of instruction, than Sabbath orations. They have always been of more value *in themselves*; and the only fact which can give them a lower place than the oral teaching of the pulpit, is that, at present, so little actual avail is made of them. Can it be doubted, that to read the ablest books, during the leisure found in six days, is more efficacious than to hear an oration, extending over an hour on Sabbath, and meant to be level to the meanest capacity? The pulpit is perhaps better fitted to arouse the attention of the careless to religion, and the press to edify those who are already earnest disciples. The apostles *preached* to sinners, whereas their *epistles* are invariably addressed to saints. On this latter fact alone, we might raise a high probability that formal preaching will cease in the coming golden age. Then the House of God everywhere will be emphatically the House of *Prayer*, and the service of the sanctuary properly *Divine*.

consisting of celebration and invocation of the Almighty, and the simple reading of his Word—grand constituents of service, which at present are the least prominent and special of the various religious services conducted in our churches; for sermons push devotion into a very small corner—a mere closet in the spacious House of God.

Let it not be thought that the oft-repeated boasts of infidels will then have come true; for the pulpit shall have fallen, not because of its want of success, and far less because of the extinction of Christianity; but simply because the pulpit had reached the farthest stage of success, and because Christianity had triumphed and been established universally. There will be no order of clergymen—not because of the destructiveness of the sceptic's hatred, but because they had done their work—a work for which then there shall be so many labourers that no formal or professional agencies will be needed; and the “excellent treasure” of the knowledge of God will no longer be in “earthen vessels,” but shall lie covering “the whole earth as the waters cover the channels of the deep.”

But be this speculation sober or fanciful (and we now dismiss it), who can question that all the appliances of a regular ministry and of pulpit instruction are absolutely necessary in our age, and for many an age to come? If there were no distinct order of men trained, tested, and set apart to communicate religious lessons on Sabbath, how deplorable would be the state of the many millions to whom faith cometh by hearing! And to what a condition of spiritual famine would the great majority of Christians be reduced! They would be thrown absolutely upon their own hitherto untried resources of religious reading and meditation. Let institution of preaching be abolished in our land, and statesmen, tionists, and social reformers, as well as Christians, would mou as the direst calamity.

That preaching, therefore, should be of the highest possible and the best calculated to produce the grand results which plates, is a momentous necessity. That its *substance* should be what is commonly called *evangelical*, is only asking that, as *science*, its central principles and prominent relations be expounded; for all other preaching of Christianity is as deficient and absurd, as if the astronomy of our mundane system were to be taught without the least reference to the sun or to the law of gravitation. What, then, is the character of evangelical preaching at present? We must look at this general question before we can offer any profitable remarks on the Scottish pulpit.

In those days of scepticism (much of which is earnest, and a great deal more of which is superficial—if not affected to gain cheaply a character for independence and originality of thinking), we must be guarded, as well as honest, in a statement of defects alleged against preachers. We have no sympathy with those who rage at the cloth, as a bull does at the sight of a red flag, and who are as much hurt at seeing a clergyman enter his pulpit as they would be at seeing their worst enemy pass into heaven. We shall not insist specifically on the want of intellect in preachers, for we believe that their average of talent is at least equal to that generally displayed in any other of the learned professions. The majority of sermons preached will, in point of ability, stand a comparison with the majority of speeches delivered at the bar and in the senate.

But, in our brief critical survey, we would say that the pulpit is too much isolated from nature and humanity, and that, therefore, Divine truth lacks its proper associations—its universal harmony with, and its authentic power over, the soul. Too seldom from the pulpit has the Bible been placed amid the efflorescence of spring, the luxuriance of summer, and the austere and naked majesty of the two more advanced seasons—though the fourfold year is a most instructive, easy, and not far-fetched commentary on the most important of Scripture truths; for the seasons may properly be called the four evangelists of nature, detailing her life and unfolding her character—arranging all her analogies, and furnishing a constant succession of signs and morals. Now, the healthy and sweet breath of nature should play upon the face and form of Christianity, and the doctrines of the one should be unfolded and unfurled, like magnificent banners, on the breezes, and under the light of the other. The voice of God should again be heard amidst the trees in the cool of the day. We know that Christianity, though in the pulpit uprooted from the natural world, is not dead. Yet she *looks* dead, whilst Pantheism, through an alliance with all the forms and shows of earth and sky, is endowed with an *apparent* life. Hence, in our day, the true religion is a *seeming* fable; and the religious notions of Carlyle and Emerson, being engrafted on the stock of nature, and cherished by all the influences which produce the efflorescence and fragrance of poetry, have the *appearance* of eternal truth. A coffin and a winding-sheet have been given to the *living*; whilst that which is *dead* has been placed under the ample sky, and surrounded by all the beauties of the year, until it is made to counterfeit vitality. From almost all preachers, Christianity sounds forth as if this world were a perfect vacuum, though nature should, at least, be the atmosphere to give the modulations and to prolong the echo. Nature is too closely related both to humanity and religion, to be disregarded in the pulpit; if the two last are to be united, why should the other be completely disregarded?

This grievous defect on which we are commenting is even carried to the extent of *ignoring* Bible scenery. Preachers do not present sacred history growing upon sacred scenery, and bearing, as its fruits, the doctrines and lessons of true theology for all ages and countries. They do not make truth a picture as well as a proposition. They detach the persons and events of the Bible from the scenes of the Bible, and, through their wish not to localise Divine truth, make it abstract, dry, and dull. Accordingly, the heroes of the Bible have lost their haunts, the events of the Bible have lost their localities, and the doctrines of the Bible have been cut down and removed from the fields where they at first sprung up and grew, and have been gathered into the garner of systematic theology ready for the pulpit-mill. This process not only prevents Christianity from taking a literary shape, but seriously diminishes its practical power. Christianity is seen to best advantage lying, as it ever lies in the Bible, amidst scenery, circumstances, and characters, and not pinched into a formal and meagre set of propositions.

But it may be asked, Why is this negation of poetry in Christianity more to be deplored in this age than in preceding centuries, when Christianity was still more bare and coldly and rigidly dogmatic? We reply, that previously there was not a broad and rich literature—adorn-

ing all earthly truths, great and small, with freshest beauty—to be contrasted with prosaic exhibitions of religion. But now there is such a literature, and millions are familiar with it; and young and enthusiastic thinkers will and do contrast the life-like character and potent charms which it both wears itself and gives to everything it touches, with the dry and anatomical expositions of Christianity from almost every pulpit; and the contrast unmistakably tends to produce religious scepticism or indifference. Now, wherever we look abroad upon the various departments of human knowledge, we see life, beauty, and power; but, when we come to Divine Christianity, we are shut up in a school, with nothing but words and diagrams to contemplate. As the spectators and students of human life, we are under the glorious sky and upon the dear and beautiful earth, feeling that we must of necessity, from fullest sympathy, be also fellow-actors; but, as the witnesses and students of something far more dear, precious, and sublime—even Divine life—we feel as if we were secluded from sky and earth, in a plain church, with nothing that is natural to help a communication with the spiritual—with nothing that is human to link us to the Divine—and where we never see the majestic movements of God's arm, nor the heavenly flashes of His eye, as universal Creator, to enforce the words of His mouth as the God of salvation!

Nor, for this special defect of all preaching, can clergymen allege, as an apology, that it is caused by any want, on the part of the hearers, of appreciation of the relations of Christianity to nature. We know that, for a preacher to elaborate his arguments, is to withdraw himself and his subject from the interest and comprehension of his audience, and that, if he be wise, his logic will be kept simple, rudimental, and rough enough to stick to the mind of every old woman before him; but we are also persuaded that, to elaborate a description, and bring out boldly and delicately all the parts of a painting, is to make it more intelligible and impressive to all men, whether educated or not. Will any one tell us that, at this season of the year, when vegetation is gone, along with the bland breath which had nourished it in the lap of vales or on the breast of mountains—when the sun has not a flower on earth to woo him out from his hiding clouds, and the night can find no flower with drooping head, over which to weep dew—and when the morning and the evening truly *are* the day—if a preacher were to illustrate the analogies which winter presents to the earthly lot and destiny of man, to the incurable blight which repeated disappointments send over his cherished hopes and affections, and to the dreary close of life itself, when man's head is white as snow, his eye dull and meaningless, like the cloudy sky of the season, and his whole person, when placed in the landscape of winter, seems natural to and in keeping with it:—will any one, we ask, tell us that these analogies will not be easily apprehended and deeply felt by all hearers?

There are two Scottish preachers of considerable reputation in London, the Rev. Drs Cumming and Hamilton, who have striven hard, and most unsuccessfully, that this defect in the British pulpit shall not be alleged against them. They put nature into their sermons, much in the same way as little girls put flowers and rose-leaves between the pages of their Bible. Hamilton's trunk of thought is as slender, dry, and dead, as the leaves are fantastic and artificial. Strip off the dress, and it is

folly; come to the naked essence of thought, and it is vanity. Hamilton's fancy is lunatic; Cumming's is theatrical. Take a sample of each. Hamilton says—"When a strong spring gushes up in a stagnant pool, it makes some commotion; and, looking at the murky stream, with its flotilla of duck-weed tumbling down the declivity, and the expatriated newts and horse-leeches crawling through the grass, and inhaling the miasma from the inky runnel, you may question whether the current has made matters any better. But when the living water has floated out the stagnant elements, and when, instead of mephitic mud, skinned over with a film of treacherous verdure, the bright fountain gladdens its mirrored edge with its leaping fulness, then trips away on its merry path, the benefactor of thirsty beasts and weary fields. So the first manifestations of the spiritual element are of a mingled sort. The pellicle of decency—the floating duck-weed of surface-scenuliness, which once spread over the character—is broken up."

In Cumming, we cannot find anything so excessively grotesque as the foregoing; but the following passage, from his sermon lately delivered before the Queen, at Balmoral, is as artificial and silly as the other is absurd—"Like some sweet spring amid the mountains around us, the happiness of the Gospel is so deep that it can never be frozen by the winter's frost—so overlapt and overshadowed by the everlasting hills, that it can never be evaporated by the summer's sun; or, rather, it is like one of those streamlets that come down from the Alpine glaciers—it is the freshest and fullest in that season, when all streams besides are dried up by the scorching heat."

If preachers cannot turn the natural year to better account than Dr Cumming, we request them to take with them into the pulpit a primrose in spring, a rich flower in summer, a withered leaf in autumn, and a snow-ball in winter, to season outwardly their evangelical discussions.

The pulpit isolates Christianity from humanity. Sin and punishment, goodness and happiness, are defined, discussed, and enforced in such a way as not to bear more directly upon men than upon angels or devils. Preachers appear to be ignorant of the human heart, and deal not with its various and complex emotions, aspirations, thoughts, and imaginations, until these have developed themselves into actual *sins*, to be catalogued and denounced according to theology. They do not lay Christianity alongside of human consciousness. Even theologians, the most celebrated as searchers of the heart, display no human insight. They have, indeed, another and a higher aim than Shakspeare, but they have exactly and permanently the same humanity to deal with as lay before the great poet. Yet who would think so from sermons? Christianity is laid down on the "head and front" of our depravity, and not upon the length and breadth, and into the depth, of our grand yet fallen humanity.

Clerical dealings with *conscience*, even, are grievously imperfect, on account of the same separation of Christianity from humanity. From the pulpit, impeachments, questionings, appeals, and warnings, have a dogmatic, sharp, and artificial character, and do not seem in full and wide harmony with the majestic thunder and storms of the sky, and are more like deductions from a formal creed, than the living impulses, powers, and means of a grand, universal system suited to man. When delivered out of doors, and in the open air, they are singularly *verbal*—

most unlike to *realities*; and they do not seem to proceed from, or to be in keeping with, the wide and breathing creation all around and above. We have felt this with special force when listening to some *revival* sermons, in which truth was more like something artificial than were the full-toned voices of inanimate nature. It is easy for a man to mount the pulpit, and tell an assembly that they are all going to hell; and some persons will call him an Elijah or a John the Baptist, and esteem him as remarkably faithful to his office. But how, by his own bare declaration and oath, can he impress and convict a soul? It is mere rude sound, which he keeps blowing in the faces of his hearers.

Now, our literature, which is but the embodiment of human consciousness, contrasts strikingly with this isolation of Christianity from humanity.

Thus, the two defects in preaching which we have noticed, have given to many men of noble genius, and to their thousands of disciples, the idea that Christianity itself is a system of dogmas—dying—dying—dead. Without justifying the preachers, we must have a passing word for the sceptics.

To them the pulpit has ceased to be an oracle, or even a teacher; and we fear that they also cherish almost as little reverence for the Bible, as for its professional expounders. Never shall we admit that those men, or the generations in which they live, have outgrown the perfect wisdom of God's Book, or the imperfect instruction of God's servants. We appeal to them, and we bid them say, if the *evangelical morality* be either defective or antiquated, or if transcendentalism can add another letter, or impart a finer spirit and quicker instincts to the law; and also if the *evangelic faith* be not the exclusive, the direct, and the living source of such pure and complete morality? We do think that it speaks little for the *genius* of those men that they are unable, from the plainest and most elementary sermon which is preached from the Bible, to extract anything but dead forms and worn-out ideas; and we wonder greatly that the meanest pulpit in the land is not, to their suggestive faculty, the lowly bush which reveals the burning glory of our God. When we find Thomas Carlyle obtaining the most vivid image of Cromwell from damp and dull records, letters and speeches, we are astonished at his professed inability to draw—not only from the Bible, but even from the poorest commentary upon the Bible—the vital system of Christianity. When we see Emerson labouring to restore life in the carcass of that dead ass—Swedenborg—we wonder that he should imagine Christ and his Apostles to be hopelessly and deservedly extinct. Is it not a subject for saddest amazement, that intellectual and literary men, who can turn any materials in secular science, profane history, and everyday experience, into a living structure, should yet declare that after they have done their best with the Bible, and the immense theological library of our country, Christianity looks a dead carcass? Why, the fulness of Divinity dwells within the very *A. B. C.* of Christianity!

We remember that Emerson, in one of his essays, when lamenting that spiritual truth has become lifeless, and is to be seen withering on the stalk of some old creed, describes the feelings with which he had, on one occasion, listened to a discourse in some chapel. It was a winter day, and the snow kept falling, whilst the preacher was not speaking

spontaneously from his consciousness blending with religious elements, but from his memory immersed in heaps of religious phrases, and diving down still deeper into phrases more obsolete; and Emerson was struck with the contrast between the life-like snow without and the dead truth within. Nature was manifesting itself after its own fashion; but the man in the desk was not developing any of his inward associations or experiences. The snow was far more suggestive than the sermon. It were easy to show that Emerson might as properly, and quite as profitably, have exercised his transcendentalism upon the very dull religious phrases as upon the flakes of snow. Formulas of religious thought, however cold, could surely be more easily energised with noble meaning than could snow-flakes. The bare and gaunt anatomy of Calvinism is far more suggestive to genius than is the whole animated framework of the material universe, and looks more worthy of the incarnation and the glories of the finest transcendentalism. Besides, had the dull orator tried his skill upon the snow, it is highly probable that the essayist would have been still more convinced of the inanity of the pulpit; yet, surely Emerson would not have begun forthwith himself to rail at the snow! Would he afterwards and ever have been proof against the sublime sense of the presence of nature, which a heavy and continued snowstorm imparts—when the mightiest and the meanest works of man are covered over, as if a quiet and unseen deluge had swept them all away, and when standing up in the midst of a city, we are yet in perfect solitude—dense squares and long streets, with the loftiest and largest buildings, being entirely obliterated by the simple flakes descending around us? No; Emerson would still have admired the snow, though the preacher had described it as he would have done geese-feathers; and so evangelical truth should not have been less glorious to him, from being inanely preached by an unintellectual man. Wicked, vain, and altogether unjustified by the poorest style of preaching that could prevail, are the incessant charges of *inertness and lifelessness* which Carlyle and Emerson make against the Christian faith. They themselves are apostles of earnestness. Now, we do not mean to inquire if, apart from their writings and their conversations, they are different from other men. We do not ask if they are *practical* disciples of their own flaming creeds; if they, personally and privately, are heroes fighting with the weapons which they manufacture and sell to the public. We shall not challenge their admirers to point out the Acts of these Apostles. Let us admit that Christianity is a dead letter. They also must admit (indeed, they do admit in the largest sense) that it was once marvellous life and power, nay, more, that it has had, in the course of centuries, some revivals and reinforcements. Then it possessed an earnestness which turned the world upside down, though the lever was nothing but the slender and unassisted arm of the poor and despised son of Mary! Well; let the vague system of principles propounded by Carlyle and Emerson be tested a few years hence. Let it find miscellaneous expounders and preachers, and what a lifeless and stupid thing it will have become. The doctrine of heroism, after eighteen years, will be far more stale and insipid than that of justification by faith, after eighteen centuries. The cry "Be earnest—don't be a sham, nor yet a flunkey," will be far more silly than the message, "Repent:" it will

sound like one "whistling for want of thought." There will not be a skeleton of the system remaining, not even a heap of ashes; it will be absolute nothingness. Even now the disciples are not to be tolerated as advocates; and none but the founders, Carlyle and Emerson themselves, can interest us. Their thousand converts might as well be silent, for any impressions which they can produce. Nineteen centuries from this date, what will have become of the vaunted system of earnestness? It will be defunct, without memorial or tradition. Little does Carlyle appear to think that his own fresh words are far less efficacious, even upon the present generation, than the ancient words of the poor fishermen of Galilee, otherwise he would not rail with such bitterness at the neglected oracles of Christianity. His views have the flush of earnestness over them; but that flush is not native to the views as principles, but proceeds from the fire of his genius.

It will not be alleged that Scottish preaching is without the two grand defects which we have charged upon all preaching. Nature and humanity are also ignored by the clergymen of the north. It might have been thought that the old times of the Covenant, when sermons were composed in dens and caves, and delivered in bleak moors, or rugged ravines, would have given modern Scottish preaching a tinge of the wild heather. Might not the many sacramental occasions, when all the services were conducted out of doors, have given sunburnt hues and a natural character to Scottish preaching? We should have expected that, when thus in our land of sublime scenery, Christianity was lifted from the pulpit and taken out of churches to be placed alongside of nature, that nature would have gone back with Christianity into our churches and pulpits. But no; the defect is as strongly marked in Scotland as in the sister country. Even Chalmers's preaching had the sweat-drops of hard intellectual labour upon it, but not the dew of poetry. All his redundant illustrations were dry as Gideon's fleece on the second night. Nor do our most famous living preachers differ in this respect. They do not lead their people through green pastures and beside still waters. Dr Candlish has a feverish intensity which withers, and a spasmodic energy which crushes, all the flowers of his fancy; and, besides, though fancy may dress, it is imagination alone that can incorporate religion with nature. Dr Guthrie indulges much in sea-imagery; but, in spite of his talents and genial character, his sermons always remind us of salt herings. Dr Wardlaw, an almost perfect model of the expositor and the polemic, is destitute of idealism. Drs Alexander, Anderson, and Eadie, are preachers who *might* have escaped the grand defect, had they been settled in rural districts, with leisure and circumstances for the cultivation of their poetic tendencies; but the pastoral duties of a town-charge, requiring so many hours each day to be devoted to such simple methods of communicating religious knowledge, as alone are suitable in the abodes of the vicious, and the ignorant, and at the deathbed of the poor, and interrupting and marring that unbroken calm in which a receptive and responsive communion with nature must be maintained, cannot be otherwise than destructive of that ideal of preaching which those able men may once have cherished. Of course, in Scotland, there are some hundreds of young clergymen (of whom the much-spoken-of Mr Caird, late of Lady Yester's, Edinburgh, is at the head) who, mistaking fustian and

bombast for eloquence and poetry, trick out the merest framework of Christianity with the most profuse and gaudy verbiage. Their talents and taste qualify them for writing paragraphs on *Rowland and Macassar*. Sometime ago, we heard one of the tribe descanting on the rich and varied knowledge communicated to the saints by the Spirit of God, and the following was his grand climax:—"You will ask, my brethren, if he teaches them arithmetic? Yes; he shows them how to number their days, so as to apply their hearts unto wisdom; and I maintain that this must include vulgar fractions, if not interminable decimals, as well as the rule of three. You will ask, my brethren, if he teaches them botany? Yes; he shows them the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley. You will ask, my brethren, does he teach them astronomy? Yes; all about the bright and Morning Star, and the Sun of Righteousness. You will ask, my brethren, does he teach them natural history? Yes he tells them of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the old and crooked serpent, and the BRAZEN SERPENT of the wilderness!"

The second defect which we alleged against preaching in general, is as fully characteristic of Scottish preaching.

Still, on the whole, we believe that the preachers of this country excel their brethren of the south. We are not speaking of pulpit eloquence two centuries ago, otherwise we should have given the immense superiority to England. We are now noticing *modern* preaching, and we think that its standard is higher here than it is there. There is the same want of genius in the pulpits of both countries; but we have more of logical and expository talent, more of sober, compact, and illustrative power, more of general learning, and of Biblical research, and more of prominent and special attention—among the various duties of the pastoral office—to the preparation of sermons.

Perhaps the following is the leading characteristic of the *manner* of a Scotch and English preacher respectively. The latter has a business-like style of speaking. He might be behind a counter selling wares, and not in a pulpit. He pleasantly measures off salvation, and divides the Gospel, as if at so much per yard or pound. The Scotchman deals out truth, as if reading from a creed, or reciting his lesson, at school. Of course, where there is genuine eloquence, the Englishman's shop and the Scotchman's school alike vanish, and you behold two orators differing from each other in nothing but accent.

Scottish preaching may be divided into two kinds—the topical and the expository. Of the first, Dr Chalmers is the *facile princeps*; of the second, Dr John Brown.

We have now before us Chalmers's "Posthumous Works and Life," and Dr Brown's splendid contributions to Biblical exegesis, his "Lectures on Peter," "Our Lord's Discourses, and Intercessory Prayer;" and though it was our original intention to make this paper a critique on the two kinds of preaching characteristic of those great men, we find that we have reached our limits, and must be brief in our remarks.

We need not speak of Dr Chalmers's clear pre-eminence as a pulpit orator, though he was without the usual external helps and ornaments of eloquence. Scotland has never produced an equal, if we except Edward Irving, who, apart from his majestic person and voice, had a bold, yet delicate poetic imagination, which often raised him far above the utmost

flight of Chalmers; yet he could not animate a whole sermon with the full breath and life which gave unceasing power of impulse and agitation to every sermon of Chalmers, who was absolutely unsurpassed for the whirl of thought, which sucked in the universal attention, and carried it round and round his subject, until he ceased to speak. He might keep reiterating one or two ideas, but then these were not only grand and important, but how closely did he bring them to his audience, every repetition being a narrower, and yet a more powerful, circle of influence around mind and heart! The topic which he was to display was entered upon from every possible quarter and aperture. He took you into the house by the front, and then by the back door; next at the different windows, then had you drawn up from the cellar, and finally, dropped down through the chimney, so that there was no possibility afterwards of mistaking where you had been.

Though Chalmers was unrivalled in unfolding a truth, yet, through a deficiency of discrimination and pointedness, he failed to search the human hearts to which he directed that truth. After reaching the understanding and the feelings, he had no power over the wide peculiarities of conscience, in a large and promiscuous assembly. He agitated the soul, but he never made the soul agitate itself; at least, his discourses were not at all adapted to that end. We do not know of any divine—invested with such a reputation—whose dealings with conscience were so vague and slight, and it is strange that he who could, and always did, produce the strongest impression upon the intellect and the emotions, should never reach the moral sense.

Turbulent force and feverish energy were the defects of Chalmers's oratory. Now, noblest genius, with its full impulses, and prosecuting its grandest race, is self-possessed. Its strength is smooth and secret, being that of a natural law; its voice is not dangerous, but quietly deep, as the thunder of the sky, or the boom of the ocean. The highest oratory is best out of doors, and under the open heavens; then it blends with the mighty, yet tranquil harmonies of nature, and frenzied utterances are felt to be out of tune, mean, and grating. Chalmers's genius was not of the highest order; he had the poet's fury, but not the poet's eye.

What Dr Chalmers did for topics, Dr Brown does to texts and books, and is incomparably the most accurate, comprehensive, and fresh Biblical expositor in Britain. Within the last two years, he has published seven large volumes, of unrivalled exegesis, mixed up with the strongest doctrinal, the closest practical, and the tenderest sentimental matter—volumes, the good of which will be incalculable, for improving the style of Scottish preaching. If such a man as Edward Irving were to combine, with his own poetic faculties, Dr Brown's powers of exegetical, and doctrinal, and practical discussion, he would be the greatest pulpit orator of any age or country.

We cannot conclude this paper without expressing our firm belief that Mr Gilfillan's new work—"The Bards of the Bible"—will do much to remove the two great defects which characterise all preaching. We have perfect confidence that the book itself will not be marked by these defects, and it should stimulate preachers to strive that Christianity shall no longer be dissociated from nature and humanity, but become the familiar spirit of both.

ELIZABETH BARRETT (BROWNING), MARGARET
FULLER, AND GEORGE SAND.

WE do not belong to that class who are inclined to look back; who find that a former age has enjoyed greater privileges, or been enriched in a greater degree, either with spiritual or intellectual gifts, than the present. We think that the world must advance, that progression is the law of being, as it is the law of nature, and that apparently retrograde movements, like the retrograde movements of the planets, are not in reality such, but due to the position of the beholder. We think, and we rejoice in saying so, that the age in which we live has produced a class of female writers, such as no other age ever has produced; and we almost dare to prophesy, that this epoch is but the herald to another and better—an epoch when the receptivity of the general mind for works that are comprehensive and ennobling, shall have been greatly aided by efficient systems of education, that shall reach down into the fountains of being, and give to life greater dignity and meaning.

But while we assert that the female writers of the present day stand pre-eminent over those of other periods, we are very willing to acknowledge how much these are indebted to the women of the age preceding this. Madame Roland, with her clear, calm, penetrative intellect, her eager and acute perceptions, her deep insight into character and motives, and her high and unwavering principle, that enabled her to die so bravely, has left, in her celebrated "Appeal," much that must have been largely influential in the formation of character. Madame de Staël, too, with her masculine understanding, alert talent, and dialectic skill, paved the way for a higher phase of female development. The failure of her life even taught a deeper lesson than all her works; for it clearly proved that there is somewhat more required than even the most richly-endowed intellect, and that the moral nature is cold and unproductive without the old Hebrew spirituality. Maria Edgeworth also had some influence—as large an influence as sound common sense and worldly prudence can have, when there is no deeper, diviner principle recognised. Miss Martineau, alive, and writing still at intervals, even amid suffering, may scarcely be said to belong to a former age. She rather stands between two widely distinct epochs, and is the first female writer in which these tendencies appear that characterise the writings of those authors whose names we have selected for our title. No two books, we allege, could be more different than the "Corrinne" of Madame de Staël, and the "Deerbrook" of Harriet Martineau. The story of "Corrinne" is simply a vehicle by which the writer conveys to us her impressions of Italy, and of Italian society. It is slight, though sometimes very painful; but every page is crowned with sentiment, every chapter teeming with gorgeous description. Like Sir James Macintosh, we went over it slowly, enjoying it drop by drop, yet its teachings were of no avail in the real business of life. Fascinating and instructing we acknowledged it to be, but there was no strength to be got from it. How different was it with the story of "Deerbrook!" A simple domestic tale, such as might happen with any party, or in any village, conveyed

so much that was calculated to instruct, to warm, to strengthen, and ennoble, that we got to consult it as we would an oracle, so many holy lessons does it contain of self-sacrifice and self-renunciation. Ever and anon we come upon some beautiful thought, some deep experience. Reflections alternate with suggestions, and life is felt to be a reality, godly or otherwise, as we make it so. We close the book, satisfied that we have attained to a larger range of being—have been dealing with

“Thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.”

We think, then, that the writers of a former epoch were wanting in those lofty spiritual tendencies that shine through the pages of Elizabeth Barrett and Margaret Fuller—nay, which are to be found even in the writings of George Sand. They hovered on the outskirts of being—saw human beings in their relation to society, not as individual natures, endowed with powers of self-development. The reason of conventionalism (rules of society) is fast passing away: the living deed, the heroic action, must supersede the dogma; and no teaching but that which is vital and soul-stirring will gain acceptance. Having thus premised, we proceed to show, by an examination of the writings of the above-mentioned authoresses, what grounds there are for the belief here entertained, that in spiritual tendencies they surpass those of any other period.

Miss Barrett is well known as a writer of poetry, and a writer of no mean order. Of her longer pieces, we will not here speak, although they abound in fine passages. We think, with Archdeacon Hare, that women should confine themselves to lyrics. Then Miss Barrett's lyrics are so exquisite, so full of fine thought and pure emotion. Some parties complain that they are without music: this we will not allow. The music is not grand and stately harmony, nor is it linked vocalness long drawn out: but it is the rich irregular music of nature, abrupt, impetuous, powerful—tones that have a meaning, and take hold of the heart. Beethoven gives us the songs of angels; Miss Barrett, the cry of the human—that cry that all may understand. In her “Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point,” we have, indicated by broken sobs and bursts of madness, one of the darkest tales that could disgrace the annals of existence; yet are there sunny beams of beauty—intuitions deep and consolatory—granted to the slave.

Again, when her soul is lighted up by its first and only love, when her spirit grew “as free as if unsold, unbought,” the simple manner in which she finds utterance for the new joy that filled her being, is as beautiful and touching as Desdemona's mode of expressing her grief and dark presentiment of evil:—

“I sang his name instead of a song;
Over and over I sang his name—
Backward and forward, I sang it along:
With my sweetest notes, it was still the same!
But I sang it low, that the slave-girls near
Might never guess, from what they could hear,
That all the song was a name.”

The stately stoicism of the following is in fine contrast with the simplicity of the above. She is condemned to the lash:—

"You think I shriek'd there?—not a sound!

I hung as a gourd hangs in the sun;
I only cursed them all around
As softly as I might have done
My own child after. From these sands,
Up to the mountains, lift your hands,
O slaves, and end what I begun!"

Her "Song of the Factory Childrep" is another example of the strong sympathy of Miss Barrett's large heart, and the power she has to utter it. She does not, like Madame de Staël, give us the stilted woes of the rich and voluptuous, but the bitter plaint of the oppressed and broken. Her going down into these depths is not the charitable act of a fine lady: it is the yearning of a highly-sensitive nature—a nature rich in generous love, and united to every grade of society by strong soul-ties—the holy bond of sisterhood. Yet this is only one phase of her opulent genius. Sorrows of another sort she can depict well. Her ballads are full of touching pathos. Life weariness she has felt, and can convey as one who has probed its deep meaning. "The discrepancy," says Jean Paul, "between our wishes and our relations, between the *soul* and the *earth*, remains a riddle, if we continue, and, if we cease to live, a blasphemy. Strangers, born upon mountains, we consume in lowly places with an unhealthy *heimweh*. We belong to higher regions, and an eternal longing grows in our hearts at music, which is the *Kuhreigen* of our native Alps." Her bursts of enthusiasm likewise are genuine and effective, pregnant with a childlike delight and abandonment.* Her poem on the gorse is an example:—

"Mountain gorses ever golden,
When Linneus on the sod
Knelt beside you, praising God," &c.

But we must not indulge in further quotation: we only add a remark or two. Beneath all this objective teaching, it will be clearly seen that there is a subjective basis—psychological experiences that give depth and reality to every emanation of her genius. We gather strength and encouragement as we read, and become self-reliant and brave. Such results are the true criteria. To be amused, fascinated, are small matters; but to be made stronger, wiser by it, is a sure proof of the value of an influence, in whatever shape it come to us.

Miss Fuller is not a poetess: her efforts are all in the form of prose, and consist of "Miscellaneous Essays," a work entitled "Women of the Nineteenth Century," and some papers in periodicals. Possessing more of genius than talent, her writings are unequal, some portions being highly suggestive, while others are flat and hard. Those finer portions are her intuitions, which are always deep and pure. They come upon us like sunbursts, but they depart not as such. They remain with us, to correct and aid us, and to cause the hidden seeds of virtue that lie deep in the soul to expand and germinate. Her sympathies are neither so fresh nor so exuberant as Miss Barrett's, nor does her being flow forth in the same gushing tide of emotions. She is calm and collected, surrounded by the sunshine of the old Greek serenity, which so many mistake for coldness. She possesses, in a high degree, the repose of

strength. The emotion, the passion, ever is there, but it is subordinate to the will; hence the impassioned seriousness, the earnest tone of her writings, without any degree of temper or vituperation. All her teachings are spiritual. Her code of laws is the "voice of the soul." She questions every dictate that comes not from this source, and will not hear either of compromise or expediency. Speaking of freedom of will, Rahel von Ense remarks:—"Two such contradictory things, as external and internal happiness, are not easily brought into harmony. We must choose between the two. Will we throw ourselves on the world, or will we maintain our own character? We have this choice: this is our freedom of the will; beyond this, belongs to God. Clearness of intellectual perception, purity, and, if possible, strength of will, is our problem, and our only happiness." Margaret Fuller, though not so highly gifted, is endowed with a far larger share of decision of character than the celebrated German, and clears that course through strength of mind and discernment, which the other attained by progressive experience. Yet the German nature was the finer of the two, being, if we may so use the phrase, made perfect through suffering. Yet is there a high tone, a serene grandeur in the writings of the former, that atone for sweeter, gentler qualities. Hear her in her paper on Goethe. Speaking of the choice he made at "the parting of the ways"—the choice that led "Faust, the seeker, from the heights of his own mind, to the trodden ways of the world"—she says:—

"After this period, we find in him rather a wide and deep wisdom, than the inspirations of genius. His faith, that all *must* issue well, wants the sweetness of piety; and the god he manifests to us, is one of law or necessity, rather than of intelligent love. As this god makes, because he must, so Goethe, his instrument, observes and recreates, because he must: observing, with minutest fidelity, the outward exposition of nature, never blinded by a sham, or detained by a fear, he yet makes us feel that he wants insight to her sacred secret. The calmest of writers does not give us repose, because it is too difficult to find his centre. Those flame-like natures which he undervalues, give us more peace and hope through their restless aspirations, than he with his hearth-enclosed fires of steady fulfilment: for, true as it is that God is everywhere, we must not only see him, but see him acknowledged. Through the consciousness of man, 'shall not nature interpret God?' We wander in diversity, and, with each new turning of the path, long anew to be referred to the One."

There is, we think, more of calm judgment and unbiassed estimation in the above passage, than we have met with elsewhere. The mind of the man Goethe has been, and, we believe, ever will remain, very much of an enigma; but this comes nearer to a solution of the problem than anything we have seen. Then she admits his eminence in the region of which he made choice—sees that in art, if not in life, he was victorious. After a summary of the merits of that work of Goethe's, called the "Elective Affinities," she proceeds to say:—

"Here is the glorious privilege of a form known only in the world of genius; there is on it no stain of usage or calculation to chill our sense of its immeasurable life. What in our daily walk, amid common faces and common places, fleets across us as moments from glances of the eye, or tones of the voice, is felt from the whole being of one of these children of genius. Others, it would seem, on closing the book, exclaim—'What an immortal book!' I well remember my own thought—'It is a work

of art !' At last I understood that world within a world, that ripest fruit of human nature, which is called art. With each perusal of the book, my wonder and delight at this wonderful fulfilment of design grew. I understood why Goethe was well content to be called artist, and his works, works of art, rather than revelations."

There is something noble and profound in the judgments she pronounces on those who stop short of the goal:—

"Not willing to grow into God by the steady worship of a life, man would enforce his presence by a spell; not willing to learn his existence by the slow processes of their own, they strive to bind it in a word, that they may wear it about the neck as a talisman. He whose prayer is only work, will not leave his treasure in the secret shrine. There is a higher spiritual law always ready to supersede the temporal laws, at the call of the human soul. The soul that is too content with usual limitations, will never call forth this unusual manifestation."

It is with heartfelt gratitude that we claim two women who, being able to utter such sentiments, utter them in "Saxon speech." The true teacher has not only to encounter the antagonism of the senses, at all times powerful opponents; but even the intellect hath built its high towers of opposition, and the soul shut up in these strongholds is well nigh powerless; but had we manifold utterances such as these we have quoted—deep calling unto deep—the barriers would be shaken, and the light of heaven penetrate to the soul's inmost recesses.*

But there is yet another name in our title—the name of one quite equal to any of the other two in genius and literary attainment; nay, perhaps, surpassing them in celebrity, but a name more frequently to be found in the mouth of the detractor, the traducer, and scorner, than upon the lips of love. Immoral is the cant phrase employed by the ignorant; questionable, the term applied to her writings by the better educated. We would accuse both parties of haste, and consequently of misjudgment, and, in that spirit of charity that hopeth all things, would plead for this isolated one, this sister of many conflicts, in whom there is much to love. One of the Triads of the ancient Druids says—"Three things, rightly understood, will give peace: the tendencies of nature, the claims of justice, and the voice of truth." Let us listen to the claims of justice here! A life, which is progressive, must not be measured by any one of its phases, nor must it be measured by the transition periods which united any two of its epochs to each other: either would give

* Alas! Margaret Fuller is now dead. Her father was a Boston lawyer, and a member of Congress from 1817 to 1825. Soon after his retirement from the senate, he bought a farm, and abandoned law for agriculture and the education of his children. He used to exact a complement of Latin verses daily from poor Margaret, when she was only eight years of age. He died while she was yet a young woman, although the eldest of several motherless girls. She taught, she lectured, she wrote. Some seven years ago, she published "A Summer on the Lakes." She edited the literary department of the "New York Tribune." She was for some time co-editor of the "Dial" with Emerson. She visited this country in 1846; was lost a whole night on Ben Lomond; went to Paris; proceeded to Genoa; made a considerable stay in Italy, having been married to Count d'Ossoli. Her husband and she, accompanied by their child, embarked last June for her native country, but they never reached it. They were all drowned in a storm.

impressions decidedly erroneous. He who, like Pliable, comes out from the Slough of Despond on the side next his own house, may thereby avoid conflicts with Apollyon, Doubting Castles, and Valleys of the Shadow of Death, but he will never find the Celestial City. Christian, judged by any detached portion of his way, were sure to be misjudged: the scope and purpose of these, in connection with the whole journey, must be considered. Now George Sand's errors are the slips of Christian as he journeyed through the unknown territory; and posterity, seeing them in due perspective, will acknowledge them to be such, and revere the heroic woman who heralded the way to a *terra incognita*, guided by a high impulse, and noble instincts. Justice was the first cry of that mental convulsion, the throes of which have not yet died down into the holy calm of those who have been tried, but have overcome. For justice, she pleads in the most touching accents, were they but understood. No tale of hers, however simple, but, in some guise or other, contains a reflex of her heart's sorrows. Her own nature being genuine, and above imitation, may not be ruled by form or custom, however venerable, through the world's sufferance; and she would, taught, like Milton, by her own grievances, plead for wiser, more enlightened legislation. Yet is there nothing violent, nothing overcharged in any of her productions: she is mistress of her emotions, and knows where to stop, and her delineations of character are, generally speaking, truthful and natural. We cannot, as some parties do, tear a work to pieces, and dissect it in portions. We like to judge of a work as a whole, and to find what are its influences; for we think, that as the true colour of an object is to be found in the spectrum, so is the true character of a book to be found in the impression left on the mind. As wholes, then, all the works of George Sand that we have seen are pure and high in their tendencies, and an undercurrent of deep and passionate feeling ever runs through them, that gives to them reality and life. Her insight comes by suffering, not intuition. She does not listen, and listen, till she has caught the voice of the inspirer; but she works and struggles, and becomes wiser through endurance and labour. We find this fine resolution in "Spiridion:"—

"We will go towards the future; we are going full of the past, and filling up our present days with study, meditation, and a continual effort after perfection. With courage and humility, drawing pleasure and strength from the contemplation of the ideal, and seeking enthusiasm and confidence in prayer, we shall obtain enlightenment from God, and his aid in the instruction of men, each one of us according to his strength."

She paints well: her descriptions of natural scenery are vivid and striking. "The duty of a devout and learned admiration," she would have all to understand; and in the introductory chapter to her little tale, called "The Haunted Marsh," she bemoans the partial development with which we at present rest contented, and predicts that a better system of things is at hand. For deliberate meditation, and calm wisdom, we know nothing to surpass the following:—

"Nature is ever young, beautiful, and generous. She sheds poetry and beauty over all beings, and upon every plant that man permits her to develop at her will. She possesses the true secret of happiness—that treasure which no one has been able to ravish from her. The happiest of beings would be that man who, possessing a

scientific and cultivated mind, working with his own hands, and securing happiness and liberty from the exercise of his own intelligence and strength, would yet have leisure to devote to the improvement of his own moral and intellectual qualities, to comprehend his own handiwork, and to adore that of his Maker. The artist possesses enjoyments of this kind in the contemplation and reproduction on his canvass of the beauties of nature; but, on beholding the misery of the beings who people this terrestrial paradise, the humane and right-minded artist feels an emotion of sadness mingle with his pleasure. Happiness would exist there, where the mind, the heart, and the arms, working in concert under the eye of the Almighty, should produce a holy harmony between the munificence of God, and the enjoyment of the human soul."

Her works abound in passages such as these, and, did our space permit, we could quote more largely. It is in "*Lélia*," we think, that her gifted nature most shows itself: in it, are her finest descriptive passages; in it, does her soul seem most largely imbued with a deep and eloquent wisdom. In her other works, she depicts society, its virtues and its vices—rural life in France, with its simplicity and its prejudices; but, in this, we have her own being, with its woes and its shortcomings, laid open before us. In the character of the doubter, the complainer, we have George Sand, baffled, disconsolate, depressed; in *Lélia*, the enthusiast, with her sweet and high utterances, her clear insight, and holy faith, we hear the voice of George Sand's soul. She has looked into these mysterious antagonisms, that we name good and evil, and penetrated their meaning. These esoteric teachings she has striven to render into exoteric language; hence is she so much misunderstood. There is a very able defence of her by Mazzini, prefixed to the little story of "*Fadette*," which we would advise all parties to peruse. To those who have hitherto misunderstood her efforts, it will be profitable; and to those who have, by superior insight, done justice to her character and motives, it will be pleasant and refreshing to find their own views confirmed by the testimony of one so deservedly celebrated as Joseph Mazzini.

POPULAR ERROR RESPECTING INSTINCT IN THE BRUTE.

SECTION FIRST.

"We should hold it the most unphilosophical temerity to affirm so much as the slightest atom of evidence for the immortality of beasts or of plants, and that, notwithstanding the kindred phenomena which they exhibit to those of the human framework. Yet we deem it neither temerity nor extravagance, but in the spirit of the true philosophic modesty, to affirm, on the strength of these phenomena, that for aught we know they may be immortal: the affirmation, this, not of a positive knowledge, but of a conscious ignorance."—*Chalmers*.

FROM the earliest ages, we find man, amongst his fellow wanderers on the earth, monopolising both the faculty of reason and the gift of immortality; allotting to the brute, in lieu of the one, annihilation, and as

a substitute for the other, some unknown, mysterious influence. Poets and orators, divines and laymen—all, in short, who have exercised some influence in forming the opinions of the world—have, with rare exceptions, lent their aid to establish this exclusive arrangement; and so far, indeed, as the sanction of the mass of mankind can avail, their efforts have been fully successful. But nature holds her way, nevertheless, unmindful of the narrow and arbitrary rules laid down by one portion of creation for the other.

By this disposition, the possession of reason is regarded as involving a life beyond the grave. Is this in truth so? As far as the human race has been informed, it certainly is not.* Reason enables man to comprehend some, and to assent to others, of the doctrines of immortality; but, alone, and unassisted by revelation, it leaves him, as all history tells us, the “poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds.” The strict and true definition of reason—and it is in this sense, stripped of associations which obscure its meaning and obstruct its legitimate application, that the term is used in this essay—is, the faculty by which a judgment or decision is formed from some comparison of ideas in the mind. Instinct, on the contrary, is understood to be a property or determination given by Almighty wisdom to animal organisations, to act in such or such a way, upon such or such an occasion, without intelligence, without knowledge of good or ill, and without knowing for what end they act. In other words, a power operating above the conscious intelligence of the creature.

The investigation of a subject connected in any degree with our status in the universe, is too frequently embarrassed by what is supposed may be the results flowing from the establishment of some particular view; in such a case, the mind is seldom capable of arriving at a conclusion, or of forming a judgment consistent with truth, or satisfactory to its cause. But the true philosopher, fearlessly, and with an unbiassed mind, examines, upon its own independent merits, every allowable subject of inquiry; conscious that all things in heaven and earth, from the highest created intelligence to the most seemingly insignificant particle of dust, are the work of one all-wise God, and consequently, that there can be no contradiction in them: if, therefore, he believes the revelation to man to be from that all-perfect Being, he is certain that in his works nothing can be found derogatory to his word; and will refer any seeming inconsistency between the two, to the imperfection brought to the inquiry, rather than to a discrepancy existing in reality.

The system of Copernicus raised such apprehensions for the safety of religion, and for the credit of the divine record, that the minds of men were closed to the reception of proofs, now looked upon as indubitable, adduced in support of it; and obloquy and condemnation were heaped upon the theory, as one subversive of the Scriptures, and in direct opposition to the Word of God. The groundlessness of these fears has long since been acknowledged; and the calumniated system is now believed in by all good and wise men, as the one devised by the mind, and framed by the hand of the Great Architect.

* A reasoning faculty is not once referred to in Scripture as the exclusive privilege of the human race.

Geology, too, has had its opponents from similar notions of its tendency to call in question divine historical facts; and extravagant theories, whose insufficiency would have been apparent in any question in which the feelings were not enlisted, have been resorted to, to prop up, not the Mosaic account of the creation, but the fabric raised by ignorance in supposed accordance with it. How does this science now stand in the estimation of all rational inquirers after truth? As affording further proofs of, and as manifesting, in a higher degree, the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God.

The free examination of this subject is obstructed also by the vain and gratuitous assumption, on the part of the vast majority of mankind, that in the great and comprehensive work of creation, the Deity had but the human race in view, and that all was called into existence either directly or indirectly as referable to it. There are some, however, who entertain humbler, and, it may be, juster views of their position on this speck and point in the infinite dominions of the Almighty—who do not believe that subserviency to the use of man was the sole object for which were created the endless varieties of life with which this earth abounds; nor that the countless worlds which surround this, comparatively, grain of matter, were called into being for his advantage or improvement alone.

"It is true," writes the eloquent Tucker ("Light of Nature," book 3, cix., p. 9), "that by applying ourselves to the study of nature, we daily find more and more uses in things that at first appeared useless. But some things are of such a kind as not to admit of being applied to the benefit of man, and others too noble for us to claim the sole use of them. Man has no further concern with this earth, than a few fathoms under his feet: was, then, the whole solid globe made only for a foundation to support the slender shell he treads upon? Do the magnetic effluvia course incessantly over land and sea, only to turn here and there a mariner's compass? Are those immense bodies, the fixed stars, hung up for nothing but to twinkle in our eyes by night, or to find employment for a few astronomers? Surely he must have an overweening conceit of man's importance, who can imagine this stupendous frame of the universe made for him alone."

Similar views are entertained by Buckland; and he has recorded them in language so modest and so convincing, that the passage in which they occur may, without apology, be given at length. "I would," he says, "in this, as in all other cases, be unwilling to press the theory of relation to the human race so far, as to contend that all the great geological phenomena we have been considering were conducted *solely* and *exclusively* with a view to the benefit of man. We may rather count the advantages he derives from them as incidental and residuary consequences; which, although they may not have formed the exclusive object of creation, were all foreseen and comprehended in the plans of the Great Architect of that globe, which, in his appointed time, was destined to become the scene of human habitation. With respect to the animal kingdom, we acknowledge, with gratitude, that, among the higher classes, there is a certain number of living species which are indispensable to the supply of food and raiment, and to the aid of civilised man in his various labours and occupations; and that these are endowed with dispositions and faculties which adapt them in a peculiar degree for

domestication ; but their number bears an extremely small proportion to the total amount of existing species ; and with regard to the lower classes of animals, there are but very few among their almost countless multitudes that minister either to the wants or luxuries of the human race. Even could it be proved that all existing species are serviceable to man, no such inference could be drawn with respect to those numerous extinct animals which geology shows to have ceased to live, long before our race appeared upon the earth. It is surely more consistent with sound philosophy, and with all the information that is vouchsafed to us respecting the attributes of the Deity, to consider each animal as having been created first for its own sake, to receive its portion of that enjoyment which the Universal Parent is pleased to impart to each creature that has life ; and, secondly, to bear its share in the maintenance of the general system of co-ordinate relations, whereby all families of living beings are reciprocally subservient to the use and benefit of one another. Under this head only can we include their relations to man ; forming, as he does, but a small, although it be the most noble and exalted, part of that vast system of animal life with which it hath pleased the Creator to animate the surface of the globe."

Neither revelation nor the light of nature informs us for what *original* purposes or ends life, with its numberless and infinite gradations, was called forth upon this planet ; nor why such a being as man, with his wonderful capacity for evil and for good, was created one of them, and placed at the head of the countless assemblage. The simple fact is all it has pleased the Deity to allow us to know. The knowledge of our lost condition, and of the means by which we may be reconciled to the God whose laws we, alone, perhaps, of all his creatures, have broken, does not enlighten us as to the primary purpose of our creation.

These considerations should induce us to approach, with all possible humility and fairness, a question in which our feelings and prejudices lean too much to one side.

It is not proposed to speculate upon the efficient agencies which work out the will of the Creator in the operations of animated life ; but to inquire whether we are justified in attributing any of the acts of the brute to a principle different in its nature from that by which similar or analogous actions are performed by man. It may, however, be observed, that whatever these agencies be, whether material or spiritual, they are equally the ministers of the Almighty, and no preference can, upon any supposed superiority between the two, be given to the one rather than to the other. Those who affect to be offended, and to think religion scandalised, when men speak of such or such a phenomenon being the consequence of mechanical or chemical laws, would do well to consider whence, in reality, the offence and scandal come—whether from an apprehension of the power and dominion of the Deity being invaded, or from the disregard thereby shown to their own peculiar notions and phraseology. Do such laws exist ? We act, at least, as if we thought so. Are they the results of chance, man's invention, and fabrication ; or properties impressed upon, and willed to belong to matter by its Creator ? The last, doubtless ; and with a design, and for a purpose. Where, then, the impropriety in attributing, should a sound conclusion warrant us in doing so, the wonderful operations of the Almighty to those laws of his,

which, for perspicuity and intelligibility, we designate by particular names. Perhaps, if it be permissible in man to allow his thoughts to surmise, humbly and reverently, indeed, any of the original purposes of the divine mind, these unchangeable laws which have been stamped upon creation may have, for one of their intended uses, to testify, as ever present witnesses, to the truth and sameness of the Being whose great lessons of life and duty we are commanded to obey. Nor are these considerations foreign to the present subject, for many errors owe their origin and support to the all-importance man attaches to his race, and to the tenacity with which he holds to opinions which flatter his prejudices or his vanity.

The proposed investigation resolves itself into two inquiries: first, Does reason exist in the animal kingdom *out of the human species*? and, secondly, Are any of the actions of the lower animals, however apparently performed without deliberation, and prior to all experience or instruction, attributable to a principle different in its nature from that to which the similar or analogous actions of men are referable? No difficulty is anticipated in establishing the affirmative of the first question; men of accurate observation, of deep thought, and of comprehensive minds, have, in the spirit of fair investigation, acknowledged that a reasoning power is as evidently displayed by some of the brute race in many of their acts, as is the exercise of the natural senses; and even writers who entertain no very liberal views of the purposes and objects of creation, and who would willingly add to the importance of man by the degradation of the brute, have been compelled to concede, rather than forfeit their own title to reason, that some of their co-inhabitants of the earth are possessed of a comparing and deliberative faculty.

The mental machinery and moving cause of action in animal organisations, have, in all ages, so much interested the human race, that little has been left on this subject for writers of the present day, further than to collect and compare the opinions already recorded, and to test their respective merits and demerits by the acknowledged rules of philosophising, assisted in the task by the advantages of more extended observation, and by the enlightenment and liberality of mind, consequent upon the discoveries and advancement of science. These rules, as laid down by Sir Isaac Newton, in the third book of his "*Principia*," are, first, "That we are to admit no more causes of things than are sufficient to explain appearances;" and, secondly, that, "To the same effects we must, as far as possible, assign the same causes." It is in conformity with these rules, and in the *spirit* of the passage which is placed at the head of this essay, that the subject under inquiry will be considered.

The history of the lower animals affords numberless instances of their attaining their ends by the same means and contrivances which man would have recourse to, under similar wants and similar circumstances, were he, by his bodily conformation, supplied with or limited to the same instruments and capabilities of action. It may be added, that, in the attainment of his object, the degrees of ability evinced by the brute, even amongst individuals the offspring of the same parents, are not less remarkable and diversified than are those exhibited by different individuals of the human race.

As introductory to the opinions which have been held upon this sub-

ject, a few examples may not be out of place:—On the northern coast of Ireland, a friend of mine (says Dr Darwin) saw above a hundred crows at once preying upon muscels. Each crow took a muscle up into the air, twenty or forty yards high, and let it fall on the stones, and thus, by breaking the shell, got possession of the animal. *Æschylus*, the Athenian poet, was killed by an eagle letting a tortoise fall upon his bald head, which the animal mistook for a stone.—In the article “Instinct,” in the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” the following fact is related upon unquestionable authority: In the spring of 1791, a pair of crows made their nest on a tree, of which there were several planted round his (the narrator’s) garden, and, in his morning walks, he had often been amused by witnessing furious combats between them and a cat. One morning the battle raged more fiercely than usual, till, at last, the cat gave way, and took shelter under a hedge, as if to wait a more favourable opportunity of retreating to the house. The crows continued, for a short time, to make a threatening noise; but, perceiving that, on the ground, they could do nothing more than threaten, one of them lifted a stone from the middle of the garden, and perched with it on a tree planted in the hedge, where she sat watching the motions of the enemy of her young. As the cat crept along under the hedge, the crow accompanied her, by flying from branch to branch, and from tree to tree; and when at last puss ventured to quit her hiding-place, the crow, leaving the trees, and hovering over her in the air, let the stone drop from on high on her back. It is self-evident,” adds the author, “that the crow, on this occasion, reasoned; and it seems to be little less evident, that the ideas employed in her reasoning were enlarged beyond those ideas which she had received from her senses. By her senses, she may have perceived that the shell of a fish is broken by a fall; but could her senses inform her that a cat would be wounded or driven off the field by the fall of a stone? No; from the effect of the one fall preserved in her memory, she must have inferred the other by her power of reasoning.—The Abbe Grosier, in his “Description of China” (vol. i., p. 362), relates that a kind of tiger is seen, which has a body like a dog, but no tail, and is remarkably swift and ferocious. If any one meets this animal, and, to escape from its fury, climbs up a tree, the tiger immediately sends forth a loud yell, and several other tigers arrive, which all together dig up the earth round the roots of the tree, and, overturning it, seize their prey.—In Norway, eagles destroy oxen by the following contrivance: They dive into the sea, and then roll themselves in the sand, and afterwards, by flapping their wings and shaking their feathers into the eyes of an ox, they blind it, and overcome it.—An old monkey was shown in Exeter Change, who, having lost his teeth, when nuts were given to him, took a stone, and cracked them one by one; thus using tools to effect his purpose.—Lord Bacon tells us of a raven, “which, in a drought, threw pebbles into a hollow tree, where she espied water, that the water might rise so as she might come to it.—The black bear will sit on his hinder extremities by the side of a stream, in the morning or evening, like a practised fisher; there he will watch, so motionless as to deceive the eye of the Indian, who mistakes him for the burnt trunk of a tree; and, with his fore-paw, he will seize a fish with incredible celerity. It would serve no useful purpose

to multiply facts of a similar nature; works on the natural history of the lower animals abound with them; and our own observation may, almost daily, furnish us with examples of sagacity in the brute, quite as striking as any we read of.

Dr Hancock has written an elaborate work on "Animal Instinct." His object clearly is, to establish (in opposition to Locke's theory) that man possesses instincts, inherent determinations, impulses, and innate principles of right and wrong, true and false, which can enable him, by the common or ordinary use of the talents committed to him, to think and act like a rational being, to comprehend his duties to God and man, and, by obedience, to perform them. It is as prefatory, and subservient to this object, that he discusses the question of instinct in the brute; and he supports and presses the theory of "a power operating above the conscious intelligence of the creature," by every argument, and to the fullest extent, that an acute and constitutionally just mind will allow him. He admits the rationality of many of the acts of the lower animals, but with such qualifications, and gratuitous and unsupported assumptions, as to leave no doubt of the admission being the consequence of conviction alone. "I think it must be obvious," he says, "that, whether we allow them reason or not, the actions themselves comprehend those elements of reason, if I may so speak, which we commonly refer to rational beings; so that, if the same actions had been done by our fellow-creatures, we should have ascribed them, without hesitation, to motives and feelings worthy of a rational nature. It is certain, that most of these animals, in their several rational acts (if I may call them such), show every outward sign of consciousness or knowledge of the end of their actions. . . . As no man, then, can clearly point out by what delicate and hidden steps even the human mind is conducted, in passing from premises to conclusions—as he cannot trace what animal propensities, and feelings of his sensitive nature, and prejudices, and moral principles, govern and influence his various decisions, constituting what he calls an act of human reason—farther than the end can be accounted for by the means; so neither can he comprehend the impelling motives of the brute, except by their visible actions. If these visible actions, therefore, correspond with his own ideas of what is excellent in feeling and judgment, they must either proceed from faculties like that part of human nature to which the brute is clearly allied, or from a much higher source. But as they do not appear to belong to instinct, or a necessary and unavoidable impulse compelling them to act, nor yet to those more dignified principles of the human character, of which the brute shows no signs, they may be considered analogous to those principles which govern human beings themselves under corresponding circumstances, and, consequently, presuppose a limited degree of *rationality*, as we strictly apply the term. . . . I wish, therefore, to be understood to say, that there is no more ground for making an essential distinction between those outward faculties in man and the brute, which compare ideas in order to draw simple inferences, than for making a distinction in kind between their respective powers of *remembering*; so that, if the brute can remember, by his creaturely mind or animal nature, so may he reason, as far as his limited capacity will enable him to do so, by the same animal nature."

The argument of the author, from whom the foregoing opinions have been given, is briefly summed up in the following words:—"We find them (instances of attachment, cunning, fidelity, sagacity, gratitude, &c.) in many of the lower animals, so numerous and well authenticated, and these individual actions so diversified and adapted to times and circumstances, that if man is beholden to reason for this power of adaptation, we must also admit that the brutes are likewise possessed of a degree of rationality." That these are the admissions of conviction alone, and that the bent of Dr Hancock's mind was unfavourable to a liberal view of the subject, is apparent from the whole tenor of his work. Observing on the effects of human intercourse on the lower animals, he says—"But if brutes, by this connection, partake of some of our miseries, it is reasonable to think they should be compensated, by partaking of some of our advantages—and if they lose their natural instincts, what compensation can we afford them, except by imparting a portion of our reason?" It is difficult to conceive how a writer of undoubted ability, and who has given much of his thoughts to metaphysical subjects, could have fallen into so grave an error. The passage admits of no construction but this: that though reason be not confined to the human race, yet that its presence in the brute may be adventitious and accidental upon his intercourse with man. That this faculty in the brute is subject to a greater or less degree of development, according to the circumstances which surround him, is as obvious as that the same faculty in man is dependent upon circumstances for its improvement and enlargement; but to suppose, in any case, or upon any contingency, the *addition* of a mental quality, is to advance a doctrine at variance with all experience and with all philosophy. He assumes, moreover, that the consciousness or knowledge of the end of the several *rational* acts of the brute, is "immediately directed to the welfare of man." It need hardly be remarked, that this notion is wholly gratuitous, and unsupported by any facts; the monkey who, when he had lost his teeth, broke nuts with a stone, and the raven "which, in a drought, throw pebbles into a hollow tree, where she espied water," acted in the several instances without any reference whatsoever to man. When the rational acts have reference to man, the consciousness, or knowledge of the end in view, must, as a necessary consequence, have also reference to him; but such cases furnish no grounds for the general assertion noticed above.

If the brute be, to any extent, a moral agent, his morality involves his rationality; for every *action* of the kind must comprehend the elements of reason; if not, it is the mere result of a piece of machinery: actions flowing from feelings, having regard to a higher source, are not here referred to: on this point, we have no safe data upon which to found any theory. The question, therefore, of the responsibility of the brute to his Creator, and its possible consequences, cannot be entertained by man: nothing which we have been allowed to know, permits us to suppose that he is answerable for his acts; and we dare not, in our ignorance, limit the goodness, or surmise, unfavourably to any of his creatures, the purposes and designs of the Almighty. But the morality of the brute, as the term is strictly understood, is a legitimate subject of inquiry. The moral actions of mankind are, for the most part, performed without any reference to feelings of duty or responsibility. Cold,

indeed, and little valued by man, would be the affection, the fidelity, the gratitude, the charity (in its wide and liberal sense), based upon such foundations; the foundations themselves are sound, but the virtues we so admire and appreciate do not depend upon the warning voice of duty, or upon the critical calculations of responsibility. In the whole catalogue of feelings and actions which we refer to the moral nature of man, there is probably not one without its parallel in the brute; the same may be said of every evil passion of which the human mind is capable. The dog will die in defence of his master, or pine away his life at his loss. He will protect a brute friend, too; and has been known to travel a considerable distance to avenge an injury inflicted by a large dog upon a small one, to which he was attached. The American pelicans carry food to any other who is ill and disabled. The affection and attachment of the elephant are sometimes so strong and durable, that he has died of grief, when, in an unguarded fit of rage, he has killed his keeper. "He is so grateful for good usage, that he has been known to bow the head in passing houses where he had been hospitably received." Every other feeling which we value so highly in man, might be shown to exist in the brute world; nor does it yield to us in the intensity or range of those qualities which are looked upon as constituting the worst part of human nature. We find amongst the lower animals ingratitude, treachery, revenge, selfishness, greediness, and theft—in short, every disposition and tendency which we condemn in man. The degrees, and shades, and blendings of those evil and good qualities are, moreover, as clearly observable in them as they are in us. These qualities, in *themselves*, are altogether independent of reason; but not so the suitable application of them. When they are developed into actions, how many of the mental faculties are there not at work. Take a single instance of gratitude or revenge in the brute, and no man can explain it upon fewer operations of mind than he would himself find necessary, were he the actor in a similar case. If it be said, that, notwithstanding all this similarity and resemblance, principles *may* (and so far only can we go) impel and guide the brute different from those which give the impulse and guidance to man, we can never be assured that our fellowmen are not likewise actuated by different motives, and directed by different properties of mind from those which we know to be the active powers in our *own particular* organisations: for it is from *signs and appearances alone* that we can arrive at any conclusions whatsoever; and if we can deny, to certain signs and appearances in the brute, the causes and mental operations which occasion and produce similar signs and appearances in ourselves, we may likewise, and upon equally good grounds, make the same denial with regard to our fellowmen. We have, indeed, a language by which we can express and interchange our thoughts; but this language is nothing more than audible *signs*, and is, moreover, a readier vehicle of deception than any of the other natural modes of expression; and though the brute cannot by words communicate his ideas to man, he has, in this respect, an advantage—that the signs he does exhibit are unequivocal, and manifestly the true indices of his feelings.

Besides, we give the best practical answer to any supposition of the kind; for, in the education of the brute for our service, we deal with him as if he were possessed of memory, will, judgment, &c.—we reward

him for good conduct (not as frequently as we ought, perhaps), and we punish him for the reverse; and here it may be observed, as showing how far prejudice will influence us, that we do not call his good qualities *virtues*, though we hesitate not to call his faults *vices*. Men, in their zeal to elevate the human race, by such useless and mistaken means as the degradation of the brute, seem to overlook one grave consequence of their labours—namely, that the scheme, at its first step, requires us to suppose (what is not allowable even in thought) that there may be a deception in some of the works of the Almighty, a *manifestation* in a being of rational powers and moral feelings, without their *existence* in him.

In addition to what has been urged to show, that reason is not the barrier between us and the brute, the similarity of organisation in man and the more perfect lower animals, as regards their organic and animal life, may be noticed as affording corroborative proof of the strongest character. For, whatever opinions may be held as to whether the mind or thinking part be an essence distinct from, and independent of, matter, or merely the consequence and result of this substance fitly disposed and modified by Omnipotency (and which Locke thought not impossible); yet all men are, and indeed must be, agreed that the exercise of this mind—nay (by the only means we have of judging), its very existence, at least on this side of death, is dependent upon a certain organisation of matter—namely, the brain. It is equally unquestionable, that those actions or effects which in man are attributed to volition, judgment, and the other faculties of the mind, and which in the brute argue a similar cause and foundation, cease to be displayed, when the brain, or analogous nerves, or ganglionic system, is paralysed or destroyed in either the one or in the other, and that their manifestation and power are more or less perfect, according to the perfection and health of those organs, or the contrary. It is also worthy of remark, that physiological researches and investigations into the most important vital functions of man, are made upon the lower animals. The grand and acknowledged divisions of organic and animal life—the one, the seat of the passions and appetites; the other, the base upon which are founded the operations of the mind—have received their practical confirmation and proof from experiments made upon the brute.

Perhaps it may be thought, that, upon the first division of the subject, sufficient has been said, and that we may admit reason in the brute to some extent, and in some of his acts; and there stop short, and introduce another principle—instinct—and refer to it the rest of his actions; but the consequence of the admission *at all* is more important than may at first be supposed; for, when we allow that intelligent faculties guide the creature in some, how can we set up a different director in others of his actions, which equally evince object and design, solely because we, with our limited sentient powers, and instruments and means of action, inappropriate and inefficient, as compared with his, are unable to account for them.

Doubtless, when Descartes and Lord Monboddo devised their famous absurdities concerning the brute nature, they weighed the consequences of such an admission, narrowed and guarded as it might be, and therefore took the safer course of excluding reason altogether from their sys-

tems, denying it equally to the most excellent, and to the least noble of the brute world—to the contemplative elephant, and to the thoughtless insect of a day. “It seems as evident to me,” says Locke, “that some animals do, in certain instances, reason, as that they have sense; but it is only in particular ideas, just as they receive them from the senses.” This great writer thought that the power of *abstraction*, or the having of *general ideas*, is that which puts a perfect distinction between men and brutes, and consequently denies this faculty to the lower animals. But abstracted ideas have been successfully combated by Berkeley and Hume, and by many whose orthodoxy cannot be questioned, as having no existence in nature, not even in the mind of the inventor. Assuming, however, that such ideas do exist, Dr Priestley’s answer is as conclusive as it is simple:—“Since brutes,” he says, “evidently have *memory*, *passions*, *will*, and *judgment*, too, as their actions demonstrate, they must, of course, have the faculty that we call *abstraction*, as well as the rest, though, not having the use of *words*, they cannot communicate their ideas to us. They must, at least, have a natural capacity for what is called abstraction, it being nothing more than a particular case of the *association* of ideas, of which, in general, they are certainly possessed as well as ourselves. Besides, if dogs had no general or abstracted ideas, but only such as were appropriated to particular individual objects, they could never be taught to distinguish a *man* as such, a *hare* as such, or a *partridge* as such, &c. But their actions show that they may be trained to catch hares, set partridges, or *birds* in general, and even attack *men*, as well as to distinguish their own master and the servants of the family in which they live.”

All that has been attempted to establish in the foregoing pages is, that the brute kingdom is not excluded from the possession of reason, however less extensive in its *scope* and less powerful in the *sum of its powers* it may be in it, than in man.

A POSTMAN'S STORY.

It may seem strange that an humble man like me, with little education and less time on his hands, should take to writing for the public, and expect his story to be read among the world of books they are now printing—not to speak of papers, and I ought to know something of them; but having served the said public for more than twenty years, in all weathers, Sundays excepted, and seen some queer turns of life in my way, I thought it might be well to let people know, since no better hand will do it—for all trades under the sun have been taken into books but mine—that a postman had times and trials of his own, besides coming with their letters and calling for Christmas boxes. Many a year the matter was in my mind; but one thing after another prevented my writing, and mostly it was the want of leisure, till, now that I am independent of deliveries,

and stand behind a counter of my own, not to mention two apprentices and the plentiness of paper, Annie and I agree that it is the handsomest way in which spare time can be turned to account, besides showing that one is not ashamed of what one has been. Indeed, I have little cause for that, as the world goes, though my real name is not to be printed; because there is many a hard chance and shift in my story which a man 'wouldn't care to hear his neighbours talk about, now that they are over. So I just call myself William Purdie, and the change is not great either, for it was my mother's name. Poor woman, she is long dead; but the earliest thing I remember, is her small provision shop and two little rooms behind it, where we all lived together, in Bristo Street, in the old town of Edinburgh. They called the house Boyd's Land, from a laird who had built it hundreds of years ago, when outside stairs were in fashion, and put "Blessed is the man who walketh not astray," with his arms above the door. It was said he had entertained James I. and the Lady Glamis there, at one great supper, and afterwards witnessed against the lady for witchcraft; and the family kept style in it for four generations, till they were ruined by a government fine for giving a ball to Prince Charlie in the '15. Our landlord was a Boyd, and had bought back the land with money which he and his brother made in India in the time of the Governor Hastings. I mind him, that is to say, the landlord well: a dark, thin, greedy-looking man he was, who came as sure as the rent-day, and was always hard on that matter. It was a sore heart to him to see a corner of it without a tenant; and everybody thought he would have lost his judgment when the tailor's widow died in his debt; but he kept the land respectable, never letting in anything below shoemakers, and, what was most remarkable, never would let the second flat, which he kept constantly locked up, though it was the best part, his brother having furnished it for himself, and lived only three years there after his coming from India.

Old Boyd often said that he had not a better tenant than my mother, and it would have been hard to find one, though the neighbours used to say she was Irish, on account of an odd custom she had of saying "Avourneen" to me, and the rest, at times; but, to my certain knowledge, she was born in the Saltmarket of Glasgow, and always counted herself a hearer of the great Dr Chalmers. My mother was a wonderful woman for sense and business. No shop in the street was open so early or shut so late as her own. Its entrance was right under the outside stair already mentioned; and passengers taking shelter from showers and the like, were apt to leave stray pence behind them; besides neighbours, surprisingly above her station, came to ask advice from my mother, for her judgment in disputes and stories was extraordinary, especially where women were concerned, and that rather helped the shop. There was nothing common people could want in the provision line she did not keep, including a bit of tobacco on the sly; but her face was set against spirits; and no mortal but me knows what trouble she took to keep the perishables from spoiling.

Indeed it is my opinion that anxiety on that subject, not to speak of her great observation in worldly affairs, gave room for spiteful people, such as Maglashen, the grocer's wife, to say that her own face and hands were never in order, and she had grown out of shape with loose, un-mended garments, and dirty flannel on her head. But this was far be-

yond the truth, for my mother was a stout, comely woman, who always kept a neat, black, Sunday gown and bonnet, though, I must acknowledge, she was seldom seen in them, being, perhaps, over free from the variety of dress, and greatly troubled with the toothache.

I was her eldest child, and hope it is not vainglorious to say, her principal helper. There were, besides, John, James, and Marion; they are old working people now, far scattered, and one dead; but many a time I dream of them all as they were children again in our old house in Bristo Street. James was a gentle, fair-faced boy, with large eyes and soft brown hair; a book or an old ballad could keep him quiet for hours in a corner, and his clothes lasted twice as long as John's; but John was never at rest, working, playing, or fighting for somebody. You might as well have tried to turn the mind by force or threatening, but whoever flattered John had the command of him for the time. What a blithe brown face and black hair he had, though we always thought him our brother, till the truth came out at last, as will be seen in the course of my story; and that brings me to my poor sister Marion. She was James's picture, but much paler and more lively to her last days, sad and sickly as they were. How wisely she used to work, and how genteel she looked in her Sunday clothes! But to return to myself: I think our landlord was right on the whole, though he might have said something about good looks and activity when describing me as a low-set, red-haired lad, with a slight cast in the right eye, and a rather turned-up nose.

None of us all remembered our father. My mother sometimes said he had died far away; but James and I had a dim recollection of a tall man, in a fine coat, that had grown old and out at the elbows, who used to come in on the winter evenings, long ago, and sit with us on his knee till she mended a shirt for him. Who that was we could never find out. My mother cried sore when we asked her, so we spoke of it no more, and the image grew faint in our minds, till circumstances occurred which threw light on that mystery, and, I may say, made me a postman. Our early summers and winters were such as the children of the decent poor experience in the large towns of our Scotland. What joy we had in golfers in Bruntfield Links and the skaters on Duddingston Loch! Into what misdemeanours we fell at all seasons! How we attended the Sabbath-school, waited for the New-Year, and stood in continual awe of the minister and the Catechism, are not forgotten; but I pass them over, partly because they seem small things for a grown man to tell, and partly because they are mingled in my memory with all the troubles and strivings of our mother, who had hard times with us between poverty and mischief. Well, her shop had grown fuller many a year till I was quite fifteen, and Marion almost eleven. There was no want among us but that of clothes, which we hadn't missed when younger, and ways of earning, which sorely puzzled my mother. Our neighbour the tailor had taken a great fancy to James and me, and a plumber in Potterrow said he would take John, if the boy were steady; but both tailor and plumber talked of apprentice fees, and as they couldn't be raised out of the provision shop, my mother knew not how to settle us. I think it was to unburden her mind on that subject that she put on her black gown one Saturday evening, between Martinmas and the New-Year, and went up to take tea and counsel with Tibby Thompson. Tibby was one of my mother's oldest friends. We had heard her say they were at service to-

gether; and a wise, worthy woman she was, notwithstanding a habit of always taking ten years off her age, which was natural, considering that she remained unmarried, and lived, by clear starching, in a room in the fourth flat. Many a good turn she had done my mother when we were poor, though often pinched herself; indeed there were many transactions between them, which I could never understand, and didn't care to inquire after, as my mother kept them solemn secrets; and Tibby was a tall, dark, stern-looking woman, whose answers were more settling than satisfactory to her neighbours' curiosity; but she was kind to us all, especially John, whose black hair she used to stroke, and give him pence on the holidays.

That was a quiet Saturday in our street, which was a respectable place at that time for poor people, having fewer spirit-shops and Irish in it than any street in the old town. I had been left shopkeeper, being then quite master of the business, and would rather have taken in more money, but people didn't come, and it was growing late. James and Marion had slipped away to bed, and John, who tried to sit up because he wouldn't leave me alone, had fallen asleep on a box behind the counter. To keep myself awake I stepped to the door and looked up at the Frazers' windows. The year that was wearing away had been a great one in Edinburgh. George IV. had been at Holyrood, and grand doings among the gentry, not to mention a crowd of strangers who came to live in every part of the town. Our street had got its share of them, and when there was not another house to let at November, old Boyd had actually opened his brother's flat and let it to a Highland family. The neighbours said he had got a high rent for it, and to our certain knowledge he and his servant man had been there for nights together, moving about till we could scarcely sleep with the noise they made, and were glad when the tenants came at last. Their name was Frazer, and the family consisted of two sisters, who weren't just young; two brothers, something younger, who attended the University; and a couple of sour-looking servant maids.

They were a proud unneighbourly set, and wondrous hard in their dealings, as we well knew; though it was said they had inherited a great legacy in some strange way. The ladies were close housekeepers, and had few visitors; but my mother and I observed a gentleman who came regularly every evening, and staid late enough for a decent house. All I saw of him till that night was, a stout middle-sized figure, in a great-coat, carrying a heavy cane. There was still a light in the flat, though I heard St Giles' clock strike eleven, and wondered my mother was not coming; but, as the clock ceased, out came the gentleman. The streets of Old Edinburgh were scarcely so well lighted then, and the Town Council made a special saving at full moons, which that Saturday was, but the night was thick and misty. However, the gentleman knew his way, and he was stepping from the outside stair, when a man, wrapped in a Highland plaid, rushed from a close hard by, and darted past him down the street. I heard the gentleman utter a wild exclamation, and had just time to retreat from the door, when he staggered in, with a face like a winding-sheet, and leant upon our counter, as if faint with mortal fear.

"I hope there is nothing wrong, sir," said I, getting frightened, for his hat had fallen off, and his hair, which was the colour of my own, only time had dealt with it, stood straight as bristles.

The stranger breathed hard, but did not speak, and I saw his teeth

clenched, while John, now woke by the noise, started up, exclaiming that he would go for my mother.

"Stay, children," said the gentleman, making a great effort to recover himself. "Who was that? Did you see him?"

"Not his face, sir," said I, coming forward, for my curiosity was up.

"You're like him," cried the stranger, with a start; "what's your name?"

"William Purdie, sir," said I. My mother has kept a shop here these fifteen years—the whole street know her." I'll never forget the look of confirmed terror he gave me on that information; but at the same moment he walked the sourest of the Frazers' maids, as usual, for a rushlight. The gentleman did not escape her keen grey eye, and he seemed to understand the necessity of brightening up his looks, in which he succeeded wonderfully, after asking for half an ounce of snuff.

I served the two customers, though my hand shook all the while; but when the sour maid went off, the gentleman—whose face had recovered its natural colour, and a handsome middle-aged man he would have been, but for a low, cunning look about the eyes—asked John and I a world of questions: what was our mother's Christian name; how many brothers and sisters we had; and how the shop prospered. We were quite taken with his kindness, and told him all—John even let him into the story of the tailor and plumber; but what surprised me was, that he appeared scarcely to believe in our number, and repeated the question more than once. I assured him there were four of us; and after a minute's pause, he inquired anxiously, as I thought,

"Where is your father?"

"He is dead, sir," said I.

"Did he die at home?" said the gentleman, confusedly.

"No," said I; "it was far abroad, and long before my memory; but it is a sad subject for my mother, and we never speak of it now."

He rose and walked to the door, and I hastened to wrap up the snuff he had left on the counter in a list of my mother's goods neatly written out by my own hand, and kept in a back drawer for the use of wealthy strangers, having naturally the interest of the shop at heart—when he turned and said to John,

"Come with me, my lad, as far as my own house, and I'll give you a sixpence at the door."

John joyfully accompanied him; it wasn't often that sixpence crossed his way. But scarce were they gone, when my mother and Tibby Thompson came in to my great satisfaction, and I was eager to tell them what had happened.

They exchanged queer looks, and questioned me much regarding the gentleman's appearance, particularly Tibby, for my poor mother seemed strangely agitated and thoughtful; and while I was making things safe for the night, they talked together in a low tone at the door till John came back with the sixpence, for the gentleman had been as good as his word; but all the way the boy said he had questioned him about us, and walked as if afraid of meeting somebody, till they reached a fine house in Buccleuch Place, with Mr Forbes on the doorplate. My mother and Tibby talked still lower after that; and when they had parted, and we were all in for the night, I heard my mother sigh where she sat alone by the fire for hours.

The Sunday bells were ringing through a frosty mist next day before we were well awake, and, indeed, I must confess it was seldom we got the length of the forenoon sermon; but just when the churches were in and us set comfortably at breakfast, Mrs M'Causelan, of the Lobster Tavern, who never refused a quiet customer in church time, sent over her boy to tell my mother there was a person wishing to see her in the back parlour. My mother was not often prepared to see strangers, besides she had the toothache that morning, so, after taking out her black gown, and considering how long it would take to put it on, she made up her mind to go over, flannel head-dress and all, from which it may be noted that my mother was a discreet woman, and by no means either vain or hasty.

She stayed long, and we were wondering what the news could be, when, to our surprise, back she came showing in two gentlemen, one of whom was my Saturday night's customer. Whatever frightened him he hadn't got over it yet, but kept wondrous quiet, asking only an occasional question. The other was some years younger and inches taller; he had a genteel air, a smooth face, and a fine ring on his little finger. We were all delighted with his condescension, for there was not one to whom he did not say something civil, taking particular notice of me when my mother made him understand all my abilities in the way of learning and usefulness, which, it becomes me to say, the good woman did not lessen.

The civil gentleman said a deal on the pleasure of having so fine a son, and his own intentions of befriending the family, upon which I took occasion to inform him concerning my own and my brother's anxiety for some trade or calling by which we might come to something among men, as Marion was growing up to help in the shop.

"Is he sixteen?" inquired the gentleman, addressing my mother, after a minute's consideration. And here, doubtless, I ought to be ashamed to acknowledge that it was my fear she would keep too strictly to the truth, for which I left her no time, but, with the help of the remaining three, lustily affirmed that I had fulfilled the number of years which seemed so requisite.

"Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "as you are old and clever enough, perhaps I can do something for you. Wouldn't you like to be a postman, to carry the best people in Edinburgh their letters, and get a grand new scarlet coat every king's birthday?"

We were all struck dumb with delight at that prospect, except my mother, who poured forth her thanks; and the gentleman assuring us that he would not forget our interests provided we behaved ourselves wisely, departed before I could gather words sufficient to declare my gratitude.

As soon as we came to ourselves, my mother informed us of a mighty secret, that the names of the two gentlemen were Mr George and Charles Forbes. That my patron held a high place in the Post-office, while the other was a writer to the signet, and they both belonged to a very genteel family in some degree related to ourselves—which I rather believed, as it had occasionally come out with her that our father had been a gentleman. She also enlarged on the respect we should entertain, not only for them, but their mother, four sisters, and all the Forbeses in Buccleuch Place, in which strictly enjoined duty, I am free to declare, none of us Purdies were ever found wanting.

I remember it was at nightfall next Friday, when the noise of the new year was mostly past, that Annie M'Causelan again came over to tell my mother and I that we were wanted. My mother put two additional pins in her flannel, for the snow was deep, and I accompanied her in great commotion of mind, Annie having whispered to me that Mr Charles Forbes was in the parlour. There we found him, seated alone by the fire, but civil and smooth-spoken as ever. He asked my mother, and I to sit down, inquired particularly after all the family, and told us sundry things necessary to be done touching my expected situation. After that evening, I had a terrible time, getting good characters, and writing my application according to Mr Charles' direction, not to mention the thoughts of taking an oath, without which, I was told, nobody could carry letters, and preparing my clothes and manners to appear before the great people of the Post-Office. At last, all was finished; my application, together with twenty-five certificates (of which my mother was proud to her dying day), was, by his special orders, left at Mrs M'Causelan's for the gentleman who undertook to present them; and, three days after, I was sent for to the General Post-Office, to be examined by the inspector.

The importance of that day has long gone by with all the Purdies, for some of greater interest succeeded it; and, having much to say of them, I will not dwell on the many counsels my mother gave me against being overly lifted up, or cast down, by the issue of the examination; nor my own perturbations on first entering the General Post-Office; suffice it to say, that, out of seventeen candidates, I was chosen to a place among the supernumeraries, and duly appointed to carry the letter-bags to and from the receiving-offices in all parts of the town, and attend the postmen generally, at seven shillings a-week, till a vacancy occurred in that superior corps, and I might step into it.

That was great news to bring home, besides finding out that Mr Charles was the inspector's clerk. He was not quite so condescending in the General Post-Office as in Mrs M'Causelan's parlour, but he took kind notice of me when all was over, hoping I would be a good boy, and take pains to learn my business. Pains I did take, and learned, as every one told me, quicker than common, though they reproved me for being an hour too late one wet morning, and also for running with the Stockbridge bag to Lauriston;—but, at that time, things went strangely well with us. The tailor took James as an apprentice, and the plumber sent word for John, of their own accord, as I thought, but, next Sunday, when moralising on the subject, my mother let it out that the Forbeses had paid their fees, though she turned back on the words immediately, and we couldn't bring her to say more. These doings puzzled me much. My brothers were too young to take notice of the like, and were, besides, taken up with the novelty and troubles of their apprenticeships. I, too, had troubles of my own—such as the Stockbridge bag—but could not help observing that, ever after that Saturday night in which Mr George Forbes had been so frightened by the man out of the close, my mother and Tibby Thompson had more private talk than usual between them; both often went back to that story, when we sat together on leisure evenings, and questioned me curiously on every particular, as if they did not believe it. As for Mr George, one of the Frazers' young men always saw him home. And so the year wore on.

The sacramental week was cold and stormy that spring. I recollect it chiefly on account of a young minister who, about that time, came as assistant and successor to our old pastor, Dr Robertson, and made such a visiting and catechising as never had been known before in the parish. Among the rest, my mother was so stirred up to church-going, by his exhortations, that she attended on the fast-day; and, late on Saturday night, when we younger branches were glad to go to rest after the week's work, we left her and Tibby Thompson busy by the fire—Tibby repairing my mother's black bonnet; and she clear-starching some frills and dickies to make us all respectable on Sunday. It is my fear that the said finery may have infringed somewhat on the bounds of the Sabbath, at which I had an opportunity of guessing, for the disposition of our dwelling was this: The larger room, immediately behind the shop, which served us for kitchen and parlour, had a small closet partitioned off it, and lighted by a pane of glass in the door, which was my sleeping room. A smaller apartment, besides being our general store, belonged to my mother and Marion; and from it opened another dark closet, accommodating John and James. My head was scarcely on the pillow till I was fast asleep, but strange confusions filled my first dreams. I thought Mr Charles and the Post-Office inspector had both come in to scold me; then it was Mr George pursued by the man who had frightened him; then there was a strange whispering and moving all about, and at last a sound that woke me up, for it was a deep moan from my mother. I could hardly believe my ears—but they were still up and moving about; and, not wishing to seem foolish, I rose cautiously, and peeped through the pane. The fire was still burning brightly, and by it sat a strange man. I knew him at once, though it was hard to tell how, to be the very same who had frightened Mr George Forbes. Tibby was carefully barring the door, and my mother leaning against the table, with a smoothing-iron in her hand, looking on him as if she could not believe what she saw. Indeed, he was a strange figure to sit by a decent fireside like ours, poor as it was. His clothes, which were something like a sailor's, hung round him dirty and ragged; a battered, miserable hat lay beside him, and I observed that his hair was quite grey; his face, too, looked like one who had grown old before the time, with hardships, or an evil life; but he had once been a strong, handsome man, and, graceless as I thought him, seemed sorely grieved and ashamed.

"I'll go," he said at last, in a hoarse whisper, "if you are afraid to keep me for the night. Nothing would have made me come in at all, but a craving I had to see you and the children again; it has kept me skulking about in the lanes and closes of the town these three months and more."

"Stay with me, Willie, dear," said my mother, throwing her arms about the dirty, ragged man, as he rose; "no one will ever know that you're in the house; but I couldn't think it was yourself, when all your people thought you dead so long; but Tibby always said you would come back."

"Ay," said Tibby, seating herself composedly by the fire, "some folk's aye sure to turn up."

Perhaps the stranger did not hear her words; for, in spite of rags, and hardships, and grey hair, his face lighted up with the hope, or the memory, of better times, as he kissed my mother.

"Oh! you're cauld, man," said she, familiarly pressing him down in the chair, "and maybe hungry."

"Hungry enough," said the man, in a low murmur; "I have tasted nothing but half a gill for twenty-four hours."

My mother sighed heavily, as if the last word had brought the whole bitterness of her life to mind; but she ran to the cupboard, and brought forth her trusty friend, the tea-pot.

I could not rightly understand such doings; and my hand was on the closet-door, when prudence kept me back, for I heard my own name mentioned. There was a long whispering between them, while the tea was in preparation, about us all, and to which Tibby, when appealed to by my mother, threw in an occasional dry remark; but the last of it was a general agreement to waken Willie, meaning myself, as he was wisest and most to be depended on. It may seem deceitful in me, but I charitably think the wisdom thus commended was seasonably displayed by creeping back into bed, and pretending to be fast asleep when my mother entered. When she had given me a couple of good shakes, I gave up snoring, and inquired if it were church-time.

"Not yet, Willie," said my mother; "but there is a near relation of yours come to see us; get up, and put on your clothes; and don't be surprised, for he is not quite so well in worldly things as you might wish to see;—besides," she continued, in a deeper whisper, "it must be kept a secret that he is here at all."

"Indeed! Then," said I, determined to get out the whole story, "poor relations might come to richer folk. And a queer time he takes: I'm sure it's Sunday morning. Couldn't he keep his secrets to himself, and let people sleep in their beds, I wonder?"

"Willie, Willie," said my mother, pressing both my hands in hers, "it's your own father. He hasn't done well for either himself or us; but he was born a gentleman, and far too good for me."

"My father!" said I, springing out of bed, for the thought of that worn-down, ragged man overcame me.

"Ay, Willie," said my mother; "but speak low: they would hang him, boy, if they knew he was here, and all for some strokes of a pen. He never did anything disgraceful; and, Willie dear, speak kindly to him, and ask no questions. I'll tell you all again."

I put on my clothes, and followed her in a state of bewilderment. The man who sat there was, it seems, our father, whom we had long supposed dead; but when he shook my hand, calling me a brave boy, and hoping I would be a greater comfort to my mother than he had ever been, tears came fast into my eyes, to see him who should have been our governor and example, coming in such a plight, as it were to ask our charity. I tried to cheer up, however, for I saw it grieved my mother; and Tibby Thompson, in her broad Scotch, and usual style of comforting, informed me "there was mair nor that to greet for in this warld;" so we three sat down to keep him in countenance, and took our tea comfortably about two o'clock in the morning.

We spoke in whispers, fearing to awake the rest; and I may say that night made a man of me, for I had never right felt myself the eldest son before. My poor father seemed sadly tired; and, when tea was over, my mother stole into Marion's room, where she kept an old chest, always locked (I never knew what it contained before), and brought out a well-

MAZZINI ON ITALY.*

THOUGH the efforts of the Progress Party in Italy were for the time abortive, though physical power overcame and trampled upon the newborn hopes of Italian Nationality, yet the idea has not been extinguished. Far from it. It exists; it fills many minds; it cannot be eradicated; it will never die. The abettors of despotism may calumniate it; they may represent it as prostrate and expiring. But let them not deceive themselves. It can afford to "bide its time;" and it will yet rise up, and expand, and put forth such irresistible energy, that princely dominion and papal power shall alike tremble in its presence, and perhaps disappear before it.

Continental countries are at this moment—all of them, more or less—in a state of trouble and deep-seated excitement. The old, narrow, selfish principle of despotism is at work, endeavouring to crush free thought and liberal ideas. It is vain. Knowledge is too widely extended; men know their rights too well; there is too much faith in truth and moral power. Liberty may be young, but she is of herculean strength; she may be rash and inexperienced, but she will gain discretion and judgment as she grows and exercises her powers; she may be now under a schoolmaster, subject to checking and chastisement, but her majority is near. The day of her deliverance is at hand; and well will it be for the nations if the spirit of revenge shall be found to be quenched, and all her principles and plans based in truth and rectitude.

We affect not the spirit of prophecy; but dim must the eye of that person be, and dull his ear, who does not see sights and hear sounds that bode ill for the peace of the nations, till right shall have supplanted might, and love and generous deeds shall have shamed selfishness and inhumanity from the hearts of men. To liberty we are pledged; for progress we must plead; but upon what system, Monarchical or Republican, liberated nations shall conduct their affairs, is a question on which we do not feel called upon to speak. Let there be liberty—liberty there must be—be the form of government what it may.

We have read with care this work of Joseph Mazzini on Italy. It is not a history—not even of a brief period of the Italian struggle. We

* *Royalty and Republicanism in Italy; or, Notes and Documents relating to the Lombard Insurrection, and to the Royal War of 1848.* By JOSEPH MAZZINI. London: Charles Gilpin.

wish it had been so; for Mazzini, more than any man, could have furnished, at least, the material for such a work. It is fragmentary, and presumes too much upon the acquaintance of the reader with the subject. What it does, it does well; but as a history it is quite unsatisfactory. You want to know more—you want to know it consecutively. You therefore rise from the perusal of the book with the feeling of disappointment. Right or wrong, you do this. In justice to the author, it should not be, for he accomplishes what he undertakes; and the true source of the disappointment lies in one's expecting more than the author promises. It is not a history; it is a vindication of the national or republican party.

In these pages, two things are accomplished:—First, the character of the moderate party in Italy, and the character and motives of Charles Albert, are placed in a most unenviable light. Intrigue, selfishness, and fear, are proved, by documents of undeniable authenticity, to have prevailed in the court, and the camp too, of the Sardinian prince, during the very time that they were boastful of their patriotism, and professedly fighting for Nationality. Secondly, the National party in Italy are successfully vindicated from the groundless slanders and wicked calumnies that have been so foully heaped upon them; and by none, we blush to write it, more willingly and more perseveringly, than by a portion of the British Press. If this be the object of the work—the exposing of the shameful conduct of the moderates, and the vindication of the national party—that object is gained, for both the exposure and vindication are complete.

But we shall now proceed to substantiate, by quotation, the opinion just expressed of this work as a vindication. In his preface, Mazzini writes:—

“I have said that the subject of the following writings is the National Italian cause. I ought perhaps to have said the Republican Italian cause. They tend, in fact, to show, by evidence, what the republican party has done in Rome, and to explain its conduct elsewhere. For in Italy, the republican party and the national party are one and the same thing. The party, which entitled itself moderate, when it was but weak and illogical, has endeavoured within the last few years to make itself the national party; it has succeeded only in making itself the party of a local dynasty. It destroyed the cause by limiting the forces which should have contributed to its triumph. Its regular disciplined troops, its arsenals, its well-furnished treasures, could not save it from two dishonourable failures. Rome and Venice, with their banner bearing the republican device, ‘God and the People,’ fell through the concentration of forces infinitely superior; but they fell with honour, and their fall has bequeathed to the Italians a greater consciousness of their strength, and of their future, than could have been given by ten victories under any other banner. There is another reason which needs but to be mentioned to have its importance at once felt by English good sense, when unobscured by prejudice or by an entire ignorance of Italian history. The republican party in Italy is not the offspring of a system, a governmental theory, originating in the brain of one man, or of several men; it springs from facts; it is the offspring of tradition, and the exponent of the vital conditions of Italian society.”

He speaks thus of the source of liberty:—

“In Italy the initiative of progress has always belonged to the people, to the de-

moderate element. It is through her communes that she has acquired all she has ever had of liberty: through her workmen in wool or silk, through her merchants of Genoa, Florence, Venice, and Pisa, that she has acquired her wealth; through her artists—plebeian and republican, from Giotto to Michael Angelo—that she has acquired her renown; through her navigators—plebeian—that she has given a world to humanity; through her popes—sons of the people even they—that until the twelfth century she aided in the emancipation of the weak, and sent forth a word of unity to humanity: all her memories of insurrection against the foreigner are memories of the people: all that has made the greatness of our towns, dates almost always from a republican epoch: the educational book, the only book read by the inhabitants of the Alps or the Transverin who can read, is an abridgment of the history of the ancient Roman Republic. This is the reason why the same men who have so long been accused of coldness, and who had in fact witnessed with indifference the aristocratic and royal revolutions of 1820 and 1821, arose with enthusiasm and with a true power of self-sacrifice, at the cry of ‘St Mark and the Republic, God and the People!’ These words contained for them a guarantee. They awoke in them, even unconsciously to themselves, the all-powerful echo of a living past, a confused recollection of glory, of strength, of conscience, and of dignity.”

The following picture is boldly sketched:—

“During the time which elapsed between the martyrdom of the Brothers Bandiera and the death of Gregory XVI., a class of men had arisen in Italy, educated (however they might preach about Christianity and religion) in the material scepticism of the 18th century, and in the philosophy of modern French eclecticism. They called themselves moderates; as if between existence and annihilation, between the future nation and the governments which combat its development, there could ever exist a middle path. This party proposed as a problem to be solved, the reconciliation of impossibilities, liberty with princedom, nationality with dismemberment, strength with uncertainty, with disunion in direction. No class of men could have accomplished the solution of such a problem; but they less than any other. They consisted of writers of talent, but without the inspiration of genius, furnished with a sufficient amount of Italian erudition gained from books, and among the dead, but unendowed with the guiding and vivifying light of the power of Synthesis. They understood nothing of the work of fusion which had been silently elaborating itself during the last three centuries. They had no consciousness of the Italian mission, no power of sympathy with the people, whom they believed corrupted, but who were better than they, and from whom they were separated by their habits of life, by traditional mistrust, and by the instinct still clinging to them of patrician or of literary aristocracy. By this moral and intellectual separation from the people, the sole progressive element, and the arbiter of the future life of nations, they were shut out from all true prescience, from all faith in the future. Their historic ideas wavered, with some slight modifications, between Guelphism and Ghibellinism. Their political conception, however they endeavoured to clothe it in an Italian dress, did not reach beyond the ideas which, introduced into France by Montesquieu, and adopted by Mounier, Malouet, Lally Tollendal, and others of that class in the National Assembly, were reduced into a system by the men who directed public opinion in France, during the fifteen years which followed the return of Louis XVIII. They were royalists, with an infusion of liberty enough, and not more than enough, to render monarchy tolerable, and to assert for themselves the right of publishing their own opinions, and of taking their seats in a constitutional assembly, without extending the same liberty to the masses, through fear of raising ideas of rights which they detested, and of duties of which they did not even suspect the existence. They had, indeed, no belief. They had no faith in the monarchical principle, like

that in days of old inspired by the notion of a divine right embodied in certain families, or by that chivalric affection felt for the individual, which placed the monarch between God and the lady of the heart—'My God, my King, and my Lady-love.' Theirs was a passive, inert acceptance, without affection or veneration, of a fact which existed before their eyes, and of which they did not attempt the examination. It was the result of moral cowardice, of a blind fear of the people, to whose upward movement they desired to oppose monarchy as a barrier; of a dread of the inevitable conflict between the two elements, which they did not feel capable of dominating. They feared also that Italy was not powerful enough to reconquer by her own popular forces, even that small portion of independence from the foreigner, which they, whose sole merit it was to be anxious for Italian honour, cared only to claim. They put forth their counsels with a great assumption of gravity, and with the air of authority of profound and far-seeing minds; their counsels drawn from other times of normal development, from men occupied in mere parliamentary struggles, and from citizens of nations already made, and propounded by them, to a people who, on one side, possessed nothing, and on the other had everything to win—existence, unity, independence, liberty. To their counsels' voices, the people replied by the roar and bound of the lion, driving out the Jesuits, exacting the institution of the civic guards and the publicity of debates, and forcing constitutions from their princes, whilst they were recommending silence, legal measures, and abstinence from supplication, that the paternal hearts of their masters might not be grieved. They called themselves practical, positive men; they ought to have been called the Arcadians of the political world. These then were the chiefs of the faction; nor have I occasion to name them. To-day, some of them, either from the love of power or from vanity wounded by the solitude in which they stand, are at the head of the monarchical reaction against the people."

Along with this picture of the *moderates*, we present the author's description of the other parties existing in Italy when the struggle began:—

"But scarcely had Pius IX. ascended the papal throne, when many young men educated with us in the worship of the national idea, and far superior to these chiefs, began to group themselves around them, attracted either by the influence of their discourses, and the prestige of the pope's first actions, or by the hope of opening to Italy an easier road to a brighter future, after the discouragement of the many abortive attempts of the past: souls pure and religiously devoted to their country, but too yielding, and not sufficiently attuned by nature or by suffering in a severe and energetic faith in the immutable Truth; too soon fatigued by the inevitable sorrows of the struggle, and misinterpreting the need, which we all feel, of authority, into a respect for that already existing, and which seemed about to reconstitute itself. Below these, and rejoiced to see obstacles and sacrifices about to diminish, pressed the crowd of the worshippers of calculation, of the mediocre in heart and mind, the lukewarm, whose sleep was troubled by our war-cry, and to whom, on the contrary, the programme of the moderates promised the easy honours of patriotism, as the price of writing some pacific article, of harmlessly tilting with Lloyd on the subject of railroads, or perhaps of supplicating the prince to deign to show himself a little less of the tyrant. And lower still, swarmed the lepers of all parties, the busy race of political jugglers, trading politicians, veritable harpies who sully all they touch, ready in all countries to swear and forswear themselves, to extol to the heavens, or to calumniate, to launch out or to creep close as the wind blows, for whatever may give them a hope of agitation without personal danger, with the prospect of acquiring some microscopic importance, some petty public or secret employment. A race, God be thanked! rarer in Italy than elsewhere; but yet more nume-

rous, through the effects of a Jesuitic, materialist, and tyrannic education, than one would wish to see amongst a people great in the past, and called upon to be again great in the future."

The first class cried, "Let us have, first of all, independence, then, the education of liberty; constitutional monarchy, then the republic." The second class, good but deceived, sang hymns to Pius IX., "who possessed the soul of an honest country priest, but of a bad prince, calling him the regenerator of Italy, Europe, and the world." The last, the intriguers, "ran here and there, agitating, meddling, commenting on the given text, buzzing about the strangest news of royal intentions, of promises, of foreign negotiations, repeating words which had never been uttered, striking and distributing patriotic medals, and so forth."

Whatever may be thought of the politics of the following paragraph, it must be admitted that the idea is well put:—

"We were republicans of ancient faith, on grounds which we have many times proclaimed, and which we will yet repeat; but, above all, as far as concerns Italy, we were so, because we desired that our country might become a nation. Faith made us patient; the triumph of the principle, in which we have always been and still are believers, is so certain, that we have no need to hasten it. By the decree of Providence, a luminous decree which shines from afar in the progress of humanity, Europe is fast advancing towards democracy. The most logical form of democracy is republicanism; the republic is therefore one of the facts of the future. But the question of national independence and national unity required an immediate and practical solution. How to attain this end? The princes did not desire it. The pope neither could nor would give it. The people remained; and we raised our voices like our fathers of old—'Popolo! Popolo!'—accepting all the consequences—all the logical forms of the principle involved in this cry. It is not correct to say that progress manifests itself by degrees; it works by degrees; and in Italy the national idea has been elaborated during the silence of three ages of general slavery, and through nearly thirty years of assiduous apostleship, often crowned by the martyrdom of the noblest spirits amongst us. Once the soil prepared by hidden labour, a principle is generally revealed by insurrection, in a collective, spontaneous, and abnormal movement of the multitude, in a sudden transformation of authority. As soon as the principle is gained, the series of its deductions and applications develops itself by a slow, progressive, continuous, and normal movement. It is not true that liberty and independence can be disjoined, and bargained for one after the other. Independence, which is only liberty conquered from the foreigner, requires, in order not to be a living lie, the collective work of men having the consciousness of their own dignity, the power of self-sacrifice, and the virtue of enthusiasm; and these qualities belong only to free citizens. In the rare contests for independence, sustained without any apparent admixture of political questions, the people have drawn their force from the national unity already gained. It is not true that a republic cannot be founded without the concurrence of all the severest republican virtues. Such an idea is but an old error, which has served to falsify governmental theory in nearly all minds. Political institutions ought to represent the educating element of the state, and republics are founded in order that the republican virtues which a monarchy cannot produce may germinate in the breasts of citizens. It is not true that the blind force of armies and cannons can suffice to regain independence. In all conflicts for national liberty, it is necessary to have a dominant idea presiding over the material forces and directing their movements; the banner which floats

above the army ought to be but the symbol of this idea; and that banner, as facts have indisputably proved, is half the victory."

Considering the blame that has been laid upon the men who stood for the true idea of Nationality during the late Italian struggle, in connection with the War of Independence, headed by Charles Albert, we think it but fair that our author should be allowed to give his opinion of this prince, and also of the manner in which he conducted that enterprise, and the motives by which he was actuated throughout the war. Though not by any means complimentary to Charles Albert, we feel constrained in justice to transcribe the following:—

"To our question—[the question, namely, Have you the man to found a nation?]—the moderates replied by pointing out Charles Albert. I speak not of the *king*; whatever his adulators, and the political hypocrites who are now making the posthumous enthusiasm for Charles Albert an arm of opposition against his successor, may attempt to say; however sincere the people of the kingdom of Piedmont may be in their illusion, that the idea of the war of independence is symbolised in that name; the judgment of posterity will weigh heavily upon the *man* of 1821—of 1833—of the capitulation of Milan. The nature, the temperament of the individual was such as to exclude all hope of any enterprise, on his part, for the unity of Italy. Genius, love, and faith were wanting in Charles Albert. Of the first—which reveals itself by a life entirely, logically, and resolutely devoted to a great idea—the career of Charles Albert does not offer the least trace; the second was stifled in him by the continual mistrust of men and things, which was awakened by the remembrance of an unhappy past; the last was denied him by his uncertain character, wavering always between good and evil, between to do and not to do, between daring and not daring. In his youth, a thought, not of virtue, but of Italian ambition—the ambition, however, which may be profitable to nations—had passed through his soul like lightning; but he recoiled in affright, and the remembrance of this one brilliant moment of his youth presented itself hourly to him, and tortured him like the incessant throbbing of an old wound, instead of acting upon him as an excitement to a new life. Between the risk of losing, if he failed, the crown of his little kingdom, and the fear of the liberty which the people, after having fought for him, would claim for themselves, he went hesitating on, with this spectre before his eyes, stumbling at every step, without energy to confront these dangers, without the will or power to comprehend that to become King of Italy, he must first of all forget that he was King of Piedmont. Despotic from rooted instinct, liberal from self-love, and from a presentiment of the future, he submitted alternately to the government of Jesuits, and to that of men of progress. A fatal disunion between thought and action, between conception and the faculty of execution, showed itself in every act. Most of those who endeavoured to place him at the head of the enterprise, were forced to agree to this view of his character. Some of those intimate with him went so far as to whisper that he was threatened with lunacy. He was the Hamlet of Monarchy. With such a man, the Italian enterprise could not succeed."

The first false and deceptive step, intended to mislead, and divert the national party from the object they had in view, and the consequences that flowed from it, are thus ably stated and summed up:—

"The moderates also, whose men were neither powerful nor logical, understood that even had Charles Albert the will, he had not the capacity for realising the national idea; and they sought to compromise with it, by substituting for the idea of an Italy, the petty conceit of an Italy of the North. Of all possible conceptions, it was the worst that the human mind could have imagined. The kingdom of Septen-

trifling Italy might have become a fact, created by victory, accepted by gratitude, and submitted to by other princes from the impossibility of destroying it; but put forth as a programme, anterior to the fact, it was casting the apple of discord where the greatest harmony was absolutely necessary. It was throwing down the gauntlet to the partisans of the unity of Italy; it was an insult to the republicans, as it substituted the will of the monarchical faction to that of the nation—it was an outrage to Lombardy, which was willing to sink itself in Italy, but not to sacrifice its individuality to another Italian province; it was a menace to the aristocracy of Turin, already alarmed by the all-absorbing contact of Milanese democracy; it was a scheme of aggrandisement suspicious to France, because in favour of a monarchy which had for many years been adverse to French movements and tendencies; it was a pretext ready furnished to the princes of Italy, for detaching themselves from the crusade to which their subjects were driving them; it was a grain of jealousy planted in the heart of the pope; it was a damp to the enthusiasm of all who were disposed to lend their aid, and even to sacrifice their lives in a national undertaking, but not for a speculation of dynastic egotism. It created a new series of obstacles—it overcame none. It gave rise to a new series of logical necessities which must have dominated the war; and which, in fact, did dominate it, and extinguished it in misfortune and in shame. Nevertheless, such was the thirst of war against Austria, that even this unlucky programme, proclaimed in all sorts of ways, legal and illegal, was received without examination by most. All hoped in the royal initiative; all incited Charles Albert, crying—‘Forward, at all risks.’ Charles Albert would never have done anything, had not the Milanese insurrection placed him in the alternative of losing his crown, seeing a republic at his side, or of combating.”

The shameful duplicity and dissimulation of the moderates are fully established, and mercilessly exposed from page 20 to page 28; and Mazzini concludes this part of his work with these words:—“Under such auspices, and with such intentions, did the Piedmontese monarchy and the moderates march to the conquest of independence. A deluded nation applauded them—applauded Charles Albert, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the King of Naples, and the Pope. So much love was thrilling in the souls of Italians in those fleeting but happy days, that they would have embraced their most deadly enemies, had they but worn the Italian tri-colour cockade.”

The following extract shows the line of conduct pursued by the republicans in the circumstances in which they were placed by the dissimulation of the moderates, and the timidity of the prince:—

“The Lombard insurrection was already victorious at every point, when the royal troops advanced upon the Lombard territory, and pushed onwards to the Tyrol. Volunteers gathered towards that point, driving the enemy before them. The passes which led from thence to the valleys of the Adda and the Ollio were occupied by our men. The insurrection in Venetia had been accomplished with inconceivable rapidity, and placed in the hands of the mountaineers of Carnia and Cadore, the defiles which lead from Austria into Italy. Palma and Osopo were ours. The Sea and the Alps, as Cattaneo writes, were closed to the enemy; and they would have been so for ever, had the royal war recognised as strategic points, not the fortresses and Piedmont, but the Alps and the Sea, Venice and the Tyrol. The enthusiasm of the populations was great; equal to the discouragement of the enemy. A subscription opened at Milan, the 1st of April, to provide for the current expenses of the government, had produced by the 3d the sum of 749,686 Austrian livres—a loan of twenty-four millions of francs, proposed by the provisional government, found capitalists

ready to subscribe without interest—men ran to inscribe their names in the Free Corps and in the National Guard—women were rivals in the enthusiasm, and almost surpassed the young men: they prepared cartouches, went from door to door soliciting subscriptions for the government, and nursed the wounded in the hospitals. The Austrians retired on all sides, frightened, and in disorder, harassed by the volunteers, and wanting provisions. The Italian soldiers deserted their ranks; at Cremona, the Albert regiment, the 3d battalion, Ceccopieri, and three squadrons of Lancers; at Brescia, a portion of the Haugwitz regiment, and others elsewhere. An Austrian frigate riding before Naples, and two brigades of war cruising in the Adriatic, hoisted the Italian flag, and gave themselves to the Venetian republic. In Italy, there only remained to Austria, and these ciphers are proved by the official reports, 50,000 men, defeated, discouraged, and worn out. And beyond the confines of Lombardy, wherever the language of *si* is heard, there was fermentation, a gathering crusade. The Milanese insurrection had sounded the tocsin for the Italian insurrection. At the first news of the movement in Modena, 2000 civic guards of Cologne, 1200, with 300 of the line from Leghorn, the civic guards and armed students of Pisa, and the civic guards and volunteers of Florence, assembled at once; and a few days afterwards, to avoid the ruin which threatened him, the Grand Duke himself was obliged to declare war against Austria. At Rome, the people, the civic guards, and the carabinieri, gave the arms of Austria to the flames, and substituted over the palace of the Austrian embassy this inscription—'Palace of the Italian Diet.' Volunteers presented themselves in crowds, blessed by the priests; subscriptions were opened to arm them and send them to the camp. Already, on the 24th of March, many had quitted the city; and at the end of the month, 10,000 Romans and 7000 Tuscans were assembled on the banks of the Po, ready to pass it on the side of Lago Scuro. At Naples also, the abhorred ensign of Austria was burnt; and on the 26th of March the list of volunteers was opened, and the king was forced to yield before the universal excitement. I speak not of Genoa and Piedmont. The volunteers of Genoa—I recall it with pride, not the pride of municipality, but that of affection for the soil where my father sleeps and which was the birthplace of my mother—were the first to sign, in face of the enemy, the general bond of Italian fraternity with the men of Lombardy. And beyond Italy, the good news spread with the rapidity of thought, and made men grown grey in exile young again; blessed with new life souls expiring in doubt; blotted out the remembrance of long sorrows, the recollection of the repeated deceptions of the past, and those uneasy forebodings of the future which were so soon to be verified. A single thought inspired every glance, and breathed through every accent, in our deep emotion. 'We have a country! We have a country, to whose service at length we shall be able to devote ourselves.' And to her we hastened with lofty brows and souls filled with Italian pride, over those lands which we had traversed wandering and despised, but which now resounded with a cry of surprise and applause for *our* Italy! May God pardon those who calumniated our souls in those moments of love and national worship! They, the moderates, received at Genoa, with fixed bayonets, and escorted disarmed to the camp, like malefactors, the Italian workmen who hastened from Paris and London, conducted by General Antonelli, to combat in the battles of independence. They accused us of conspiracy; we only conspired to forget. Ah! when I think of these men, who could not understand our hearts, I call to mind the words of St Theresa speaking of the damned, 'Unhappy ones, they cannot love.' But all this emotion, all this enthusiasm which was inciting Italy to great deeds, spoke of the people and not of the prince, of the nation and not of miserable dynastic speculations. To attack it openly was impossible. And although Martin, at first, and then Passalacqua, had only offered the royal assistance on condition that Milan should pass under the king's domination—although the greater part of the men composing the provisional government of Milan

were inclined to, and some even bound to those conditions; yet no one dared to stipulate openly for the price of an uncertain victory. The lion roared yet; he must first be tamed. In an address to Charles Albert begging for assistance, the provisional government of Milan had, as early as the 23d of March, conveyed to the king and his diplomatists the real nature of its intentions. Nevertheless, its public declarations contained a programme which deferred the decision of the political question to the day of victory, confiding it, when that day should arrive, to the good sense of the people—'When all shall be free, all will speak. After the victory, the nation will decide.'"

Mazzini thus vindicates himself, and those who held the same opinions:—

"The wandering and agitated life which the true believers in the republican faith had been subjected to for so many years, prevents us from proving facts by letters, dates, and journals. But I affirm on my honour the truth of every syllable I write. Our accusers are living; let them refute me, if they can, and if they dare. I regret being obliged to mix up my own name with these recitals; but since I was chosen (deservedly or not, matters little) by friends and enemies, to represent in part the republican thought, I owe to the honour of the banner what I would not do for myself. I treated with a disdainful silence, expressive of my utter contempt, the false accusation which was levelled against me from all quarters during my stay at Milan, of having, by an obstinate adherence to my own political ideas, ruined the war. It would have been said then that I sought to exculpate myself from fear, or from a desire to avoid the tempest which threatened me. But it is now all important that Italians should know the truth as to those men who summon them to work for the cause. The first words I uttered at Milan were words of encouragement for the government; the second, requested of me by one of the supporters of monarchy, were a prayer to Brescia that it would sacrifice, in its discussions with Milan, every local right to union and centralisation, then indispensable to the success of the war."

"Thus the republican party, deceived by false promises, long misled by the Jesuitical deportment of the provisional government, then pursued by disgraceful accusations, foolish threats, and perfidious insinuations spread amongst the people, and suddenly betrayed in its dearest hopes, by a decree which, to the free, solemn, and pacific *discussion* of a constituent assembly after the victory, substituted the silent votes by register, the sword of Damocles suspended the while over the heads of the voters—replied by words of grave and severe sadness to the violators of the public faith; and declared that for the sake of that union which it alone had preserved until the 12th of May, by its self-sacrificing silence, it would not raise the gauntlet thrown down to it. The Moderates at Genoa assembled in crowds, on the publication of our protest, and committed it to the flames. We could have said with Cremutio Cordo, 'Burn then all the good citizens of Italy on the same pile, for they knew by heart the truths we utter here.' A few days after, we published the programme of the 'Italy of the People,' and even then our language was that of conciliation."

What followed is yet fresh in the memories of our readers. How Charles Albert was pushed ingloriously from the scene; how the pope fled from Rome, and refused to return at the earnest solicitations of the people; how the national party swept away abuses, and remodelled institutions; how they substituted among the people a reign of peace, for a reign of terror (under the priests); how the French lust for glory

involved them in the most glaring contradictions, and led them to forswear the holy idea of "brotherhood;" how a Gallic republic put down, by force of arms, a Roman republic, and restored to his throne a renegade and hated Pope.

MANCHESTER EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

FRESH incidents, both provincial and national, are constraining general and earnest attention to this long-neglected subject, which is the most important with which legislation can at any time deal.

1. Crime has, of late, manifested itself to quite an unusual extent, in the most atrocious and appalling forms. Enormous violations of the most fundamental laws of society are things of everyday occurrence. We are in the very dog-days of ruffianism, when all police restraints are broken through, and the vengeance of the law set at defiance. Cheap bread to industry has not prevented robbery; for free trade, with its many blessings, and though it may have removed the temptations which previously surrounded honest poverty to commit occasional and desperate acts of wrong and violence, has not reduced the number of confirmed thieves and felons. Crime has become outrageously daring, whilst its force of craft for minor offences, so far from being restricted or diminished, has been multiplied. The person and property are almost as insecure here as in barbarous countries. Extra coercion and penal measures may be resorted to, but at a formidable expense, and with trifling success. The increase of assessed taxes will do more damage to the property of citizens, than the decrease of robbery and theft will do good. What connection has ignorance with crime? all are beginning to ask. An inseparable one; even visibly, as well as really, the very closest. Depravity of all kinds lives and grows upon mental darkness, whilst social virtues die upon that element. The man, since he stepped out from his cradle, has been nothing but an animal; his soul has never risen above the spirit of a brute, and his intellect and conscience lie at the bottom of his coarse appetites and passions. He is a savage, with this aggravating circumstance, that, instead of dwelling in a wilderness he is in the midst of a dense mass of fellow-beings, where he must live either by hard industry and honest skill (for which he has no training or relish), or by plunder. The red hand and the pilfering fingers almost invariably belong to an uneducated mind. The educated men, who are convicted in this country, are few; and if these were divided into two classes, consisting, *first*, of those who have merely received the elements of learning, and *secondly*, of those whose minds have been expanded, strengthened, and elevated by education, we are confident that the number of the second class (who alone can properly be called *educated men*) found upon the criminal list would be so small, as to be fairly marked exceptional. Forgery, perhaps, is the crime to which a few men, who cannot be reckoned as uneducated, are most addicted. This crime is generally committed in circumstances of strong

temptation, increased, most unquestionably, by the influence which the immense prevalence of crime in the uneducated classes must exert. Ignorance in a large class, has thus a baneful effect on education in a smaller class. Let the ignorance, which is the parent of crime in the lower ranks of the population, be removed, and we are sure that the very few crimes committed by educated men would become fewer still. It is confessed by all statesmen and moralists that the question of punishment for the repression of crime, is getting every day more complicated and difficult. Why not, then, try National Education to cut off the necessity of punishment, by reducing crime?

2. A dense and ever-growing mass of pauperism points out the evils of popular ignorance. Pauperism is now so general as to be the very quagmire of British society, into which it is fast drawing down self-supporting industry. The heavy assessments for the poor are fast reducing the incomes of many thousands of diligent labourers in trades and callings, who will, ere long, be compelled to rank themselves with paupers. That an industrious man, who can only support himself and his family, should have the earnings of a whole fortnight taken away each year for the maintenance of paupers, must prevent any savings. Now the origin of by far the preponderating amount of pauperism, is in the idleness, the apathy, the improvidence, the want of enterprise, and the vice and crime directly produced by popular ignorance. The support of a scheme of National Education would be by far the cheapest poor's-rate.

3. Sanitary reform requires education as its prime agent. Cleanliness of person or of home is one of the results of education, for ignorance is ever associated with squalor and dirt, as well as with rags. The unintelligent face, if it have a vacant expression, has at least a very thick coating of dirt. Mental darkness cares not for physical beauty and order. The habits and the haunts of millions in Great Britain have created the most fatal distempers and diseases, which have often broken forth in wide ravages upon all classes in the community, for infection will pass from poor to rich, from dirty to cleanly. The man whose mind is uncultivated has frequently, with as much justice as coarseness, been compared to a pig; and let the sty be once cleansed, it is soon foul as ever. He who has no mental resources for employment or gratification, has no delight in his home; he dwells more in the beer tavern; and when he returns drunk he is unconscious of throwing himself down on a dirty floor, or a dirty bed, whilst his slut of a wife very properly thinks that both are too good for him. If sanitary reform throughout the country be necessary, it can only be achieved by first securing the still greater indispensable—National Education.

4. The present doings of Popery in this country can best be counteracted, so far as political and social mischief is involved in them, by a national system of secular education. Let the masses be educated, and they will despise and laugh at Romish priestcraft. Education gives to, and roots in the mind the broadest and most indestructible consciousness of the sacred rights of private judgment, and scouts at the idea of any human infallibility, whether claimed for church or state. We do not wonder at the pope denouncing the Irish colleges. He knows that his impious pretensions to dominion over the minds and souls of men would

be destroyed by the light of knowledge kindled in these colleges. It may be asked, how then have so many educated, and even highly intellectual men, lately become Puseyites and Papists? Our reply is ready, and, we believe, altogether satisfactory:—these men coveted power for themselves and their order. Does any one believe that the dogmatic, overbearing, and tyrannical Bishop of Exeter would surrender *his* private judgment to such a man as the present pope, or, indeed, to any man that ever filled the papal throne? No! but he is a Puseyite, in order that other men may yield up their private judgment to *himself*. Would a man of such a high, subtle, inquisitive, and ever restless intellect as Dr Newman possesses, give up his judgment to the keeping of the pope? He may *appear* to do so, but it is only that he may obtain spiritual and political ascendancy for himself. The converts to Popery or to Puseyism are of two classes. They are either men and women of very silly minds and morbid imaginations, easily deluded, but, fortunately, capable of doing little mischief in the way of deluding others; or they are ambitious and crafty persons, who grasp at the power which Rome wields, and who are content to be the slaves of the pope, that they may be the tyrants of the people. Now, let the people be educated, and the people can obviously have no such ambition for spiritual ascendancy as should neutralise their education so far as to tempt them to be Papists. They would not allow their civil and religious liberties to be invaded by any pope or priest. Besides, if the masses were educated, priests would no longer be tempted to aspire to tyranny. They would rather rule *with* than *over* the judgment of an educated people. They would prefer the nobler and sweeter ascendancy which one enlightened intellect naturally, and without tyranny, gains over another, when armed with truth, and moved by love. How glorious, by the force of reason, to sway MEN—men who think and judge for themselves—far more glorious than, without reason or truth, but merely by the charm of a title, to lord it over passive men, who obey like mere machines! So long, indeed, as the people are ignorant, many intellectual men will seek to rule them as they would rule an inferior race of beings.

5. The progressive extension of the franchise, and a proper state of harmony and goodwill between the various classes in the community, now sadly and perniciously alienated from each other, require National Education.

Every citizen, who is not a law-breaker, is entitled to the *full liberties* of a citizen; but only that citizen, who is enlightened, is entitled to the *full rights* of a citizen. It is desirable that the House of Commons should, in the true sense, be the people's house, and that the legislature should be chosen by complete suffrage. But the people must be previously enlightened. It is absurd to say, give men their rights as citizens, and if uneducated at first, to exercise their rights they will soon aspire to a proper education. The fitness to use well must precede the gift of the franchise. We, indeed, believe that there are some hundred thousands of citizens at present non-electors, who are, in every respect, qualified to exercise the franchise, and it *should* no longer be withheld. But we look forward to a time when every Briton will be represented in parliament, and we are persuaded that nothing but National Education will introduce that time.

The alienation between the various classes in the community is chiefly caused by the ignorance and mental debasement characteristic of millions belonging to the lower classes. Let us have a nation of educated men, and the feeling of brotherhood will be strong and universal. Varieties of social rank will still exist, yet the common possession of knowledge would remove many obstacles in the way of the kindest intercourse between all classes. At present, is there not often fellowship, amounting even to warm friendship, between superiors and inferiors, when the latter are eminent for intelligence? And we should have this happy state of things on a large, even a national scale, if, under a system of National Education, the whole population were enlightened.

But what stands in the way of National Education with its comprehensive remedies for grievous social evils? Various objections may be summed up in this, that a national scheme of education cannot include a formal religious training. We admit this. It really cannot, without the grossest injustice to, and tyranny over, the various ecclesiastical denominations in the country. Since British parents belong to so many different churches, the peculiar form of the religion of one church cannot be adopted in national schools, and incorporated with the secular instruction given there. Nay, we maintain that religion, even if it *ought, should not* be taught in national schools. The church has no prerogative to interfere with secular training. Parents and the church, instead of seeking to intermix religious and secular training in week-day schools (where it never can be done with advantage), should conduct the religious training at other times, and in other places, during the hours spent at home and in Sabbath schools. The cry against secular schools, as *irreligious and infidel*, is both absurd and wicked. The advocates of such schools may say to their calumniators:—We do not interfere with the means of religious training which you, parents or church office-bearers, may adopt, when the children are out of our schools. We do not interdict you from combining then and there the religious element with the secular element which we give here. Nay, we wish you all success in the communication of religious knowledge. Keep within your noble and necessary province, and most energetically, and diligently, apply yourselves to superadd religion to the secular learning which we furnish. Co-operate with us, but not so as that you shall take our time and work, and we take yours. We occupy four or five hours each day in giving secular knowledge to our pupils, and we shall be right glad to hear that you devote the other fifteen or sixteen hours to sanctify the result of our labours, and to Christianise the children. We professedly and exclusively, in our schools, train children to be useful in time: and do you your best to prepare them for eternity, during the many hours each day when they are not receiving our lessons. You don't interfere with the nurse of a child, or the doctor of a child, or the tailor who clothes a child, and why interfere with us, who teach reading, writing, and arithmetic to that child? If we were as ready to calumniate as you are, we should accuse you of a desire to get quit of your peculiar and awful responsibility to give children religious knowledge. You, clergymen, wish to have a little of the Catechism, and a little of the Bible, taught in our secular schools,

and you like to come in for a few minutes once or twice a-year to *superintend* this process, in order that you may free yourselves from the solemn duty of feeding at the proper season, and in the proper place, the "lambs of Christ's flock." You know well that if you attended to the duties of your own province, in reference to the young, your work would be unspeakably more **LABORIOUS** (but unspeakably more useful, too) than the slight and, indeed, farcical examinations, personal or presbyterial, which, for religious purposes, you annually conduct in our week-day schools. Now, don't any more call our scheme and our schools *irreligious and godless*. We separate a secular from a religious training, just because the two can be best promoted, separately, and, moreover, they are separate only for a few hours each day, since, for four hours, we give the secular, and during the remainder of the twenty-four, you can, to the very fulness of your heart's wish, superadd the religious. In the course of education, a division of labour is indispensable; we furnish the secular, and do you give the religious element. If you, representing the church and the cause of religion, would but perform your duty to the young at a proper time, and in a proper manner, you would not grudge us the four or five hours a-day in which we communicate secular knowledge. Nay, you would thank us for qualifying your children to receive, understand, and appreciate the religious instruction which it becomes you to give them. You don't march with your phylacteries into the play-ground, and seek to combine religion with gymnastics, though, in other places, you ought to tell the young that their members "should be members of righteousness;" yet why any more interfere with their *a b c*, their copy-book, or their multiplication-table?

Thus, triumphantly, might the Scotch advocates of National Education address themselves to their various Scotch calumniators. But the English advocates might go still farther, and say to their clerical opponents in England:—You regard it as your special duty to educate the people of England. You say that your payment (above £8,000,000 a-year) is for such service to the nation. Yet so wretchedly have you discharged your duties (so very well paid for), that there are millions in the land who can neither read nor write. You have utterly failed in teaching the very simplest branches of knowledge, for education is not so easy as *baptism*, which some of you call regeneration! You see how education has flourished under your special care. Really, you might permit us to try whether or not it would succeed better (for it could not, by any possibility, succeed worse) in our hands. We don't wish to prevent you from all efforts at evangelising our scholars, when these have got their secular lessons over for the day. We must have a nation of men and women who can, at least, read and write, and, when each day they are out of our hands, you can engage yourselves with them during the remainder, and strive to give them religious knowledge. Don't call our scheme *godless*; but remember that, under the long trial given to your scheme, millions of men and women have grown up as illiterate as the brutes, as godless as the heathen of the most benighted land. So far from Christianising, you have not even civilised. You were to make the population saints; you have allowed a large proportion to sink below the level of men. *Stand out of our way, and go aside in penitence and shame.*

We are glad to see that a conference has been held in Manchester, with the view of enlarging the Lancashire Public School Association, into the NATIONAL Public School Association; and that many influential men, both in church and state, are committed, with all their energies, to the noble enterprise of educating the population. The Lancashire men, with Mr Cobden in their ranks, will be the best agitators of the country, and the most cogent advisers of the legislature, on this vital question. The "Times" says—"The question is now taken up by practical men, who fight battles in order to win them, and who do actually win them. When a man like Mr Cobden—a man of practical sagacity, and singular success—throws himself into the breach, and stakes his reputation upon carrying a point, we cannot help regarding it as almost half won. Mr Cobden has declared that he will henceforth devote himself to the establishment of a comprehensive public education; and, considering the man, we cannot help suspecting that something of the sort will be done." We cannot help thinking that the "Times" advocacy is as favourable an omen of success as Mr Cobden's, for that newspaper invariably attaches itself to the winning side. Foreseeing inevitable success in the anti-corn law agitation, it proclaimed the league "a great fact," and forthwith lent its powerful aid; and now, believing that the attempt at national education is another "great fact," it has become similarly cordial, and foretells and fights for its adoption. The Manchester men have made a capital commencement. The speeches, at the public meeting, were admirable, and tore to pieces the figment of bigotry about a secular being a godless education. Mr Cobden, with his usual pertinency and point, remarked, that those national schools were not to be *boarding-schools* for the complete tuition of children (which would include a religious training, as well as showing them how they should behave at table with knife and fork), but that parents and clergymen would have ample time and opportunity to inculcate upon these children, when out of the national schools, the doctrines of Christianity.

We cannot express a tithe of our wonder at the opposition, on the part of patriots and Christians, to such a scheme of national education. Do they not see that, however desirable, as they think, it may be, that secular and religious training should be combined either nominally (as at present), or really in the same school, yet now, and for an indefinite time to come, such education cannot become *national*? With so many rival churches in the land, the idea of taking the creed of one church, and incorporating it with the secular instruction to be furnished to the whole population of this country, which is split up into so many religious sects, is utterly impracticable. Then is there to be no national education at all? Since there cannot be national schools for secular and religious education, are we to have none for secular? Must the millions either be taught a religious Catechism, along with reading, writing, and arithmetic, or be taught nothing, and get no reading, writing, and arithmetic? The alternative which the bigots give us, is *their everything*, or nothing! We have clearly shown how *their everything* can be gained, if taken separately; yes, gained on the very same day, for, immediately after the hours of secular training, they may have many more hours of religious training. They know that the country cannot, and will not,

adopt *their* everything, and yet they resolve that the country shall have nothing. Thus, on the part of millions of our fellow-countrymen, crime, pauperism, physical degradation, and wretchedness, and such mental prostration as shall make a smooth road for the rapid advancement and triumph in this country of encroaching Popery, shall be allowed to go on increasingly, to remain Britain's foul disgrace, until Britain's ruin shall have been consummated.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE IDLER.

PART I.

MAN was made for action. His natural powers plainly indicate that his Maker destined him for a life of activity. There are impulses originating in his inner being which incite to the exercise of his various faculties. The normal development of these faculties, and, indeed, the health of his entire nature, can only be effected and maintained by constant employment; and yet how strangely prone he is to rest, and how frequently do sluggish habits defeat the purposes of his whole existence. Were we disposed philosophically to investigate this seeming anomaly, we should find the theme not unworthy of our research. It must perhaps be attributed to the complexity of his constitution—to the union of two elements diverse in their nature, and governed by different laws. Individuals, indeed, greatly vary in their natural temperaments; some having more inherent energy about them than others. We could almost believe that some whose habits we have noted are constitutionally subject to a *vis inertiae* insuperable, and necessitating their absolute uselessness for all great and good ends. In them, perhaps, matter with its properties may be considered as predominating over spirit. The superior element is overborne and enslaved by the gross and earthly particles to which it is attached. Spiritual substance is active. Spontaneous motion and the power of producing motion appear to appertain to its very essence. But matter is inert. An impulse from without itself must stir it into motion, or its rest will remain undisturbed. That which occasioned the primary movement must be continued, or opposing influences will soon cause it to return to its previous state of repose. In those constitutions, then, where the material subordinates the spiritual, we observe the disposition to a pure passivity, the love of ease, and a strong repugnance to exertion. That laziness has its attractions, who will deny? and who may not find pages of his autobiography which will attest its evils? But we are not to treat the subject as philosophers. The theme properly belongs to the province of morals. It bears directly upon human practice. Our essay is a moral one. We aim at practical results. In treating such a subject, we cannot do better than resort to illustrations drawn from real life. Facts embody principles. By adducing those, we best exemplify these, and present them to the mind. To ascertain clearly the injurious effects of idleness, we must note examples of its actual influence. When thus realized, its nature is made apparent. It shows itself worthy of earnest reprobation, for,

wherever it prevails, whether at the summit, or the base, or at any stage between the extremes of society, it is everywhere destructive of happiness, and militant against all true success in life.

Borrowing a term from the zoologist, we may regard the several classes of idlers as forming the species *Tardigrada*. The tribes are numerous; many varieties exist; individual specimens are frequent. The same elementary character may be found under many diversities of state. The same original propensity to indolence may be developed among any of the ranks and conditions of men. This evil is confined to no specific age, sex, or condition. It pervades society, and affects alike all periods of life and all social grades—the infant and the veteran, the pauper and the opulent. The poor are often charged with being specially addicted to the vice of idling. It rouses our indignation to hear this charge preferred by those who are themselves notoriously addicted to it; whose position has released them from obligation to labour; who, therefore, it may be reasonably concluded, have no very distinct conception of real downright earnest working. It has been remarked that one half of the world has to sweat and groan, that the other half may dream. But it is rather too bad for the latter in their dreams to impute slothfulness to the former. Some, again, have ventured to assign to this vice a place in the category of national characteristics. We know how often it has been imputed to a neighbouring race of Celts. Their peculiar habits have been represented as singularly porcine, so much so, that the familiar and fraternal footing which is conceded to their pigs is fully warranted. Their indolence and filth are said to entitle that very reputable animal, distinguished as he is by congenial peculiarities, to the social station he enjoys among them. He is a worthy inmate of the cabin, values his domestic privileges, and is seemingly quite conscious of his right to be treated in all respects as one of the family. Now we are really disposed to doubt whether the race in question is *naturally*, and in virtue of its original constitution, the most indolent of all races; and we rather suspect that, had the enterprising Saxon himself been doomed for centuries to a similar training, he would have equally degenerated. But waiving these ethnographical speculations, we maintain that the idler is not a product indigenous and peculiar to any climate or country. His native region is not limited by geographical bounds. Some lands may be more suitable to his production than others; but anywhere it is easy for him to fix his “local habitation,” and to get himself a name. The vice which forms his character does not derive its potency from clime, or soil, or scenery, though these things may conduce to its maturity, and may aid its spread in certain regions, and among certain families of mankind. But still it can scarcely be reckoned a national idiosyncrasy. The Esquimaux at the pole, saturated with train-oil, stupidly dozes amid the smoke and filth of his snow-hut; and the Hindoo, within the tropics, replete with rice and ghee, listlessly lounges beneath his banyan. The solemn and motionless Turk embowered in luxurious ottomans, and the variable Yankee on his restless rocking-chair, may both be idlers. But we need not wander so far from home for sketches. An ample supply is furnished in scenes open to every one’s inspection.

Let us open our eyes to what is just before us. We find among the

poor a large assortment of idlers. Here are the members of the mendicant fraternity—beggars by profession. Mendicity has its orders. There are those who assume the respectable, who, having seen better days by a stern adversity, have been reduced to decay and indigence. These ply their beggary with the semblance of a modest blush; and by their doleful accents, and decent garb, and specious stories of misfortune, they wheedle from the pockets of the charitable a tolerable maintenance. And there are the clamorous and rag-bedight vagrants of the streets, bearing the insignia of their order—their scraps and wallets, their staves and crutches—exposing to public view deformities and sores, or exhibiting unwholesome-looking infants in white gowns and caps, or leading an itinerant choir of juvenile starvelings; and these, by their impudence and importunity, their numerous modes of annoyance, and their very repulsiveness, extort the pence of the passengers. But there are idlers in poverty who have not enrolled themselves in the idle profession. In large towns, you will find groups at the mouth of an alley, or assembled in squalid and confined squares, or thronging the threshold of a gin-palace; or, if the weather be fair, sauntering along the walks, or stretched at full length on the grassy borders of the parks and places of public recreation. In smaller towns, you must look for them during the day bird-catching in the neighbouring fields, or angling in brooks; and when evening approaches, they may be found congregated in low pot-houses, or perhaps at the head of the chief thoroughfare, or in the market place, and the ears of the passer-by are often offended by their coarse jokes, or ribald songs, or derisive merriment. In the villages, you will find them lounging by the gable of a barn, by the smithy, or on the benches of the beer-shop. Wherever observed, you may readily identify the creature. To select an individual from this class for more minute picturing, is somewhat difficult, the varieties are so numerous; and yet we should like to sketch to you an entire personality, describing faithfully his haunts, and habits, and appearance. We might soon discover many living specimens, were you to accompany us on an exploring tour through your own city or town. It might add somewhat to the interest of our essay, and might spare us some verbal detail, could each of our readers manage to summon before him a genuine native, in undisguised life, and fresh from his retreat. Alas, our eyes are too well accustomed to behold such objects! Turn towards his well-known haunts. You readily discover him. He may be known by his attire of shreds and patches, his slouching attitude, his animal expression, his dirty and vicious aspect. As to his habits, you perceive at once that he rarely if ever has distressed his features by a serious ablution; the process of cleansing is altogether without the range of his experience—he but vaguely comprehends its nature. His matted locks are innocent of combing, and are straggling from under a superannuated tile. We cannot more briefly or graphically sum up the outfit of his external man, than in the pathetic-comic strain of borrowed language:—

“He, poor rake, has no cravat,
A seedy coat, and a hole in that!
No sole to his shoes, and no brim to his hat,
Nor a change of linen except his skip.”

His family and abode will be found to correspond. You follow him home to some miserable habitation. In the city, it may be a dark, damp, subterranean cellar, for these men and their households are the troglodytes of civilised communities; or, in the town, you may trace his steps to a dingy room up a narrow and filthy stair. The furniture would be venerable for its antiquity, but each separate article appears to have had its constitution irreparably shattered, and you may readily suspect that the idle and scampish habits of the master have infected the different items of his property. The wife may be a being of better mould, for, unhappily, there is many a tidy woman whose fortunes are inseparably linked to those of a reprobate husband; or, not unlikely, you will find the pair aptly matched! The other half would be a fit study for one who wished to depict the genius of slovenliness. The slattern and the sloth are invariably combined. In the family, of course, no pretensions are made to order. The idea of decorum would be preposterous in such a home. The ragamuffin urchins scout the notion of domestic authority. They glory in undisputed independence. They would riotously resent any infringement upon their liberties. The household economy is communism of the wildest stamp. All are equally free, if all are equally strong; if not, the feeble must yield a servile subjection to the despotic will of the powerful, or, in case of revolt, suffer prompt ejection. The name of father commands no reverence; that of mother no affection. Kinship with them involves no sympathies, and incites to no endearments. Their nature is stunted in its growth. The lowest instincts are unrestrained; the animal passions are ascendant. Their views of enjoyment extend not beyond the sensual. The intellectual and moral elements of their being are wholly dormant. The true humanity gives tokens of but a feeble life within them. It is in such abodes of degradation that moral pests are generated and nursed, and, when matured, are sent forth from them to damage and desolate society.

But we charge not alone the sons of penury and want with this vice of indolence. It exists in forms as virulent, though not externally so repulsive, in far higher circles. A large proportion of the noble and wealthy classes are, we fear, incurably addicted to it. Impartiality forbids us to spare them the exposure. Their indolence maintains more respectable appearances, and is known by less objectionable appellations. It is painfully sensitive of any approach to vulgarity. But is it less noxious or criminal? Your genuine fashionable idler indulges his habits after a more refined method than that in which the sluggish creatures crawling among the dregs of society indulge theirs. We cannot but think that what is usually denominated "high life" is most decidedly idle life. Some few enterprising spirits may prove truly noble, and may adorn their rank and serve their generation by becoming workers; but, with too large a portion of these favoured classes,

" Their only labour is to kill the time;
 (And labour dire it is, and weary wo);
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
 Then rising, sudden to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth with tottering steps and slow:
 This soon too rude an exercise they find.
 Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they, sighing, lie reclined
 And court the vapoury god soft breathing in the wind!"

We delight not in mere declamations. We would not bitterly inveigh against the habits of those whose earthly sphere is elevated somewhat above our own. Such bitterness might plausibly be interpreted, as but the utterance of a fox-and-the-grapes spirit. Envious and splenetic attacks are not to our taste; but, if we must honestly state our views, we may do so, it is to be hoped, without incurring any such imputations. We lament that so many whose means are ample, and whose social position renders their influence of necessity extensive, should be living to so little purpose. Their days devoted to a perpetual succession of frivolities, each precious hour, as it passes, carries into eternity a record of misimprovement. The most serious problems to which they give attention are, "What shall we eat?" and "What shall we drink?" and "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" The setting of a jewel, the fashion of a dress, the flavour of a wine, the preparation of viands, or the garniture of a carriage, are among the most momentous topics to which they bend their minds. We have stood and contemplated the scene presented by a fashionable drive in the great metropolis. Aristocratic vehicles of every form are rolling past. The turn-out of first-rate equipages is abundant. There we note the massive carriage drawn along by sleek and pampered nags, whose high-spirited and dignified prancing bespeaks their lofty breeding. The caparisons are rich and silver-studded; the arms of nobility are blazoned on the panels. The coachman, as sleek as his "cattle," is on the box; and, in the rear, a bevy of powdered, and belaced, and liveried flunkeys. The interior is graced by the presence of his lordship comfortably propped up by the pride of birth and cushioned seats. Close at hand, there dashes on the young scion of rank and opulence, who ostentatiously sports his "thoroughbred" and elegant cab, with an alert young "tiger" holding on behind. In a neighbouring vehicle, you may see a wealthy dowager, who seems to feel herself raised by gold to an elevation verging on the celestial, and to demand by her pompous airs a tribute of adoration from poorer mortals; or perhaps the occupant is a high-born, but withered maiden, who makes desperate efforts to look as young and beautiful as she did years ago, vainly striving by a profusion of artificial appliances and decorations to compensate for the charms long since waned. Poor vapid creature! the memory of the past extrudes the consciousness of the present, and she will not realise the conviction that for her "the light of other days is faded." But there are objects in the show more pleasing. In yon open phaeton, as it glides past, you catch a glimpse of beauties, with whom the pride of other countries may hardly venture to compete. They seem like denizens of a brighter sphere. The form of grace harmonious and lovely, the countenance, "startlingly beautiful," moulded in perfectness, and radiant with expression, are almost too ethereal to be of mundane origin. So the charmed spectator may imagine as the beauteous vision floats before him. Here, in short, as you stand musing beneath the trees that border the park, you may gaze upon a panorama of imposing and attractive forms. 'Tis a scene of animation and splendour; and as the bright sunbeams flood it with their radiance, and the balmy summer breezes softly fan it, your heart becomes elate, and you feel almost prompted to perpetrate a patriotic apostrophe to your fatherland—a land which can boast such an assemblage of fair beings—so

gorgeous an array of affluence—so overpowering a spectacle of grandeur. But your emotions are checked—the pleasing reverie is dispelled. You experience a speedy revulsion of sentiment when the question rises, What is the moral of this show? To what end are the majority of the actors in it living? Is this but a lively episode relieving the more serious details of their life-history? Is it but a sprightly interlude introduced into a ground-plot of more sombre cast? Is it but a brief and occasional recreation from the arduous labours—the solemn business of existence? If this view could be authenticated, we should feel less mournful when we contemplate the scene. But alas! this gay procession corresponds too closely with the other occupations that engage these parties. It is but one form which a busy idleness, a grave frivolity assumes! The idle labour of these beings is amusement. Pleasure is their only work. In town or out, they are industriously whiling away the time. The great purposes of life are sacrificed to the pursuit of the veriest trivialities. Their day is a round of empty gaiety. A rational soul gravely devotes itself to the lightest follies. That beautiful creature, who is diligently emulating the habits of humming-birds and butterflies, is endowed with intellect and moral sensibilities. Birds may have been intended to flutter their glowing plumage in the sunrays, and insects merrily to dance through their ephemeral term of being, but surely man has a higher and holier destiny. “What a piece of work is he—how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty—in form and moving, how express and admirable—in action, how like an angel—in apprehension, how like a god—the beauty of the world—the paragon of animals!” Shall man, then, prove so oblivious of his true mission, as to be ambitious of rivalling the life-course of the merest insect-trifler that has for a few hours flirted with the flowers and bathed itself in sunshine? Shall this being employ its exalted endowments on no higher objects than the symmetry of a curl, the disposition of a ribbon, the arrangement of trimmings, the fall of a flounce, the mode of a bonnet, or the posture of a shawl? Shall men, assumed to be “noble in reason,” sit in solemn conclave to discuss the qualities of a horse, or the agility of a ballet-dancer; to criticise the last new opera, or to debate the cut of a coat, or the pattern of a vest? Do we not here witness some of the worst and most humiliating types of idler? Can we acquit these polished triflers of the very vice of which we have found the pauper vagabond guilty? While we blush for the honour of our humanity, we must record in both cases the same verdict. And in which case is idleness the more dishonourable and blameworthy? In which case is unproductiveness the more notorious? Surely, where ampler means are squandered, where superior talents are prostituted, where larger opportunities of usefulness are unimproved, where a better culture and loftier tastes might have been secured—there must be the greater crime. Ah! such habits are a curse in the palace as well as in the cot. The family in the mansion, as well as that in the dilapidated hovel, has its character and truest interest blighted by them. Thus we see how extremes meet. These classes are licensed by their very position at the highest and the lowest grades of the social scale to devote their lives to doing nothing. They have a common calling—are of one profession. The same spirit of inertness is seen in widely different situations. The

ragged lounge is fitted by his habits to fill the station of his brother idler at the other extreme of the community. No essential change in the man would be effected or required by the transfer. The same being is competent for either sphere. 'Tis the same animal under other circumstances. In both, we find the maxim verified, "Idleness is the greatest prodigality." That richest of all treasures—time—is lavishly squandered. One has little else to squander; while the other, heedlessly wasting his chief inheritance, is prodigal of all his gifts besides. He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.

BRITISH science, in its numerous departments, British literature, and our useful and fine arts, are not by any means countenanced and supported as they ought to be, and as they one day shall be. On this point, there is but one opinion among the friends of progressive enlightenment. But how shall increased countenance be manifested, and more substantial support be given? This question has given rise to diversity of opinion. Nor is there any cause for wonder in this. Above most questions, it is likely to lead to this result. So late as a quarter of a century ago, the most eminent of the British philosophers were wont to lament, in strong and affecting terms, the backward condition, especially of the physical sciences, in England, compared with several countries—some of them but secondary states—on the Continent. A system of encouragement obtained *there*, which had no counterpart here; and hence the zealous, protracted, and sustained investigation, which issued in brilliant discoveries, and the permanent establishment of principles, the application of which to the interests of the governments was productions of great social good. There were, indeed, institutions in England at that time, and others have sprung up since, whose object was to foster and encourage science and art; but however useful these British Institutions may have been in their respective departments, still, it must be admitted, that they have come far short of yielding that support and encouragement that science, literature, and art, demand, and which they have had, during a longer or shorter period, and in a more or less liberal degree, in other countries. Private wealth and enterprise have done much—association and voluntary contributions have done much; but in all great and expensive undertakings, in connection with the progress of science, it has always become necessary to apply to those who hold the strings of the national purse. Let private enterprise meet with no check; let those who are engaged in the same pursuits—workers in the same field—associate together; but why may they not have from Government pecuniary assistance in their labours—whose tendency and results are towards the national good and glory—as a RIGHT, and not be compelled to sue for it as a favour. Surely it would not be an unworthy application of national funds, to support a National Institute, based on

liberal and judicious principles, for the encouragement of science, literature, and art.

Full twenty years ago, Sir David Brewster, in an article in the "Quarterly Review," which produced quite a sensation, boldly announced this idea, laid down some general principles, and pled most eloquently for its embodiment in a grand National Institute, with its three academies of science, literature, and art. The minds of several distinguished men were directed to the same subject. The British Association for the Advancement of Science sprung out of this proposal; but it only realised partially the idea of the distinguished philosopher above-named. And in the actual working of the association, even its partial idea was for years systematically overlooked. However, Sir David, during the whole period, cherished most fondly the noble conception, and in his recent Presidential Address, which appeared in its most accurate form only in the pages of the *PALLADIUM*, returned to the subject with a zeal and determination, which indicate its importance, in his estimation, and augur well for its realisation ere long. And, if we may judge from the favour with which the introduction of the subject was received by the brilliant and intellectual audience then assembled, we may pronounce that portion of the public, which may be expected, from their position, pursuits, and attainments, to take an interest in the matter, to be ripe and ready for its full discussion, with a view to its speedy establishment.

In the last number of the "North British Review," Sir David Brewster has returned to the subject, in an elaborate article on the British Association. The "Museum of Practical Geology," he says, "is neither more nor less than an enlargement of the mineralogical, geological, and chemical section of a National Institute. He would have all the departments of science provided for in the same way—literature, also, and art; and all these sections united would form the grand National Institute. We would most willingly have quoted fully from this very valuable article, agreeing, as we do, so thoroughly with its principles and reasonings, had our space permitted; but, from its eloquent peroration, we must treat our readers to one extract:—"In ancient times, when knowledge had a limited range, and was but slightly connected with the wants of life, the sage stood even on a higher level than the hero and the law-giver; and history has preserved his name in her imperishable record when theirs has disappeared from its page. Archimedes lives in the memory of thousands who have forgotten the tyrants of Syracuse, and the Roman Consul who subdued it. The halo which encircled Galileo under the tortures of the Inquisition extinguishes in its blaze even the names of his tormentors; and Newton's glory will throw a lustre over the name of England, when time has paled the light reflected from her warriors. The renown of military achievements appeals but to the country which they benefit and adorn. It lives but in the obelisk of granite, and illuminates but the vernacular page. Subjugated nations turn from the proud monument that degrades them, and the vanquished warrior spurns the record of his humiliation or his shame. Even the traveller makes a deduction from military glory when he surveys the red track of desolation and of war; and the tears which the widow and the orphan shed obliterate the inscription which is written in blood. How different are

our associations with the tablet of marble or the monument of bronze which emblazon the deeds of the philanthropist and the sage. Their paler sunbeam irradiates a wider sphere, and excites a warmer sympathy. No trophies of war are hung in their Temple, and no assailing foe desecrates its shrine. In the anthem from that choir, the cry of human suffering never mingles, and in the procession of the intellectual hero, ignorance and crime are alone yoked to his car. The achievements of genius, could the wings of light convey them, would be prized in the other worlds of our system—in the other systems of the universe. They are the bequest which man offers to his race—a gift to universal humanity—at first to civilisation—at last to barbarism.”

ANGLICANISM IN 1850.

IN a former paper, we touched briefly on the struggle of truth in the National Church of England, as well as in other ecclesiastical bodies. It was but a passing reference, for the purpose of illustrating the position there defended. We felt at the time the necessity of recurring to this fruitful theme, than which we know none more suggestive and more likely, at no distant day, to arouse the earnest attention of the nation, to engage the thoughts of the legislature, and probably to modify the relative position of all the religious communities in the empire. Matters are comparatively quiet at present, with the exception of the stir about Popery. Gorham is in his parish, Exeter is in his palace, and periodically we are edified by accounts of the reception of penitent clergy—who have discovered and renounced the errors of Protestantism—into the maternal bosom of Rome. Beyond this, there is little moving. But the spirit of the storm lives. Now and then he detaches a withered branch, or plays with a fallen leaf, by way of recreation; but, if our foresight be not an ocular illusion, he is gathering strength for a meditated attack upon the venerable oak, when he will roar among its arms, and tear its strong roots from the grasp of the earth.

We need not trouble our readers to glance at the historical Church of England. When, by whom, and under what circumstances it was founded, they know. Nor need we inquire whether the objects contemplated by its establishment were altogether so free from admixture of earthly motives as some of its apologists declare; but, assuming that they were, and taking for granted that the religious good of the whole nation, and the glory of God, were the sublime purposes sought by creating it, we cannot help expressing our astonishment at the fact that very few of its adherents are at this moment satisfied with it. We speak not of the Dissenters. Be nonconformity right or wrong, they have acted upon *their* convictions, have paid the price of their principles, and enjoy them—although, in vindication of their right to utter opinions respecting the Church from which they have seceded, it is to be noted that their dissent from it as a religious community does not involve the removal of their relation to it civilly. We think it is the “judicious Hooker,” as the famous Warburton first called him, who says that the

Church of England is the nation, ecclesiastically considered. This, whoever has the honour of its parentage, is the best definition that can be given of a *national church*. Hence, the Dissenter, though refusing to worship within its walls, has, as a citizen, a civil relation to it, which cannot be destroyed so long as he remains in England. This, however, is by the way. We have stated, as a fact, that very few of the adherents of the Church of England are satisfied with it. This is in reality better known to its own members and clergy, than to those who are beyond its pale.* Clear-headed men among the latter may probably see the causes of their disquietude better than the former, but those *feel* it more. It is to many of them matter of painful anxiety. Believing in the propriety of an establishment, and consequently rejecting the doctrine, that its separation from the state would contribute to the purity and stability of the Episcopal Church, they are anxious to vindicate the soundness of their faith in this particular by facilitating movements towards internal reform. This party, however—for, in describing the Church of England of to-day, we must refer to the leading parties that compose it—feels itself hampered and restricted by the very constitution of the system whose prosperity it desires. It feels itself bound hand and foot. The worthy men to whom we refer may plan, but they cannot execute; they may desire, but they cannot realise their own desires; they may have an ideal establishment, but they cannot summon it into being, and give it form and reality. It is a pleasant dream, the actual embodiment of which is earnestly longed for; but it is only a dream. The theory is beautiful, but the thing comes not; and, under the present constitution of the Church, it cannot come. Freedom of action is impossible. They are under law. Canonical authority is imperative. They are sworn to a master. Him they must obey, or leave his service. They are there, not to reform, not to re-arrange, not to act upon the dictates of judgment or to exercise freedom of will, but to “do duty.” Their work is assigned, their limits fixed, their orbits traced; they are not, and, from the nature of the case, cannot be, *freemen*. Any alteration in the rubric, or the omission of any part of (say) the burial service, which they may desire, they cannot effect. Over the dead body of every man, though his life may have been notoriously wicked, and his character infamous, “the priest shall say—Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of his great mercy, to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.” These are glorious words to utter over the grave of a Christian, who has fallen asleep in Christ; but to pronounce them over the corpse of a blasphemer, whom God “will not hold guiltless,” or that of an adulterer or drunkard, who “shall not inherit the kingdom of God,” is truly appalling. It turns all moral distinctions into a frightful chaos, and makes the solemnities of sepulture a mockery and a snare. This has long been felt by enlightened and pious clergymen in the Church of England; but what can they do? We anticipate the answer which many of our readers are prepared at

once to give to this question ; but let them remember that their prompt remedy cannot be adopted by men who conscientiously believe the Church of England to be, upon the whole, "the most Scriptural church in the world," the "bulwark of Protestantism in England," and "the glory of the land." Having assumed this *premiss*—the soundness of which we shall test by and by,—to throw off the yoke, by abandoning the system, is a conclusion which they cannot logically reach. Besides, so compact is the organisation of the Episcopacy, that they cannot do this if they would. Priestly orders are indelible. So, says the law. From the moment when the bishop lays his hand upon the head of the "humbly kneeling" candidate for the office of priesthood, and says—"Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands," the man is invested with a sacred character which remains with him to his dying hour. "He may be guilty of some ecclesiastical offence—he may be under the censure and ban of the Church—or the sentence of excommunication may have gone forth against him ; but still he retains his priestly character. He may be guilty of a crime for which his life is forfeited, and may have to expiate his crime by an ignominious death, and yet up to the last moment he retains intact his priestly character. He is clothed with attributes which he can never lay aside, and of which no power, civil or ecclesiastical, can divest him. And he may secede, but he can never ensure himself against prosecution and penalty. He is at the mercy of his diocesan. His bishop may drag him into all the meshes of law, and leave him in its crushing fangs, a helpless and hopeless victim. The case of Mr Shore is to the point. Even now, the bishop may at any moment interdict his performing clerical duty. Disobedience may be followed by prosecution, and prosecution by extreme penalty ; and yet he is a priest, and a priest always." Such is the state of the law ; and our readers may infer, without comment by us, how it operates upon the minds of men who, whilst groaning under the yoke, hold the opinion that their disquietude springs, not from the constitution of the system, but from accidental circumstances which convocation, or parliament, or her Majesty, the head of the Church, may remove. The fact, however, seems strangely overlooked, that the whole system is stereotyped by law. "The power of the clergy in convocation," may sound well in the ears of the hopeful clergyman ; but what is that power ? Nothing ; nor can there be any such convocation without the permission of the Queen. Hear the voice of majesty, in the preface to the Articles :—"That we are supreme governor of the Church of England ; and that if any difference arise about the external policy, concerning the injunction, canons, and other constitutions whatsoever, thereto belonging, the clergy in their convocation is to order and settle them [this looks like a grant of liberty, but the sentence is not completed], *having first obtained leave, under our broad seal, so to do ; and we approving* their said ordinances and constitutions ; *providing* that none be made *contrary to the laws and customs of the land.*" The twenty-first Article, which has the tempting title "Of the Authority of General Councils," dashes the cup from the lip in an instant, by beginning thus—"General councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes."

Such, then, are the position and prospects of those whom we may call, for want of a better name, the reform party in the Anglican Church. To call them the movement party would be absurd, as motion in such a strong net as this is impossible. Should it ever please the three estates of the realm to widen the meshes, their hopes may, to some extent, be realised; but till then they must bear the galling yoke which was laid upon their necks by the imposition of the bishop's hands.

There is, however, a movement party in the Church—the admirers and disciples of the renowned Dr Pusey. Its movements, we need not say, are not towards “the Protestantism of the Protestant religion,” but towards that masterpiece of mental slavery, vice, and hypocrisy, whose abominations “the monk that shook the world” exposed to the indignation of mankind in the sixteenth century. That Popery is now what Luther found it then, of course, it would be no compliment to it to deny; for the insinuation of change in an infallible church, even though the change should gratify the best feelings of our common humanity, is virtually to assail its fundamental principle. Let Rome-Christian, then, have the honour which it demands. Give it the full benefit of its alleged infallibility, and what then? Why, to this system, reverend clergymen and honourable laymen, who have been nursed in the English universities, the ostensible conservators of Protestant doctrine and discipline, are weekly seceding. They are doing so, be it observed, for three chief reasons: first, because of its alleged infallibility; secondly, because of the distractions of the Anglican Church; and, thirdly, because of the opinion that the Reformation was a mistake and a heresy. It may be that ignorance has much more to do with this retrograde movement than information, that the love of ceremony is a more influential passion than the love of Christianity, and that Bishop Shirley is right, when he says—“I have no doubt that Puseyism is the result of conceit much more than of study; most of those whom I have met are pitiful and supercilious coxcombs;” but, still, unsophisticated minds are apt to put the common-sense question—Why are clergymen allowed to proceed to Rome with impunity, and to indulge in all the Pagan pomp of that system, which the Anglican Church has denominated damnable heresy, whilst the good man, who took, as he thought, the benefit of the oaths in favour of Protestant Nonconformists, is hunted like an outlawed criminal, and ultimately lodged in Exeter Jail, over the door of which remains the edifying symbol of a gridiron for the last bed of incurable heretics? No man with a well-furnished head will laugh at this question. It is no subject for ridicule. For “Irish reciprocity,” or one-sided liberty, we have no particular love; and now that our pen is fairly at liberty, we shall try to answer this oft-propounded query. We could not lay our head comfortably on our pillow, if we allowed this opportunity to pass unimproved.

Mark, then, the answer to the question—Why is the Romanist permitted to escape unscathed, whilst the Protestant Dissenter is incarcerated in a dungeon, and ruined in health and property? Throughout the Church of England, at this moment, the corrupting leaven of Popery is fermenting the mass of nominal Protestantism to an extent, of which the people at large have no conception. In the diocese of Exeter, the thing is notorious. But in other bishoprics, where the evil is little

dreaded, it is proceeding with the silent certainty of the midnight thief. We are not in the habit of speaking without proof; but it will be time enough to produce witnesses when they are called for. With all our esteem for good men in the Church of England, and with all our admiration of the illustrious names that shine in her history, like stars of the first magnitude glowing in a cloudy sky, we have some heavy charges against her; but they are all light, compared with her last offence of feeding on Protestant bounty, the known enemies of that Bible Christianity which has hitherto made England glorious in the eyes of the nations. She knows well that the Lord of the Church has decreed the signal destruction of the great apostacy, by the spirit of his mouth and the brightness of his coming; but, recreant to the charge regarding which she has so often sworn fidelity and vigilance, at this hour, even in this middle year of the nineteenth century, she is permitting men, who are impotent for good, but powerful for evil, to turn the communion-table into an altar, to celebrate the intercessory virtues of the Mother of Jesus, to do obeisance to the relics of canonised sinners, to enact all the harlequinism of a Church which is drunk with the blood of martyrs, to deceive the souls of our countrymen with another Gospel, and then, when they have gone through their tyro exploits, to depart to the city of the seven hills to finish their education, and to watch their time to return to the land of their fathers for the purpose of retrieving the grand error of the Reformation!

This is our heavy and solemn charge against a large and rapidly-increasing party in the terribly expensive English Establishment. Need the friends of the Establishment wonder that multitudes are calling for the withdrawal of state patronage from a hierarchy charged with such criminality as this? Is it strange that there should be mutterings, which are likely to swell into thunder—"Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayst be no longer steward?" The nation is not yet sunk into such alarming lethargy, as to allow the dead sea of formalism to welter over it without an indignant protest. The seed of the Puritans, the ancient troublers of a dominant priestism, may yet yield a harvest of full-grown men, who will not only point to the trash-relics of Rome in the churches of this beautiful island, saying, in the words of their insulted Master—"Take these things hence!" but will command, from the conviction that these things are only fruits of a bad system, that a ploughshare be passed over its foundations! But we scarcely think the aid of such men will be required. The conflict is more likely to be internal. The house is divided against itself. There are ominous rents and fissures in all parts of it; and its builder, the state, begins to be ashamed of the dangerous edifice, tired of the expense of eternal scaffolding and repairs, and seriously to ask whether its removal would not be a national boon. When statesmen come to this, it is the beginning of the end; and if the enormous question of patronage could be solved, in which the government is specially interested, it is probable that Puseyism would not much longer have national wealth to aid its mischievous operations. We say not this from an impression that the government has any particular dislike to Puseyism, as such. Indeed, we are aware that it has frequently been charged with strong tendencies in its favour. "A weak device of the enemy!" Puseyism would like nothing better than to

spread the rumour that it is favoured in high places. Jesuitical to the core, this would bring a host of parasites to its side, whom it would employ as its useful tools to gain the favour which, above all things, it desires. If the government, as such, has any particular religious sympathies (of which we should be sorry hastily to accuse it), probably they are rather in favour of a wide liberalism—an all-endowing generosity—than towards any distinct sect of religionists, or series of doctrines. But the incessant trouble occasioned to the government by the clamorous partisans of sects within the divided “United Church of England and Ireland,” is more likely to bring it to a decision than any sympathy with, or dislike to, dogmatic or practical peculiarities. This is our position, and it remains to be seen whether those coming events, which cast their shadows before, will justify its soundness.

There is a third party—the Evangelical, or, as they are called, with less courtesy, by their lofty brethren of the high school, the Low Church party. Because of their reverence for the truth, we reverence those men; because of their piety as Christians and fidelity as pastors, we greatly esteem them. But we think them in a false position; whilst assuredly they have allowed one or two golden opportunities to pass of vindicating, by practical action, that spiritual religion, concerning which they so often preach to their flocks. Our sympathy with many of their opinions induces solicitude for their consistency. We see them on Bible, missionary, and other catholic platforms; we hear them express fraternal sentiments towards the pastors of Nonconformist Churches. We listen to their vindication of the Reformation, their exposition of Evangelical doctrines, and their reverential recognition of Jesus Christ, as the King and Head of the Church; and we hear them appealing to the benevolence and liberality created by the principles of the Gospel in the hearts of believing men, as a reason why efforts for the evangelisation of the world should be energetically sustained. So far well. But what shall we say of their conduct relative to matters of hot polemical warfare in the Church in which they minister? They mourn over the Puseyite defection, yet receive their bread from the hand that feeds it. They denounce the Sacramentarians, yet laud the Church that shields them. They plead for liberty of conscience, yet encourage Erastianism, by appealing to the civil magistrate to settle doctrinal disputes. And they are bound by authority “not to put their own sense or comment to be the meaning of an article, but to take it in the literal and grammatical sense;” yet their opinions on the baptismal question—whether Scriptural or not is not the point—require a liberty which this authority does not grant. They are in a false position. They are attempting an impossibility—to serve two masters. But we have reason to know that many of them are ill at ease. Previous to the decision respecting the baptismal controversy—we cannot call it the *settlement* of that dispute—they felt great anxiety. Meetings were held. Rumours were wafted on the breeze. A modified Episcopacy was talked of as a possibility. A “Free Church” loomed in the distance. There was a worse alternative than absolute dissent. The idea was not desirable; but it had, at all events, the certainty of liberty in its favour. The Free Church in Scotland was at once a grand historical fact and a valuable precedent. But nothing must be done rashly. Time may work deliver-

ance. Sir Herbert Jenner Fust may be overruled. And it was so. The memorable judgment was at last given, and the Evangelicals shouted for joy. But, alas! the triumph scarcely merited the jubilant strain. The highest court pronounced, what? That the doctrines of the party be *tolerated*. Read the elaborate judgment as you will, that is all. Had they seceded, they would have secured this, and *something more*. As a compact body of high-souled men, wearied of the yoke of secular bondage, and indignant at the dishonour done to the Divine Head of the Church by the introduction of civil authority, where his sceptre alone ought to sway, they could have done this with impunity; for no bishop on the bench—not even Henry of Exeter—would have dared to prosecute a thousand clergymen, the indelibility of priestly orders notwithstanding. The liberty wherewith the king of the spiritual dominion endows his subjects would have been theirs. Instead of a territorial circle, the breadth of the land would have been their field of operation; and instead of the vassalage of waiting upon the breath of a lawyer to recognise or deny their orthodoxy, they would have gone forth, in the security of truth and the dignity of freedom, to proclaim those sublime verities which concern a kingdom not of this world. Had they left houses and lands for the sake of this kingdom, the temporary loss would have been a clear gain of an amount of moral power, compared with which, the highest establishment status is light as the passing breeze, and worthless as an infant's bauble.

Well, matters are assuredly ripening for this issue. Rest, in their present anomalous position, they will not find. We say nothing of Episcopacy, but of its establishment. The latter has proved an unquestionable failure. It has not secured unanimity of religious sentiment; for the establishment contains as many sects as are to be found beyond its pale. It has not covered the land with light; for, in many of the parishes of England, the superstitions of the dark ages continue to hold their gloomy sway. It has not fairly distributed ecclesiastical revenues; for whilst bishops and other dignitaries enjoy an enormous revenue, and whilst the sinecures of the establishment are a disgrace to the age, many of the curates and other inferior clergy receive a pittance which a city merchant would be ashamed to offer to his butler. It has not, by the administration of its own laws, saved the government from annoyance; for a great part of every session of parliament is worse than wasted by religious questions with which a secular government ought to have nothing to do. It has not prevented schism, one of the chief objects contemplated by its organisation; for it is rent by the noisy claims of conflicting parties; and whilst the life and soul of the nation have already joined the ranks of dissent, the multitude that remain within its enclosure are divided in opinion on essential doctrine. It has not brought into operation an effective code of discipline, without which no confraternity can realise the objects it professes to seek; for the defections and moral divergencies of many of its adherents defy the control of existing law, and cry loudly for punitive powers which neither church nor state has at command. It has not proved itself the willing ally of social and secular progress; for it is notorious that every question respecting the enfranchisement of the people, the removal of invidious religious disabilities, the abolition of iniquitous laws affecting trade and commerce,

the sanitary improvement of the nation, and the general prosperity of men in harmony with the *spirit of the times*, finds in it their most determined foe. It has not aided or encouraged the education of the successive generations of youth that have come under its maternal care; for the government, seeing the deplorable ignorance of the people, have lately been devising means to remedy the frightful barbarism of the country by independent resources. And it has not conserved the doctrines of Protestantism, nor preserved England from the encroachments of papal Rome, as the pestilential spread of Puseyite folly and the daring exploits of Pius IX. and his Jesuit emissaries too clearly prove.

Now, the evangelical clergy and their adherents know all this as well as we do. They are not ignorant of these things. They are thoroughly conversant with every fact we have stated; and we prophesy that not one among them will deny the truth of our affirmations. If there be any difference between us and them, it is in the mode of utterance; for, when they speak of such things, it is in tones of anguish and bitterness which we cannot command, and in language whose biting strength we will not attempt to imitate. And yet the only remedy which reason, common sense, and Scripture hold out to them, they pertinaciously refuse to adopt. Happy in their present position they cannot be. There is an open door before them, through which they may pass, and be freemen. By availing themselves of this, they would be immediately liberated from the bondage of the state; they would vindicate the claims of their divine Master over conscience and conduct; they would enter upon the unchecked possession of their Christian privileges, relative to the election of officers, and all other correlative matters affecting the kingdom of Christ, of which they are subjects; and they would give to the world a practical proof of their faith in the ample resources of Christian gratitude. To quote the words of Merle D'Aubigné to the Bishop of Chester, now Archbishop of Canterbury—"The Church of Rome has a government of its own; each dissenting church the same; the Anglican Church has none. The government of the Church is a political government—a mixed government, composed of her friends and her enemies. What a privilege! Truly, she would have everything to gain in ceasing to be the National Church." Yes, they have nothing to lose but what is injurious to their spiritual interests and dishonouring to their Lord, and everything to gain that can facilitate the former and glorify the latter, by ceasing to be connected with the state. Whatever may be our opinion relative to the comparative merits of the various forms of church government—a question on which we avoid entering, and a question which they are able to decide for themselves—we see no necessity for their formal association with any existing party of dissenters. We would not have them to confound the idea of dissent with the idea of Presbyterian, Congregational, or Connectional church polity. The two things are quite distinct. They are not homogeneous. They may take with them their episcopacy, if they prefer it—entire, but *pure*—whole, but *free*. It is highly probable, that a Free Evangelical Church would be, at the present juncture of affairs, an incalculable blessing to England. Its advent would be hailed as the dawn of brighter days for the interests of truth, liberty, and man. It would command attention and obtain encouragement; it would gladden many a heart,

now panting for religious liberty; it would be a great stimulant to activity in efforts for the evangelisation of the world. It would give energy to non-sectarian sentiment for the general good. It would obviate many a cause of unbecoming irritation; it would be as life from the dead in many parishes of England; it would draw together brethren who are kept asunder by the anti-social and anti-Christian union between church and state; it would read a lesson of deep meaning to statesmen; it would be hailed with many a "God speed" by the good and the wise in other churches; it would set an example, eloquent in meaning, to the continental states, and to those new nations which the streams of emigrants are founding in our vast colonial possessions; it would be an important step in advance in the world's progress towards happier and better days; it would be a becoming tribute to the supremacy of the only King of the Church; and, perhaps, we may add, without offence, it would shed new light, in the experience of those who formed it, on many a passage of Scripture, which the different circumstances of union with the state and freedom from its bondage have caused to be differently read. If they found that Episcopacy did not work well, the power of modifying it would be in their own hands. Experience would bring light—light would suggest improvement—improvement would lead to success.

Were the organisation of a Free Church, then, the grand historical fact which should render memorable the middle of the nineteenth century, the parties of whom we write have every encouragement and every facility for making the noble experiment. Many of them have great wealth. How can it be invested more safely than in the cause of eternal truth? Many of them have great influence. How can it be used better than in the diffusion of the Gospel? Some of them belong to the nobility and aristocracy of the land; rank and dignity honour themselves when devoted to the honour of the world's Redeemer. The coronets and crowns that have been laid at His feet have lost none of their lustre by the position. The names of the nobles who aided the Reformation will never be forgotten. The illustrious ancestors of our illustrious Queen, who wielded their influence against the corruptions of Rome, and left her tyrannic communion, will be held in remembrance while the world has a history; and principality and power ennoble themselves when they use their talents in view of the return of Him whose right it is to reign.

There are difficulties in the way which timidity may exaggerate, and traditional attachment to the establishment increase; but it is a truism, that no great work was ever achieved without victory over difficulty; and intelligent conference among the friends of unfettered truth will clear away the clouds that hover in the horizon. Faith will remove mountains; hope will not flag with such a prize in view; perseverance in the right will place the laurel on their brow; and prayer for the direction of Him who errs not will be answered "while they are speaking." We are not insensible to those traditional attachments which plead strongly with memory and call up many impressive reminiscences. The poetry of the rural "Church," using the word in its popular sense, has many charms for us. As a mere matter of taste—waiving higher considerations—we could linger long about the Gothic porch and ivy-

mantled tower. But, alas! like the odes of Anacreon, the poetic beauty covers much corruption. Many of those venerable buildings are, both figuratively and literally, "full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness." And, in a matter of this kind, where conscience speaks and evangelic truth is so intensely interested, sentiment must give place to something higher and holier—stern duty. The history of the past, with its melting legends, as it hovers around the tombs of our ancestors, must be merged into the claims of the present and the demands of the future. Architecture, grey with age and covered with the hieroglyphics of former generations, must not keep good men lingering, whilst the angel of the Lord summons them to speed, lest they be overthrown in the threatened calamity.

One thing is certain, whatever may be said for or against the established hierarchy, the agitation relative to the *union* has set in with sudden and unexpected force. It is the theme of every conversation—the topic of every newspaper, journal, and review. No longer a dissenting dogma, it has sought the breadth of a nation as the arena of its struggles. Puseyites are "voluntaries" *in their way*. High Churchism sounds a defiant note against secular control. It is the question of the day, and is likely to remain so for many a day to come. No power can prevent that; no authority can put it down; no equivocation can make it slip aside. It contains the whole matter at issue between the secular and the spiritual. To discuss it, church reformers are writing tracts and pamphlets; High Churchmen—some of them the genuine successors of Nimrod, useful men in their way, friends of the squire, and vigilant guardians of parochial rights and rates—are venturing upon the novel and dangerous experiment of public meetings, generally, however, with this wise precaution, that no discussion be allowed; fanatical tractarians are insisting upon the power of the Church to settle her own ordinances; and evangelicals, who *ought* to see the matter in its true light, are, notwithstanding their known habit of fighting shy of it, compelled occasionally to drop a word about the union. But the question will have more than a word. It will not hide itself under the cloak of superior spiritualism. It will not be silenced by the cry—"Ours is the most Scriptural church in Christendom!" It will mutter something both by the side of the Geneva gown and the white surplice. In chapel, stall, and cathedral, it will speak. Accustomed to the taunt of infidelity, it will only wax bolder as the brand is successively burnt into its brow. It will be heard at hustings and polling-booths. It will trouble candidates for the honour of a seat in parliament. It will find some one to introduce it to the august representative assembly, and will refuse to be placed in the custody of the officer in waiting. It will try the strength of perhaps more than one government; and if the present minister is "not strong enough for his place," it will grapple with a stronger than he, and, if he yield not, overthrow him. For the question must arise—indeed, it has arisen—how is it that the Established Church of England, the wealthiest Protestant hierarchy in the world, is so helpless with all its wealth, so impotent with all its power, and so notoriously unable to accomplish one of the purposes of a New Testament Church? Salutary change is manifest in all directions but in it; everywhere else there is improvement; in it, retrogression. All around there is the

activity of freedom ; in it, noise without progress. Signs of mental life meet us wherever we turn beside ; but in it there are ghastly spasms, which speak of an age whose characteristics would be as much out of place in this, as the costume of the days of Henry VIII. would be on the subjects of Victoria I. The issue of the coming storm need not unsettle any wise and discreet man. Truth and liberty have gained so little by the secular tie which binds the church to the state, that they cannot lose much, were that tie broken to-morrow. Let it be broken, and it will then be seen whether the evils under which the Church groans are inseparable from Episcopacy, or only the results of its secular alliance. The admirers of Episcopacy ought to stake it upon this issue. Let it be broken, and statesmen will soon have the opportunity of judging whether they cannot do their proper work with greater facility without the equivocal aid of a bench of bishops. Let it be broken, and her Majesty will enjoy the liberty of hearing the Gospel in any church she pleases, without the terrible responsibility of being the head of a dominant sect. Let it be broken, that the various forms of religion may meet on equal terms, and struggle against what they deem error with legitimate weapons, and every true man will say—" *God defend the right!* "

MARSTON'S NEW DRAMA:

" PHILIP OF FRANCE AND MARIE DE MERANIE."

THERE are two modes of conveying truth, the poetic and the rhetorical. Poetry, like nature, can never be defined. Our best description is but the record of a phase of infinite experience. If there be any new dictionary-maker among us, let him reverently write down no more than this; Poetry, the work of a poet in his vocation. As to that vocation, in its height, and length, and breadth, and depth, he who feels it most will be least inclined to dogmatise. Nevertheless, there are functional characteristics of which both he and we may speak without presumption. Since absolute perfection is the poet's kalon, the hidden and unapproachable centre to which he involuntarily gravitates, everything which he exhibits should be the ideal of its kind: The ideal of conception, the ideal of sensation, the ideal of expression. The ideal of expression; that kind of expression which, by the constitution of our nature, is the most efficient to reproduce in the most perfect human mind the existing state of mind in the poet. The poet has this expression, because (to speak vaguely) he addresses all things to himself. The great enchanter practises on his own soul, certain that the spell which raises the ghost *there* is no less than the golden formula.

The rhetorical mode of expression is often confounded with the poetical, because, though differing widely in principle, they often approach in practice. Every man is in some degree a rhetor who speaks to be heard. What the poet finds in himself, the orator finds in his audience; and as the audience rises in the scale of intellect, the aspect of rhetoric is dignified towards poetry. But the poet and the orator are the Priest and the Levite; and the best effort of the one is but a ministration of the oracles of the other.

Poetic expression is the creature of instinct; rhetorical expression the work of calculation. The one is communication; the other adaptation. The one is substantively, the other only relatively valuable. The one, the garb of truth as she stands before her vestals in the sanctuary; the other, the tinsel vesture in which she receives the homage of the crowd.

Now, strictly speaking, verbal language is not necessary to either of these modes of expression. The problem in both cases is the same. A problem not of words, or lines, or verses, or rhythm or rhyme, neither of exordium, propositio, narratio, confirmatio, confutatio, nor peroratio, but of states of mind. Given a state of mind in A, to reproduce it in B. The orator and the poet both solve this problem; though for a very different A and B, and the one consciously, the other not. It is clear that language has no further concern in the matter than as it furthers the solution. In fact, we must never forget that all verbal language is a necessary evil: The faulty tool of a nature so imperfect, that it disables the very instrument it has created. What would a poet give to have been born without a language, and with a thousand-years-life to think one for himself! As it is, the short-lived giant must clothe in our bursting garments, and fight with a weapon from the anvils of Lilliput. Did not the fathers of the loveliest of modern tongues call February "sprout-kale," and poetry, "metercraft!"

In the acted drama, we have two kinds of language—the verbal and the visible—words and things. The one artificial, partial, complex, and relative; the other natural, universal, immediate, absolute—at once hieratic and demotic, classic and vernacular. The one, addressed to a multitude whose mean is mediocrity, dares seldom rise above the grade of rhetoric; the other, enfranchised from the difficulties of speech, admits and conveys more readily the *ideal of expression*, and may therefore be poetry. Now, the born dramatic poet is he who instinctively brings into his work the greatest amount of the greatest poetry, and makes the highest use of that highest mode of expression which (within certain limits) the conditions under which he acts allow him: He who uses the most poet and the least orator in the production of a given effect. It would be difficult to meet with a happier example of the foregoing truths, than is afforded by the author of that drama which achieved so signal a triumph at the Olympic the other day, and of which the title appropriately heads this paper.

This poet's mind is so essentially dramatic, that he might have left out his verses, without destroying his poem. His play is not so much a book, as a picture. His acts are acts, his scenes are scenes. We turn the page, not to read but to see; not for letter-press, but illustrations. Our author's words are little more than indices to his facts; warnings of the speaker's spiritual whereabouts: bells about the neck of character. We hear, indeed, the celeusma of the mariner, but our eyes are on the anxious face, the struggling limbs, the sinking boat, and the heaving sea. Doubtless there are lovely lines of pure poetry scattered through the book, but the sum of them would hardly make a ballad. They are but the sough of the wind among trees of grandeur and beauty. The poet, because he is a poet, has set out his mind upon the stage, turned his fancies into flesh and blood, and grouped them with a master's hand into a poem

high in conception, noble in purpose, beautiful in architecture, and—
Oh, fortunate puer!—triumphant in success.

We shall not follow the details of the plot, nor blunt the edge of appetite by anticipatory disclosures. We wished to call the attention of our readers to the real lode of the mine, and shall not magnify a way-post to a map. But we cannot turn from the open volume before us, without one parting glance at that terrible closing scene, into which, with the tactics of Napoleon, the poet pours his masses in overwhelming prodigality. We can do no better justice to what we have said, and to the peculiar features of our author's genius, than simply to catalogue the images that crowd that glowing tableau.

A grey castle, a summer solitude, a forsaken wife, an affianced bride, a dying gift; childhood, the dead, love, hope, forgiveness, blessing, memory, tears, passion, curses;

"Philip near,
Crownless, perchance, and vanquished;"

and over all an atmosphere of sorrow, bright with the sunset of decay, and stirred by wedding-bells. Marching legions, "the hoarse tide of war," victory, a conqueror, wild hope, frenzied fear, the shadow of the grave, the resurrection of love, the despair of passion, united lovers, a re-crowned queen, "three vanquished realms," a broken heart, a husband widowed, a victor kneeling, warriors grieving, lances vailing, solemn music, and the angel of death, with Marie on his breast, looking impassive upon all. Adieu, Evelyn!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. November. Edinburgh: W. P. KENNEDY.

The first article in the November number of this able Review, is devoted to a subject that has already been discussed by most of the journals—namely, Carlyle's *Latter-day Pamphlets*. It is a thoroughly able article, and will well repay a careful perusal. The paper on Leigh Hunt is sadly marred by carelessness, or inexperience in the composition. In some of the pages, the name Hunt occurs in every alternate sentence—a practice which is exceedingly distasteful. Sir David Brewster's article on the British Association appears to us very valuable: first, on account of the accurate history it gives of that noble institution; and, secondly, because of the view that it gives of the efforts that have been put forth from time to time, though not yet crowned with success, in order to provide for science, literature, and art, government patronage, and support. Of its advocacy of the National Institute for this purpose, we have spoken elsewhere in this number of the *PALLADIUM*. The other articles in the "North British" are diversified and able.

IONA. By the Rev. W. L. ALEXANDER, D.D. London:
Tract Society.

One of the monthly series of that Society. It is learned and comprehensive, containing the history and description of the far-famed island, and its religious relics.

THE LAST ENEMY, AND THE SURE DEFENCE. By the Rev. W. LEASK.
London: B. L. Green. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Sons.

Mr Leask's new work is an earnest call on men to prepare for death. He has ere this won laurels both in the field of imagination and reasoning. His poetry and his prose have alike received a favourable verdict from the public. He appears in a new character in the present volume; and it furnishes ample evidence, that in the solemn and difficult work of touching and moving the conscience also, he wields a potent arm. Wealthy Christians, who long for the safety and happiness of the thoughtless and wayward, should circulate this little work by hundreds. Its low price permits of this. And perhaps some may be disposed to follow our advice, when we tell them that the author, in his preface, states that it was prepared at the suggestion of a gentleman, to be used in this very way.

KITTO'S DAILY BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS, Vol. III. Edinburgh:
Oliphant & Sons.

Of a very different character is this volume of Bible Illustrations. We like it extremely. The author seems to fear lest it may possibly be found by some readers to be less interesting than its predecessors. There will be very few in this predicament. It is quite equal in variety, judicious selection of themes for discussion or illustration, and execution, to either of them; and all who have done themselves the service to procure the former volumes, will understand that this is no small praise.

LECTURES ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By the Rev. J. W. M'GAULAY.
Two vols. London: Groombridge & Sons.

This is a new, enlarged, and greatly improved edition of "M'Gaulay's Lectures on Natural Philosophy." The work is very full, admirably arranged, profusely illustrated, and in every respect calculated to facilitate the progress of study in the various departments of Natural Philosophy.

INCE'S OUTLINES OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH HISTORY AND GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. London: James Gilbert.

These three little volumes are prepared with obvious care, and manifest large acquaintance with the subjects treated of. They are well adapted to the use of schools and private families—the end to which they are destined.

THE OJIBWAY NATION, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF A FOREST LIFE.
By GEORGE COPWAY. London: C. Gilpin.

The first of these volumes contains the traditional history and characteristic sketches of the Ojibway nation; and the second is occupied with an account of the Life and Travels of Mr Copway, chief of the Ojibway nation, but a convert to Christianity, and a Christian minister among his people. Mr C., who is now in England, is a remarkable man—one of whom you wish to know something; and therefore the respected publisher has done well in issuing this work at the present time. Both volumes are extremely interesting. They contain many things quite new to English readers; and they are written in a style unobjectionable to the most fastidious. We strongly recommend.

THE GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST. A Discourse. By the Rev. W. PARLANE. Edinburgh: Oliphant & Sons.

This discourse was preached on the centenary of the death of Colonel Gardiner, and is now published to aid the movement to secure a suitable monument to that good man and brave soldier. It contains a comprehensive and well-drawn picture of the Christian character, and, a well-arranged summary of the Christian duties.

“NO POPERY.” **THE CRY EXAMINED.** By E. SWALNE. London: Jackson & Walford.

This tract, a proof of which has been kindly forwarded to us by the author, makes its appearance most opportunely. We wish that those who are so loud in their condemnation of the papal aggression—an aggression of which we by no means approve—could be got to read and digest this truthful, energetic, and masterly examination.

PROPOSED MONUMENT TO COLONEL GARDINER.

It is surprising that no monument has been erected to the memory of Colonel James Gardiner—that no rough slab even marks the spot where he fell—that no tablet points the visitor to the grave where his bones lie interred. Many have had their names engraven on monumental columns who were not so worthy of the honour, and whose actions neither sprung from such pure and elevated motives, nor resulted in such wide-spread and beneficial consequences. But though no proud column bears his name and tells his deeds—though no cairn marks the sacred spot where he fell in his king's and country's cause, yet it has not been allowed to pass into oblivion, nor have his deeds of daring and benevolence ceased to be remembered. His name is a household word, especially in the northern portion of our island; and his noble heroism, and elevated Christian character, are acknowledged and gloried in by an admiring and grateful people.

It is one hundred and five years since Colonel James Gardiner fell on the field of Prestonpans; and though the honour which he merited has been tardily bestowed, yet we are glad to know that the matter has been taken up in earnest, and that it will not now rest till something, not altogether unworthy of the man, and the interests he represented, shall be effected. From a document just issued by a committee of gentlemen who have been associated together for the purpose of carrying out the object contemplated, we quote the following sentences:—“To the readers of his valuable biography by Doddridge, and of the high encomiums passed upon him in the pages of Waverley, as pre-eminently faithful alike in the service of his country and his God, it has justly been matter of sad surprise, that no monumental tribute of any kind has ever yet been paid Colonel Gardiner, and that the instructive lessons of his life and death have nowhere been thus publicly embodied. This feeling of regret being believed to be very general, and the name of Colonel Gardiner being endeared to Scotchmen of every grade and denomination, as well as to many who would be proud to rank him among their illustrious compatriots, a number of gentlemen connected with the district of his wonted residence and lamented death, have associated themselves for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and taking the necessary steps, towards a suitable though tardy tribute being paid to his memory, by the erection of a monument somewhere on the battlefield;—the particular site and style of the erection to be afterwards determined by a general meeting of subscribers.”

The claims of Colonel Gardiner on the gratitude of his countrymen, rest on two grounds:—first, his character as a man; and secondly, his patriotism as a soldier. On the first point, nothing can be added, after the most diligent search, to the beautiful, popular, and widely circulated Life of Gardiner by Dr Doddridge. We give the following able summary, drawn in great part from a little publication noticed above:—He was a person of considerable rank, endowed with superior abilities, and of great courage and generosity of disposition. The elegance of his person and manners, and the varied accomplishments with which he was adorned, rendered him

a favourite in the highest circles of society. Though favoured with a religious education by female relatives, he long despised their counsels; and his depravity seemed to burst forth with greater violence from their attempts to restrain it, so that he fought three duels while he was only a youth—one of them when eight years of age. Although he was not a drunkard, when drunkenness was a still more common vice than at present, he was grossly addicted to other forms of intemperance for a considerable period. But as Christ arrested Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, whither he was proceeding to bring the Christians of that city captive to Jerusalem; so did He on a memorable night, when Colonel Gardiner, having resolved to perpetrate a new crime, was waiting the time of its commission, produce such an impression on his mind of the criminality, vileness, and ingratitude of his sin, that he abandoned his purpose and course of life, and entered on a new course from that hour; and ever afterwards, although he had imagined it impossible to live without such criminal indulgences, he regarded them with the utmost abhorrence. The nature and reality of the spiritual change produced in him that night was attested by the pre-eminent holiness of his whole future life, amounting to nearly thirty years. He was distinguished by the faith, obedience, patience, courage, activity, zeal, and devotedness of the Christian hero. As he would not tolerate any vice in his presence, he set his face most decidedly against profane swearing, and, with God's blessing, induced many in the military profession, which is peculiarly addicted to that form of impiety, to renounce it altogether. His decision of character was accompanied with the greatest humility and meekness of wisdom. He was a man of the most enlarged charity, being a companion of them that feared God, of every rank and denomination, and most liberal in the distribution of alms, especially to poor Christians. He was most regular in his attendance at church, when in his power; and there he resembled David, pouring out his whole heart in tears of contrition, gratitude, and joy. When excluded from it, he mourned his loss of public ordinances, and attended diligently to private devotion. Such a man has peculiarly strong claims on the gratitude of Christians of every name; and when this appeal is made to them, to raise to him a monument worthy his character as a man and a Christian, we feel assured that that appeal will meet with a wide and warm response.

On the patriotism of Colonel Gardiner, there rests not the slightest suspicion. He was faithful to his king and country, among the cowardly and the faithless. Every author, Jacobite as well as Whig, who has had cause to refer to the year 1745, has spoken of him in decided language; and though all have not approved of his principles, nor favoured his cause, yet they have honoured his name and applauded his deeds. This is the highest praise which one can receive from their fellow-men in seasons of national discord, and in scenes of rivalry and strife. Thus praise was Gardiner's. It is said that Prince Charles openly expressed his regret that such an excellent man and brave soldier had fallen; and that gentlemen of all parties, Loyalists and Jacobites, did honour to his memory, by, for a season, forgetting their differences, and mingling in the train of sincere mourners, when his remains were deposited in the churchyard of Tranent.

Into the merits of the battle of Prestonpans, we have no intention of entering; but this sketch would perhaps be deemed imperfect, were we not to make some observations on the subject. General Cope had, in the autumn of 1745, marched northward at the head of the king's troops, to put down, in their strongholds, the rising clans, who had declared for King James, at the instigation of his son, Prince Charles Stuart. With the policy of this course, we do not intermeddle; but wise or foolish, instead of accomplishing his object, Cope turned aside towards Aberdeen, and left the whole southern portion of the island unprotected—an easy prey to the Highland clans. Gardiner, meanwhile, was stationed at Stirling with his dragoons. At the approach of the Highlanders, he was ordered to fall back upon Edinburgh; which he did by daily marches, followed close by the rebel army. When they had reached Falkirk, he was strongly inclined to give them battle, and, with this view, had sent to Edinburgh for reinforcements. None was granted, and his orders were peremptory, to retreat eastward; and when the dragoons came within sight of Edinburgh, it assumed more the appearance of a rout than an orderly retreat. Contrary to the will of their commander, and altogether without his knowledge, they fled from the neighbourhood of Prestonpans, during the night, to Dunbar. Colonel Gardiner had passed the night in his residence at Bankton, the last time he did so, and found himself next morning minus his bluff dragoons. He could, however, easily discover whither they had fled, as the road was strewn with swords, pistols &c. which the fugitives had cast away

in their shameful flight. They joined General Cope, who had taken ship from the north, and landed the previous day at Dunbar.

There were two reasons why there existed such a dissimilarity between the commander and his regiment, and why the latter acted with such pusillanimity. First, Gardiner had been but a short time colonel of the dragoons, and when he joined them, they were in a state of miserable disorder. There had been no proper discipline, and the men neither had confidence in themselves nor in their commander; and the retreat from Stirling must, in the nature of the case, have dispirited the men, and rendered them liable to panic. How could it be otherwise? Day by day they heard, in their rear, the martial music of the mountaineers, and night by night their camp-fires illuminated the sky behind them. The shrill tones of the bagpipe became the token for marching; and as the clouds of Highlanders moved forwards, immediately, as if forced by fate, the dragoons retreated. In such circumstances, when the king's troops were far away, and the very name of the clans filled men's bosoms with terror, something palliative may perhaps be found for the conduct of the craven dragoons.

Colonel Gardiner was at this time in bad health, but, under General Cope, he marched with his regiment from Dunbar, by Haddington, to meet the Highlanders. On the afternoon of the twentieth September, the king's troops had reached a sort of natural platform, having Seaton on the east, Tranent on the south, the village of Preston on the west, and the village of Cockenzie and the sea on the north. It was Cope's intention to have marched to Musselburgh, there to give battle to the rebels; but, at this stage, he was made aware that the enemy had struck off from the main road to the south, and, instead of being before him, was hovering on his left.

The Prince had left Duddingston the same morning that Cope left Haddington, and, after passing the old bridge at Musselburgh, had turned off by Inveresk, and kept along the heights above Wallyford, till he came within a short distance of Tranent, when he again joined the main road. The Highlanders continued their march to the neighbourhood of Tranent church, where they halted, within half a mile of the rising ground on which the king's troops were drawn up in order of battle. But though the rebels were anxious to engage the king's troops immediately, they were prevented from doing so by the nature of the ground, it being marshy, and quite impassable. So thought the Highlanders, and so also thought General Cope; but not so thought Colonel Gardiner. And it must be admitted that he had the most accurate acquaintance with the locality, and especially with the spot where the armies now stood facing each other, since the right wing of the king's troops, at this moment, stretched to within a few yards of his own garden wall. He strenuously counselled an immediate attack; he urged it with all the energy and earnestness of a man who felt the weight of the interests involved in the conflict; but his general was inexorable. Knowing the condition of the army, the training it had had for the last few weeks—retreating continually before the rebels; knowing, too, the temper of the Highlanders, he did not anticipate that it would fight better after a night passed in anxiety and fear, within gunshot of the savage clans. After some manœuvring on the part of the rebels, and corresponding changes of position on the part of the king's troops, both armies bivouacked for the night. Shattered in body, and dispirited in mind, with a dark presentiment of the result of the coming engagement, he retired, giving expression to the following ominous words:—"I cannot influence the conduct of others as I could wish, but I have one life to sacrifice to my country's safety, and I shall not spare it." He then prepared himself for the worst by the exercises of devotion, and what rest he could find, wrapped in his cloak upon the cold ground. The rebels had taken up their quarters mainly to the north-east of the village of Tranent, near a farm-steading called Rigganhead; and, under the guidance of Anderson of Whitburgh, early in the morning succeeded in crossing the morass without being observed by the king's troops. Both armies were now on the same platform—the rebels near the eastern, and the king's troops near the western extremity. It was not till the clans began to move westward, that they were observed. They had begun to move by three o'clock in the morning; and by the time the sun rose on the plain, the armies had met, and the conflict was over. On the first alarm, the king's troops were hastily drawn up in order of battle, facing the east, the position they had taken at night, and the direction whence the clans were coming in clouds. The left wing stretched towards the sea, and the right wing was flanked by the morass on the south. The line must have stretched south and north, somewhere near the "thorn tree," a little to the west of Meadowmill, a village not

then in existence. On the public road which skirted the morass, at a point as near as may be, where the bridge over the North British Railway is erected, the cannon were placed. On the left, in the disposition of the king's army, when it faced the south, they were now on the right wing, and so situated, that Gardiner feared that the young and inexperienced horses would with difficulty be got to act. But here again counsel and remonstrance were alike unavailing. Fate seemed to rule the day—rather the morning—as it had done the night.

The rebels were drawn up from south to north near to Seaton House; between that ancient castle and the old Meadow mill, which stood in what is now the Hospital enclosure. The left wing, composed chiefly of the Camerons, under Lord George Murray, advanced first; and before the movement reached the right wing, the line of the army was oblique. So that before some of the other clans could get engaged, the battle was decided by the furious onslaught of the Camerons, against which neither foot nor horse could stand.

Gardiner, deserted by his dragoons, scorned to flee; and observing a company of foot standing firm, he rode up to them, placed himself at their head, and cried, "Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing," with little likelihood of changing the day; and without having turned his back upon the enemy, fell, pierced with many wounds.

"But Gardiner brave, did still behave,
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few,
That still despised flight, man.
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage fled,
While he had breath to draw, man."

For two hours did this good and brave man lie upon the field of battle, before his faithful servant found means to remove him; by which time he was stripped of his watch, money, and upper garments. Still breathing, though speechless, he was carried in a miller's cart, procured by his servant, to the church of Tranent, where he had so frequently enjoyed the worship of God, whence he was conveyed to the house of the clergyman. Scarcely had he been carried into the manse, when a company of Highlanders came in search. They were diverted by the two nieces of the clergyman, who invited them to make free with a roast of meat which was being prepared before the kitchen fire. In the meanwhile, the young ladies, with the utmost solicitude and tenderness, wait upon the dying hero, in another apartment. While administering a simple cordial, he breathed his last in the arms of one of them, at eleven o'clock in the day.

Thus died one of the best of men, and bravest soldiers of the Marlborough School; and it is to the memory of this man that it is proposed to erect a monument.

It may be interesting to the antiquarian to devote a closing sentence to two points—namely, the spot where Gardiner fell, and the mill from which his servant procured a change of dress and a cart to convey his dying master to Tranent. The tradition which makes the spot to be near the wall that encloses Bankton house and park, is contrary to the facts of the case; so also is the tradition which makes it near the Grange wall—the high wall that separates the field from Preston. There were many slain there, but it was in flight, not in battle. The battle took place unquestionably between the "oak tree" and the Meadow mill; and as Gardiner supported the right wing, and never retreated, he must have fallen at or near the bridge that crosses the North British Railway. The general impression is that it was the Meadow mill to which the servant went. This appears to us to be a mistake. It was to Seaton mill he went. This opinion rests on the following grounds:—The servant, as stated by Dr Doddridge, was absent in search of a cart about two hours; he says that the mill was distant from the field of battle about two miles; though the engagement was fought to the west of Meadow mill, yet that mill was still in the hands of the rebels; Seaton mill was not in their hands, because they had crossed the morass considerably to the west of it. To Seaton mill, then, a place where the Highlanders had not been, and from the neighbourhood of which they were fast moving westwards, and which was within the requisite distance from the battlefield, the servant of Colonel Gardiner betook himself for assistance.

THE PALLADIUM:

JANUARY, 1851

NEWMAN'S PHASES OF FAITH.

No. I.

CHRISTIANITY.

A DREAMER dreamed. I stood, said he, in a vast and stately theatre: so stately and so vast, that I trod reverently as in a temple. The walls looked strong as mountains; and a voice said to me that they were of virgin stone, and that the hand of man had never lain thereon. They were hung with the fairest landscapes of the earth, and glorified by a divine illumination. Figures of celestial powers, and of the attributes of the gods, shone mystic meaning from their high places and cardinal points, and from the vast round of column and arch looked down a marble nation of sages and heroes. I saw as one under a spell; and whatsoever I beheld I loved, but could not comprehend.

But, chiefly, said the dreamer, I stood dumb before a great statue of Harmony, sitting sublimely in the midst, her eyes raised towards heaven, and her divine hands upon the heads of her children, Poetry and Love. Strange lights and shadows fell about me; where I stood the ground was strewn with flowers, and I saw through the delicate air a falling manna of blossoms.

I considered the circumference of the height. Corbels and gargoyles of wondrous loveliness held, filled, and finished every arch-spring, hollow, and moulding, till the enchanted dome seemed to rest upon clouds of cherubim. I turned my eyes to the foundations. From plinth to capital, sign interwove with cypher; and everywhere upon the storied walls, a mystic and typical language, in infinite combination of innumerable symbols, overcame the sense with the multiplied hieroglyph of beauty.

I advanced to see the stage. Upon its broad expanse, many altars were smoking; the air was heavy with consecrated odours; and motionless forms of silent men knelt around, in every gesture of prayer. On either side, an unseen chorus, in strange tongues, and unexplained emotion, seemed to chant viewless triumphs, and salute invisible heroes and gods. Their voices swept, and met, and died away in pæans, lauds, and runes.

Meantime, while I listened, a great music welled out of the central air, and grew till it filled the circle of the dome; now soft and low, sweetening the empty space, now tumbling downwards in a torrent of anthems, now heaving waves of worship that surged upon the walls, and now pealing round them like a rushing mighty wind full of trumpets and thunders, and voices that cannot be uttered.

And what, then (I cried), is the ineffable and sacred drama for which this solemn temple is arena? What immortal words are married to this visible music? What actors should these be who are to breathe this atmosphere of anthems? What acts and scenes are those which prophetic choirs already celebrate? What voices are they which will be made of incense? On such a stage (methinks), the priests of old might have enacted, without blasphemy, the divine mystery of Providence!

But the audience were watching the antics of an ape with a buffoon. The theatre is the world.

There are few things more interesting in psychology than the blindness of Pagan antiquity to the dignity of humanity, and the beauty and glory of the world; and the gradual deobscuration in these respects which accompanied the reception of the Christian Revelation, and remained through the comparative purity of Christian belief. Man, truly, to the Greek and Roman, was the centre of the universe; but, then, it was man the individual. Round each separate egoism circulated the heavens and the earth. The transient and sometimes tender allusions to natural objects which occur in classic writers, indicate no such feelings and ideas as combine, in our modern worship of nature. They are the outbursts of the epicure, not the rapture of the devotee. A passing recognition of the ministration of nature to humanity, rather than the modest assertion of the relationship of humanity to nature. A condescending foot-note that the world is not unworthy of man, rather than a psalm of confession that man is, as yet, unworthy of the world. The men of those times clung to *life* with a desperation of which we immortals can know but little. To us, the "living dog" may be "better than the dead lion;" they bent to caress him amid the most stupendous grandeurs of the universe. Cæsar composed grammars when he journeyed through the Alps; and Ovid, among the deserts of Mæsia, prattled of the Roman streets. Even that sublime "Night" in the *Æneid*, to which the confident scholar turns, is as animate as a sleeping menagerie. The poet's eye is upon "*corpora per terras*," for him "*silvæque et sava quierunt æquora*," and

"Quæque lacus late liquidos quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent,"

have more of his half-dozen lines than "*Dum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu*." But with all this apparent exaltation of man and life, there was no recognition or reverence of the idea of humanity. The hero worship of classic ages did nothing to break the bonds of the slave, or bring one alien human nature within sight of the acropolis or the capital. Speak any language but that which My lips make holy, and—god or man—
"ο λαλων εν εμοι βαρβαρος."

Self is a notion so essentially special, that its culture is unfavourable

to generalisation; and self, as the one thing certain, must, consciously or unconsciously, be the primary idea of every unbelieving age. We must not look to those proud ancients who held stars and mountains as the furniture of a garden-house, and simpered complacent philosophy, or poured libations to freedom in the arms of the coarsest recorded vice, and amid the sighs of the most abject slavery on earth, for any consciousness of the unity and destiny of man, or of the sanctity and purpose of the world. It is beautiful, both as an experience in Providence, and as a lovely lesson in the essential goodness of our nature, to watch the rapidity with which these noble ideas sprang up and strengthened, under the wider and purer atmosphere of Christianity: sicklied and drooped as the fogs of advancing centuries of corruption settled into the mediæval "darkness that could be felt;" and now, in these latter days, as the air again grows clear, burgeon with a renewed vitality, so wide and high, that already, in the morning twilight, we are taking them for the trees of knowledge and of life. Place your noblest classic by your evening hearth, and try to make a brother of him. In both the same brain works, the same heart beats, but there is an interdict upon you. You meet, but cannot mingle. The circles of your thoughts may often intersect, but will seldom coincide. Walk forth with him in the light of morning, through the grand, beautiful, and terrible places of the earth. You both bless the light; he for its warmth, you for its illumination. He stretches his hands lovingly into the beam. You lay out before it the tender places of your soul. You both exclaim at the balm upon the air. He, because it is sweeter than "vain and frankincense;" you, because it stirs your heart like a waft from Eden. But he walks calm, unmoved, and joyous, when your knees are trembling with awe; and is still loud in praise of the warm perfumed morning long after you are dumb with mountains, and bowed with the weight of sight. Yet he totters and falters as the ground slopes towards a precipice; shudders when you speak of the gulfs across which you are gazing untroubled; and cries aloud for some one to lead him by the hand. And, looking up to the heroic features, now pale and convulsed with dread, you see for the first time that *he is blind*.

Take to your next evening's conference one of the early Christian Fathers. He will provoke you, by turns, to laughter and tears, but you will weep and laugh with him as with a brother. His strange superstitions are "clothed upon" him. He wears his ignorance as a luminous cloud—the morning mist with which yonder hill is swathed round about, and above which his brow shows clear in the light of heaven. Make the tour of the world with him. His eyes are open; and, though haply the sight be jaundiced, *he sees*. After a course of classics, read Basil, Gregory of Nyssa, and Chrysostom; and reflect on the spirit which continued for some centuries later to sprinkle the deserts of the earth with hermitages. Then trace the crescent weight of Papal splendour and supremacy, and the simultaneous depression of what is high, wide, beautiful, and spiritual in the mind of shrinking Europe. Follow the course of that gorgeous Roman anachronism. See it condense principles to forms, and personify celestial powers in bodies heavy with sinning flesh and blood. Behold the vis inertia of "Christendom" relapse, till it bore the same relation to the new standard as to the old. Religion having

thickened to a coarse system of unctuous appearances, Poetry has grown critical in the kitchen, dogmatic in the cellar, learned in the vestiarium, elaborate in the mews. The earth is a commodious hunting-ground, a more or less excellent battlefield, the necessary condition of corn, wine, and oil, respectable for its oblations, commendable for its tithes, precious in feedo, and priceless in mortmain. And for humanity—if there be man so lost to modesty as to confess a nature which, from Adam downwards, Holy Church hath banned,* and, with bell, book, and candle, solemnly impounded, nay, hath scourged, burnt, broken, and elaborately built up in brick and mortar, times out of mind, let him stand forth—for the next *auto da-fe*.

Habits of all kinds, individual or national, are more readily acquired than discarded. Chronic diseases disappear as slowly as they are induced. Errors are *lived* long after they cease to be *thought*. Extinct roots are frequently commemorated by the most familiar words; a forgotten tongue is not seldom the vulgarest vernacular; and a present practice is often the sole memorandum of an obsolete creed. The shadow of one age of superstition stretches forward through many centuries. Moreover, for years after the Scriptures were nominally enfranchised, the freedom was little more than of name. That "pearl of great price" was little likely to find its way into the cottage, for which the peasant must needs literally "sell all that he hath, that he may possess it." And when improved machinery had decreased the cost of production, the seed, indeed, was multiplied, but it fell on an unbroken soil. That was still a sealed book to the masses, which but one man in a thousand could read. Small marvel, then, if ages succeeded the Reformation without any fundamental change in the popular genius. None the less notable (as an effect; or if not an effect, then as the most providential cognate in history) the constant transmutation of the dead ore of society, wherever it was pervious to the elixir of Scripture truth. Touched, for the most part unconsciously, with the Euthanasia of Revelation, blindness, "as it had been scales," fell from the thinkers of Europe. Poetry resumed her wings, the world its dignity, and humanity again stood erect in the image of God. True, these things, for a long time, happened, as it were, upon the mountain-tops. Poets and philosophers, for generations, brightened there without dispelling the dense night which enwrapped the plains below. Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people.

But the day is at length dawning—the universal day. Throughout Europe, men are everywhere shaking off the sleep of fifteen hundred years. Eyes are fairly open, and, as the morning world comes in upon them, they feel, for the first time, that to dream is not to live. During the long night, we have "slumbered and slept," and, in visions of the things of yesterday, have had a nightmare consciousness more wearing than waking thought, and which, because it wearied us, we mistook for the labour of day. Through the great dormitory of the nations, sleep-walkers, good and evil, have gone crying up and down, and their sayings have mingled with our dreams, and confounded our confusions. And the night has been as one of the winter nights of Him whose days are a thousand years. In that wide night, we, sleeping and dreaming, or perchance opening a lid in the tossings of a dream, had come to forget daylight, and to call night day,—to be content with sleep as the first duty of man,

and to be resigned to darkness as the first ordinance of God. But in the spiritual as in the physical world, the will of the sleeper neither makes nor repeals the night, neither hurries nor retards the dawn, "that at midnight was setting out to us from antipodes."

And while we are yet content to dream, the time and the light of morning are decreed in heaven, and men start up, perplexed and struggling, blinking with weak eyes at the unwonted sunshine, staring in mute wonder or wild clamour at the new aspects of things, and doing, each after his own specialties, his own peculiar witness to the event which has come upon all. Some shrink from the great earth, which glares upon their unused eyeballs; others, diseased by long darkness, weep burning tears at the painful and growing light; some have fallen in worship of the sods beneath their feet, ravished by the first-seen flower into abstraction from the universe; other wild devotees run over the plains, kneeling to everything till they behold a greater, sure, till the other is seen, that each is too glorious to be less than God. While some murmur at the cold grey of dawn, and curse the feeble day; others, busy in the twilight, build, where they slept, the tabernacles of Peter, not knowing what they do. Many dance, many feast, and drop down already to a grosser sleep; many, with solemn looks, relate the spells by which they dissipated night, and will charm the sun to his meridian. These cry, "Why marvel ye that the day hath broken? What! heard ye not, my brothers, that for these two hours we have muttered in our beds?" Others argue against the light in our eyes, and laugh at us that we believe our senses. "Poor dupes," they say, "are ye still the fools of your dreams? Did you ever yet awake to anything but the dark?" Others, with healthy instincts of nature, feel the stimulus of reviving pulses, and start, not knowing why nor where, upon an evangel of sunshine. All cry out in the tongues of darkness, and name the dread realities in the language of dreams. Foes that had slept side by side recognise each other by the strengthening dawn, and rush into combat. Friends lost in the night-glooms everywhere greet. Prisoners in caves snuff the morning air, and crawl into the light.

But, and it is strange, though the season is but little grown, and the sun, as yet, far below the hills, nostrum-mongers, newly leaped from sleep, are hawking, with a loud voice, infallible what-nots through the land; and, on every side, you may buy panaceas for the evils of a day yet to come, and fashions for a season that none have yet seen. Idiots mouth and gibber at the sky. Wakeful souls, to whom night had grown familiar, mourn at the perspective of the earth is changing. Many, seeing they are naked, pray for the covering of darkness. Some shriek and tremble, as to judgment. Some are singing an avta! A few stand apart upon the mountain-tops, silent, and looking towards the east, knowing that we have slept, and that they see the first light of the great day of the world.

This is no flourish of rhetoric—no fantastic capriccio of oracular eloquence. Popular as the Delphic style is growing amongst us, we have no occasion for it here. No pomp of trappings can add to the importance, no eleusinian mysticism increase the solemnity of the world-wide and world-acknowledged truths of which we speak. A civilisation heaving with subterranean fires—an enlightenment burning dim and red, as

through the smoke of a volcano, but darting here and there tongues of flame far down the future—a social ocean, running mountains high, and wild with the strange outcries, as of spirits of storm—"earthquakes, and lightnings, and voices"—these are the miracles which attest our age. These are the miracles which attest the age, despite the prattle that "the age of miracles has ceased." The age of miracles—which age is it *not*? What fact upon the earth is not a miracle—ay, and a miracle of significance to some man or thing therein? Are they not all signs? Does not each come out upon the sense, and return into the invisible, no man telling whence it cometh, or whither it goeth? True philosophy, fallen on her knees, having tried in vain to understand anything, high or low, or by searching to find out God or man, is receiving every fact as a divine wonder, and bowing silent and breathless before the hidden SOMEWIAT of whom the perpetual tokens make up this universe. Either with a view to their effects upon man (which is a popular way of saying either, from respect to their harmony with another plexus of the great system of miracles), or from the fact, that the divine thought has, during the time and space over which we have what we call historic knowledge, set continually in nearly the same direction, or from some other reason which we cannot reach, having relation to things which, perhaps, we have no faculty to know, these strange phenomena have, for some few years out of eternity, appeared, for the most part, in a recognisable order; and we (it would be laughable, if not so sad) have gravely chalked them out as the necessities of eternal fitness, and laid them pompously down in long mysterious lines of immutable cause and effect. Cause and effect—what are they but the divine signals in the path where the soul is warned to move? Such signals we vote to be no miracles, because they are seen every day. Conversely, if a prophet appears, and God in new circumstances makes new signals, we vote them incredible, because they are *not* seen every day.

The age of miracles neither has ceased, nor can cease. Those particular miracles which accompany particular persons and events, may disappear with the events and persons. Whenever God has a message for any of us, he makes signs that we should listen to it, and, with an unusual message, unusual signs. Has he missioned yonder flower to teach me of his wondrous handiwork? He gives the flower a miracle of beauty, that I may hear its voice. Does he send a message by human lips? He makes the dumb speak, the blind see, the lame walk around the voice of his anointed. Popularly speaking, the one case is no more natural or unnatural than the other. The one is a perpetual, the other an occasional preacher—so it hath pleased God; and while the one and his miracle have passed for the present from the face of men, the other does its wonder and its teaching for my eyes and heart to-day, as it did them in the front of loftier, but not diviner signs, upon the hill of Horeb, and at the foot of Calvary. But Moses on the mount, and they who stood believing near the cross, when the hill smoked, and the veil of the temple was rent, thought little of the bind-weed they trod upon. The louder drowned the lesser voices of God. We who live in a later age, are in danger of inverting this behaviour, and shall probably be consulting a fossil for oracles, while the last trumpet is sounding in our ears. We can note the face of the sky, and calculate the growth of a universe,

and read the stone records of creation, and estimate the advent and departure of a coral worm; but we cannot discern the signs of the times. The miracles which give significance to an age, and those which clear the road and strew the way of a prophet or an apostle, are specifically the same. Apparent differences are due to points of view, and means of vision in the beholder. The apocalypse of John, and of to-day, are equally divine. The first, forsooth, has passed from the phases of our enlightened (!) faiths, because it accounts for itself only by the spirit of God: it is, of course, miraculous, incredible, superstitious, impossible. The second certainly took us by surprise, and, by the admission of the greatest and least amongst us, is unparalleled in the history of our race. Doubtless, it is utterly new, and beyond calculation ominous; but, with so many plenipotentiaries whispering, foreign secretaries writing, field-marshal commanding, and stump orators denouncing in it, the thing seems all natural enough to me, says our political friend, and as easily explained as anything in history. To be sure, there can be no difficulty in accounting for a stream that whirls so many straws upon its surface. "Earthquakes, and lightnings, and voices." We are all trembling at the gulphs, and blinking at the glare, but have we considered the voices? Let us hear the strange oracular cries of our heaving century. They come up clear and shrill through the roar of the ocean of years. "N'en croyez, rien!" shrieks Voltaire from the depths, drowning and scowling upon the past. "En avant, mes camarades!" cries St Simon, rising upon the resurge; and with eye-balls straining to the future—"L'age d'or—l'age d'or—EST DEVANT NOUS!" "Liberté, égalité, fraternité!" scream back from every black wave all the storm-birds of the world. Above the tumult, on sea-riven rocks, stand those who seem the rulers of the tempest. The spray is in their eyes, and the shout in their ears; but they see and hear something beyond the brine and the thunder. A strange afflatus has seized them—a passion of blind prophecy; each in his own coarse tongue to the nations that beat wildly round, they cry out an irrepressible warning, an uncontainable promise, an insupportable knowledge, and the peoples smit with the prophetic madness, take up the cry, and add its terrors to the storm.

To descend to the sobriety of argument. We know few things in spiritual history more intensely interesting than the study of those strange theories, complaints, claims, protests, hopes, desires, beliefs, and expectations, which make up the diagnosis of the moving mind of our time. Latter-day Saints at one pole, and Latter-day pamphlets at the other, only give words to that wild enthusiasm of anticipation which the whole attitude of Europe is expressing. "L'age d'or est devant nous," indeed cries St Simon, but he only interprets the eyes of the world. Everywhere, rather with the mysterious prevalence of an epidemic, than the ordinary appearances of spiritual change, the old creeds and systems are melting out of the minds of men, and the old social machineries crumbling before their steps. Everywhere, to an observer, there is a constant unity upon unknown principles, a faithful tendency towards an unseen centre, a consistent architecture upon a model out of sight. Communism abroad, and Carlylism at home, the two most invincible forms of the spirit which is going forth conquering and to conquer; what do they both say, and what does the rising mind of Europe under one name or

another repeat? Hear the hoarse Titan, the rude god-father of the young intellect of Britain, who cries to the sham kings of to-day, "Scandalous phantasms, what do you here? Ye miserable! this universe is not an upholstery puppet-play, but a terrible God's fact. And you, I think—had not you better be gone?"

Hear him (for his grand, old gutturals are full of souls):—"ETERNAL JUSTICE ENFORCED BY ALMIGHTY POWER, *this is the model of constitutions.*" "It is the noblest, not the sham-noblest, it is God Almighty's noble, not the court tailor's noble, nor the able editor's noble, that must in some approximate degree be raised to the supreme place; *he, and not a counterfeit*, under penalties." "Respectable professors, I perceive it is not now the gigantic hucksters, *but the immortal gods*—yes, they in their terror and their beauty—that are coming into play in the affairs of this world." "Gifted souls are appointed by the true, eternal, divine right, which will never become obsolete, to be your governors and administrators." "The want of wants more indispensable than any jewel in the crown, is that of *men able to command men* in the ways of industrial and moral well-doing."

"How it will go with soul-overseers, and what the *new* kind will be we do not prophecy just now. Clear it is, however, that the last finish of the states' efforts in this operation of 'regimenting,' will be to get the true soul's-overseers set over men's souls, to regiment as the consummate flower of all, and constitute into some sacred corporation, bearing authority and dignity in their generation, the chosen of the wise, the spiritual and devout-minded, the reverent who deserve reverence." "All that democracy ever meant lies there; the attainment of a truer and truer aristocracy or government by *the best*." "Change in the present element, radical change, all men can discern to be inevitable. Outlines of the future edifice paint themselves against the sky; noble elements of new state architecture for the new era that is to come."

You have heard the thunderer. Towards this "new era, of his, the heterogenous thoughts of two hundred and fifty million of human souls are (each with its own velocity, momentum, and centrifugals) irresistibly gravitating. Whether an assembled people consecrate (though in the very heyday of atheistic madness) the five last days of their remodelled year to "virtue, genius, labour, opinion, and reward," or whether the chorus of England and America chants "excelsior," and sings of "the good time coming," or whether a royal poet

"Sees the vision of the world, and all the wonder that shall be,
Till the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags be furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world;"

beholds through his memorial cypress

"The lever to uplift the earth,
And roll it in another course;"

or hears the bells of vision

"Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer law

or whether a more popular inspiration tells

“ That Love one day shall reign
O'er hill, and vale, and plain,
And all the land and sea
Shall own the triumph, of his sovereignty ; ”

or whether the voice of unbelief interprets the sad, blind, sorrows of our mournful infidelities, sighing, “ if it were but possible that *any one man should arise who could thoroughly know all that is in man!* ” Wherever we turn—from the thunder to the grasshopper—the same involuntary testimony is in our ears.

For this “ new era,” while some are content to sing and to sigh, others—as Fourier and his thousand “ Sons of the Prophets ”—are boldly and busily legislating. Hear, divested of its lecheries and blasphemies, the gospel of communism. “ The end of all this, when the world is peopled by phalanges, is UNIVERSAL MONARCHY. *The capital of the world is to be on the Bosphorus.* One of the bonds of the grand hierarchy will be the industrial armies going wherever glory or utility calls them. The ruler is to be hereditary, but ruled by the votes of the world. The hierarchy will extend from the anarchy or head of a phalange to the omniarchy, or head of the world.”

Listen, in modification, to Romieu, the new apostle of Cæsarism (or government *by rulers not selected by the ruled*). “ The present epoch (and the future) calls loudly for strong, rather than for hereditary power. No hereditary power is possible, and it is puerile to seek social security in *any of the combinations of the past.* I can imagine no other sequel to our troubles than a succession of MASTERS.”

But above all, hear those men, who, having been the leaders of the active, are now the mouthpiece of the speculative democracy of Italy, Germany, and France. What is the great lament of these captains of “ progress ? ” “ We have sects but no church; incomplete and unsatisfactory philosophies but no religion, no collective belief, rallying the faithful under one single sign, and harmonising their labours. We are without chiefs, without plan, without mot d'ordre; detached bodies, it might be supposed, having once belonged to some great army now dissolved.” What is their conscious weakness? “ Our systems are, for the most part, an anatomy of corpses, discovering the evil, analysing the cause of death, but powerless to perceive or to comprehend life.” To what are they leading? “ We march to the realisation of equality and association on this earth.” In what spirit do they lead! “ At the end of every day each of us must be able to ask himself, without blushing, not what hast thou thought, but, what hast thou *done* to-day for the holy cause of truth and eternal justice.” To what creed have they already attained? “ We believe, in a word, in a general organisation, having God and his law at the summit, humanity, the universality of nations free and equal at its base, common progress for its end, alliance for the means, and the example of the most loving and devoted of the peoples to encourage us on the way.”

Now of all that we have written what is the sum?—of all these awful and reverend auguries—these guesses of the pregnant earth, as to the features of her child! Liberty and equality throughout a great

human brotherhood, held together by the common pursuit of the common interests of all; purged from every trace of our artificial distinctions and idolatries; vowed only to the reverence of genius and virtue, and governed by the good and the gifted, under the absolute supremacy of one touched by the feeling of our infirmities, and containing so much of the fulness of the Godhead as may enforce "eternal justice" by "Almighty power."

Here is the social and political kalon of our race: here is the exorcism for "the ape and the buffoon." If this dream can be realised, we shall see for the first time upon the unspeakable beauty of the earth, a system of human society at once worthy of God, of man, and of the world—exercising on the most favourable field the noblest faculties of man, and manifesting upon holy ground the divinest attributes of God.

The great problem is held up in the eyes of men—that it will be solved, the instincts of the race are vociferous. But the method of the solution is still in thick darkness. Many good men have marvelled at the perpetual conflict between contending principles of government, and at the long and lengthening lists of martyrs and heroes, which each of the antagonist theories can quote in attestation of its claims. How is it that the golden ages of freedom have not confounded the plea of the despot? How that six thousand years of tyranny have not answered the logic of the slave? The reply is simple: While the tyrant pleads against the democrat, and the democrat argues against the despot, reason can no more confute the one than the other; and in the proud consciousness of each that the assault upon the other is irresistible, both have always forgotten that the negative they have so gratuitously proved, bears no relation to that positive on which the claims of either must depend: that in dispossessing a neighbour, we may advance, indeed, the interests of the heir, but are by no means necessarily furthering our own. The fact is, that the two alternative theories possible to mankind, are open to fatal and eternal objections. There is no denying the monstrous nature of all human oligarchies, good or bad; the hideous injustice of every compulsion of man by man; the intolerable crimes and sorrows inalienable from every human invention to supersede self-government. On the other hand, there is no answering the fact, that the majority have always been in the wrong on every matter of human opinion; that it is not numbers, but wisdom, not heads, but brains, not votes, but gifts, that will make a nation's weal or woe. And there is no defeating the inexpugnable assertion—mortal to either party alike—that the loftiest intellect, the most sacred heart, the profoundest wisdom, the most reverend experience among men, is incapable of deciding on the guilt or innocence of the meanest soul alive. The great problem, therefore, is still before us, but we have done no more as yet than recognise the data with various cries of joy.

A few keen insights have said with Fielding, "in reality, I know but of one solid objection to absolute monarchy—the difficulty (*impossibility*, cries blood-blotted history) of finding any man adequate to the office of absolute monarch." But it has been a passing thought; and we sit down before the glorious ideal we have hewn, worshipping indeed the work of our hands, but seeing no hope of a Prometheus to give it life.

Now no new faculty has been born to us in these last days. We write long chronologies, yet are, after all; but a novelty in the earth. Our senses mislead us with an apparent gulph of years, but to the eye of the philosopher, nothing human is afar off. For him the flood divides us from yesterday, and Adam stands at the elbow of every one of us. Time is no element in the history of the mind. All that separates us from the men of old is the amount of human progress. And for the sum of that distance we may ask Egyptian frescos, Nimroud sculptures, books of Job, sayings of Confucius, Iliads of Homer, Vedas, Sagas—ay, and skulls of immemorial battle-fields. Practically, the men of *now*, and the men of whom the earliest papyrus, the oldest hieroglyph, the rudest sculpture, informs us, might have exchanged heads and hearts. Pull never such a willow-stick from the green heap of the past, it shall be followed by indisputable human blood, and the voice that cries “*Nam Polydorus ego*,” shall be answered by the tears of to-day. Whatever, therefore, is the ideal system of things for man to-day, is the ideal for him as man; and whatever is the ideal for him as man, we may take for granted as the ultimate intention of the God of Perfection.

Let us see what light is thrown upon this ultimate design by that divine revelation which the majority of European men have for ages agreed to consider the representative of the Divine intentions towards the inhabitants of this globe. In that revelation, there are some leading features which have been long known, and are now widely recognised. There are others, equally distinct, and even still more notable, which (by a strange fatality) have been, as yet, seldom seen, and little appreciated.

We all agree in those leading principles of Liberty, Equality, and Brotherhood which, in their highest acceptation, are signal to what is called the “Christian Dispensation,” and we all, after our several interpretations, unite to uphold the character of Christ as the ideal of glorified humanity. But we overlook some memorable characteristics of those divine revelations recorded in the Holy Scriptures, which give to these great truths their noblest and grandest significance. In constructing our idea of the providential scheme, we are too apt to forget—Firstly, that the Jewish polity, as delivered by God, was a pure and absolute theocracy; the human monarchy superinduced in later times was the imposthume of an unworthy people. Secondly, that, under Judaism, peculiarity, exclusiveness, separation from the world without, was a fundamental condition of national virtue, showing that, as yet, the theocracy was not intended for Man, the Race. Thirdly, that nevertheless God accompanied the very foundation of this peculiar people with the promise, that *in and through them should every family of the earth be blessed*: in the institution of present peculiarity contemplating future universality. Fourthly, that through a thousand years God preached to them by many prophets the one perpetual gospel of the universal “dominion” of “the saints,” under an omniarch whom Himself should choose. Fifthly, that, when he whom we call Christ appeared in that people, attested as “the beloved” by voices from heaven, and attended by a pomp of earthly signs and wonders, it was not as teacher, priest, or prophet, that he taught, worked, suffered, and died. Of royal race (the “Christos” descendant of anointed sires) proclaiming the gospel “of the kingdom,” it was pre-eminently **AS A KING** that he

"came unto his own." As a king confessed, as a king besought, by his disciples ("Thou art the King of Israel;" "when Thou sittest on *Thy throne*") he receives and confirms the homage. Triumphant as a king in the way of palms, he hears "Hosanna to the King," and declares that, "If these hold their peace, the stones themselves would cry out." As a king accused before the judgment-seat, as a king proclaimed by his judge, he answers, "For this cause was I born; for this cause came I into the world, *to bear witness to the truth.*" Crucified at last on the acknowledged treason, the representative of universal empire, in the metropolis of his dominion, sets up over his dying head this sufficient accusation, written in the three great languages of the globe, "JESUS THE KING." "Ο γεγραφα γεγραφα." Unconscious Pilate! Sixthly, and very prominently, that whatever the religion of Jesus, in its power, fulness, and integrity, may be, *we have not yet seen it.* We behold a system arrested by the sudden death of its author, an arch from which the keystone has been wrenched, a legion dispersed but not disbanded, a bridal wherefrom the bridegroom has been torn, a great drama with the great character left out, the mighty theory of one who, from his seat in heaven, is "preparing" upon earth "a place" for its commensurate practice, a kingdom without a king—a Christless Christianity. The great feast is set out, and the guests are summoned, but the host has disappeared. And while we yet wait around the board, each man eateth before another his own, and one is hungry, and another is drunken; the malignant sneer, the angry rage, the gluttonous riot, the violent destroy; meanwhile the ambitious wrestle for the chair of honour, and here and there a silent friend weeping, sighs, "How long?" Be patient ye of the gues'-chamber! To your seats, ye lords over God's heritage! Down from the chair of state, popes, patriarchs, and "bluff Harries!" The Founder of the feast was dead, and is alive again; and, by God!* he will come, and not tarry. So cries a voice which we all hear in these days; but whereof some say "an angel speaks" to us, and others only that "it thunders."

Of these memoranda the fifth and sixth are most momentous in their present application. Yet the fifth is feebly remembered, and the sixth universally ignored. We never attack or defend, slight or study, abuse or glorify "Christianity" as the incomplete work of one cut off in the beginning of his strength, and "henceforth expecting" the divine removal of his "enemies." And why "expecting?" That he may have space for the consummation of the heavenly scheme, which (we "speak as a man") was sown in weakness, but shall be raised in power. But if we could stand a thousand years hence upon the Rock of ages, and look back across the past of God's dispensations, we should know how wofully we have *inverted* the proportions of his providence; how sadly, but naturally, the perspective of our position has filled our eyes with what is nearest, and made the little we "see, and cannot see over," better and nobler than the "infinite" which lies beyond.

In the eye of the prophet, and in the eyes of those who shall witness the fulfilment of the mystery of God, the first appearance of our Lord Jesus upon earth, will show in far different dimensions. The painful

* Rev. x. 6.

travail of an immortal birth ; the short, sad, passionate invocation to a long epic of transcendent triumph ; the brief prelude to harmonies which will be chorussed by the race of men, and swelled, at length, even by the music of the spheres. The "growing up before us" of the "tender plant" will be almost forgotten when its "leaves are for the healing of the nations ;" the thought of "the stone that was cut out without hands" will be merged in the sight of "the mountain that fills the whole earth."

That "sure word" of Jewish prophecy, "to which we do well that we listen," had made so little account of the lowly advent of Messiah that the Jews themselves, to whom these prophecies were daily bread and vital breath, could not believe, and cannot to this day believe in it. So little had our Saviour done in the conversations of his three years friendship, and in the more recondite teachings and brighter illuminations of the "forty days" in which he expounded "the kingdom of God" to neutralise the expectation of his speedy reappearance, and spiritualise the material promises of Judaism, that the last question of those apostles whom he had led out to view his ascension was, "Lord wilt thou *at this time* restore the kingdom to Israel?"

The preaching of these apostles was the preaching of a kingdom and a king. It is a curious fact that they never appear as the proclaimers of laws, institutors of moralities, framers of spiritual constitutions. Always "*Christ* is risen, indeed." "*Χριστος* and him crucified." "He hath appointed a day in which he will *judge the world by that man*." "Another king." "This Jesus whom I preach unto you, is both Lord and *Christ*." True, an atmosphere of precepts, and a provisional organisation come along with this, but only as subordinate and (philosophically speaking) accidental. The idea is "the prince of this world is judged ;" "Mene mene tekel." "The saints shall possess the kingdom ;" their Lord is *Christos* ; "henceforth," we and he are "expecting" till to the anointing shall succeed the enthronisation. "Whithersoever ye go, proclaim, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The kingdom of heaven *was* at hand—if we would have accepted it. Far be it from Jesus to take advantage of his prescience, and assume, while we are yet untried, that we should refuse him. It was "nigh—even at the doors"—which waited but for us to open. Theocracy could have begun to-morrow—if the world would but have adopted it. Theocracy *can* begin to-morrow—if the world will but now adopt it. Always, the duty of the evangelist is the same: "Whithersoever ye go, proclaim, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand." For Jesus had, and has it, in his mission to restore on a grander scale that ancient theocracy which had once existed, breaking down those "middle walls of partition," and obstructive systems of ceremony, which had confined it to place and people till the times and the seasons were fulfilled, amplifying the seed of Abraham to the race of Man, and making "Holy Land" of the inhabited surface of the globe. How beautifully that divine custom of development which runs through the dealings of Omnipotence, whether in the creation and replenishing, or the illumination and government of a world, is exhibited in this slow, sublime expansion of the ideal of institutions, from the days of the one faithful man of the wilderness, hearing under the midnight stars, "So shall thy seed be," to those of a race wide as the peopled earth, various

as the infinite variety of its fruits, but vitalised and unified by one divine allegiance, and moving to great ends in stupendous harmony, under the sway of a theocracy "having humanity for its basis, and God for its head!"

But this divine autocrat, to whom "all the prophets bear witness," and for whom the whole earth, in its several tongues, unconsciously cries out, is to be served, and, so to speak, assisted in his government, by instruments already in harmony with himself. "The saints" (*αγιοι sancti*—set apart) are constantly associated with him in his predicted glory; "to sit on his right hand, and on his left," is to be the part of some, for whom it is reserved of his Father; it is with "the spirits of just men made perfect" that his disciples enrol themselves; he will have "a hundred and forty and four thousand"—the flower of the world, the salt of the earth, the excellency of our moral nature, the "virgin" spirits of our race.

"To separate to himself" this "peculiar people," to select and consecrate this "royal priesthood," to offer and dispense this "adoption of sons,"—such has been the restricted eclectic and particular work of these eighteen hundred probationary years, which we, in our feeble and inconsiderate haste, have come to look upon as the area of an universal Christianity. We have many excuses for that haste. We have been blinded by the fact (among others) that the scheme of God's providence does not change but develop—is not supplanted but elaborated—and that therefore every phase of that scheme, however limited its present application, contains within it principles commensurate with the innumerable family and everlasting destiny of man. Doubtless, in creating this beautiful earth, God saw and provided for the glorified state of its inhabitants, as in passing it through the gradations of the fish and the Saurian, he saw the habitation of the sons of Adam. Who doubts that, in the eye of God, the first hot orb of molten granite was a fair green world teeming with human life? As little can we doubt that, in introducing that human life upon the earth, he had in view the permanent institution of such a state of human society, as would most efficiently employ and exalt the peculiar human nature he had contrived. There might have been angels who, finding our planet a round whirling ocean, thought it ordained only for a waste of waters; others, beholding on the succeeding land, strange tropic jungles, horrid with Herculean reptiles, concluded it to be for ever the paradise of creeping things. A few only looked forward to the ripened globe, and beheld yet afar off the destined Adam and Eve moving through the better light of the future, in the Eden that was to come.

All these must have noticed forces and principles in either age, which, though not inharmonious with existing arrangements, were working towards a wider field and ultimate consummation in another stage of life. So we, in the hubbub of these preparatory years, and the unavoidable importance to every man of his own individual, *now* are too apt to lose sight of the fact, that the eyes of God are still fixed upon the future, while we vainly try to discover the accomplishment of all his purposes in the past; that the *ultimate* object of Christianity is universal, the *past and present* particular; that the great fact in Divine Revelation is the reign of God's Anointed over the race of man; that the real advent of

"Christianity" will be consentaneous with the appearance of that "Christ" in power; that the credentials, machinery, and outward characteristics of Christianity, as an universal religion, will accompany that advent, are unnecessary till then, and have not been found on earth since the Apostles fell on sleep. Meantime, for us, and for the probationary ages which have preceded us, the means have been calculated for the temporary end. That end being exclusive, selective, exceptional, the means have partaken of its special and peculiar complexion. The nature and amount of the evidence offered, has been one primary mode of election, and has been wonderfully adapted to its eclectic and exercitatory duties. Taken as a whole, it has always been sufficient to arouse exercise, and, having exercised, to convince that particular character of the human mind which it was sent into the world to enlist.

To sum up; God having of old, through many ages, instituted a great school for moral development—a nucleus for a cosmical kingdom, having founded it with a promise of world-wide application, having proclaimed by its prophets, celebrated by its poets, and, with elaborate perseverance of infinite repetition, described in its literature, popularised in its traditions, and symbolised in its institutions, the universal dominion which was to come, having at last raised up a perfect being—the ideal of humanity, and full of God, whom he took hence (when as yet he had scarce announced his kingship and kingdom) with the promise that he should "so come in like manner" as he departed, having sent messengers into all nations, to proclaim the new sovereign, the omniarch, having provided that those messengers should not only send down their message to after ages, but bequeath with that message sufficient evidence of its authenticity to attract and retain minds constituted like their own, having waited till this message, slowly permeating humanity, has done its analytic office, and, in accomplishing this primary purpose, has sweetened, fertilised, and prepared, as with a mordant, the wide human soul, God having in the slow custom of his gradual providence, so selected the leaders, and acted upon the people, so collected the machinery, and arranged the material, *is nearly ready to introduce Christianity upon the earth.* That Christianity, of, on, for, and against which, as a fact accomplished, we have been writing credible histories, grave essays, laborious pleas, and insuperable objections, for the last fifteen hundred years—that Christianity which, by us utterly unseen, has cast, during those years, from its place in the future, standing in the light of heaven, such grotesque shadows upon the moving face of our world—such strange Popeisms, Calvinisms, Wesleyisms, Germanisms—monstra horrenda ingentes quibus lumen ademptum. That Christianity in which, when it appears, every division and creed of men shall acknowledge the personification of its peculiar truth: where the Romanist shall find at last his required infallible authority in the only shape with which the dignity and liberty of man can co-exist; the Protestant of every grade discover all he won by his particular schism under a unity of spiritual jurisdiction against which neither reason nor piety can "protest;" and every section of the religious mind see its own differential truth—the one living spark by virtue of which it endured, separated from the imperfect "body of death," and taking its place in an universal system which, like an angel, shall be vital everywhere. That Christi-

anity to which (since we were created for it) the blind instincts and unconscious tendencies of our race have always pointed, and in which God will at length satisfy the premonitory cravings he implanted. A Christianity which, adding to the means and conditions which the highest human insights have demanded as the most favourable to our development, that divine afflatus which to these and all other systems is the breath of life, appearing at once in spirit and in power, in the admiration of men and the glory of God, shall draw hence, as on a giant slide, the phantasmagoria of the past, sweep from us, as on the wind of its coming, the empty rags which fill our thrones, raze the social structures built for uses that have ceased, and (levelling far and wide the detritus of years) adjust the disordered proportions of the world, terminate the solécisms of the chaotic ages, solve the vexed problem of human society, rebuild the single pyramid of virtue and power, celebrate the nuptials of worth and honour, right and might, law and justice; turn the devastating energies of mankind to pulsate life through the reconstructed organisms of order; lift the load of doubt that oppresses the heart of our time; throw on our forward prospects the light of "that city which hath no need of the sun;" raise the veil of human ignorance from good and evil; extirpate crime by the certainty of unerring retribution; bring the earth into its true vocation as the nursery of souls, the seed-plot of eternity; and exhibit on the worthy theatre of this glorious world a sublimer sight than the material universe—the spectacle of a united race passing through the manifold discipline of life under the multifarious but unified direction of a government at once so infinitely human and divine as to fill up the interval between man and God, and display in one harmonious whole our nature and his providence. After four hundred thousand years* of such a dispensation, what a span in eternity, to the eyes of the men of that day, will appear these past six thousand years of human history to which we now look back as the measure of the whole counsel of God; how sententious a preface to a work of such transcendent magnificence.

A view of the universal future compass and special past vocation of "Christianity," of its prevision and fulfilment of the admitted requirements of man, and of its harmony with the purpose and dignity of the world, is all-important to whomsoever approaches the records and credentials of our faith, and affords in itself the sufficient answer to four-fifths of the religious, quasi-religious, and pseudo-religious literature which is daily issuing from the press. Whoever expects already to discover in these records or credentials the requisites for universal acceptance, or, on the other hand, desires to find them the perpetual possession of a sect; whoever would view in them the complete machinery of an accomplished purpose, or beholds them but as bread cast at random upon the waters; whoever would see in them a kingdom absolutely immaterial, essentially, presently, and prospectively spiritual, or would draw from them authority for any past or present system of religious or secular dominion; whoever would make their application *only*

* We are at a loss to know why the "thousand years' reign" of the "Revelation" should not be understood, like all other prophetic dates, as "every day for a year."

general or particular, eclectic or discursive, earthly or heavenly; whoever shall seek in them no more than codes of morality, forms of worship, and whatever spiritual and material organisation may harmoniously co-exist and collaborate with existing human institutions, or on the other hand demands of them no less than such a wrought-out system of philosophy, ethics, and religion, as may at once undertake the mental and physical jurisdiction of the world, will be perpetually falling in with too little or too much, and (failing to improve his expectations) must either renounce his premises or his conclusions—become a fanatic or an infidel.

We have said thus much (at the risk of fatiguing the reader) before discussing the book under review, because Mr Newman has evidently approached his subject in the manner indicated in our last paragraph, and because, whatever argument his work contains is of that desultory nature which is better corrected by a general course of thought than by the gratuitous labour of direct analysis. There are, however, here and there, some outlying points which, to critic and reader, may perhaps repay the trouble of particular criticism; these, such as they are, we must reserve for a future paper.

WHAT'S LIFE ?

The sceptic cries—"Life's seeming all,

A vain and mocking thing;

That fairest flowers the soonest fall;

That years but sorrow bring :

That love is as a passing dream ;

Friendship a specious lie ;

Beauty a transient sunny beam,

And truth a long-drawn sigh ;

Joy a phantom ever flying ;

Grief our proper mood ;

Man a wayward child e'er crying

For that which is not food."

No, no, 'tis false ; it cannot be

That life is such as this—

For man, the godlike and the free,

Is made for highest bliss.

What if on earth we all must feel

The weight of human wo,

Grief hath deep secrets to reveal,

Good for the soul to know.

Our life is a *reality*,

No vain deceptions thing ;

Glad nature's voice is harmony ;

Fresh flowers come forth each spring.

And love, and joy, and friendship, too,

May in our hearts abide,

If we ourselves prove pure and true,

Spurning the dross aside.

A. R. L.

B

CARLINGTON CASTLE: A TALE OF THE JESUITS.

[The following tale, in its leading circumstances, is taken from real life. The names and localities are sufficiently disguised to prevent the recognition of any of the individuals, some of whom are still living.]

CHAP. I.

"FAREWELL, my child," said the aged Abbess of St Cloud, as she concluded an exordium of some length, on the dangers of the world, to which her youthful charge had listened with patient attention. "May the scenes upon which you are entering wear for you only the fairy colours that your fancy paints; but, if you should ever want a shelter from the storms of life, return here, and though now you forsake her arms, the Holy Church will welcome you as a repentant child."

She kissed the fair brow of the pensionaire, pronounced a blessing on her head, and Dora Mowbray rose and retired. She hastened to the garden; there, under the shade of a spreading acacia, for the last four years, she had found a quiet retreat where she could cherish undisturbed bright dreams of the future.

She looked around, and, as she gazed for the last time on each familiar object, the sad thought that she was bidding adieu for ever, not to these only, but to the friends and companions of her early days, almost overpowered her, and, for a little while, she felt disposed to retract her determination, and seclude herself for life within the sanctuary of this her peaceful home.

Dora Mowbray was the only child of an Irish Roman Catholic. She had been left an orphan from her earliest years, and educated until the age of fourteen by her grandmother, who indulged every whim of the capricious child. Nature, however, had gifted her with a disposition so generous and affectionate, that even such a training could not spoil it, and the only result of the discipline—or rather want of discipline—of her early life, was an independence of thought and action rarely to be met with in one of her age. Her first grief was the death of her grandmother. She was then left to the guardianship of her paternal uncle, a priest, who had resided in the castle ever since she was born, and took the pastoral charge of the surrounding district.

As soon as matters could be arranged, Dora was conveyed by Mr Mowbray to the convent of St Cloud, to complete her education. Her gaiety and sweet dispositions won the favour of the sisterhood, and affection of her companions. It would be uncharitable to suppose that the nuns were actuated in their kindness to her by visions of future aggrandisement to their convent; yet is it too much to say, that such calculations were not left altogether out of mind? That she might devote herself to the cloister, was her uncle's secret design; but, for the first two years of her residence at St Cloud, he preserved silence on the subject of his hopes. During the last two, he had often added the weight of his counsels to the influence of the nuns; but the high spirit and glowing fancy of Dora afforded him so faint a prospect of success, that he dared not mention his wish. He would willingly have prolonged the period of her convent life, but she had completed her eighteenth

year—the period at which her father's will fixed her majority—and her return home must now be determined by her own choice. As a last hope, he painted in glowing colours the holy calm of a convent life, and placed in strong contrast the turmoil of conflicting passions to which she would be exposed by her return to the world; but the negative his proposal met was so decided, that for a moment he forgot the calm policy that usually guided him, and was betrayed into a violence of manner, that aroused both the pride and resentment of his niece.

“You forget, uncle,” she said, haughtily, “that I shall soon be of age, and that duty to myself, and those who depend upon me, require that I should assume that place in society God has given me. For one other month, you have power to keep me here; when it has expired, I intend to return to Ireland.”

Mr Mowbray saw that he had gone too far, and immediately assumed his accustomed mildness; but, as he looked on the glowing eye of his youthful charge, he mentally resolved that her haughty spirit should be brought low.

“Ere many years have passed, Dora,” he murmured, as he left the room, “you will be glad to seek a refuge within those walls, from which now you hasten to fly.”

CHAP. II.

The sound of the vesper bell recalled Dora from the bright visions that had gradually taken the place of her mournful retrospections, and she hastened to the chapel. As the solemn notes of the organ, and the sweet voices of the nuns, rose upon her ear, her heart melted; and had her uncle been there, with his smooth words and insidious reasonings, on that night he might have obtained his long desired end, and the course of Dora's life been changed. But the moment of excitement passed—the strong tide of feeling which rolled in an opposite direction resumed its sway; and, though with many tears, on the following morning she bade adieu to the kind friends and companions she was leaving, they were soon dried; and, ere the first day of her journey was over, a new-born sense of freedom and gladness filled her spirit, as they rapidly hastened along the vine-covered plains of France.

Mr Mowbray wished to obliterate from her mind the recollection that he had urged her to follow any other than her present course, and the irresistible fascination which was felt by all who came within the sphere of his influence, was exercised so successfully towards his niece, that his society gave a fresh zest to the varied enjoyments opening before her.

After the travellers had landed in Ireland, an easy journey through the beautiful scenery of the south brought Dora in sight of her home. She had retained a vivid recollection of the scenery, yet she was hardly prepared for the magnificent landscape that opened before her.

Carlinton Castle stood on the declivity of a wooded hill. It was an ancient edifice built on a jutting crag, round the base of which rushed a mountain torrent, that gradually widened into a river as it flowed through the park, until, at no great distance from the castle, it mingled its waters with the sea.

The sun was setting as Dora and her uncle approached the gate.

"Is this my home!" she murmured, while a gush of mingled feeling overflowed her heart. The image of her grandmother arose before her, and she wept to think that she could not welcome the return of her child.

At this moment, a sudden turn of the road brought them within sight of a multitude of people assembled to watch for their approach, and Dora's thoughts were interrupted by shouts of delight and enthusiastic greetings. The air resounded with exclamations of "Long life to your ladyship." "Blessings on her beautiful face." "Ye're welcome back to reign over us."

For some time, it was impossible to advance; nor was it until the priest reminded them that the lady had had a long journey, and they must now suffer her to get quickly home, that a way was opened for the carriage.

"'Tis true for you, your rivrance," they exclaimed. "On wid ye, boys, to the castle! Hurrah!" But the clamour reached its height when the procession arrived at the gates of the castle. The portals of the old oak hall stood open, and a few of the elder domestics waited on the steps, while the rest were arranged in the hall.

"Make way, wid yees, will ye not? Didn't I nurse her father—soft be his bed!" exclaimed an old woman, as she pushed her way through the crowd. "And have my ould eyes lived to see you again, mavourneen?" she exclaimed, as she threw her arms around Dora, and, seizing her hand, covered it with kisses. "Blessin's on ye, acushla machree! Sure this is all I prayed for sin' ye went to furrin parts; and the Virgin has heard my prayer—her blessin' be about you, dear!" Tears streamed down her aged cheeks as she spoke. Her ardent welcome went straight to Dora's heart, and, raising the old woman from the ground, she clasped her in her arms, and heartily returned her salute. Deafening shouts of applause rent the air; but, as she turned to acknowledge them, her arm was touched by the priest, and, taking her hand, he directed her attention to a lady who was descending the steps. Dora did not, at that moment, inquire why it was that the sight of this personage caused her involuntarily to retain nurse's hand with a closer pressure, and threw a sudden chill over her excited feelings. Her sensations, however, appeared not unshared by the crowd, for the hurrahs and shoutings sank into whispered murmurs so low, that the rustling of the good lady's stiff black satin was distinctly audible as she advanced. Her uncle had, a few days before, told her that this relative had promised to make Carlington her home while the youth of her niece should render such matronage desirable, and the recollection now brought a feeling somewhat resembling that with which she used to hear the stately *mere* assistant announce that the hour of recreation was over. She received and returned the old lady's advances, however, with what grace she could, and, accepting the offered arm of the priest, passed through the hall, recognising some of the domestics whose faces she remembered.

She could hardly wait to partake of the refreshment to which her grand-aunt invited her, before she ranged over the house, and revisited every familiar corner, and saw all the improvements effected since she left it. Her aunt accompanied her as far as the second storey, but left her there, whilst, with nurse, she explored every recess of the old castle, and mounted the battlements; but she had only for a few moments en-

joyed the beauty of the scene, when a message was brought from her aunt, begging her to come down to the drawing-room, as the evening was too far advanced for her remaining in the open air. Dora had never dreamt that it was possible to catch cold at any hour of the night, and she reluctantly turned from watching the moon rise over "Cormack's Tower"—an old ruin on the boundary of the park, regarding which, nurse had just been relating a ghostly legend.

"Was I not fit to be trusted with the care of my own child?" muttered nurse, as she followed her down stairs.

"Come away, my dear," said her aunt, as she entered the drawing-room. "You had better have waited till the morning, before you exposed yourself to the air. You must have some gruel before you go to bed, to prevent your taking cold."

"Oh, no, aunt! I never take cold," answered Dora, carelessly. "I long to visit with you to-morrow, uncle, some of the beautiful spots I have been looking at to-night."

"I think Mr Mowbray will agree with me, that it would be well to rest for a few days," said Miss Beauford.

Dora looked annoyed. She felt as if an invisible chain was winding itself around her, and she was grateful when the priest saved her the necessity of replying.

She was fatigued, and not unwillingly complied with her aunt's request, that she would retire early to bed.

An undefined sense of relief came over her when she felt she was alone; but she had not long enjoyed her solitude, when she was disturbed by a knock at the door, which was quickly followed by the entrance of nurse.

"Oh, nurse, I am glad it is you!" she exclaimed.

"And who else should it be, acushla, but yer ould nurse come to pillow yer head, now ye're back in yer father's halls. • Come, darlin', and see here;" and she took Dora's hand, and led her to the window. The moon had gone down, and it was now dark, but the light of bonfires blazed on every mountain's height. "See the rejoicin' to get you back again, dear; and as well they may. His rivirance has been kind and good, but he wasn't always here, and them furriners wish no good to ould Ireland; but never mind them, dear—it's yourself that's the right-ful lady here, and there's not one in the land but would run night and day to do yer biddin'."

"But what do you mean, nurse?" asked Dora, with a perplexed air; "who am I not to mind?"

"Nothin', nothin'," replied nurse; "only never heed them that throuble ye."

At this moment, another summons was heard at the door, and nurse hastened to answer it. Dora heard an English accent deliver a request from Miss Beauford, that her niece would drink the basin of gruel, and go quickly to bed.

"Tell your lady that Miss Mowbray is just agoing," said nurse, as she took the basin, and closed the door.

"Who is that, nurse?"

"It is Mrs Harris, Miss Beauford's English maid, my lady." Nurse said no more, but a certain intonation in her voice showed Dora that Mrs Harris was no favourite. She did not, however, pursue the sub-

ject, but changed it, by making inquiries for some of her old friends, whom she had not recognised among the servants in the hall. Most of them, she learned, had married, and settled on the estate; and before nurse left her, she had revived her recollections of all but the most remote portions of the property, and made acquaintance, at least by name, with most of the tenants.

"May the saints be about yer head, my darlin'," said nurse, as she drew her curtains; "will I not bring ye something better than that washy stuff?"

"No, thank you, nurse, I do not want anything to-night; come to me early in the morning."

All was now quiet around; but Dora felt no inclination to sleep. She drew back the curtains which nurse had closely drawn, and from the deep recessed window opposite, gazed upon the paling bonfires, and the dark trees waving in the low night wind. Many thoughts crowded upon her mind—remembrances of her childish days, and her beloved grandmother, whom she almost fancied near, blended with a glow of grateful affection towards the warm-hearted people to whom she had returned. For some time she pleased her fancy, by picturing all the good she would do amongst them. Gradually visions of smiling cottages and happy faces assumed a more dreamlike character, and audible blessings seemed to breathe around her as she fell asleep.

CHAP. III.

At an early hour next morning, Dora was awakened by the bright sunbeams shining into her room. She rose, and, throwing open the window, gazed out, enchanted with the beauty of the scene, and was out on the lawn whilst it was yet wet with the morning dew. She passed through the flower-garden into a path that skirted a wood, and rambled on, gathering wild-flowers as she went, and carolling snatches of her native songs. She was too happy for serious thought of any kind; an exuberant sense of joy overflowed her heart, and life seemed to open before her an unclouded vista of brightness. Yet, in the midst of her wild glee, she longed for something to share it with her. Had a friend been near, or even a dog, from whom she might catch some echo of her gladness. At this moment, she was startled by the sound of an approaching footstep; a quick rustling among the underwood was followed by the appearance of a beautiful spaniel. He stopped short, and, fixing his bright, black eyes for a moment on her, uttered a short bark of joy, and bounded towards her. "Fidèle, my own dog," she exclaimed, clasping her arms round the neck of her favourite, whilst he tried to lick her face and hands, uttering all the while a low whine of delight.

As Dora rose from the ground, Lanty, nurse's grandson, emerged from the wood.

"How are you, Lanty?" she said, shaking hands warmly with her old friend.

"I'm well, thanks to yer ladyship; and much the better for seeing ye back, ma'am, as there——"

"And I'm glad to be amongst you, Lanty. But where has Fidèle come from? My uncle told me he was lost!"

"And so was he, plase yer honourable ladyship; and a weary search

it was that myself and Rory Maccormach had for him, the crathur; for he had been away three days, and we had all as one given him up for dead. And so it was getting purty late on the third day, and we were passing by the Banshee's Crag, that yer ladyship will remember down by the shore. There had been gipsies in it a little afore; but it was quiet enough then. Says I, will ye step in hene for a moment, Rory, boy, says I, to shun the shower that's coming over Clack-na-bin just now, for it had been thundering all the afternoon. So we crept into a far corner, and I took out my flask wid a drop of the crathur, for, by your lave, we'd had a long day's thravel, and just then I heard a low moaning in a corner, and I thought I knowed the voice; so, Fiddle says I; and then I heard it again, and when I had moved some straw, there was the poor baist in the corner, and sadly ill-treated he had been. We thought, yer ladyship, the gipsies had stolen him, but how he got hurt as he did, I never could guess. Anyhow, Rory an me wrapped him up, and carried him home, and my gran'mother looked after him, lady, as if he were a Christian. He got well in a few days, wid good tratement, an he's followed me, the crathur, ever since. But, arrab, now, isn't there nathur in the dumb baist? see how he knowed ye'r ladyship at oncet."

"Try if he will follow me, Lanty," said Dora; "call him back."

She walked on without taking any notice of the dog. He look wistfully for a moment, and then bounded after her. Lanty called him, but Fidèle only turned, and, wagging his tail, as if apologising for leaving his kind master, hastened after Dora.

"Good luck to you, thin, my fine fellow," said Lanty. "It's the sowl of an Irishman that's in him. He knows his duty—the baist; bad cess to them that 'ud turn from a lady, let alone her asking thim to follow her."

He made his lowest bow, and departed, while Dora and Fidèle pursued their way together. They were some distance from home, when the gong sounded for breakfast. Dora was returning by what appeared a shorter path, when she found the way closed up. No gate was visible; so, mounting the fence, she leaped easily to the ground on the opposite side, and was suddenly confronted by Mrs Harris.

"Miss Beauford desired me to say she is waiting breakfast for you, ma'am."

Dora hastened on, and in a few moments reached the door of the castle, where Mr Mowbray met her, and, bidding her good morning in his blindest manner, led her into the breakfast-room. Miss Beauford was there, dressed in her stiffest satin, and wearing her stateliest aspect.

"Good morning, Miss Mowbray," she said, in a tone that threw a sudden damp over Dora's gay spirits. "I hope you have had a pleasant ramble? A long one, at least, it has been, as Harris tells me you have been out since daybreak. It was not very customary for young ladies, in my day, to roam over the country alone before breakfast, and be absent from morning prayers."

"Dora did not know the hour of prayers," said Mr Mowbray, mildly. "She will have learnt it by to-morrow."

Dora's look thanked him for this timely interference: "I think I did

hear a bell while I was on the shore," she said. "I will remember the hour in future."

"I am sure you will set an example to your tenants, of that strict observance of God's worship in which you have been educated," said the priest; "but now you must, I am sure, be hungry."

Equanimity was restored, but, alas! it was of short duration. Fiddle burst into the room, dripping with a recent plunge in the sea. He rushed towards his mistress; but, stopping as he passed Miss Beauford's chair, shook himself so heartily, that a shower of briny drops fell on the satin gown.

"Upon my word, this is too much!" exclaimed the wrathful lady, rising with heightened colour from her chair. "Pray, ring the bell, Mr Mowbray; what insufferable carelessness to suffer the dog to escape from the kennel!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Dora, hastily. "He must not be sent to the kennel. Down, Fiddle—down, sir! I am very sorry, aunt, that he has behaved so ill. He must be taught better manners for the future."

"Oh! he is your dog, Miss Mowbray. I was not aware of that; I think it might be possible to find a more lady-like pet than that great setter."

"He is a beautiful dog—a true King Charles," said Dora; but before the question of Fiddle's merits could be further discussed, Mr Mowbray wisely interposed.

"Where did you find him?" he inquired. "Lanty told me he was lost before I left Ireland last autumn."

"I met him with Lanty this morning. He thinks he must have been stolen by the gipsies; but he and Rory Maccormach found him half dead in the old barn on the sea-shore."

Miss Beauford assumed her most dignified demeanour, but, for the present, made no further remark. For some time the conversation was carried on exclusively between Dora and the priest; at last, the good lady condescended to show some interest in the subject, and asked a few questions relating to her convent life.

"The abbess must have been a very sensible person," said she at last, "though she allows many indulgences unknown in the convent where I was educated. We were not allowed to speak, except during the hours of recreation; and, in many other ways, a wholesome discipline was maintained, in which the Abbess of St Cloud appears to have been rather deficient."

"The Rules for the nuns were very strict," said Dora; "but I believe the abbess thought it unnecessary for those whose vocation was the world to observe regulations so rigid."

"None more highly than the young need self-discipline and restraint," said the venerable lady. "Well would it have been, Miss Mowbray, had the holy instructions you have received led to your choice of a religious life; that is the highest distinction to which you could have aspired."

"No, no," said Dora, playfully, as she rose from the table; "I love the free hills too well ever to be shut up like a caged bird." She walked to the window, and sang a few lines of the song, 'I wout be a nun.'

Her aunt appeared greatly shocked by her levity.

"If you must sing such vain songs, Miss Mowbray," she said, "let me beg that it may at least not be in my presence."

Dora looked surprised; a glow of impatient feeling rushed to her fair cheek, but she repressed the passing irritation.

"What can have become of the post-bag," said Mr Mowbray. "Surely the letters are very late."

At this moment the bag was brought in, and the little party were soon busy with its contents.

"May I look at these," said Miss Beauford, taking up one of a packet addressed to Dora.

"I will read part of them to you," she replied; "for the most part they are private."

"I never heard of a young lady having anything private from her natural guardians," said Miss Beauford, drawing herself up in her most stately manner. "I must say I cannot consent to such concealments. All manner of improprieties may be carried on, while no one has power to control them. I am sure Mr Mowbray cannot approve of such proceedings."

"I certainly cannot approve of insubordination towards those who are set over you," replied Mr Mowbray.

"Surely it is no infringement of duty," said Dora, indignantly, "to preserve sacred the confidence of friends. There are some things into which I can never suffer intrusion."

The priest's brow lowered.

"It is well," he said, "for the self-willed spirits that would hasten to their own destruction, that the Church has imposed upon such the duty of confession."

He left the room as he spoke, and Miss Beauford held out her hand as if to receive the letters.

"I have told you already, aunt," said Dora, "the letters are private, and the betrayal of confidence is a sin I shall never have to confess."

She rose, and, hastening to her room, placed the contested letters in her writing desk, and sat down to calm the agitation which the scene that had just passed had aroused. She felt little inclination to return to her aunt's society, and spent some hours alone. The beauty of the day at last tempted her out; and she was sitting on the stone steps of a terrace that descended by flights of steps into a dingle, and forming the plan of a new flower garden on the smooth slope of the velvet turf, when she was summoned to luncheon. Determined not to be too late a second time, she hastily entered the house, and found Miss Beauford alone.

The meal passed almost in silence, notwithstanding Dora's repeated efforts to restore a state of harmony. Anger was with her an evanescent feeling, and the natural sweetness of her disposition disposed her to be on happy terms with those among whom she lived. Her efforts, however, for the present were vain.

"What are your plans for this afternoon?" she said as they rose. "Shall we drive, or would you prefer walking?"

"I do not intend to go out to-day," said her aunt stiffly.

"Do you not? Shall we, then, spend a quiet afternoon?"

"I am occupied in my room to-day; but, if you wish to walk beyond the garden, Mrs Harris will accompany you."

"No, thank you, I will ride," said Dora; and ringing the bell, she ordered her horse, before Miss Beauford had time to interpose.

"I am astonished, Miss Mowbray," she exclaimed, "to hear you make such a proposal, to ride over the country, with only a wild Irish groom to attend you. Really, if such are your ideas of propriety, I think there is much need that your actions be under the control of some one whose judgment is more sound than your own!"

This was going too far. Dora turned, as she was about to leave the room; and, drawing up her slight figure to its full height, she said, with a quiet dignity that would have silenced almost any one,

"My dear aunt, I am fully sensible of your kindness in coming to live with me, and it is my wish that you should find this a happy home; but to-day, at the beginning of our life together, let us fully understand each other. For the next four days, my actions, by law, must be subject to the will of my guardians, but to no one else. After that time, I shall be uncontrolled mistress of my conduct, and by every one must be treated as such."

She left the room without waiting for a reply.

As she crossed the hall, she heard the sound of retiring carriage wheels, and was met by a servant with cards.

"Why were they not admitted?" she inquired, looking at the names.

"Because they are a Protestant family, my lady; and his rivrence tould me only to admit those of the thrue Church."

"Let every one be admitted, O'Brien, unless I give orders to the contrary," she said.

"Well, shure this is a bother I'm in," said the man when he was out of hearing. "I would'nt go agin her ladyship at no rate; and shure it's my mistress she is. But thin there's the praste. Oh! well, I'll just be after telling his rivrence I forgot; or maybe sometimes I didn't know whether they were of the thrue faith or not."

Dora mounted the spirited young horse Lanty had been training for her; and, followed by her attendant, cantered over the smooth grassy slopes. She felt as if escaped into new life and liberty, and prolonged her ride till near the dinner hour. Her spirits were invigorated; and she descended to the drawing-room, full of hope that a few days and a little decision would terminate her present annoyances.

• • • FIELDS AND FACTORIES.

It is difficult to divest the mind of preconceptions. Doubtless the description which two men, equally honest and equally able, may give of the same thing, will receive distinctive colouring from the minds of the respective writers. For example, the subject indicated by the title of this paper will suggest at once, without any chain of reasoning or examination of facts, two opposite conclusions to two different minds. The man of poetic sympathies, or of retiring habits, the naturalist or the student, will feel himself drawn by gentle yet powerful attractions to the green fields of his native parish, and will, in imagination, revisit the scenes of his boyish sports and his early attachments,—scenes, all the sweeter now

from the contrast of daily anxieties, and ever-recurring cares: leaping from his prison-house in the great city, in which he is a slave to his professional avocations, notwithstanding the assurance of the newspaper at his elbow, that he is a Briton and a freeman, he will away to the woods, the grassy nook, or the streamlet, where his feet skipped merrily in early years, and fancy that the confused noise of the thronged streets is but the leaping of the cascade near his father's dwelling. Another reader, whose property has set the power-loom in motion, or who, disgusted with the petty tyranny of landlords, and anxious for the material prosperity of the people, desires that the latter may get "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," without the bondage of rural serfdom, seizes upon the term factories, as indicative at once of individual freedom and national advancement. Now, we can understand both these men, and could listen with patience to all they have to say, and, perhaps, with a general approval of much that each might advance. The real task of the self-constituted umpire would be, how to hold the balance between them, so as to secure their concurrence in a final verdict. Despairing of this, however, and leaving the advocate for fields and the counsel for factories, each in possession of his brief, we shall pursue our own plan—attending occasionally to the suggestions of others with our wonted courtesy, but resolved to be prompted by none—which is to take a general view of the question, which the modern state of society has brought so prominently before the public mind. If we succeed in contributing aught to the formation of correct views, *i. e.*, views in accordance with truth, in the minds of our readers, the design of this paper will be realised. Our thoughts may be distributed over the social, political, and educational characteristics of the rural and manufacturing portions of the population respectively.

SOCIAL.

The great change which manufacturing industry has produced, and is producing, upon the social habits of that portion of our people more immediately influenced by it, has repeatedly elicited attention from thoughtful and patriotic men; and associated as it is both with the past and the future, both with the history and prospects of our common country, we feel that it deserves at our hands something more than a passing reference, or incidental allusion. It may, indeed, be somewhat difficult to run a parallel, or institute a minute comparison between fields and factories, or between agricultural and manufacturing pursuits, as these respectively influence the social habits of the labouring—the wealth-producing classes; but this should not deter any thoughtful man from the attempt, especially when it is recollected that the social condition of a people is in reality the base of the pyramid. If this be unsound, the superstructure cannot stand. If this be unhealthy, we shall have a diseased nation, notwithstanding the efforts of a well-organised system of police, and the influences emanating from educational institutes. The voluntary intercourse of the people with each other, their interchange of opinions and views, their mutual sympathies, and the concurrent inoculation of habit, by contact with habit, have far more to do with the creation and modification of social character than the appli-

cation of either moral or civil law. We fear this is too much overlooked. It is the silent stream that shapes the social landscape. The people make themselves what they are. The shopmate is an effectual preacher to his companions. They hear his voice, comprehend the meaning of his text, understand his homely illustrations, and readily acquiesce in his conclusions. Social reformers frequently err by the largeness of their prescriptions. They propose an agency too huge for the work to be done; set up a machinery too cumbrous for efficient action; and the strength spent in giving motion to this machinery, fails to reach the subject for whose improvement it was constructed. It is by intercommunion and the interchange of conviction among themselves that the operatives acquire a firm hold upon, and sometimes a logical mode of giving utterance to, their cherished opinions. Now, it is obvious that, whether for good or evil, this association of multitudes must be powerfully operative. It is not an individual will dictating, but a multitude of wills, individually free, consenting. This is, in fact, the source of coherence. Herein lies the aggregate strength. It is not isolated authority, but combined conviction. They are a law unto themselves. And each, feeling that he is one in a democratic brotherhood, stands, not as the initial numeral giving name to the whole, but as a link in a chain of social influence, which may do good or evil, as virtue or vice predominates for the time being. This, however, is only abstract. But whilst the social condition of the manufacturing classes must be determined by *facts*, we require, as a matter of simple justice, that these considerations be taken into account by the judge of facts. It is neither fair nor logical to denounce manufacturing towns as the hotbeds in which vice is generated, whilst the influence of numbers is overlooked. Hard names and indignant epithets respecting the alleged corruptions consequent upon factory labour, go for just what they are worth with men who look at both sides of a question. A "nervous" lady complained bitterly to us the other day against the frightful innovation of railway travelling, mentioning a recent case in which two passengers had been severely injured; and affirming very positively that such a thing could not have happened by the good old stage-coach. "Possibly not, madam," we replied; "but, to make good your point of comparison, you ought to affirm that *thirty* stage-coaches would have accomplished the journey of eighty miles without injury to two passengers; for it would have required at least thirty to have contained all that travelled on that occasion by one single train." Now we suggest, that if the congregation of many persons in one place be so productive of vice as the admirers of "rural innocence" assert, they ought to be able to show not only that the number of committals for crime in a manufacturing town equals the number of committals for crime in an agricultural district embracing the same population, but that the former greatly exceeds the latter. This is required by the hypothesis; for if 20,000 persons living in the same town are necessarily the generators of vice, their vice will be much more marked and odious than that of 20,000 persons scattered over an agricultural county. We mourn over the melancholy amount of crime which poisons the social condition of the working classes all over the land; but we must have truth on this as on other subjects, as nothing can be gained either by concealment on

the one hand, or exaggeration on the other. We admit that there may be certain *forms* of vice prevalent in large towns, which do not obtain in rural parishes; but this cannot of itself alter our opinion that the social state—of course we include morality under this head—of the manufacturing population is, upon the whole, more virtuous than that of the agricultural. We have not, generally speaking, great faith in figures; but the following abstract of the increase respectively of population and crime, strongly supports the opinion we cherish:—"The increase of population in the great manufacturing districts of England, from 1831 to 1845, was 28.6 *per cent.*, and the increase of detected crime, in proportion to population, 23.6; the increase of population in the agricultural districts was 13.7, and the increase of crime 25.6." It would, indeed, be a calamitous counterpoise to the amount of physical comfort resulting from manufacturing industry, if moral deterioration were its constant attendant. The question of wages is in our view really a moral question. It is an old doctrine, the changes upon which have been rung a thousand times, that ignorance and crime stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect. Perhaps this doctrine is more venerable for antiquity than soundness. We do not deny that ignorance and crime are frequently found united, but are they not both effects—we speak not now of the corruption of human nature, for that is universal—of poverty in a vast majority of cases? There is a connection between starvation-wages and crime, to which employers, both in fields and factories, would do well to look somewhat narrowly. The factory hand is much better paid than the field labourer, and the temptation to crime against society is weakened in that proportion.

Let us, then, step to the agricultural counties, and see whether this statement will bear the light. We know it will offend preconceptions, as it does our own, to find the Elysium of the country far less like the Garden of Eden than our poets would have us to believe. The "Georgics," and the "Seasons," with their enchanting pictures of pastoral life, plead strongly for a triumphant verdict in favour of fields. Peace, innocence, and virtue, the beautiful three, are supposed to inhabit the glens and valleys, and to sanctify by their presence the rural districts of the country; and there are not wanting men who carry their admiration of the primitive employment so far as to be ready to accept with it all the departed glories of feudalism. The jolly old squire and his matronly dame; the "baron" of beef and the flowing tankard; the pipe, the song, and the dance; the matchless merriments of traditional festivals; the venerable peasant who had never changed masters, with his chain of descendants down to the fourth generation, all frolic and joy on the well-shaven lawn; the blessed ignorance of the modern inventions of politics, newspapers, and railroads; the undoubted loyalty of the people, first to the lord of the manor, and next to the personage who happened to occupy the throne; with the attachment of all to the ivy-dressed church, and the reverence of all for the comfortable-looking priest;—these things are unquestionably beautiful in the pages of Scott, but we fear they are mythical, or, at least, traditional, for the agricultural counties of England exhibit nothing like them in the present day. It is a melancholy fact that, deducting the occasional exhibition of gala-days and tomfoolery, when some of the landed

aristocracy "move condescendingly" among their labourers, and listen to their song of resigned humility—

"Oh! let us love our occupations,
Bless the squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations!"

—the experience of our ploughmen and vinedressers is one of almost uninterrupted privation. We are well aware that the condition of the framework-knitters, and others of that class, is described by competent witnesses as one of "miserable depression;" but,

"In the great rural districts, comprising the three counties of Norfolk, Sussex, and Essex, and containing a population of 156,000 persons, looking to agriculture alone for subsistence, elaborate calculations show a result of about L.21 *per annum* as the average amount of wages paid to each labourer, *i. e.*, about 8s. a-week. Dorsetshire has long had a bad pre-eminence on the score of low wages. In this respect, however, it differs but slightly from the other agricultural counties. The general rate of wages is 7s. a-week for strong active men. In some cases, a further reduction has been attempted to 6s. Carters and others in somewhat confidential employments are paid 8s. and 9s.* At Ben, a village visited, the customary sum was 7s.;—those who were not exactly able-bodied men were getting 5s. and 6s. They had to pay house-rent and fuel out of this, whether they earned 7s., 6s., or 5s. There were no perquisites or privileges of any character to eke out the wages. In stating, however, the wages of the agricultural labourer to be so much—6s. or 7s. a-week—we may be misunderstood. The fact is, he is not paid by the week at all, but by the day, and only for the days on which he actually has employment. During some seasons of the year he cannot get this; during certain states of the weather he cannot get it; and at such times his wages are reduced to 4s., to 3s., or to nothing. One man getting 1s. a-day said:—'The farmers have nearly got in all their seed, and then we may go about our business.' That a vast amount of physical suffering and of moody dissatisfaction exist, is a consequence that can surprise no one. The habitations which the people are obliged to make use of are miserable in the extreme, seldom possessing more than two rooms, destitute of the arrangements necessary for cleanliness and decency, and, in a very large proportion of cases, damp, unwholesome, and dilapidated. Yet, for the miserable accommodation afforded by these hovels, an enormously high rent has to be paid, thus materially reducing the scanty pittance which, as we have seen, is all the agricultural labourer is able to earn."†

* The average wage of the labourer in Scotland is 9s. per week. In some few instances, the farmer pays 10s.; but it is feared that this comparatively high rate will soon cease. The following items make up the annual income of the most favourably situated Scotch hind or ploughman:—

Oats.....	9 quarters.	Potatoes.....	100 yards.
Barley.....	2½ do.	One Cow.	
Beans and pease.....	1 do.	Money.....	£2
Wheat.....	2 bushels.	Harvest.....	One month's food.

He has a cottage and vegetable garden, as rent of which, he furnishes a reaper (or pays money equal to the wage of one) for 20 days, during harvest. Coal is carried to his door; and during winter he is allowed for his cow, in addition to housing and straw, two cart-loads of turnips. He is allowed his choice of oats; and has guaranteed to him a fixed price for part of them. This fixed sum is seldom below, but almost always above the market price. The average weekly wages of a ploughman so situated is full 10s.; but at present the income of many of this class is below this sum.—*Editor.*

† See appendix to "The Working Classes of Great Britain: Their present Condition, and the Means of their Improvement and Elevation." A valuable and ably written prize essay. By the Rev. Samuel G. Green, A.B., of Taunton. London: Snow.

Amidst the domestic distress, and mental anxiety consequent upon such privation, is it wonderful that, when the restraining influence of religious principles does not operate, there should be found social degradation, heartburning envy of the abundance which their own toil and sweat have created, but in which they dare not share, and many petty acts of theft which harden the heart by repetition, until they reach their frightful development in the blazing ricks of the farm-yard? A Suffolk farm-labourer said, with reference to the deductions made from his weekly 8s. for days and parts of days upon which he was unable to work:—"There's some weeks that we only gets 4s.; sometimes less than that, and in very wet weather we gets nothing at all." "Then how," he was asked, "do you manage to subsist, and pay 1s. 6d. a-week for that cottage of yours?" "We can't do it on our wages, you may be sure," he replied; "the truth is, master, that we are often driven to do a many things those times that we wouldn't do if we could help it. It's very hard for us to starve, and we sometimes pull some turnips, or p'raps potatoes, out of some of the fields unbeknown to the farmers." Here, we submit, is the whole theory of that process of crime from evil to worse, the full-blown iniquity of which has made the history of some of the agricultural districts infamous. Injustice cannot be perpetrated with impunity; even in this world it is sure to be punished; and the sins of the taskmasters who have ground the faces of the poor rebound with terrible force upon their own heads. We would address those who are verily guilty in this matter, the rich landowners and aristocrats of wealthy England, who are living in pleasure, and wasting abundance upon horses and dogs—we would address them in words of emphatic significance from a book which they would do well to study:—"Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them who have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." It is futile to tell us that they cannot help this state of things. This beautiful and fertile country is crowded with a population of starving men and women, whilst its rich soil yearly teems with the results of their wretchedly remunerated labours. Such an anomalous state of things cannot long continue without frightful consequences. There lies before us a book,* whose details and revelations are most harrowing. It is positively painful to read it; but the facts contained in it are indisputable, for the author is a man of probity, and a minister of religion, who has long lived and laboured as a Christian philanthropist among the Oxfordshire peasantry, whose dire condition he has described in plain words, and dedicated the volume to the prime minister, Lord John Russell. We have room only for one short extract bearing immediately upon our subject:—

"It cannot reasonably be expected," says Mr Ferguson, "that a people so completely degraded and crushed as the rural peasantry are, should be either very moral or intelligent. We have visited many a cottage in which from eight to eleven persons, and including grown-up sons and daughters, all sleep in one small room; and

* The Impending Dangers of Our Country. By W. FERGUSON, Bicester, Oxon. London: Ward and Co.

upon nothing better than a bundle of rags. Our attention was called a few months ago to a case where fifteen, including *THREE MARRIED FAMILIES*, live in one small cottage, and fourteen of *whom sleep in the same room!* [The capitals and italics are Mr Ferguson's.] We have come in contact with cases where a grown-up sister and brother (the younger of whom was turned sixteen) slept together—not, however, from any choice of theirs, but because their poor parents had not the means of making up separate beds for them. No wonder that there are so many illegitimate children ever starting into being in our towns and villages! The want of chastity among the working classes, as well as among those who are above them in rank and station, is most flagrant. This is true of every part of the country; but we confine our strictures to those places of which we have some accurate knowledge. The promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, both married and single, is carried on among the labouring classes to a degree which, if the whole truth, so far as it is known to us, were to be stated, would rend the hearts of the modest and virtuous, and astound the friends of morality and common decency. It is a great mistake to suppose that certain sins to which we need not more particularly allude here, are more extensively encouraged and practised in our large towns and cities than they are in the obscure villages and small towns of our rural districts. If the population of an agricultural province were collected into one large mass of people, and examined in the light of truth and virtue, it would be seen that both the quality and number of unclean and immoral practices by which the bulk of the peasantry are degraded and ruined, are greater and more debasing in our provinces than they are, numbers being equal, in our large towns and cities."

The writer adds, what otherwise we should have added, "This assertion may startle those who have not examined the very unpleasant subject." It does startle; it does more; it distresses.* And, on account of all that is serene, and beautiful, and lovely in the sweet face of nature, we heartily wish that our finding had been very different from what it is; but stern, bitter truth stares us in the face, and we drop the subject with an unavailing sigh over the bodies and souls of the rural population of England.

POLITICAL.

The distribution of political privileges over the British Islands is far from being equal. Earnest reformers have long, loudly, and justly complained of the partiality of the electoral franchise. Some portions of the nation are more than represented (at least if the number of representatives, compared with population, be a fair criterion), whilst others are inadequately represented, and the great majority of the people *not at all!* The Reform Bill has failed to realise the expectations of its supporters, and has left untouched some of the most vexatious evils of the country. Still it was a step in the right direction, and a boon of the right kind, so far as it went. But, assuredly, even that instalment of justice to the British people would have been withheld, but for the

* Melancholy as this picture is of the social and moral condition of the rural population of England, the scene is not much relieved when you come to Scotland. There is in the north more intelligence; but the standard of morality is little, if at all, higher. One cause of this in both countries is the miserable cottages in which the rural population are compelled to dwell; but, in both countries, it is gratifying to know that landlords are beginning to provide for their superior accommodation.—*Editor.*

determined and reiterated demands of the commercial and manufacturing cities and towns of the empire. They formed the armies of right against might, and of justice against corruption, in that remarkable struggle; they, too, formed the mighty backing power which sustained the eloquent advocates of free trade in corn, at a subsequent period; and if ever a proper distribution of the franchise, and a full representation of the people, shall be enacted by Parliament, the law will be in answer to the loud and earnest requests of the same intelligent parties. We say intelligent, for we hold that the recognition of a civil right long withheld, and the presentation of a claim for that right, are proofs of intelligence which no government can afford to despise. We need not remind our readers, that the voice of the rural districts, on the occasion to which we allude, was feeble and fitful, compared with that which arose from the seats of manufacturing industry. We put entirely out of the question the field-labourers: they are, in all these matters, as much a nonentity as the slaves of South America. So far as citizenship is concerned, they have no being. But even the petty farmers, who might be supposed to have an opinion of their own, were so entirely dependent, as tenants-at-will, upon the breath of their powerful masters, that the votes of a few lords of the soil were supposed to represent the agricultural districts of England. Of course, those votes were generally given in opposition to the prayer for an extended suffrage; yet the nobles of the soil were ultimately out-voted in the national councils by the real representatives of the despised shopocracy, and the virtual representatives of the maligned, "unwashed" artisan. In fact, so far as political influence is concerned, we hold (though that is no reason why he should not *bona fide* have the privilege of a freeman) that the intelligent mechanic or workman, in the manufacturing towns, who has no vote, has greater power than the enfranchised petty farmer. The latter has the name without the reality of citizenship; the former has, to a great extent, the reality without the name. If this be so, the political state of "factories" is immeasurably superior to that of "fields." In the former, those causes which we have already seen influencing social habits, operate still more powerfully in the formation and development of political opinion. Politics are not only the staple subject of conversation, of discussion, of debate, but they are studied, canvassed, and examined, in many cases with a shrewdness which would surprise some professed politicians, and with an amount of common sense which would be a useful acquisition to certain members of the Imperial Parliament. This is no exaggeration; nor is the fact itself at all wonderful. Let it be recollected that the incessant mental activity of manufacturers, mill-owners, and employers, arising both from the consciousness of the heavy responsibility of their position, and the knowledge of the fluctuating state of the markets, which are so rapidly affected by political movements, communicates itself to the thousands of workmen in their employ. Though many of them may have recently come from the green fields where they were starving, to the smoke-covered towns of England and Scotland, attracted, by the din of machinery which seemed to clank upon their ears the pleasing sound of "Bread! bread!" these latter are soon aroused from lethargy by the new circumstances of their being, and elevated to an appreciation of these facts: that they, too, have a

stake in the market, have the most valuable of all capital—labour—to invest in the common stock—that they are not mere animated pieces of machinery, having no more interest in the community than the horses or oxen they were accustomed to drive at the plough—that the prosperity of their employers is essential to their prosperity—that, in fact, the relation between them is a joint stock relation—and that the proceedings of Parliament, which they had formerly, whenever they heard of the existence of the thing, conceived of as elegant amusements for the nobles of the land, are, in reality, serious matters fraught with good or evil, prosperity or adversity, to *them*, their *children*, and their country at large. These impressions rapidly change the aspect of the world to their eyes. The new light which breaks thus upon their understanding, teaches them that they have both duties and responsibilities; and when they take into account at once their personal loyalty to the crown, and the national mischiefs which result from partial legislation, and the existence of laws which are clearly inimical to the altered, and ever altering, state of the country, they feel it at once personally unjust, and nationally injurious, that they should have no voice in the election of the men who compose the House of Commons, and whose conduct there affects, and is intended to affect, all the mercantile, commercial, educational, and even religious interests of the empire. And, allowing for occasional aberrations, and knots of malcontents clamouring for impossible things, under the excitement caused by the harangues of self-interested patriots, it must be conceded that the political history of the classes under notice reflects the highest honour both on their general intelligence, and the propriety of their feelings. Their sympathies have been, and their votes, had they possessed them, would have been, with those candidates for parliamentary honours who have given the clearest proofs of intimacy with the real state of the country. This is so well understood now, that would-be legislators feel the pulse of the non-electors in such places, submit themselves to their keen inquisition on the eve of a local or general election, and covet their sympathy and good-will as no small weight in the balance of probabilities. And some members make a point of giving an account of their stewardship at the close of every session of Parliament, to the electors and non-electors in public meeting assembled, especially requesting the presence of the latter. Were we advocating the enfranchisement of the non-electors, we might construct a powerful argument in its favour from these well-known facts; but our business at present is not that of the advocate, but to give a description of things as they actually appear to us. And such, generally speaking, is the view we take of the manufacturing operatives, so far as political information and political opinions are concerned.

But how different, also speaking generally, is the state of things in the agricultural districts! Of course, in different parts of the country there are shades of difference; and the state of matters in Scotland is much better than in England. Look at the small farmer, in the latter country especially. Generations of serfdom, albeit associated with nominal independence, have deadened within him all hope of elevating his circumstances. He may exercise his own judgment at the polling-booth, but he knows what it will cost; and when he looks at his depen-

dent family, and at the brittle tenure by which he holds his acres, what can he do? He *may* oppose the nominee of the marquis; no one forbids him. He is perfectly at liberty: "Britons never shall be slaves!" but, in bowing to his own judgment, it is possible that he may be turning his family adrift on the world. To expect the progress of political opinion in his case is absurd. Others *may* blame him, and brand him, time-server and coward; we pity him, and recollect that he is a husband and a father. The domestic kingdom is, in such circumstances, a more potent argument than the general well-being; the mother and the children go farther than the contingent issues of a possible vote, even should the man of the people carry the day against his lordship's favourite. And so the contest is soon over, and the independent electors of Wheatshire return the Hon. Nimrod Protection by an immense majority! That night,

"'Tis merry in the hall,
The beards wag all."

In due time, Nimrod takes his seat in Parliament, becomes a noted obstructive, looks with edifying contempt upon the noisy dealers in cotton, like Esau "smells of the field," considers himself the genuine representative of John Bull, and so the thing is decided!

So far as the farm-labourers are concerned, little need be said. Political existence cannot be predicated of them at all. Their knowledge of the state of the country is incredibly limited. Newspapers they see not, except occasionally the dirty sheet of police garbage or sporting intelligence in the village ale-house, portions of which they spell to each other as the important news of the country—news, by the way, which tends only still more to blunt their moral feelings, and to vitiate their habits. Of politics, they have one, and often only one, idea, and that is, that at the last election—"Mister Whatshisname wor better than t'other chap, for he gave them lots o' beer!"

EDUCATIONAL.

Civilisation began in cities. "It was not the monarchies, it was not the courts of the great princes, it was the cities of northern Italy which opened the way for the progress of improvement, and lighted the torch of modern civilisation." But education is the precursor and ally of civilisation. "Knowledge is power." Light elevates its possessors in the scale of being. Information is the true patent of nobility. These things admitted, the importance of education follows; and one of the most gratifying "signs of the times," is the attention which is being paid on all hands to the question of popular education. Into that question, it is not our province to enter in this place; but it is a point of some consequence to determine, in the present state of society, whether fields or factories produce the highest degree of that intelligence which results from education, and whether the first or the last presents the most promising scene for the efforts of the teacher.

It is but too obvious that throughout the Queen's dominions there is a serious deficiency in educational machinery—not so much, we think, in quantity as in quality. The means of knowledge were never before so abundant, and, perhaps, the popular desire for acquiring it was never before so eager; but it is not enough to provide water for thirsty men:

it is surely important to see that it be free from deleterious ingredients, otherwise it may poison instead of producing health and vigour.

Already, by voluntary associations, the workmen in those towns have acquired an amount of general knowledge on many branches of education once confined to the endowed foundations of the land, which has created in them an irrepressible desire to obtain education for their families. Having tasted to some extent the pleasure of her streams, though comparatively late in life, they have resolved that their children shall have the advantage of beginning at the spring, that they may grow up under the influence of that mental training which at once expands the intellect, and dignifies the man. Those voluntary associations to which we allude, will suggest themselves at once to our readers—mechanics' institutes, athenæums, lyceums, reading and lecture rooms, debating clubs, mental improvement societies, young men's associations, and the like, which are to be found in many of the chief towns of the nation—but which are scarcely to be discovered in the rural districts at all. Most of these places are, strictly speaking, schools for adults. In not a few of them the very elements of education are imparted. Reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic, are portions of the course in many of them. The writer has had to do with several of them. He has often successfully tried to remove that false pride which for a time deterred the man of twenty-five or thirty years of age from beginning at the beginning; and has taught the rough hand how to hold the pen in its first rude efforts to form characters. There is no stimulant among farm-labourers to their self-improvement; but when the farm-labourer from sheer necessity wends his way to a manufacturing town in quest of employment, he is not long in discovering that to "get on," the removal of ignorance is the first essential. To rise in the mill, the workshop, or the factory, he must be qualified for a superior trust, or a higher kind of employment. For the rule of precedence in such places is not personal favouritism, but merit. Men who deserve success generally obtain it. Ability soon shows itself. It needs no herald. It requires no patron. Intellect is as much a marketable commodity as a piece of calico, and each, in an honest state of the market, will bring its own price. A single fact will illustrate this: The writer knew a young man, who, to speak phrenologically, possessed considerable volume of brain. He was a farm-labourer in one of the western counties, and, so far as school education was concerned, totally ignorant, being unable either to read or write. His parents were so grossly insensible to everything relating to mind, that they had not even sent him in his childhood to the Sunday-school. Having reached physical manhood he held the plough and drove the cart for years at the rate of 6s. per week, when work was to be had, and, of course, had to take his miserable chance, with others of his class, when the season of the year, or the state of the weather, forbade employment. Those seasons of non-employment, however, are seldom seasons of idleness, as gamekeepers can testify, and as many a bloody fray, consequent upon the breach of the game laws, proves. Daring and ingenious, this young man eluded the grasp of the keepers, and had become so expert in his illegal practice, as to grow careless about honest employment, for which he was so wretchedly remunerated. Attracted more by curiosity than any other feeling to a

Dissenting chapel—for the idea of a poacher entering the parish church, where the clergyman is also a magistrate, is out of the question—he heard words which awoke within him feelings and aspirations to which he had been hitherto a stranger. As usual, no sooner had the Christian light streamed upon his mind, than the desire to improve his mental and physical condition was also felt. Journeying to a large manufactory at a considerable distance, he obtained employment, but, from his want of education, of course, it was of the most common and worst paid kind. Acting upon the advice of a friend, he attended a self-improvement society connected with the factory, patiently bore gibes and jokes from the workmen, levelled at his country awkwardness, speedily acquired the arts of reading and writing, and a sufficient knowledge of figures to enable him correctly to keep ordinary accounts. He is at this moment a man of superior intelligence, and superintendent of that department of the factory in whose commonest labours he was first employed as an act of kindness. Unquestionably this is substantially the history of many workmen in manufacturing towns. There is an object before them. Laudable ambition is called into exercise. They *may* rise. In the agricultural districts there is no such object; there is nothing to excite the mind, no prize in the distance. The labourer sees nothing for his children, but a repetition of his own weary lot, enlisting in the army, or the workhouse; yes, there is another alternative—transportation for crimes against society—crimes, as we have said before, connected with ignorance, but caused, we thoroughly believe, by want, hunger, desperation, all irritated and maddened by jealousy of the abundance around them, and intense hatred of the odious workhouse standing beside them. This is a melancholy state of things; and whilst advocating the importance of a sound education, dissociated from civil or secular conditions, which may in subsequent life trammel the understanding, and interfere with the exercise of free and independent thought, we would especially suggest to the great landed proprietors, the wisdom, the policy, and the duty of increasing the physical comfort and the pay of agricultural labourers. Two things are sufficiently known to the public, which, when presented side by side, are apt to create suspicion. These two things are—first, the fact that the aristocracy are interested in the maintenance of the army; and second, that, if farm-labourers were better fed and better housed, the recruiting sergeant would not find them such an easy prey to his allurements. Right or wrong, thinking men *will* form a theory upon the awkward juxtaposition of these things. We would have our nobles to be, like Cæsar's wife, beyond suspicion.

We shall not forget the fact that the country has produced some men of profound judgment, and great acquirements; and that some of the obscure hamlets of England and Scotland are immortalised as the birth-place of genius; but our object throughout has been to describe the condition of the *working classes* of fields and factories; and genius comes not under the classification. It knows no common category. It is amenable to no law. It is a thing by itself. Education makes it not. Scholastic rules aid not its development. It submits to no pruning and binding. It would flourish upon a rock better, perhaps, than in rich soil. To national universities it pays no homage. For aught it cares, endowed foundations may remove to the mountains of the moon. No

patron's hand places it within sight of the professor's chair. No patrician smile paves its way over the desert of life. No hereditary wealth constructs for it a golden ladder on which to climb to the high places of philosophy. It is generally cradled on the rough places of the wilderness, and braced by exposure to the storms of life, whilst it has learned patience by experience, endurance by privation, the art of triumph by repeated wrestlings, and the secret of combining modesty with the glory of success by anticipating the future and communing with the skies. Senators must legislate, teachers must educate, reformers must toil, for the good of the great community, but genius will lift up its head to heaven, and send out its fame to the ends of the earth in majestic independence of them all, whether it bud into immortal being by the side of the green hedge in the field, or under the brick wall of the smoke-blackened factory.

THE MUMMELSEE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHNETZLER.

The Mummel lake is a gloomy lake ;
On its dark bosom fair lilies blow,—
And when the gentle breezes wake
They wave their white coronals to and fro ;
But aye, as the bright and full-orbed moon
Looks down on those waters at night's deep noon,
From the pale gleaming lilies a maiden band
Spring lightly to the narrow strand.

The night-wind moans, and the tall reeds sigh :
Sad is the music those minstrels make
To the Lily-maids, who go sweeping by,
In mazy dance, o'er the moonlit lake,
With their pale white faces, and robes so white,
Hither and thither careering light,—
Till their bloodless cheeks and their brows of snow
Seem as if flush'd with a rosy glow.

The tall reeds shake ; the winds are awake—
Through the pine-trees they are piping shrill ;
The moon's in the track of the hurrying rack,
And the cloud-shadows course o'er the hill ;
And hither and thither, with wilder glee,
The Lily-maids dance to night's minstrelsy.
The dark lake gleams 'neath their twinkling feet,
And its billows leap up their sport to greet.

The morning wakes ; a red streak breaks
Through the skirts of the lasting night :
Uprises now, with sedge-crown'd brow,
And beard as the snow-drift white,
A hoary form, through the yawning rift
Of the groaning lake, who, with hand uplift,
Shouts—" Home, maidens, home ! Your sport leave o'er !
Back ! back to your lily beds once more !"

The dance is hush'd. No longer flush'd,
But pale as at first, the Lily-maids stand.
" Away ! away ! we scent the day !
Our father calls !" scream the sister-band.—
The mists have uprisen from lake and from stream ;
The valleys are touch'd with day's golden beam ;
And the water-lilies all calmly rest
On the glowing Mummelsee's silent breast.

G. G. C.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE IDLER.

PART II.

FORTUNATELY for us, we are placed at neither extremity of society. We belong to the intermediate ranks. We are comprised in those extensive and important classes usually denominated the industrial, or working classes. We are quite disposed to depart somewhat from conventional usage, and to consider this designation as comprehending more than artisans, mechanics, labourers, and handicraftsmen of all varieties. We include under it the tradesman, the merchant, the manufacturer, and also those known as "professional men." All these together form the great community of labourers. They are the producers—the working-bees of the vast hive of men. Connected as we are, then, with these, the most worthy, useful, and honourable classes of society, we may reasonably be expected to have a better acquaintance with them than with the higher or the lower class. Their social life is participated by us. We are sharers in their sympathies, their cares, their toils. We are identified with their interests, enter into their projects, witness their daily habits, and are exposed to the same influences, beneficial or pernicious. We shall therefore endeavour to illustrate the consequences of indolence, as discoverable among these grades. They cannot, as a class, like those we have depicted, be included in the genus "Idler." The very name by which they are distinguished imports the contrary. Individual specimens of the aforesaid creature are, however, to be found among them. A few of these we shall describe.

'Tis the lot of many to serve. As apprentices or journeymen, mill-operatives or domestic servants, they are subordinate—subject to the dictation of superiors—bound to heed the will of mistresses and masters. The supply of daily bread, and of all necessities, for themselves and households, depends upon their industry in the work of their vocation. Want and misery, the upbraidings of the wife, and the cries of starving children, are the bitter requital for neglect of duty. The slothful and careless workman speedily forfeits the esteem of his employer. His situation becomes one of precarious tenure. His pocket and cupboard are but sparsely furnished. In person and home, in character and station, in his "basket and his store," in his "coming in" and his "going out," his vicious habits are "cursing, vexation, and rebuke, upon him." If the case be a bad one—if he be far gone in idleness—he soon lapses into the state of those sketched in a previous part of our essay: he loses social caste. While he maintains this course, a damaged reputation (no light evil to a working man), penury, beggary, or crime, inevitably await him. Ere long

"He is steep'd in poverty up to the chin,
And time elopes with all golden hopes,
And even with those of pewter and tin."

The just claims of the helpless little ones who unfortunately owe their being to him, and are naturally looking to him for care and sustenance,

he guiltily disregards. His whole domestic fortunes are reduced to absolute bankruptcy. All supplies fail.

“He has no credit, no cash! no cold mutton to hash!
No bread—not even potatoes to mash!
No coal in the cellar, no beer in the bin—
No prospect in life worth a minnikin pin!”

His family must shortly take to the road, or be taken to the union—a consummation most devoutly deprecated by every man who has a spark of honest, independent, and right manly feeling left. Who has not read the biography of the idler in Hogarth's series of inimitable pictures? His speaking canvass, in tones of earnest truth, narrate the career of the “Idle Apprentice,” and tell how “the way of the slothful is a hedge of thorns.”

How great a nuisance in a house is a servant who will afflict himself or herself with no more exertion than necessity renders imperative! The movements of a drone are an annoyance to behold. We don't like to see persons moving about as if their feet were like those of the image in the king of Babylon's dream—a compound of clay and iron, heavy materials, burdensome and inelastic. A servant like a mass of putty, or a statue in lead, ministers neither to the dulce nor the utile of domestic experience. The most equal-tempered “governor” will at last be enraged. A loitering messenger, who will while away half a day in executing an hour's errand, and a lazy workman, who makes a ten minutes' job furnish him occupation for an hour, sorely test one's powers of endurance. In fact, only a forbearance verging on a discreditable easiness, or an utterly indulgent indifference, would grant them toleration at all. “As vinegar to the teeth,” says an ancient writer, “and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that sent him,” or in any other way employed him.

But masters may be indolent as well as servants—the employers as well as the employed. We all know the old adage, “The master's eye does more work than both his hands.” If he be remiss in overlooking and directing, his interests suffer. The lands of a slothful farmer, *e. g.*, will indicate the habits of their supposed cultivator. Their appearance will report to observers his negligence. Hedges unchecked in their growth, soil soaking with wet, homesteads covered profusely with litter, gaps in the fences, allowing free ingress and regress to all sorts of live stock—these are some of the more prominent features of the scene, and their testimony is unmistakeable. “I went by the field of the slothful,” says the sage Hebrew monarch, who was a shrewd observer of human life, and, withal an inspired moralist, “and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction.” There is much taught in the picture: let us be wise to learn its lessons. “Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth”—unperceived its approach, and unexpected its arrival,—and “thy want as an armed man”—its onslaught irresistible and triumphant. These words intimate the sentiments and portray the habits of

the sluggard. When roused, and urged to action, he pleads for a "little more sleep,"—only a "little;" but his slumber, short as it seems to him—harmless indulgence, as he fancies—will bring him to destitution. Bed—"delicious bed"—is his favourite place. He would live and "die in his nest." Never does he feel himself so much at home, as when between the blankets. He *will* sleep, though the grim visage of poverty is gazing on him through the curtains. When he can shut out the busy, active world, plunge his soul into oblivionising slumbers, lose, for a while, the very consciousness of being, then is he as he delights to be. To be located upon the feathers, his whole nature bathed and saturated with the poppy-dews of sleep—to be buried in profound repose—a state the nearest approach to non-existence of which we are aware—appears to him the very acme, the consummation, the climax of felicity! Many hours will he lie in a state of half-dreamy listlessness, dosing away "the moments of too brief a life." Loath to arise when the day has already far advanced—supplementing his protracted night by an afternoon's siesta—as the evening shades descend, he is ready again for retirement, and he hastes to lose himself in the bliss of somnolency. In fact, he is never properly "wide awake." He entered upon life with his eyes shut, and he seems never yet to have summoned sufficient resolution to get them fairly open. A slumbering infant we look upon admiringly. There is much of loveliness about it—so calm, and deathlike, and still, and yet so warm, and smiling, and beautiful!

"A child that bids the world good-night
In downright earnest, and cuts it quite—
A cherub no art can copy!
'Tis a perfect picture, to see him lie,
As if he had supp'd on dormouse pie
(An ancient classical dish by the by',
With a sauce of syrup of poppy."

But the appearance of a self-indulgent, indolent, obese adult is, in our eyes, anything but poetical. The only sentiments it inspires are, contempt for the imbecility, indignation at the heedlessness, and grief at the criminal extravagance which such a scene evinces.

The operation of this evil might be shown under a hundred different circumstances. Every walk of life would supply us with illustrations. We select only those which your own observation may verify. How does idleness blight the fortunes of the tradesman! Delighting in jovial companionship, or in field-recreations—renouncing the counter for the bar-room, and the ledger in the office for the ledger on the turf—more diligent in open-air sports than in the shop or warehouse—he need not wonder that his reputation suffers, and his custom dwindles, and his cash diminishes. The ebb-tide of his fortunes is strongly bearing him off. It may be an interesting operation to beguile heedless fishes into the seizure of an impaled grub or a sham-fly, and then, by a forcible abstraction; to remove them from their native element; and it may be a highly rational and expedient method of destroying the larger vermin, to chase them for miles at the risk of your own neck and your horse's worth; and it may be consistent with a sound morality to participate in the customs, pastimes, and conversation of the tavern-company; but

surely neither the interest, nor the rationality, nor the moral consistency, will compensate for the loss of character, the diminution of business, and not improbably an ultimate failure! Amusement alien to his proper occupation will not counterbalance an empty till, dishonoured bills, and at length a name in the "Gazette." To neglect the duties of our particular calling, and to give time and attention to engagements which have no connection with our own interests, or those of others, is to indulge in idle habits; and how many, by no other cause, have reduced themselves from affluence, or a moderate competency, to dishonourable dependence, or to utter penury? Thus have fortunes been broken, capital dissipated, hopes dashed, character forfeited, and families ruined!

We pity the unfortunate man whose fate it is to be plagued with an idle wife. The multiplicity of annoyances and inconveniences to which he must be daily subject, are deserving of all commiseration. It is not the presence of one mighty trouble that must always be esteemed the greatest affliction of life; but the unceasing succession of many minor ones. The rock which withstands the shock of tempest waves will be frittered away by the perpetual action of mere ripples. The pouring shower is far more tolerable than the "continual dropping of a very rainy day." The most placid temper must at length be chafed into anger and resentment, by the everlasting iteration of grievances, which, taken separately, may be pronounced "mere nothings." The hapless wight who owns a slothful wife is doomed to such a course of trial. All the minute items of domesticity which minister so materially to a man's comfort, when properly looked after, will, to him, be occasions of disquiet. The affairs of her peculiar province are neglected by her to whose oversight and management he has intrusted them. A woman may render herself, the bane of her husband's life by sheer idleness, and nothing more; and what man is so insensible to true merit as to be incapable of appreciating the worth of a cheerful, industrious, diligent "help-meet?" It requires no very deep or extensive knowledge of social life to understand the contrast. Many excellent and loveable qualities may exist, but, in the absence of active habits, they are rendered valueless. Beauty, fashionable accomplishments, amiable dispositions, even a loving heart and a handsome dower, will all lose their worth and attraction, if accompanied by sloth. We appeal to the experience of any man who has acquaintance with this sore evil—though, for the honour of our countrywomen, we hope none of our readers can testify to this experience—if our representations are not correct. How gladly would he return to the rest and comfort of his bachelor solitude! His indolent half acts upon his temper like a thorn in the flesh—a broken rib! He was of a joyous, equal, sunny, generous disposition; but she has made him petulant, irritable, gloomy. She is an incubus upon his energies—a realised nightmare on his bosom—a permanent, solidified fog in the atmosphere of home—wormwood and gall in his cup of life—an encumbrance to his movements—a stumbling-block in his path—rust on the machinery of his plans—a mere piece of household lumber—an article of inconvenient and useless furniture, always in the way. On the warm and genial elements of his nature her influence is that of an iceberg: an arctic frost stays the flow of affection's current. In fact, his domestic

being is entirely out of joint, and every movement is productive of pain, and unpleasantness, and sorrow. A missing button, a strayed string, a rent unrepai red, clothes unbrushed, a wardrobe unsorted, a room disorderly, a hearth choked with cinders, dinners half-cooked and carelessly served up, children with hair "unkempt," and faces unwashed, and altogether dirty—these, and a hundred particulars besides, which any "domestic man" of your acquaintance will at once add to the list, may be accounted by the uninitiated the veriest trifles, and in no wise likely to ruffle the philosophic composure, or affect the happiness of men of sense; but we have a suspicion to the contrary. Though it is not ours, to boast or complain (which you please) of liability to these things, we can easily conceive that a man's happiness may be very considerably affected by these same trifles.

While we are touching off the character of the female idler, we may just glance at a development of that character, which is not infrequent. Indolence is often associated with kindred vices. Those who spend their days "working not at all," are commonly notorious busy-bodies. Indifferent to their own duties, they display a singular disinterestedness in intermeddling with the affairs of others. While unsolicitous about what concerns themselves, they are eminently talkative and busy on behalf of their neighbours and acquaintances. From their great anxiety, their promptness in volunteering counsel, their eagerness in collecting evidence, and their confidence in pronouncing judgment, you might conclude that to them had been intrusted the care of the community, and that all its concerns were subject to their supervision and control. Their vigilance and wisdom might be indispensable to every one in every enterprise! It is worthy of note, as a usual moral phenomenon, that the same person is ordinarily proprietor of an idle hand and a busy tongue. An indisposition to labour, and a propensity to scandal, in virtue of some unknown law of affinity, are combined in the same character. There is an antipathy to work, but a very decided turn.

"In making all families our concern,
And learning whatever there is to learn."

Many centuries ago, this combination was observed; and our readers will find it recorded by an author they have learned to respect. When speaking of those who have "learned to be idle, wandering about from house to house," he adds—"And not only idle, but tattlers also, and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not."

A career which has commenced under auspices the most favourable has often terminated in disappointment and disgrace, through mere idleness. No fortunate combination of circumstances has countervailed the blighting operation of this vice. Prospects the brightest have been darkened, and that notwithstanding the presence of every advantage for eventually realising them. Take the case of the youth designed for one of the learned professions. His superior education, his social position, his pecuniary resources, his respectable parentage, have all favoured his successful advancement; but his own habits of negligence and sloth have irreparably ruined him. We may be supposed to know something of the character and course of the indolent student. We have had opportunities of looking rather closely into his natural history. In cases

where the evil has existed in some one of its most inveterate forms, the consequences have been the most marked, the damage incurred the most complete. In other cases, it has assumed a milder and less virulent type, and the results have not been so noticeable and sad. Would you have an insight into the daily habits of one of these nominal students, but real college-drones? His life is conducted on principles of thorough-going free-and-easyism. His grand rule is never to fatigue or distress himself. Anything like serious application is voted an intolerable "bore." Fast enough in matters of gaiety, he is remarkably slow in real work. He may be found stretched at his ease on a brace of chairs, or lolling half-asleep upon the sofa, drowsily puffing at a "meerschäum," or wandering over the pages of a novel, when he ought to be busy with his lexicons and grammars, or plodding through books of *materia medica* or surgery, or conning "Blackstone's Commentaries," or "Coke upon Lyttleton." When his presence is required in the lecture-room, he may be found sauntering along the streets, or loitering in some place of light amusement, or revelling in some haunt of dissipation. Reading is dry work; listening to lectures, unbearably dull: neither suits his tastes. He has a genius above fagging. Thought demands an effort which our model student quietly declines. Mental work can scarcely be taken easy, ergo he shirks it altogether. And what is the end of this promising youth? Sometimes, indeed, extraordinary incentives are unexpectedly brought to bear upon him, and he is roused to diligence, and, by indefatigable labour, he redeems the time he has wasted; but too often an effective stirring never comes—life is thrown away upon useless occupations, or glided through in listlessness and ignoble repose. He may succeed, by subjecting himself to a process technically known as "grinding," or "cramming," in obtaining a place in the ranks of his profession; but, after all, he must feel himself a pretender, unless, indeed, he be as complete a fool as he is an ignoramus. All, however, who have sufficient discernment, will detect and despise his pretensions, whether he himself be conscious of them or not. But, fortunately for those of whom we speak, who have slipped through their preparatory training, who have passed the prescribed terms of study, making slow progress in knowledge, but advancing rapidly in conceit, the public, upon whom they practise, are not always deeply discerning. Impudence can generally conceal incapacity; a little cleverness will supply the place of much information; a countenance maintaining a well-feigned expression of deep and grave intelligence, will obtain for an empty head the credit of ample stores. An ignorant quack, in any of the so-called learned professions, if his tone be sufficiently confident and his appearance specious, has little difficulty in making his way. The credulous and gullible abound. Few, indeed, of the unprofessional masses will discover the idle student when he has been promoted to the position of a practitioner of the faculty, or licensed to lay down the law, or invested with the cloth, and authorised to expound the gospel! But, how often the idler stops short of these advanced positions!—he finds his profession too much for him. He makes nothing out of it; he hardly manages, indeed, to get over the first steps. He becomes a drag upon the fortunes of his family; or perhaps sinks into confirmed profligacy. Reputable at length outlaws him; his name, when whispered, brings recol-

lections of household misery and dishonour; the mother, who had fondly doated on her boy, weeps in secret over his perversion; and the father, who had proudly anticipated his son's bright career, and was ready to make any pecuniary sacrifice for its furtherance, broods gloomily over the frustration of his schemes and the blighting of his hopes.

There is a sort of mixed character, which we would not omit here noticing. He is fitful and uncertain in his industry—stirred occasionally to energy, but indulging in long intervals of inaction. He is subject to variable impulses. An unusual incentive will every now and then rouse his faculties to effort; but the issue of his efforts depends upon the duration of the stimulus that has incited to them. There is generally a speedy relapse. His exertions are rarely long-continued. He is remarkable for projecting much and effecting little. He frequently starts in vigorous pursuit, but he rarely presses on until his object is achieved. His plans are often well arranged, but they are seldom prosecuted with perseverance. In many walks of life, we may find examples of this character. Take one selected from among those engaged in intellectual pursuits. He is a desultory, miscellaneous thinker; his mind is a mere scrap-book; the subjects to which he gives attention are perpetually varying. Enter his room, you will be struck with the number and variety of his occupations. Nothing has entirely escaped him, but nothing has been diligently studied. He is a universal smatterer. That which engrosses him to-day, is to-morrow abandoned in favour of something fresh. He skims over the surface of truth; now dipping to seize some striking fact, or some attractive idea, and then gaily rising on an excursion to the cloud-region of theory; but never diving to explore the treasures of the depths beneath. His method of mental culture—if method it can be called—is irregular and discursive. He acquires knowledge by a very ready process; like one looking through the volumes of an encyclopædia, noting the headings of the articles—reading here a column, there a paragraph, and then half-a-dozen pages—giving a cursory glance at the illustrations, and examining more carefully some few of the most prominent. He hurries through the spacious mansion of the sciences, just deigning a peep in at the doorway of the apartments. He rapidly skirts the borders of the region claimed by speculative philosophy as its peculiar province, and stays but a moment to remark a few of the more obvious features looming through the mist. At one time, he gives attention to the classics, and reads, accordingly, a few sections of a Latin history, or as many verses of a Greek tragedy; at another time, he is dabbling in mathematics,—he clears, perhaps, that narrow pass which has proved so fatal to embryo geometricians, the *pons asinorum*—he works his way through a book or two of the “*Elements*,” and compasses the mystery of algebraic equations. Perhaps he is seized with a sentimental mood, as young geniuses are at times apt to be, and projects a poem; and an MS., with some fragmentary rhymes scribbled over it, attests the limit of his inspiration. His soarings soon weary him. The arduous task of building up his verse becomes fatiguing to the genius, and he ceases,—in this matter wisely. Many an unfinished thesis, an imperfect translation, a partially-solved problem, a half-read volume, a half-composed sermon (if divinity be his province), nay, peradventure, a *published* review-article (for some

of these dabblers are marvellously skilled in dashing off a criticism), will tell of his fitful industry and frequent idleness.

This character often assumes the form of the day-dreamer. Of these visionaries, society furnishes rather an extensive assortment. The literary man is especially prone to airy speculation—to the erection of atmospheric castles. Seated in his easy chair, he can dream away hours. Fancy summons before him a succession of charming scenes—a panorama of imaginary pictures. All the designs are pleasing, and the colouring is bright and beautiful. His reveries never fail to flatter his self-complacency. These waking dreams by daylight have a fascination about them which is almost irresistible. Sometimes the mind is invited to them by the outward scenes which surround it. Cowper has pictured his man of reverie in the snug seclusion and comfort of the fireside, grouping fantastic figures in the glowing fuel, during the stillness of the winter's evening; but we can conceive a situation far more conducive to that state in which the mind is lost in waking visions. Reclined on a mossy bank, the summer's sun pouring its subdued rays through the strata of fleecy clouds, the breezes moving so sluggishly you can fancy they also are half-asleep, the foliage of the trees fluttering, and the water of the river rippling so gently as to be hardly audible, a drowsy bird or two humming over their tunes as if relaxed with the sultry heat, the deliberate chirp of the grasshopper, and the soft murmurs of insects' wings—all these combined, though scarcely soporific enough to induce complete slumber, will certainly dispose to a state of semi-conscious dreaminess. 'Tis then that the mind seems gradually to evaporate. We seem ourselves to have assumed the vapour form—to have become a fleecy cloud, and to be drawn upward to mingle with those floating in the sunbeams. The facts of common life are now etherealised; they appear divested of their grossness; the realities of earth lose their sternness and substantiality; ideal shapes throng us; the soul reduces everything to the indistinct and shadowy texture of a dream; all objects are naturalised to cloud-land, moulded into forms of dimly-defined outline, and decked with a halo of brilliant but chastened hues. We deny not the pleasureable nature of such a state as this. One who has indulged himself in these listless reveries, is aware of the charm of them. But they are injurious as well as foolish. The time so wasted, if devoted to earnest, downright endeavour, might yield some profit, and advance the man a long way toward the position of rest and enjoyment to which his fancy aspires. Well has Thomson described the fleeting and empty projects of the day-dreamer:—

“ Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind,
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.”

The idler is not without pleas in extenuation of his fault; but his excuses are often puerile and absurd. “The slothful man saith, There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets.” Cowardice cloaks his indolence. Probably there is some real cause for his timidity. Danger may be apprehended rightly, and he urges that as reason sufficient for

his remaining quiet and inactive. These characters exaggerate danger when it exists. They see mites through a highly-magnifying medium. In their optics, a small hindrance swells to an appalling magnitude. Fear and sloth form a marvellous double-lens, transforming a monod into a mammoth—a mere furrow into a range of mountains. And where no real difficulties exist, they can raise imaginary ones: they conjure up the semblance of them, and are affrighted at their own fancies.

“Is the road fair, they loiter; clogg’d with mire,
They stick, or else retire:
A lamb appears a lion; and they fear
Each bush they see’s a bear.”

It has been well said, that “Idleness is the sepulchre of the living man.” His faculties lie entombed, inert and lifeless; and, of necessity, they deteriorate. For any purpose of real utility, the idler might as well be sleeping beneath the sod. He can scarcely be said to live. He brings on himself misery and disgrace. His self-respect is forfeited, and all his interests are sacrificed. We said, at the outset, that “exercise is indispensable to the healthy development of our entire nature.” We repeat the sentiment. Inaction enfeebles the body. The eye dims, the cheek pales, the muscles relax, the nerves are weakened—in fact, the whole system suffers, and many diseases are induced: and so also it is with the mind. Our mental powers must be exercised—braced by action—or they will decline. Now, many may be industrious in the work of their outward calling, their hands may ply diligently their daily labour, but they never tax their minds with effort. Mental indolence may co-exist with great physical exertions. The activity of spirit consists in thought. To this we would incite men. We would say to them, “While you are diligent in all your ordinary engagements, find work also for your higher nature. Employ your minds. There is ample material within reach upon which to try their energies. You have been endowed with intelligence and reason, and with a voluntary power. Do justice to your lofty nature. Be assiduous in its culture. It demands much training, but the results will more than recompense your pains. Habituate yourselves to think, to discriminate, to judge.” To acquire habits of mental activity, is more difficult than many suppose, and requires a decision and vigour of will to which few are equal. The mind should not only be employed constantly, but well. To allow light and superficial, foolish and trivial, thoughts to engross it, or to permit it to reflect on subjects unconnected, fortuitous, and desultory, were simply to indulge it in certain forms of indolence. Our thinkings should be directed to worthy themes—themes that will instruct, purify, elevate, and ennoble us. “An idle brain is the devil’s workshop;” there he will produce thoughts of folly and vanity, or fabricate designs of mischief and vice, if we are not careful to eject him. We must have the workshop preoccupied by great thoughts—thoughts of truth, benevolence, beauty, and holiness—and purposes of practical piety and virtue. “Son of man! child of reason!” we would say to each, “be eager to improve: let the law of progress be the condition of your inner being; let intellect and the moral nature co-ordinately advance. The ascent of light is before you: the toil may be arduous, but there are celestial forms beck-

oning to you, and bidding you be brave. Perfection is the reward of many struggles. Upward, ye heirs of promise! press boldly on to your natural birthright! Ye shall surely possess an inheritance in the region of knowledge, and purity, and bliss!"

The noblest faculty of our humanity is that which connects us with our Maker—with His rule, and with eternity. The duties which have a primary claim upon us are those which arise from this connection. The destinies of all most momentous, are those hinging upon the performance of these duties. Their lot will be fixed in gloom who disregard these duties—in whom this faculty is latent. In this, the highest and holiest sphere of exertion, every energy must be strained. Beware of sloth, in this department of human effort. Man is a creature capable of a vast intelligence, and of a lofty purpose, and destined to an immortal life. Is it, then, fitting that he should sleep away his days on earth? that he should waste them on trifles, or permit them to pass in stolid indifference, and a heedless slothfulness? Nay. Let him rouse the activities of his being! Labour is our duty; and, when directed to worthy ends, it is our dignity and interest. Let us be truly what we are in name, *working men*; doing our life-task with fortitude.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the shores of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait."

The cure proper for the Idler is a moral one, because the origin of his malady must be sought in the depths of his moral nature. A judicious use of the rod may indeed instigate the faculties of the juvenile sluggard, and a physical application might be found a very wholesome stimulus to some adults. In those cases where inertness arises, in part, from a morbid corpulence, an abstemious dietetic regimen would be found of great advantage. But the cure which will be most surely and generally effective, is a moral one:—*a resolute will, prompted by a right conscience*. Here we are sent to act. A brief repose will ere long succeed. We shall rest in the tomb, until we are awakened to an undying, untiring, eternal being.

"Sloth yieldeth not happiness; the bliss of the spirit is action.

Rest dwelleth only on an island in the midst of the ocean of Existence,

Where the world-weary soul for a while may fold its tired wings,

Until, after a short, sufficient slumber, it is quicken'd into deathless energy,

And speedeth in eagle-flight to the Sun of unapproachable perfection."

ACCOUNT OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE IN 1850. . .

[We have been indebted to SIR DAVID BREWSTER for the facts in this article.—*Ed.*]

THIS noble institution, to which reference has been already made in our pages (No. III., p. 102), has undergone various modifications since its first establishment under this name, in the year 1795. The different classes of which it was then composed, were derived from pre-existing academies which had at different times been established in the metropolis of France.

As early as 1635, the French Academy was established by Cardinal Richelieu, for the purpose of improving the French language. An Academy of Painting and Sculpture was soon after instituted on the old foundation of the Academy of St Luke. An Academy of Inscriptions and Medals, which first met as a private reunion in the library of M. Colbert, was established by that great statesman in the year 1663, under royal patronage. But all these institutions, important as they are, were thrown into the shade by the establishment of the Royal Academy of Sciences, in 1666, under the protection of Louis XIV. After the peace of the Pyrenees, this noble-minded sovereign instructed the illustrious Colbert to organise an academy consisting of four classes—Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, History, and Belles Lettres, to be conducted by individuals who were most distinguished by their knowledge in these different departments, and the greater number of whom had already received considerable pensions from the king.

This academy soon became distinguished throughout Europe, by the talents and labours of its members, and in the course of time became a model for other institutions, both foreign and domestic. In its constitution, it underwent various modifications in the years 1699, 1716, and 1795; and, at the commencement of the French Revolution, it was merged in the National Institute of France, which embraced all the academies which we have mentioned.

By a law passed on the 22d August, 1795, it was ordained, that "there is, for the whole republic, a National Institute charged with collecting discoveries, and perfecting the arts and the sciences." It was not, however, till the 25th October of the same year, that the Institute was organised under the title of the National Institute of Science and the Arts. Paris was fixed upon as its locality, and its object was declared to be—first, to perfect the sciences and arts by *uninterrupted* researches, by the publication of discoveries, and by correspondence with learned and foreign societies; and, secondly, by pursuing, conformably to the laws and decrees of the executive directory, scientific and literary works which should have for their object the general utility, and the glory of the Republic.* The Institute was composed of 144 members resident in Paris, of an equal number of associates in different parts of the Republic, and of 24 foreign associates, or 8 for each of the three classes. It was divided into three classes, viz.—

FIRST CLASS—*Physical and Mathematical Sciences.*

	Members in Paris.	Members in the Departments
1. Mathematics	6	6
2. The Mechanical Arts	6	6
3. Astronomy	6	6
4. Experimental Physics	6	6
5. Chemistry	6	6
6. Natural History and Mineralogy	6	6
7. Botany and General Physics	6	6
8. Anatomy and Zoology	6	6
9. Medicine and Surgery	6	6
10. Rural Economy and the Veterinary Art	6	6
	60	60

SECOND CLASS—*Moral and Political Sciences.*

1. Analysis of Sensations and Ideas	6	6
2. Morals	6	6
3. Social Science and Legislation	6	6
4. Political Economy	6	6
5. History	6	6
6. Geography	6	6
	36	36

THIRD CLASS—*Literature and the Fine Arts.*

1. Grammar	6	6
2. Ancient Languages	6	6
3. Poetry	6	6
4. Antiquities and Monuments	6	6
5. Painting	6	6
6. Sculpture	6	6
7. Architecture	6	6
8. Music and Declamation	6	6
	48	48

The three classes thus composed held their meetings separately, but they assembled together at four public sittings, which took place every year. On the formation of the Institute, the executive directory nominated 48 members, to whom they gave the power of electing the other 96 members; and the 144 members thus chosen had the power of electing the associates, whether foreign or domestic, and of filling up all future vacancies. Each of the three classes had in its own locality a collection of the productions of nature and art, and also a library relative to the sciences and arts with which it was occupied.

In order to promote the objects of the institution, the Institute was ordained to nominate, every year, *twenty* citizens, who should be charged with travelling and making observations relative to agriculture, both in the departments of the Republic, and in foreign countries. The candidates for these appointments, required to be at least twenty-five years of age—to be either a proprietor, or the son of a proprietor of a rural domain—or a farmer, or the son of a farmer, occupying a farm of one or more ploughs, on a lease of at least thirty years—to know the theory and practice of the principal operations of agriculture, and to be skilled in arithmetic, elementary geometry, political economy, natural history in general, but particularly botany and mineralogy.

The twenty citizens thus named and qualified, were to travel *three years* at the expense of the Republic, to keep a journal, correspond with the Institute, and transmit for publication, every three months, the result of their observations.

The National Institute likewise appointed, annually, six of its members to travel, either together or separately; in order to make researches in branches of human knowledge, different from agriculture.

The national palace at Rome was to be destined, as it had been, for French pupils in painting, sculpture, and architecture, and to be directed by a French painter who had sojourned in Italy; and the French artists proposed by the Institute, but named by the executive directory, were to reside five years at this national palace, and be lodged and boarded at the expense of the Republic.

Such was the constitution of the original National Institute of France, which, under different forms of Government, was destined to undergo very considerable changes.

About seven months after its establishment, on the 4th April, 1796, the council of 500 passed a series of minute regulations, for carrying on the business of the institution. The Council of Ancients approved of the regulations, and they were ordered to be carried into effect by the executive directory.

On the 30th April, 1802, a number of new special schools were established by the Government of the Republic; and a certain power in nominating the professors was given to the National Institute. In addition to the special schools already existing, the following were established:—

- | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-------------|
| 1. Law | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 10 Schools. |
| 2. Medicine | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 3 do. |
| 3. Natural History, Physics, and Chemistry | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 4 do. |
| 4. Mechanical and Chemical Arts | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 2 do. |
| 5. Transcendental Mathematics | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 do. |
| 6. Geography, History, and Public Economy | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 do. |
| 7. Schools of Design, besides those existing at Paris, Dijon, & Toulouse | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 1 do. |
| 8. Every Observatory to have a Professor of Astronomy. | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | |
| 9. Professors of the living Languages in several of the Lyceums. | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | |
| 10. Professors of Music and Composition | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | 8 |

The patronage of these different offices was placed in the Corresponding Classes of the Institute, who named one candidate, while the three Inspectors-General of Studies named a second. The First Consul then appointed one of the two candidates to the vacant office.

In the year 1803, the Government of the Republic, on the report of the Minister of the Interior, made a new division of the National Institute into *four* classes, in place of three—namely:—

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| 1st Class | —Of the Physical and Mathematical Sciences. |
| 2d | ... Of the French Language and Literature. |
| 3d | ... Of History and Ancient Literature. |
| 4th | ... Of the Fine Arts. |

The *first* class was thus composed—a new section of Geography and Navigation having been added to it, together with 8 associates:—

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES.					PHYSICAL SCIENCES.				
				Members					Members
Geometry	6	Chemistry	6
Mechanics	6	Mineralogy	6
Astronomy	6	Botany	6
Geography and Navigation	3	Rural Economy and Veterinary Art	6
General Physics	6	Anatomy and Zoology	6
					Medicine and Surgery	6

The *second* class was composed of 40 members, and might admit 12 from the other three classes.

The *third* class of 40 members; and

The *fourth* class of 28 members and 8 associates—10 being painters, 10 sculptors, 6 architects, 3 engravers, and 3 musical composers.

It is worthy of remark, that when the French Republic began to lose its democratic character, and was presided over by Bonaparte, as First Consul, the Class of Moral and Political Sciences, introduced by the Republic of 1795, was abolished. In addition to salaries of 1500 francs annually to each of its members, and 6000 francs to each of the perpetual secretaries, the Government gave a prize of 3000 francs, to be adjudged by the first class, and one of 1500 francs for each of the second and third classes, besides four great prizes for painting, sculpture, architecture, and musical composition, the holders of which were entitled to be sent to Rome, and maintained at the expense of the Government.

Under the charter of 1814, when monarchy was re-established in France, no change was made in the National Institute; but, by an ordinance of Louis XVIII., the names and order of the different classes were changed, "in order to associate the establishment of the academies with the restoration of the monarchy, and to put their composition and their statutes in harmony with the actual order of the Government." For these reasons, the *Institute* was to be composed of four academies, having the following designations, and in the order of their foundation, namely—

1. The French Academy.
2. The Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.
3. The Royal Academy of Sciences.
4. The Royal Academy of the Fine Arts.

But while the French King was making these unnecessary, though in no respect injurious, changes, he introduced into the organisation of the Institute a new feature, which at present remains in the National Institute of 1850. He ordained that there should be added to the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and the Royal Academy of Sciences, a class of free or honorary academicians (*academiciens libres*), to the number of *ten* for each of these two academies. These honorary academicians received no salary, but enjoyed the same privileges as the other members, and were elected in the same manner. A class of free academicians was also granted to the Academy of Fine Arts, but their number was to be determined by the Academy itself.

When Louis Philippe became King of the French, he made no change in the general organisation of the Institute; but, when M. Guizot was Minister of Public Instruction, the king issued an ordinance on the 26th October, 1837, by which he re-established the *Academy of Moral and Political Sciences*, which had been abolished by Bonaparte in 1803, when

he was First Consul of the republic. This class was divided into five sections, namely:—

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Philosophy. | 4. Political Economy and Statistics. |
| 2. Morals. | 5. General and Philosophical History. |
| 3. Legislation, Public Law, and Jurisprudence. | |

The following gentlemen, who were members of this Academy at the time of its suppression, were restored to their places, the two last having, since that time, become members of the Institute:—

Baron Dacler.	Count Merlin.	Count Siccy.
M. Daunou.	Marquis de Pastorat.	Prince Talleyrand.
Count Garat.	Count Reinhard.	Count Destutt-Tracy.
Count of Cessac, M. Lacuée.	Count Roederer.	Baron Degerando.

Having thus given our readers an account of the history of the National Institute, and of the progressive changes which it has undergone, we shall now lay before them a tabular view of the Members, Associate Members, and Correspondents of that body, as they exist at this time:

I.—THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Elected.	Elected.
1811 Lacretelle, Charles de	1836 Mignet, F. Aug. Alexis
1815 Baour-Lormian, P. M. F. L.	1840 Flourens, Marie Jean Pierre
1821 Villemain, Abel François	1840 Mole, Matthieu Louis
1824 Droz, François Xavier Joseph	1841 Hugo, Victor-Marie
1824 Brifaut, Charles	1841 Sainte-Aulaire, L. de B. de
1826 Feletz, Charles Marie de	1841 Ancelot, Jacques F. A.
1828 Lebrun, Pierre Antoine	1841 Tocqueville, A. C. H. de
1828 Barante, A. G. P. Brugiere de	1842 Pasquier, Etienne Denis
1829 Lamartine, Alph. Marie Louis de	1842 Patin, H. T. Guillaume
1830 Segur, Philip Paul de	1844 Saint-Marc, Girardin
1830 Pongerville, J. B. A. A. Sanson de	1844 Sainte-Beuve, Charles Aug.
1830 Cousin, Victor	1844 Merimée, Prosper
1830 Viennet, Jean Pons Guillé.	1845 Vigny, Alfred Victor
1832 Jay, Antoine	1845 Vitet, Louis
1832 Dupin, A. M. Jean-Jacques	1846 Remusat, C. F. M. de
1833 Tissot, Pierre François	1847 Empis, A. D. F. J. S.
1833 Thiers, Adolphe	1847 Ampere, J. J. Antoine
1834 Scribe, Augustin-Eugène	1849 Noailles, Paul de
1835 Salvandy, Narcisse Achille de	1849 Saint-Priest, A. de G. de
1836 Dupaty, L. E. F. C. Mercier	1834 Villemain, Abel François, Perpetual Secretary and Treasurer.
1836 Guizot, François Pierre G.	

In this Academy there is a standing Commission of Seven Members, for superintending the Historical Dictionary of the French Language.

II. THE ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS AND BELLE-LETTRES.

1813 Boissonade, J. François	1832 Reinaud, Jos. Toussaint
1813 Walckenaer, C. Athanase	1832 Beugnot, Auguste-Arthur
1815 Quatremere, Et-Marc	1833 Guerard, R. E. Charles
1816 Raoul, Rochette Desiré	1833 Julien, Stanislaus
1817 Naudet, Joseph	1833 Guizot, F. P. Guillaume
1817 Choiseul-Daillecourt, A. V. M. de	1834 Le Clerc, Joseph Victor
1818 Jomard, Ed.-François	1835 Langlois, Simon Alexandre
1818 Dureau de la Malle, Auguste	1837 Guigniaut, Joseph Daniel
1824 Hase, Charles Benoit	1837 Paris, Alexis-Paulin
1829 Pardessus, Jean Marie	1838 Le Bas, Philippe
1830 Thierry, J. N. Augustin	1838 Garcin de Tassy, J. Heliodore
1830 Lajarra, J. R. Felix	1838 Magnin, Charles
1832 Burnouf, Eugene	1839 Lenormant, Charles

1839 Littré, M. P. Emile	1844 Mohl, Jules
1839 Berger de Xivrey, Jules	1845 Laboulaye, E. R. Lefebvre
1841 Villemain, Abel François	1845 La Saussaye, T. F. Louis de
1841 Wailly, Joseph Noel	1847 Biot, Edouard Constant
1842 Sauley, L. F. J. Caiguart de	1849 Ravaissou, J. G. Felix
1842 Laborde, L. E. S. J. de	1849 Caussin de Percevol, A. M.
1842 Ampere, J. & Antoine	1850 (Vacant).

FREE ACADEMICIANS.

1830 Luyues, H. T. P. Albert de	1840 Villeneuve-Trans, L. E. de
1832 Seguier de Saint Brisson, N. M. S.	1841 Biot, Jean Baptiste
1833 Monmerque, L. J. Nicolas	1843 Merimee, Prosper
1838 Le Prevost, Auguste	1846 La Grange, A. E. Lelievre de
1839 Vitet, Louis	1850 Barchou de Penhoen, A. T. H.

FOREIGN ASSOCIATES.

1820 Ouvaroff, St Petersburg	1842 Cardinal Mai, Rome
1825 Creuzer, Heidelberg	1847 Jacob Grimm, Berlin
1831 Boeckh, Berlin	1849 Lobeck, Konigsberg
1835 Baron de Hammer-Purgstall, Vienna	1849 Wilson, Horace H., London

PERPETUAL SECRETARY.

Walekenaer, Charles Athanase, Rue Lafitte, No. 53.

By an ordonnance of 6th February, 1839, the number of Corresponding Members of this class was fixed at 50, 30 of whom were to be foreigners, and 20 natives of France. The following are the 50 foreigners:—

M. Linde, Warsaw	M. Kosegarten, Greifswald
M. Mustoxidi, Florence	M. Lassen, Bonn
Count Demetrius Valsamachi, Cephalonia	Dr Gasfrod, Oxford
M. Fraern, St Petersburg	M. Boré, Persia
Colonel Leake, London	Mr Thomas Wright, London
M. Peyron, Turin	M. Wachsmuth, Leipzig
M. Labus, Milan	M. Cavedoni, Modena
M. Quaranta, Naples	M. de Witte, Antwerp
M. Gerard, Berlin	M. Botta, Mosoul
Baron Reiffenberg, Brüssels	M. Cadalvene, Constantinople
M. Humbert, Geneva	Major Rawlinson, Bagdad
Viscount Sautarem, Lisbon	Father Secchi, Rome
M. Th. Welcker, Bonn	Carl Ritter, Berlin
M. Geel, Leyden	M. Fontanier, Singapore
M. Berbrugger, Algiers	M. Panofka, Berlin
M. Fresnel, Gidda	M. Bopp, Berlin
M. Pertz, Berlin	M. Grottefend, Hanover.
M. Avellino, Naples	

III.—THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.

Section 1.—Geometry.

1803 Biot, Jean Baptiste
1813 Poinso, Louis
1833 Libri, Guillaume
1836 Sturm, Jacques Charles Francois
1843 Lamé, Gabriel
1843 Binet, J. P. Marie.

Sect. 2.—Mechanics.

1846 Cauchy, Augustin Louis
1818 Dupin, Charles
1834 Poncelet, Jean Victor
1840 Piobert, Guillaume
1843 Morin, Arthur Jules
1847 Combes, C. P. Mathieu.

Sect. 3.—Astronomy.

1817 Mathieu, Claude Louis
1839 Liouville, Joseph
1843 Langier, P. A. Ernest
1843 Mauvais, Felix Victor
1846 Le Verrier, Urbain Jean Joseph
1847 Faye, H. A. E. Albans.

Sect. 4.—Geography and Navigation.

1810 Beautemps, Beaupré Chas. Franc.
1830 Roussin, Albert Reine
1842 Duperry, Louis Isidore.

Sect. 5.—General Physics.

1806 Gay Lussac, L. Joseph.—Ob.
1829 Becquerel, Antoine Cesar
1837 Pouillet, C. S. Mathias

1810 Babinet, Jacques
 1840 Dühamel, J. M. Constant
 1841 Despretz, Cæsar Mansuet.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Sect. 6.—Chemistry.

1810 Thenard, Louis Jacques
 1816 Chevreul, Michel-Eugene
 1832 Dumas, Jean Baptiste
 1837 Pelouze, Theophile Jules
 1840 Regnault, Henry Victor
 1844 Balard, Antoine-Jerome.

Sect. 7.—Mineralogy.

1822 Cordier, P. L. Antoine
 1824 Beudant, F. Sulpice
 1827 Berthier, Pierre
 1835 Eliè de Beaumont, J. B. Leonce
 1840 Dufrenoy, Pierre Conrad
 1848 Prevost, Constant.

Sect. 8.—Botany.

1809 Mirbel, C. F. Brisseau
 1830 St Hilaire, Auguste de
 1831 Jussien, Adrien de
 1834 Brogniart, A. Theodore

1834 Richard, Achille
 1837 Gaudichaud, Charles.

Sect. 9.—Rural Economy.

1806 Silvestre, A. F. de
 1839 Boussingault, J. B. T. D.
 1840 Gasparin, A. E. P. de
 1842 Pfyces, Anselme
 1843 Rayer, P. F. Olive
 1847 Descaisne, Joseph.

Sect. 10.—Anatomy and Zoology.

1816 Dumeril, A. M. Constant
 1821 Savigny, M. J. C. L. de
 1825 Blainville, H. Marie.—*Ob.*
 1833 Geoffroy St Hilaire, Isidore
 1838 Edwards, Henri Milne
 1844 Valenciennes, Achille.

Sect. 11.—Medicine and Surgery.

1821 Majendie, François
 1828 Serres, E. R. Augustin
 1834 Roux, Philibert Joseph
 1843 Andral, Gabriel
 1843 Velpeau, A. A. L. Marie
 1845 Lallemand, Claude-François.

PERPETUAL SECRETARIES.

1809 } Arago, Dominique François Jean,	1828 } Flourens, Marie-Jean-Pierre, for
1830 } for the Mathematical Sciences.	1833 } the Physical Sciences.

FREE ACADEMICIANS.

1816 Heron de Villefosse, A. Marie	1837 Bonnard, A. H. de
1816 Marshal of Ragusa, Marnuont	1847 Civiale, Jean
1816 Maurice, J. F. Theodore	1847 Duvernoy, George Louis
1824 Hericart de Thury, L. E. F.	1847 Largeteau, Charles Louis
1833 Seguiet, A. Pierre	1850 (Vacant.)

FOREIGN ASSOCIATES.

1810 Baron Alexandre de Humboldt, Berlin	1842 M. Oersted, Copenhagen
1820 M. Gauss, Gottingen	1844 Mr Faraday, London
1833 Mr Robert Brown, London	1846 M. Jacobi, Berlin
1840 Baron Von Buch, Berlin	1849 Sir David Brewster, St Andrews.

CORRESPONDING MEMBERS.

By a regulation of the 6th June, 1808, the number of Corresponding Members is fixed at 100. Our limits will permit us only to give those Members who reside in England, Scotland, and Ireland:—

Sect. 1.—Geometry.—(6 Members.)
 Sir Wm. Hamilton, Dublin.

Sect. 2.—Mechanics.—(6 Members.)
 Mr Mosely, London.

Sect. 3.—Astronomy.—(16 Members.)
 Sir Thomas Brisbane, Makerstone
 Sir John Herschel, Collingwood
 George Biddell Airy, Greenwich
 Mr Dunlop, Paramatta
 Captain Smith, London.

Sect. 4.—Geography and Navigation.—
 (8 Members.)

Dr Scoresby, Exeter
 Admiral Beaufort, London
 Captain Parry, Portsmouth
 Sir John Franklin.

Sect. 5.—General Physics.—(9 Members.)
 Mr Barlow, Woolwich
 Professor Forbes, Edinburgh
 Professor Wheatstone, London.

Sect. 6.—Chemistry.—(9 Members.)
Professor Graham, London.

Sect. 7.—Mineralogy.—(8 Members.)
Rev. Mr Conybeare, Llandaff
Rev. Dr Buckland, London
Sir Roderick Murchison, London,

Sect. 8.—Botany.—(10 Members.)
Dr Wallick, London.

Sect. 9.—Rural Economy.—(10 Members.)
Mr Bracy Clerk, London.

Sect. 10.—Anatomy of Zoology.—(10 Members.)
Professor Owen, London.

Sect. 11.—Medicine and Surgery.—(8 Members.)
Sir Benjamin Brodie, London.

IV.—ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Our limits will not permit us to give a detailed list of the members of this class, who are, generally speaking, little known in England. It contains 14 painters, 8 sculptors, 8 architects, 6 engravers, and 10 free academicians. Among its 10 foreign associates, there is only 1 Englishman, Mr Cockerel; and among its 40 corresponding members, there are only 3 Englishmen, M. Pistrucci, London; Mr Donaldson, architect, London; and Mr Howard Vyse, London.

V.—ACADEMY OF MORAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCES.

Section 1.—Philosophy.
1832 Cousin, Victor
1836 Dameron, J. Philibert
1839 Barthélemy St Hilaire, Jules
1842 Remusat, C. F. Marie de
1844 Franck, Adolphe
1844 Lelut, Louis-François.

Section 2.—Morals.
1832 Dunoyer, B. C. P. Joseph
1832 Droz, F. X. Joseph
1836 Lucas, Ch. J. Marie
1838 Tocqueville, A. C. H. C. de
1841 Beaumont, G. Auguste
1845 Villeneuve Bargemont, A. de

Section 3.—Legislation, Public Law, and Jurisprudence.
1832 Dupin, A. M. J. Jacques
1832 Berenger, A. M. M. Thos.
1839 Portalis, Joseph Marie

1840 Troplong, R. Theodore
1842 Giraud, C. J. Barthelemy
1845 Vivien, A. F. Auguste.

Section 4.—Political Economy and Statistics.
1832 Dupin, Charles
1832 Villermé, Louis René
1838 Blanqui, J. Adolphe
1838 Passy, H. Philibert
1842 Duchatel, C. Marie
1849 Faucher, L. L. Joseph.

Section 5.—General and Philosophical History.
1832 Naudet, Joseph
1832 Guizot, F. P. Guillaume
1832 Mignet, F. A. Alexis
1838 Michelet, Jules
1840 Thiers, Adolphe
1841 Thierry, A. S. D.

PERPETUAL SECRETARY.

1837 Mignet, François Auguste Alexis.

FREE ACADEMICIANS.

1833 Broglie, Ch. A. Victor Leonce de
1833 Benoiston, de Chateau-neuf, L.
François

1833 Blondeau, F. B. A. Hyacinth
1844 D'Argout, A. M. Apollinaire
1849 Moreau de Jonnes, Alexandre.

FOREIGN ASSOCIATES.

1833 Lord Brougham, London
1835 M. Schelling, Berlin
1837 M. De Savigny, Berlin

1838 Mr Henry Hallam, London
1843 Mr Macculloch, London.

Among the 38 Corresponding Members of this Academy, are the following Englishmen:—

Section 1.—Philosophy.—(7 members.)
Sir William Hamilton, Edinburgh.

Section 3.—Legislation.—(7 members.)
Mr John Austin, London.

*Section 4.—Political Economy and
Statistics.*
Mr William Jacob, London.

Mr Porter, London.
Mr Nassau Senior, London
Mr Charles Babbage, London.

Section 5.—General History.—(7
members.)
Dr Lingard, London.

Such is a general account of the National Institute of France in 1850—doubtless the most illustrious literary and scientific body in the world, whether we consider the men who compose it, or the great additions which it has made to human knowledge. There is, perhaps, no feature in it more remarkable than the unanimity with which the vacancies among its members are filled up. A commission is chosen by ballot, to give in a list of candidates for any vacancy. If the place of an astronomer, for example, is to be supplied, members of the astronomical section will, of course, compose the committee; but if the vacancy is among the foreign associates, the commission is chosen out of all the classes, a list of candidates is made out, and the claims of each are discussed. The candidate whom the commission prefers to all the rest is placed on the first line, and the names of the other candidates in an alphabetical order. The election takes place at the meeting of the Institute subsequent to that to which the commission reports, and the candidate on the first line is always elected by a large majority. In the case of the last election, for example, of a foreign associate of the Academy of Sciences, there were 7 candidates in alphabetical order. Forty members were present at the election; and the votes given were, 28 for the candidate on the first line, and 7, 3, 1, 1, votes for 4 of the other 7 candidates, three of the candidates having received no votes.

A POSTMAN'S STORY.

PART II.

My father was the eldest son of Advocate Forbes, a gentleman well descended, though not over clever, and possessed of little property in his rank; but he married, as people said, well, his first wife being the only child of old Ross Frazer, one of the richest merchants in the Lawnmarket. There was a wild story concerning this man's former life. He was said to have been the son of a Highland laird, who ruined his heritage by a profligate youth; then joined a crew of smugglers; afterwards took to the slave-trade; and at last eloped with a Jamaica merchant's daughter. The father was himself from Scotland, and a Frazer, which, perhaps, induced him to receive the pair, and learn his strange son-in-law his business; and Ross contrived to give him such satisfaction, that, on his death, he inherited a large share of it, with which it seemed good to him to remove to Edinburgh, where, in process of time, he made his fortune in the Lawnmarket. When Advocate Forbes married his daughter, old Frazer was retiring from business to a house he had purchased in George's Square. His West Indian wife was long dead, and, with the negro housekeeper whom she left him, he had for years led a life which most people thought over-strict and solemn. His window-blinds were

never lifted on Sunday. No large companies were admitted in his house, and he would not suffer a song in his presence. He was a great judge of sermons, too, and a rigorous supporter of church discipline; but he kept the bulk of his fortune in his own hands, allowing Mrs Forbes an annuity by way of portion, and early made known his resolution of adopting her eldest son. At seven years old, my father was placed under his management, a robust, lively, high-spirited boy, and many an after-year he spent between the High School, the dwelling of Advocate Forbes (which the first mistress was said to have kept completely under petticoat government), and that sombre, silent house in George's Square, at all which, it may be supposed, he learned many different lessons. Whether it was owing to these, or his natural disposition, Tibby could not rightly inform me; but, as he grew older, a mighty difference of opinion arose between him and his grandfather. The old man would allow of no Sunday walks, no holiday recreations, and scarcely any young companions, to all which my father was strongly inclined; besides, Frazer had kept from his early days a wild Highland pride, which led him to despise all business and professions whatever; indeed, it was said that he never visited his old haunts and relations from shame, not at any of his former misdeeds, but for having been a merchant. He had, therefore, set his heart on making my father at once strictly pious and a gentleman; for the one purpose, keeping a rigid hand over his boyhood, and for the other, bringing him up in perfect idleness; while he hoarded his hard-earned thousands, in order to purchase back the mortgaged estate of his family, of which his grandson was the intended laird. The boy was reared in that prospect, and, as he grew up handsome and clever, had naturally a high opinion of himself; but they liked him in all quarters for a ready hand to help in either sport or trouble, so the want of occupation and the love of company led him to unsafe friends and places, and before my father was sixteen, he had got a private acquaintance with cards, dram-shops, and low playhouses.

Matters of this kind occasionally came to the old man's knowledge, calling forth fierce bursts of anger and harsh doings to his grandson, which at first made the boy more careful in concealment, and, when he grew older, sent him to still wilder lengths in folly; but he had two brothers growing up, who, though younger than him, and in many ways less promising (for Advocate Forbes' younger sons were said to divide their father's character between them—the one being slow, but steady, when gain was before him, and the other an easy goer, but polished and crafty)—yet it was wonderful how, as my father's years and trespasses increased, these dull boys crept into the good graces of their grandfather. But his favourite project of making the eldest a laird could not be given up; and, little kindness as there was in old Frazer's nature, he had a hankering after the bold, high-spirited boy. Things were in that posture when the advocate's first lady was called to the house appointed for all living, to his great sorrow, though some said he mourned for the annuity; but a year after her death, the boys got a stepmother. His former spouse had been a mighty manager; and as it is believed the second choice always goes by contraries, the advocate made a singular variety in his wedded life, for the second Mrs Forbes was aptly compared, even by her own minister, to one of the lilies of the valley mentioned in Scripture, for she toiled not, neither did she spin; nor, I may add, mind the household

concerns at all, which were entirely left to the care of my mother, who came home with the bride as a servant. Mrs Forbes had been brought up in the west country; and, though such ways are not usual, I have heard, in that quarter, my mother often said that no one could ask an easier mistress; for, if she got a chair to sit upon, a novel to read, or a story to talk over, the whole world went well with her; which easy temper continued to the last of her days, and must have been a special change to the advocate.

However, the peace thus obtained did not lengthen his earthly journey; for, partly, as some thought, for the want of his former lady's superintendence, and partly because it was common among the gentlemen of that time, he took to hard drinking, which brought on apoplexy, and in his fiftieth year he left Mrs Forbes a widow, with three step-sons and as many daughters. The family were poorly provided for, but George and Charles had hopes in their grandfather, and Mrs Forbes and her girls in their half-brother, who had now grown up a gay, frank, idle young man, and always favoured his stepmother, because, good woman, she took no account of his doings. Disputes between him and his grandfather had also grown warm and many, for which reason he frequented the house in Buccleuch Place, where he and my mother got acquainted. Tibby told me, and I had cause to believe her, notwithstanding the changes produced by care and toothache, that my mother was then a comely, sensible girl, respected above her station, and dressed beyond the common of servants. Her first acquaintance with Master William began in the way of jokes, and was cemented by sundry good advices she ventured to give him on a new fashion he had taken up of having no religion at all, which came out at that time among the learned men and gentry. My father had heard a good deal of it from the companions of his own choosing, whose numbers were much increased; and taking upon him to talk in the same style one Sunday morning in the hearing of his grandfather, old Frazer at once took fire, and a quarrel rose between them, the like of which had never been heard in George's Square; but it ended in the old man's burning the will he had made in his favour, and turning my father out of doors. Whereupon Master William took up his quarters in a change-house he happened to know, and married my mother next Tuesday—Tibby said, she verily believed to be revenged on all his relations at once. Indeed, it was a great blow to their pride; but a good wife she was to him, and brought him a portion of five pounds, saved out of her wages, and a chest of clothes, as I have heard, perfectly genteel.

Father of mine as he was, I hope it is excusable to say she had no great bargain. He would allow my mother to follow no industry, saying he would maintain her like a lady, by turning his talents to account; so he first became a newspaper reporter, next a clerk, and then a player; in none of these having time to prosper, partly because fortune went against him, and partly on account of the dram-shops, in which he latterly began to exceed. In the midst of these doings, the family kept enlarging, and at times it was wonderful how they lived; but at last, when Marion was quite a baby, my father got money all of a sudden. Things were made comfortable about the house; he spent an evening or two with his old companions at the accustomed change-house, where his habits had grown worse and worse, though Tibby said there had never been anything but peace between him and my mother; and one night,

when they were all in bed, he came back in great haste and fear; gave my mother half of all the silver he had left about him, and said, God bless her and the children, for he must be off. She never saw him afterwards; but next day there was a rumour in the town that William Forbes had forged a bill on his grandfather, for which he would be prosecuted and hanged, if the police could find him. Old Frazer had never relented to his grandson, and his wrath was said to be privately stirred up by the two younger brothers, whom he now began to look after, but never thought of like William. By his means, George was put into the profession of a writer, and Charles got a place in the Post Office, where he advanced himself still higher. But this is going forward in the story. The boys had never shown any civility to their brother since his marriage; all the Forbeses were angry, though William's stepmother said he might have done worse; and whether the younger brothers had any part in promoting the old man's resolution to prosecute him to the death or not, they got the blame of it; but William was never taken. The last report concerning him was, that he had sailed from Leith on board a Hamburgh vessel, which was sunk at sea by a French privateer. His relations put on a sort of mourning for him, though they never mentioned his name, nor acknowledged my mother and her family; and being of a high spirit, and something helped by friends, she opened a shop in Bristol Street, where, somehow, the neighbours gave us all her name, and, in process of time, Master William and his deeds were all but forgotten. As for old Frazer, he lived long, as some hard people are apt to do. The Forbeses didn't forget to pay him attention; and in his last days, when he could be brought to allow them, a long deceased brother's children gathered about him also; to whom, it was said, the larger portion of his money was bequeathed, supposing he had done quite enough for Mr George and Charles. They were the Frazers of our first flat, having set themselves up in Edinburgh, that the ladies might get high matches, and the sons the education of gentlemen. To the eldest and best portioned of the former, Master George, who inherited his father's strong scent of a fortune, and dislike, not to say insufficiency, for business, was doing a wooer's duty, when he caught sight of my father, as one risen from the dead; which, Tibby informed me, neither she nor my mother had supposed him, much as they were astonished at his entrance. For, years after the tale of the ship was rumoured and believed, dim intelligence of him had come through strange channels: once, a sailor-looking man stepped into the shop at nightfall, and gave my mother a parcel, containing a few gown for herself, and some ill-chosen things for the children; at the same time telling her in a hasty whisper, that they came from her husband, who had been long his comrade in a French prison, till they escaped together, and joined the British navy; but he warned her to keep the secret of his being alive, as "the lawyers would forgive anything but quill-work, it came so near their own trade."

Again, a passing soldier, so drunk that he could tell her nothing, laid on the counter a plated ring, wrapped in a bit of soiled paper, with her name upon it, in my father's handwriting; as Tibby remarked, "he aye sent back useless things, and she kent the last o' them wad be himself." But both she and my mother, who now quitted the closet, agreed that, considering the disposition the Forbeses had always shown towards William, and that they and the Frazers had got his fortune among them,

it was better Mr George should continue to believe he had seen a stray traveller from the other world, as that was the only circumstance by which they were ever induced to show any kindness to the family.

Here it is worthy of remark, that what my poor father most dreaded, was to be recognised by his relations: but how to dispose of the man now came on the carpet. My mother would not hear of sending him away, dangerous as his staying was, and we knew he couldn't be in the house without taking the neighbours' attention; but, for the great friendship that was between them, Tibby proposed that her sister-in-law, who kept cheap lodgings on a top flat, opposite Moray House, in the Canon-gate, would receive him on her responsibility. "They'll think him the father o' my bairn," said she; "they ne'er kent who he was, and there's no muckle difference in any o' the sort."

"O! Tibby," said I, "had ever you a bairn?"

"The world's a' wrang sin' the like o' you learned to ask questions," said she; with which courteous answer I was obliged to put up for that occasion. It was by this time daybreak, and being all weary, we were glad to go to rest—myself on three of the kitchen chairs, which I ranged along the closet door for greater security, and didn't awake till my mother, watchful woman, came to tell me that the younger children were getting up, when we together prepared and told them a story touching a relation of Tibby Thompson's, who, having arrived late, was accommodated with my bed, which served to keep them quiet till they got ready and marched away to church, under my special guardianship, with leave to come home at the close of the sermon. A fervent discourse it was, I have been told, though, doubtless to my own great loss, I slept the whole time of its delivery; but I had passed a sleepless night, and many bags awaited me on Monday morning.

My mother had pretended sickness; but, when we returned home, the closet was empty, and my father established in his new quarters. He came over in the evening, still Tibby's relation, to see the younger children; and I marvelled in my own mind to see how James and Marion drew to him, little as they knew, but by the great kindness he showed to them, though John kept a sort of distance; and from seeing my father look curiously at him, I first began to suspect how matters stood, but never imagined then what great things lay before the boy that called me brother. It was really surprising how sober and respectable my father looked in the clothes my mother had kept for him. The man was evidently tired of a wild, wandering life, and willing to settle down in any corner allowed him. There was peace and no want then at our fireside; but no rest for him there, and he had to live alone in Mrs Howdison's cheap lodgings. Indeed, I must not forget to note in this place the many efforts he made to work honestly and quietly for his own support, and do something to help us; but, being obliged to live privately, and avoid observation, which he did wonderfully, by help of the many years that had passed since his departure, and the changes they made in himself, it was scarcely possible for him to get any regular employment, though he sought it, of all sorts, from writing letters to portorage, and sometimes earned a little. All the neighbours remarked Mrs Howdison's quiet lodger, and his frequent visits to our house; gradually they began to know him as Tibby Thompson's runaway spouse, for most people averred she had such a connection. Who he really was, was slowly discovered

by all the younger children ; but even Marion was wise enough to keep the secret, and that made us all more comfortable ; but the lonely, half-dependent life he led, stealing to us in the evenings, and always fearing recognition, must have been a sore trial to him ; and, on serious consideration, I am not now disposed to blame him for over-constant attendance at a dram-shop, just below Mrs Howdison, which occasioned some difference of opinion between me and my mother, who always justified him on the ground that it was his old way ; but from this digression I return to my story. After the occurrences of the last-mentioned Saturday night—and I hope that my readers will observe Saturday nights were always eventful to our family—I continued to advance in learning my new business, and in the good graces of all the postmasters, notwithstanding that it is commonly said—and, indeed, I cannot contradict the saying from my own experience—that, as a class, they are apt to be troubled with a special crossness. There were no more reproofs nor mislaid bags ; and I had reason to believe that both the tailor and plumber were satisfied with my brothers, though the former, who was always a grumbling creature, occasionally complained of James's turn for reading on the bench ; and John's master had more than one dispute to settle after his coming to the workshop. At least, we were all three at work. My earnings helped the common stock, and the shop prospered better than before, under the management of my mother and Marion ; nevertheless, we grew manifestly poorer every quarter : in short, since the truth must out, Mrs Howdison's lodger was no gain to us. When he did happen to earn anything, indeed, it was always brought over in the shape of some present to my mother, or some treat for the household ; but these were, as Tibbo remarked, "stuff that could be wanted," and woefully balanced by his scores at the dram-shop, his garments lost or torn, the nights in which his landlady could give no account of him, and my mother's continual fears of his discovery by the police. Many a small sum, which the shop till could hardly spare, did I watch her at times, I confess, through the keyhole, privately giving him, or secreting for his use, with many an earnest remonstrance on the one side, and many a promise of well-doing on the other, which now and then took effect ; but latterly, as we supposed, either through fear of the law-officers, or his own relations finding him out, he began to wander away from the town for days. By degrees, his absence lengthened to weeks, and at last to months, in which neither we nor Mrs Howdison heard the smallest tidings of him, and he generally returned with clothing and all considerably the worse for the wear.

Thus two years crept away ; and Mr George Forbes, still carrying on his suit, which seemed of slow progress, as I have been told must be expected with advanced heiresses, never got another fright by the face of his brother, nor appeared to recollect that we were at all living. Mr Charles was still friendly and kind. He did not come to see us again, but often went out of his way to speak with me, and inquire for my mother. Neither may it be doubted, that I regarded him as the messenger of good news, when, about the beginning of the third year, he informed me that a vacancy had at length occurred by the resignation of a regular postman, known to all his brethren as old Sandy the miser, and promised to use all his interest with the inspector for my promotion. That promise Mr Charles kept, at least, I reaped the fruits of it ; and it

is but justice to myself to add, he was not alone in the recommendation. Every postmaster in the town spoke of me as an honest, steady lad, who minded his business, and kept no bad company; and they could not do less, for at that time I hadn't an acquaintance in the world except Annie M'Causelan, who first brought my mother and I the intelligence about the Forbesees, and had taken such a great liking to my sister Marion, that she always came over when her aunt could spare her, to teach the girl new patterns of knitting. But I was made a regular postman. Having resolved to avoid self-glorification in the course of the narrative, I will not enlarge on the satisfaction generally expressed by the neighbours at my promotion, nor on how my mother prayed that Providence might keep me steady with so full a cup of prosperity in hand, and celebrated the event by a tea-drinking, the first I ever remember to have seen in her house, at which Tibby Thompson and her sister-in-law, and of course her relation, who had just returned from a two months' wandering, were present, not to speak of Mrs and Annie M'Causelan; neither is it necessary to be particular on the quarrel between Tibby and Mrs Howdison, which began by the latter's wondering, when a glass of toddy went to her head after supper, why Tibby ever married such a ne'er-do-weel, meaning my father, and concluded the party, by both ladies declaring they wouldn't sit a minute longer in each other's company; and I was credibly informed they did not speak for twelve months after. But to proceed with my own experience. The importance and responsibility of the office to which I had attained, for some time pressed heavy on my mind, not only on account of the inlet it gave me to family doings, and the affairs of people in general (for one cannot carry letters to doors day after day, and see the anxious faces that look out for them, without guessing something of what is going forward), but also because my district was Bristo Street and its vicinity; and I felt as if the peace and safety of the entire neighbourhood depended on me. This gradually wore off through the heavy rains and deep snows of that winter, for I was promoted in November; and by the time the east winds of spring had fairly set in, I could deliver love and money letters, which, in my humble opinion, are the chief of all communications, with little concern except to get the business done. Oh! the wynds, the closes, and the stairs I learned to know in these daily deliveries, the odd people that inhabited them, and their unreasonable expectations. I remember one old lady in the High Street, who scolded continually, because I didn't come to her very door on the seventh storey; and a student, who could never forgive me for not giving him credit for a number of letters, sent him by a lady in Glasgow. Indeed, letters were dear in those days. No one had dreamt of the penny postage then, and there being few prepaid, it was one of my hardest duties to collect the Post-Office dues; but I kept the good counsels of my mother and Mr Charles Forbes always in memory, and never let a letter out of my fingers till the money was paid down.

The first great trial of my watchfulness in this respect befell me about Candlemas. I had grown partly accustomed to the trust reposed in me by the Post Office, and cool, even to the distinction of being daily looked for by maid and mistress, master and man, when a letter was tossed into my bag, which had made the round of Edinburgh in search of an owner. It was a soiled, rough-looking sheet, ill-folded, but firmly

sealed, with the impression of a large thumb, and how they learned it was for my delivery I could never imagine, for no mortal man could read the address, but from an A and an F perceptible in it. I concluded it might be for Miss Agnes Frazer, to whom, as the chief of the family, I had regularly carried the "Edinburgh Courant" for some weeks. It was a dim, drizzly evening, about four o'clock, and I was thankful that the letters were few; but there was one-and-eightpence charged on the one already mentioned, and I rang their bell with a strong resolution to take care of the Frazers, of whose ways my mother's shop had afforded me sundry warnings.

"Is this for one of your young ladies?" said I, meaning to be particularly civil, and holding it up between my finger and thumb to the sour-looking maid.

"I dinna ken," said she, making a clutch at it; whereupon I withdrew my hand, observing, it appeared to be for Miss Agnes. My intended aunt, who, it seems, caught her own name, here flew out of the parlour, the opening door of which gave me an intimation of both kippered herring and tea; besides, I knew that Mr George was within.

She was a tall, terribly active-looking woman, in a tartan gown and tamboured apron; but, as my uncle's match was broken off in that quarter, and the Frazers never showed our family any consideration, I will candidly say, that her face gave me an extraordinary notion of vitriol.

"Give me the letter," she cried, "till I open it, and if it's not for me, you'll get it back to-morrow."

"That's not allowed, ma'am," said I, keeping a fast hold of it. "See if it be for you, and give me one-and-eightpence, if you please."

Somehow, I wasn't looking sharp; maybe thoughts of the tea-party in the parlour bewildered me; for that instant, Miss Agnes snatched the letter from my fingers, and would have had the seal broken; but, dropping the bag, I seized both her hands, and called out vigorously for one-and-eightpence. The noise brought out her sister, Miss Catherine, her two brothers, and Mr George Forbes, in a body. On seeing me, my uncle looked as if he could have turned back into the parlour; but, probably recollecting his duty, he came forward, and demanded in an angry tone what I meant by making such a noise. Having by this time recovered the letter from Miss Agnes—a mercy it was that we had not torn it between us—and also escaped a cuff aimed at me with her disengaged hand, I spoke out boldly, as one in the service of Government, declaring it was contrary to my orders that any letter should be opened till the postage was paid.

"Tak' it to the de'il wi' ye," interrupted Miss Agnes, losing all her gentility. "It's no for me; but I ken baith wha wrote it an' wha owns it, an' that'll be a job for ye to fin'," she added, with a spiteful look, as the parlour door slammed behind her.

Her brothers, Miss Catherine, and my uncle now gathered round to inspect the letter, which they did curiously under my eye; but none of them could make out the owner, till Miss Catherine, who was, indeed, much more civil than her sister, and though dressed in a newer fashion, looked to me like a well scolded woman, gave it as her opinion that the address plainly signified Anny Forbes, my uncle's eldest step-sister; and, by the united advice of the four, I proceeded with it in my bag to Buccleuch Place. •

LAWSON ON WATER-LILIES.*

FROM this beautiful and well written little volume, we purpose presenting our readers with a delicious treat, in this cold and ungenial season of the year. In the dreary months of winter, when the face of nature is so barren and bleak—when the stillness of death reigns throughout the vegetable world—when we, therefore, cannot visit the floral beauties, and the floral wonders so abundant on this globe of ours, in their native habitats, how welcome are the lively description and the pictorial representation of plants and flowers. For accurate and beautiful drawings of the Royal Water-Lily of South America—the *Victoria Regina*—and also of some of the more interesting Water-Lilies of our own land, we must refer the reader to Mr Lawson's volume; but we shall here transcribe a few extracts from his description of the Queen of Flowers, illustrative of its appearance, its discovery, and its introduction to this country.

In the introduction to his work, Mr Lawson has some valuable observations on Aquatic plants—on the Lotus of the ancients—on the *Æthiopian Lily*—and on the British Water-Lilies; but from this part of the volume we cannot quote more than one paragraph on the Lotus of the Ancients:—

“But the *Nymphæa Lotus* is not the only plant to which the name of Lotus has been applied; on the contrary, it is now pretty generally believed that another and more magnificent Water-Lily—the *Nelumbium speciosum* of botanists—is the true Lotus of the ancients—that ‘Mythic Lotus,’ as Lindley says, ‘which so often occurs on the monuments of Egypt and India.’ ‘Indeed, it has been suggested that the name originally belonged to some kind of bean, or other leguminous plant, common in Greece, and was subsequently applied to the *Nelumbium* and other Water-Lilies, on account of the similarity of their seed, just as our English voyagers give the names of apples, pears, and gooseberries, to such tropical fruits as bear an apparent resemblance to the produce of their own country, and as Herodotus had long before, in describing the same plant, called it a rose-coloured Lily. Certain it is, that various Water-Lilies, but chiefly the *Nymphæa Lotus* and *Nelumbium speciosum*, were recognised by the name of Lotus, and held in great esteem by the ancient Egyptians, for we find that the blossoms ‘crowned their columns, were sculptured on their temples, and associated with their gods.’ The Egyptian Bean of Pythagoras is generally referred to the fruit of the *Nelumbium*. This plant, although once abundant on the Nile (from its association with which it derived its becoming name of ‘Rose of the Nile’), and described by Theophrastus as occurring spontaneously as well as where cultivated, is not now an inhabitant of the ‘father of rivers.’ It is supposed to have been originally introduced to Egypt, and cultivated there. The ancient Egyptians had a highly curious mode of

* The Royal Water-Lily of South America, and the Water-Lilies of our own Land; their History and Cultivation. By GEORGE LAWSON, F.B.S., &c. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

sowing the seeds of this plant, and the gardeners of the present day may perhaps take a lesson from them. The seeds were planted in balls of mud or clay, mixed with chaff, and when thus cast upon the waters, sunk immediately to the bottom into a bed suitable for their germination. Dr Royle mentions that this mode of sowing is to the present day practised by certain tribes in the Indian Peninsula, and it has been instanced as a beautiful illustration of the passage in the sacred writings—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days. The Nelumbium is that 'holy and beautiful plant often met with in the religious ceremonies of the Hindoos, under the Sanscrit name Padma.' "

The habitat and appearance of the Royal Water-Lily, are thus described by Mr Lawson:—

"The Royal Water-Lily forms a highly conspicuous object on the lagoons and still shallow bays which so frequently occur on many of those immense rivers tributary to the Amazon. It has been observed to occur in equal profusion in similar localities on the comparatively still waters of the La Plata and Essequibo; and, from the scanty knowledge which botanists have obtained of the productions of the interior of South America, it is exceedingly likely that future research may be instrumental in showing this Queen of all the Lilies to be very generally distributed over considerable tracts of the eastern portion of the Continent. No traces of it have hitherto been observed towards the western parts of South America, and its discovery there is not anticipated by botanists—the accuracy of Hooker's suggestion being very generally acknowledged, that the rapidity of the rivers which flow into the Pacific may be the means of preventing its occurrence there, its massive and tender foliage and flowers requiring peaceful waters for their development. In speaking of this Royal Water-Lily, Professor Lindley says—'An undoubted addition to a tribe of plants, at once so beautiful and so circumscript as that of the Nymphs, or Water-Lilies, would be an event of interest, even if it only related to a distinctly-marked species of some well-known genus. But when the subject of the discovery is not only a new genus, but a plant of the most extraordinary beauty—fragrant, and of dimensions previously unheard of in the whole vegetable kingdom, except in the colossal family of Palms—an interest must then attach to it which can rarely be possessed by a novelty in natural history. Such a plant is the subject of the following notice—a Water-Lily, exhibiting a new type of structure, of the most noble aspect, of the richest colours, and so gigantic, that its leaves measure above eighteen feet, and its flower nearly four feet in circumference.'

"The honour of first making known this magnificent production to the world, in accurate scientific description, having fallen to our own country, it was thought that a better name could not be chosen for the fair and noble plant than that of *Victoria Regina*—a name given in honour of our illustrious Queen, 'who at once sways the sceptre of her happily-united kingdom, and pre-eminently so that of the element which this plant inhabits.' Certainly, no other plant has better claims to a royal name, for this is verily the *Queen of Flowers*. Agreed as British botanists universally are of the propriety of dedicating this plant to our Sovereign, a good deal of discussion has taken place in regard to the correct and first published name. From a careful and apparently cor-

rect inquiry into the nomenclature of the Lily, by Mr Gray (Annals of Natural History, vol. vi., second series, 146), it seems pretty evident that the original and first published name of the plant is *Victoria Regina*, and that the name of *Victoria Regia*, which has of late been so very generally adopted, is not only of more recent origin, but apparently the result of a typographical error. After detailing the various circumstances that have given rise to the different names which have been applied to the plant by English botanists, Mr Gray goes on to say—"I think that this account proves that the name of *Victoria Regina*, which received the sanction of her Majesty, was the one first used and published, and has the undoubted right of priority; and, I must add, as a personal disclaimer, that I have always considered that both the generic and the specific name properly belonged to Mr (now Sir Robert) Schomburgk, for it was he who proposed that the plant should be dedicated to the Queen [originally under the name of *Nymphaea Victoria*], and the slight alteration made in his paper, before it was read at the Botanical Society, was caused by our having the means of comparison in London which he had not in Berbice, and was regarded by me as a simple act of friendship, such as was due to a person in his situation." The Lily is known by the natives of the districts where it is found under different names, such as *Mururá*, *Irupé*, *Yrupé*, *Moriqua*, and *Dachocho*. This noble production of the South American waters, from its extraordinary and conspicuous appearance, could not fail to attract the early attention of the native Indians, who inhabit the districts of country where it is produced. No doubt, its large floating leaves, which entirely cover the lakes and streams (and to which the name of *Irupé* is given, from their resemblance to the dishes used for holding water), must have often proved a source of annoyance in the navigation of the rivers where the plant abounds; and, indeed, the aborigines of some districts, at least, are under the belief that the large prickles with which almost the whole plant is so abundantly provided, are of a venomous nature, and thus they refrain from coming into contact with them—a precaution which no European observer of this magnificent production seems ever to have thought of observing, while no evil consequences seem to have followed the scratchings to which botanical collectors have submitted themselves, in their eagerness to possess specimens. Cautious, however, as the Indians are in their intercourse with this magnificent spinous Aquatic, they often manage to possess themselves of its large fruit, half the size of a man's head, for the sake of the numerous dark-coloured seeds—not so large as those of tares or lentils—which it contains. Although hard and shining on the outside, these seeds are quite soft and mealy within, and the Indians use them as an article of food, for which they are in great esteem. The difficulty of obtaining the rhizome, or root, no doubt prevents its being applied to similar purposes, for which it is probably as suitable as those of the edible *Nymphæas*, or Water-Lilies, to which we have already referred.

"In general habit and mode of growth," says Mr L., "the Royal Water-Lily resembles the rest of the *Nymphæaceæ*; but surpasses all other species in its gigantic proportions and the splendour of its blossoms. Although suspected by some, when first brought to this country, to be an annual, the plant has satisfactorily proved itself to be of a

perennial character; the thick brown rhizome, buried in the mud, preserves vitality for a long period, the process of decay going slowly on at its base, while its upper and younger part continues development, and year after year produces an abundant supply of fresh foliage and flowers—a constant growth of adventitious roots going on at the same time to supply the place of the old ones lost from time to time by the gradual decay of the tuber. The plant generally grows where there is a depth of about six feet of water at the flowering season—the water rising considerably higher in the wet season during inundations, and thus adding greatly to the luxuriance of the plant and the size of its leaves. The leaves always float on the surface of the water, being produced from long prickly petioles or stalks, springing from the root, and which are inserted in the centre of the leaf, the latter being thus *peltate* or shield-like. It will be observed, from the drawing of the plant, that the leaves are of a roundish oval shape, their margins being turned up all round, exhibiting the purplish hue and prickly ribs, with which their under sides are so abundantly furnished. These turned-up margins give to the leaves a very peculiar appearance, and botanists describing them have been led to liken them to various objects; but perhaps Mr Spruce's comparison of them to tea-trays is as apt as any with which we have met. They are gigantic tea-trays, however, often attaining the size of six or seven feet in diameter, and our astonishment at their dimensions is not lessened when we recollect that they are the leaves of a Water-Lily. Mr Henfrey, in the 'Gardener's Magazine of Botany,' describes the leaves as clothed with short spongy pubescence, with very prominent flattened ribs radiating from the centre to the circumference, and progressively diminishing in depth; 'these are united by cross ribs, also vertical plates, and the latter again by less elevated ones crossing them, so that the under surface is completely divided into quadrangular chambers, of which the ribs form the sides, and the general surface of the lamina the top; and as these detain air within them, they act as floats. All the ribs are more or less beset with spines, varying in length, sharp and horny, enlarged at the base.' The magnificent blossoms of the plant are not less wonderful than the leaves, and measure about sixteen inches in diameter. The flower expands its array of pure white petals in the afternoon, exhaling a delicious odour; closes them on the forenoon of the following day, on which day they are again fully expanded, when they present a most gorgeous appearance. The flower eventually closes about ten o'clock the same evening, and withdraws beneath the surface of the water to ripen the fruit, in the spongy substance of which the seeds are imbedded."

— This magnificent flower was discovered only about half a century ago:—"But it was even long after that before any detail of the plant's history was given to the world, and, indeed, before European botanists knew of its existence—the first full account drawn up being that by Professor Lindley, in 1837, of which a few copies only were privately printed. Even the earliest mention of the plant in print, according to Hooker, was in 1832, in 'Froriep's Notizen,' wherein it is described as new species of *Euryale*, under the name of *E. Amazonica*. So little did European botanists recently know of this vegetable prodigy, that even Lindley, in the 'Natural System of Botany,' published in 1836, then

spoke of the Nymphæaceæ as generally rare in the southern hemisphere, and *entirely unknown on the continent of South America*. Since Hænke's time, the observers of the Victoria Lily in her native waters have not been few; and scarcely have they been less enthusiastic in their admiration of the wonderful plant than was that botanist, who, we are told, fell upon his knees in a transport of admiration on seeing it, and fervently expressed aloud his deep sense of the power and magnificence of the Creator in his works! In fact, every succeeding observer sees in this plant some new beauty to admire which former travellers had not perceived; and we shall therefore detail the observations of the various discoverers of the Lily in her native habitats, as nearly as possible in their own words; for it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the magnificence of the plant, without adducing the concurrent testimony of those who have seen it in its native grandeur."

In accordance with the statement in the concluding portion of the previous extract, the author enumerates the different discoverers, and quotes freely from their published accounts of this wonderful natural production. This is a valuable part of the work, and the information is brought up to the year 1850.

The introduction of the Royal Water-Lily to this country was accompanied with many difficulties, and gave rise to numerous disappointments. The history of this effort on the part of botanists is very instructive. It shows what may be accomplished by enlightened zeal and scientific skill:—"Immediately that the Royal Lily became known in this country, an eager desire was evinced in botanical and horticultural circles to obtain its introduction, in a living state, to our British gardens. This desire was greatly increased in consequence of the necessarily very imperfect dried specimens which had been transmitted to this country, and which, although 'botanically examinable,' as the results of Lindley's examinations show them to have been, were fitted to convey but a very imperfect notion of the magnificent character of the living plant. Accordingly, we find that repeated attempts were made to transplant the Victoria from the South American waters to the gardens of Britain, but long without success. No doubt, a minute account of all the circumstances connected with the long series of futile attempts to introduce the Royal Water-Lily might form an interesting chapter in the history of botanical and horticultural science, and an instructive one for the scientific travellers, botanists, and horticulturists of future times; but it is more in our way to notice in detail those efforts which have been more or less successful.

"The first perfect seeds which reached England in a condition fit for germination were those collected in Bolivia by Mr Thomas Bridges (to whose observations we have already referred), and which were received at the Royal Gardens, Kew, in August, 1846. They were safely brought to this country in a bottle containing moist earth, with which they were mixed. These seeds produced only two plants, the progress of which was at one time so satisfactory, that they were confidently expected to flower. However, their melancholy history is thus briefly told:—"By the month of October, they were in a thriving condition, but soon after that time they began to show symptoms of decay, and by the 12th of December they were both dead." A short and a sad tale this,

and one that well nigh blighted the hopes of the most ardent admirers of the Royal Lily.

"The difficulties attending the introduction of this extraordinary plant seemed to increase. Even after being thus successfully conveyed to the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew—an establishment affording every facility for encouraging its growth—the *Victoria* perished in a few months, before arriving at that condition of development necessary for the production of flowers and fruit, and was consequently lost to our gardens. It was not alone the difficulty of obtaining living plants or perfect seeds, and getting them safely transferred to English soil, that stood in the way of the Lily's introduction to Britain. Its habits were new to our horticulturists, who were in a great measure ignorant of the natural conditions under which the plant was developed in the South American waters, and consequently were ill prepared to judge of the conditions requisite for its successful cultivation under artificial circumstances. Its gigantic size, and other peculiarities, rendered its treatment peculiarly difficult; no plant, requiring the same care, and attention, and favourable circumstances for its healthy development, had ever before come through the hands of the gardener.

"The tuberous roots of various species of *Nymphaea* are capable of retaining vitality for a long period after removal from their native waters, having, in some instances, been revived by the application of moisture, and successfully grown, after being kept in dry sand for a number of years. This fact seemed to point out even a more successful method for transplanting the *Victoria*, than by means of seeds, because, as was thought, if strong roots were once obtained, they would have a better chance of success in cultivation, and not require that amount of fostering care necessary to insure the favourable growth of tender seedlings. Accordingly, through the exertions of E. G. Boughton, Esq., M.D., of Leguan Island, roots were obtained from the Upper Essequibo, native Indians having been specially employed by him for the purpose. These roots were received at Kew, in October, 1848, being packed in a glazed case, but, on arrival, were found to be quite dead. The same gentleman, anxious to insure the safe introduction of the *Victoria* to Britain, did not cease his exertions with this effort, but obtained some ripe capsules containing seeds, which he forwarded by the following month's mail. He also sent more seeds in a bottle of muddy water, thinking that this imitation of the plant's seed-bed, as prepared by nature, might be successful; but neither these seeds nor the seeds contained in the dry capsules germinated, when sown at Kew.

"Again, however, an attempt was made with seeds, and was followed with success; from it we have to date the introduction of the *Victoria* to the gardens of England. This time, the seeds were put into phials of pure water, and forwarded per mail to the Kew Gardens by two gentlemen, whose names will long remain on record in connection with the *Victoria*'s history—Hugh Rodie, Esq., M.D., and ——— Luckie, Esq., George Town, Demerara. The first arrival of seeds from these gentlemen was in February, 1849. These seeds proved quite perfect and fresh; and three other importations, sent at different times, shortly afterwards, all arrived safely at Kew in the like good condition. By the end of March, six healthy plants had been raised from the seeds first

received from Messrs Rodie and Luckie, and those which afterwards came to hand continued to germinate from time to time. More than fifty plants were in all produced, and were in good condition by the latter end of summer."

We had marked for extract two or three paragraphs, descriptive of the successful cultivation of the *Victoria* by Mr Paxton, chief gardener to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and one or two others; but for this information we must refer the reader to the work itself. One cannot but regret that a flower so gorgeous—an object so beautiful and uncommon—should be so exceedingly fragile, and ready to decay.

We have quoted largely from Mr Lawson's little work, but we are sure the reader will not think too largely. There is much interesting matter on the Lilies that display their loveliness on the lakes and streams of our own land; but from this we cannot indulge in quotation. Nor can we do more than refer to some suggestions of a practical nature, relative to the introduction of some of the features of tropical scenery into our English gardens. Altogether, we have been delighted with this volume—with its accurate description, its genial, poetic, and elevating spirit and tone—and our present work has been more than usual a labour of love.

THE GREAT POEM-MYSTERIES.

NO. II.—PROMETHEUS BOUND AND UNBOUND—BLACKIE'S ESCHYLUS— SHELLEY'S PROMETHEUS.

WE proceed to speak of the second Great Poem-Mystery, contained in the story of Prometheus, as recorded by Eschylus, and his continuator, Shelley.

Professor Blackie of Aberdeen has lately translated the "*Prometheus Vincetus*" into English verse. Without much ease, or grace, or melody, his translation is very spirited, and gives a more vivid idea of Eschylus, in his rugged energy and rapturous enthusiasm, than any other verse rendering we have read. But we are mistaken if the mere English reader does not derive a better notion of Eschylus still from the old prose versions. Best of all were such a translation as Dr John Carlyle has executed of Dante, distinguished at once by correctness and energy. What a thing his brother Thomas could make of the "*Prometheus*" in his prose!*

* By the way, why has Mr Blackie annexed that shocking note (page 306, vol. ii.)—a note, the drift of which is to leave it an even question whether we be sprung directly from apes or from God. Nay, the learned professor does, if we mistake not, incline to the flattering belief, that man is the grandson of an ourang-outang! We are tempted to say—1st, Let the gentleman speak for himself. If he feel disposed, from his idiosyncrasy, to trace his peculiarities and powers to another species, we have no objections, provided all of us are not to be implicated in the same foregone

The sympathy which this great poet felt for the ancient mythology of his country, for gods to whom Jove was but a beardless boy, was strictly a fellow-feeling. He was a Titan among men; and we fancy him, sick of the present, and reverting to the past, tired of the elegant mannikins around, and stretching forth his arms to grasp the bulky shades of a bygone era. He had been a soldier, too, and this had probably infused into his mind a certain contempt for mankind as they were. He that mingles and takes a part in a battlefield, would require to be more than mortal to escape this feeling, seeing there, as he must, man writhen into all varieties of painful, shameful, despicable, and horrible attitudes. It was, indeed, at Marathon, Salamis, and, perhaps, Plataea, that he mingled in warfare; but the details of even these world-famous fights of freedom must have been as mean and disgusting as those of Borodino or Austerlitz. From man, Eschylus turned pensively and proudly to

conclusion. Fuseli was wont to say to a person who was constantly advocating materialism, "*You may have no soul, but, ye heavens! I know that I have.*" We know, whatever the author of the "*Vestiges*" and John Stuart Blackie may be, that we, and millions more, are not sprung from the "*beasts that perish.*" But, 2dly, we do not believe that even these two intelligent persons are so lowly born as their language implies. The author of the "*Vestiges*" is generally believed to be a shrewd and talented person, and has actually the most *decided* creed now extant in the world—this, namely, that two and two make four. And who ever heard Mr Blackie speak—or, above all, sing—without acknowledging the soul which was manifestly in the man? But, 3dly, the phenomena which Mr Blackie enumerates so minutely from Diodorus, Strabo, Moses (!!), Moffat, and Collins, are, we suspect, more easily explained on the ground of a fall *from the fall*—a degradation and declassification *from* a sad catastrophe—than on his notion of a brute crawling up into a demigod—a snail developing, forsooth, into a Shakspeare! To us, it seems infinitely more likely, even according to the analogies he produces, that the tiger should degenerate into the tom-cat, than that the tom-cat should, in the course of ages, expand and exasperate into the tiger. Can any one, free from theory, compare the Bushman and the Caucasian man, without feeling an infinite repugnance to the notion that the one is the germ of the other? But, 4thly, without entering farther on this question, we beg leave to ask Professor Blackie what he means by throwing such dark and dubious speculations—on subjects on which, manifestly, his mind is yet in a weltering, though far from *righting*, state—into a book which many of the young must peruse? Do youths need to be told that they are next-door neighbours to the brutes? or is this note a certificate that our worthy friend is a professor of *humanity*? Such *humanity*!

In the close of this curious note, our Professor gives us an alternative. Perhaps our Australians and Africans may be "imbecile stragglers, dropt from the great army on their march." Does he mean that they alone are fallen—alone sinful? Alas! to us they seem less guilty than their fellows, although, at the same time, farther from their Creator, by reason of long degeneracy and ages of unbroken separation.

It is time to have done with this. We love Professor Blackie—we admire much that he exhibits, in this book and elsewhere, of vigorous, cultured, flighty, though unimaginative, mental power; but we see in him, and in men of still greater genius than he, symptoms of a plague from which we must flee. We can bear with eccentricities and with aberrations; but we cannot endure that the great primal principles and hopes of humanity should be subjected to tentative and tinkering processes—that men should, with grave face, proceed to redargue such questions as, "*Is man a brute?*" and, "*Should he, in prison, be treated like a brute, and, on the gallows, hanged like a brute?*" But there is this stern consolation: "*The great soul of the world is just.*" The writers who treat men as apes receive appropriate treatment in return. A "*dismal universal hiss*" is the reply which injured human nature returns, whether to their elaborate sophistry, or to their frantic declamations.

It is refreshing to pass from the low Germanism of the note, to the high Grecian of the text—from apes, to "*Eschylus*" and his Titan hero.

the gods; first, to the lower circle of Jove and Apollo, but, with deeper reverence and fonder love, to that elder family whom they had supplanted. Of that fallen house—the Stuarts of the skies—he became and continued the laureate, till a dying Cockney boy, with power projected forward from eternity, with hectic heat and unearthly beauty, sang “Hyperion.”

More strictly speaking, Eschylus was the poet of destiny, duty, and other great abstractions. He saw these towering over Olympus, reposing in his sleeping Furies, and shining like stars through the thin shadows of his gods. To him, whether consciously or unconsciously, the deities were embodied thoughts, as those of all men must, in some measure, be; and his thoughts, being of a lofty transcendental order, found fitter forms in the traditionary members of the Saturnian house, than in the more recent and more sharply-defined children of Jove.

His genius was lofty and bold, but rather bare and stern. Luxuriance and wealth of thought and imagination were hardly his; they are seldom found so high as the Promethean crags, although sometimes they appear in yet loftier regions, such as Job, Isaiah, and the “Paradise Lost.” His language is the only faculty he ever pushes to excess. It is sometimes overloaded into obscurity, and sometimes blown out into extravagance. But it is the thunder, and no lower voice, which bellows among those lonely and difficult rocks, and it must be permitted to follow its own old and awful rhythm.

At Gela in Sicily, in the 69th year of his age, died this Titan—banished, as some think, at all events alienated, from his native country. It was fitting that he should have found a grave in the land of Etna and the Cyclopes. There, into the hands of his Maker, he returned the “blast of the breath of his nostrils;” and a prouder and a more powerful spirit never came from, and never returned to God.

“Prometheus Bound” is not regarded as the most artistic or finished of Eschylus’ plays; but it is the most characteristic and sublime. There are more passion and subtlety in the “Agamemnon;” but less intensity and imagination. The “Agamemnon” is his “Lear;” and the “Prometheus” his “Macbeth.” It was natural that a mind so lofty and peculiar as this poet’s should be attracted towards the strange and magnificent myth of “Prometheus.” It seemed a fable *waiting* for his treatment. Thus patiently, from age to age, have certain subjects, like the spirits on the wrong side of Styx, or souls in their antenatal state, seemed to *wait* till men arose able to incarnate them in history or song. And it matters not how many prematurely try to give them embodiment! Their time is not yet, and they must tarry on. Twenty plays on “Lear” might have been written, and yet the subject had remained virgin for Shakspere. The subject of “Faust” had been treated, well or ill, before Goethe; but his is now *the* “Faust.” So of “Prometheus,” the Titan, there had been many drawings or busts before, in antique Greek poetry; but it was reserved for Eschylus to cast him in colossal statue, with head, limbs, and all *complete*.

Many the attractions of the subject for him. First of all, Prometheus was a Titan; one of the old race, who reigned ere evil was. Secondly, He was a benevolent and powerful being, suffering—a subject to meet and embrace which, all the noble sympathies of the poet’s nature leaped up. Thirdly, The story was full of striking points, peculiarly adapted

both for the lyric and the drama: and, Fourthly, There was here a gigantic mask ready, from behind which the poet could utter unrebuked his esoteric creed, and express at once his protest against things as they are, his notion of what they ought to be, and his anticipation of what they are yet to become. For these and other reasons, while the vulture fastens upon the liver of Prometheus, Eschylus leaps into, and possesses his soul.

The Fable is as follows:—Prometheus, son of Japetus and Themis, or Clymene, instead of opposing Jove, as his brother Titans had, by force, employs cunning and counsel. He rears up and arms man as his auxiliary against heaven. He bestows on him, especially, the gift of fire, and enables him therewith to cultivate the arts, and to rise from his degradation. For this crime, Jove dooms him to be chained to a rock, with a vulture to feed upon his liver. But Prometheus, knowing that from Io's race would spring a demigod (Hercules), who would deliver him from his chains, suffered with heroic firmness; he was even acquainted with the future fate of Jove, which was unknown to the god himself. When this irresistible enemy of Jupiter should appear, Prometheus was to be delivered from his sufferings. The reconciliation of Jupiter with his victim was to be the price of the disclosure of the danger to his empire, from the consummation of his marriage with Thetis. Thetis was, in consequence of his disclosure, given in marriage to Peleus; and Prometheus, with the permission of Jupiter, delivered from his captivity by Hercules. Such is the story which Eschylus extended through three lyrical dramas, the first and last of which are irrecoverably lost.

A difficulty here arises, which has puzzled and disunited the critics and commentators. Does, or does not, Eschylus mean to represent Jupiter as a tyrant? If not, why do neither Mercury nor Ocean, who are introduced as his ministers, seek to defend his character against the attacks of the Titan? And yet, if he does, why should he afterwards, as Shelley remarks, intend a "catastrophe so feeble as the reconciliation of the champion with the oppressor of mankind?" To evade this difficulty, Shelley, in his play, overthrows Jupiter before Prometheus and Hercules combined. The champion triumphs over the oppressor. Professor Blackie, on the other hand, denies that it was the purpose of the poet to represent Jove as a tyrant; but that he meant ultimately, in the closing drama, to unite the jarring claims of both—of Prometheus, as the umpire between gods and men, and of Jove, as possessing the supreme right to rule and to punish. But, first, he does not explain the *silence* of Jove's ministers as to the character of their calumniated lord. Secondly, as a recent writer in the "Eclectic" shows, he wrests the words, and misrepresents the character of Ocean, whom Eschylus means manifestly for a time-server. Thirdly, he does not answer the complaints of Prometheus himself, which seem to us on his theory quite overwhelming. And, lastly, he does not throw out the faintest glimpse of what could be the medium of reconciliation which the last play was to develop.

Two theories occur to us as to this knotty point. One is, that Eschylus, in his "*Prometheus Unbound*," meant to represent Jove as *repentant*; and, by timely penitence, saving his throne, and regaining his

original character. Prometheus, according to this view, would assume the sublime attitude of the forgiver instead of the forgiven. The second and more probable theory is, that, in the last play, Æschylus meant to make it appear that Jove had been "playing a part;" though, for the wisest and noblest reasons, "hiding himself," as we might say; and that he meant to surprise Prometheus, as well as his own servants, and the universe, by producing suddenly the reasons which had made him assume the aspect of the oppressor, and convince even his victim that his sufferings had been disguised benefits. These, however, are only conjectures. The poet's solution of the self-involved problem is hid in impenetrable darkness.

Were, however, the second of those conjectures allowed, it would, we think, give a clear, consistent, and almost a Christian meaning to the whole fable of the "Prometheus." Man and God are at variance; the one is abject and degraded—the other seems cold, distant, and cruel. Mediators, numerous, wise, and benevolent, rise up to heal, but seem rather to widen the breach. They become victims before high heaven. The divine vengeance, like a vulture, covers them with its vast wing. All their inventions add little, whether to their own happiness or to that of the species. They bear, however, on the whole, bravely: they suffer, on the whole, well. Their melodious groanings become the poetry and the philosophy of the world. Their tragedies are sublime and hopeful. A golden thread of promise passes, from bleeding hand to bleeding hand, down the ages. The reconciliation is at last effected, by the interposition of a divine power. A Hercules is at last born, and glorified, who effects this surpassing labour. He shows that God has all along hid intolerable love and light under the deep shadows of this present time. He has punished Prometheus—he has allowed himself to be misrepresented—he has suffered man to fall—he has made the wisest of the race tenfold partakers of the common misery, that he might at last surprise them by dropping the veil of ages, and showing a face of ineffable love, the more glorious for the length of the obscurity and the suddenness of the discovery. The result is—heaven on earth—man, his Titan instructors, his Herculean deliverer, and his Heavenly Father, united in one family of changeless peace, and progressive felicity and glory.

Our readers will perceive in this a rude sketch of the great Christian scheme, rescued from the myths and shadows of Paganism. We by no means offer it with dogmatic confidence, as the one true explication. There are, we admit, subordinate parts in the fable which it leaves unexplained; and it assumes a termination to the last play of the "Trilogy" which is necessarily gratuitous. But it seems as probable as any other we have met. It affords a striking and curious coincidence with some of our Christian verities. And were it admitted, its effect would be to cast a more pleasing light upon the old world-moving story. The storm-beaten rock in the Scythian desert—the far lands below—the everlasting snows around—the bare head of the solitary, unsleeping, unweeping Titan—the blistering sun of noon—the cold Orion, and the Great Bear of night, which seem carrying tidings of his fate to distant immensities—the faithful vulture, "that winged hound" of hell, tapping at his side with her slow red beak—the sympathies of visitors—the stern succession of duty-doing ministers of wrath—and, lastly, the avatars of the long-ex-

pected Deliverer, shaking the Caucasus at his coming; and the meeting in mid-air of the two reconciled parties, amid the jubilant shouts of earth and heaven—all this would then shine upon us in a gleam, however remote and faint, from the Christian Sun.

From "Prometheus Bound," the Mystery, let us turn to look at it a moment more, as "Prometheus Bound," the Poem. It is the only play in which you do not regret the rigid preservation of unity of place; for the place is so elevated, commands such a prospect, and is so strictly in keeping with the character and the subject, that you never wish, nor could bear it shifted. The play is founded on a rock; and there it must stand. The action and the dialogue are severely simple and characteristic. Might and Force are strongly drawn. They are alike, but different. Might talks confidently, like a favoured minion. Force is like a giant Nubian slave "made dumb by poison." He speaks none, but his silent frown unites with Might's loquacity in compelling Hephaestus to do his reluctant part in chaining the Titan to the rock. The Oceanides utter glorious *asides*. Has not every noble sufferer since the world began had his chorus of song, visible or invisible, to sympathise and to soothe him? Is not this a benevolent arrangement of the great Hidden Being who permits or presides over the tragedy? Socrates had friends wise and immortal as himself when he drank the hemlock. When Lord Russell was riding up Tower Hill, the multitude thought they saw "Liberty and Justice seated at his side." And, if we may dare the reference, did not, near a greater sufferer than them all, in the Garden, "an angel appear from heaven strengthening him?" Even when men supply the other elements of the tragedy, God provides the music, which is to soften, to sublimate, and to harmonise the whole. In consonance with this, the Grecian chorus may be called either the marginal moral, or the divine commentary, or the running consolation made in music upon the dark main business of the play.

Ocean is a plausible sycophant. Io, although necessary, has the effect of an excrescence, albeit a beautiful one. The prophetic tale of her wanderings is one of those delicious passages, only to be found in the Greeks, or in Milton, in which mere names of places become poetical by the artful apposition of associations connected with them. In this, which we may call *ideal geography*, Homer, Eschylus, and Milton are the three unequalled masters. Hear Eschylus:—

"First, Io, what remains

Of thy far sweeping wanderings hear, and grave
My words on the sure tablets of thy mind.
When thou hast pass'd the narrow stream that parts
The continents to the far flame-faced East,
Thou shalt proceed the highway of the sun;
Then cross the sounding ocean, till thou reach
Cisthene and the Gorgon plains, where dwell
Phorcy's three daughters. Them Phœbus, beamy-bright,
Beholds not, nor the nightly moon. Near them
Their winged sisters dwell, the Gorgons dire.

One more sight remains

That fills the eye with horror: mark me well;

The sharp-beak'd griffins, hounds of Jove, avoid,
 Fell dogs that bark not, and the one-eyed host
 Of Arimasian horsemen with swift hoofs,
 Beating the banks of golden-rolling Pluto.
 A distant land, a swarthy people next
 Receives thee: near the fountains of the sun
 They dwell, by Aethiop's wave. This river trace
 Until thy weary feet shall reach the pass,
 Whence from the Bybline heights the sacred Nile
 Pours his salubrious flood. The winding wave
 Thence to triangled Egypt guides thee, where
 A distant home awaits thee, fated mother
 Of no unstoried race."

Compare this with Milton's list of the fallen angels, or his description of the prospect from the Mount of the Temptation.

But Prometheus himself absorbs almost all the interest, and utters almost all the poetry in the play. He has been compared to Satan, and certainly, in grandeur of utterance, and dignity of defiance, and proud patience of suffering, is comparable to no other. But there are important differences which, in our notion, elevate Prometheus as a moral being above, and sink him, as a brave and intellectual being, far below, that tremendous shadow of Milton's soul. Prometheus deems himself, and is, in the right; Satan is, and knows he is, in the wrong. Prometheus anticipates ultimate restoration; Satan expects nothing, and hardly wishes aught but revenge. Prometheus is waited on by the multitudinous sympathies of innocent immortals; Satan leans on his own soul alone, for the feeling of his fallen brethren toward him is rather the reverence of fear than the submission of love. Prometheus carries consciously the fate of the Thunderer in his hands; Satan knows the Thunderer has only to be provoked sufficiently to annihilate him. Prometheus on Caucasus is not unvisited or uncheered; Satan on Niphates Mount is utterly alone, and though miserable, is undaunted, and almost darkens the sun by his stern soliloquy. In one word, Prometheus is a great, good being, mysteriously punished; Satan is a great bad being, reaping with quick and furious hand what he had sown; nay, warring with the whirlwind which from that sad sowing of the wind had sprung.

It was comparatively easy for Æschylus to enlist our sympathies for Prometheus, if once he were represented as good and injured. But, first, to represent Satan as guilty; again, to wring a confession of this from his own lips; and yet, thirdly, to teach us to admire, respect, pity, and almost love him all the while, was a problem which only a Milton was able either to state or to solve.

The words of Prometheus are consonant with his character. The groans of a God should be melodious; and not more so were those of Ariel from the centre of his cloven pine, where he "howled away twelve winters," than those of Prometheus from his blasted rock. As Professor Blackie remarks, he remains silent so "long as the ministers of justice are doing their duty." It were beneath him to quarrel with the mere ministers of another's pleasure. Nor does he deem those myrmidons worthy of hearing the complaints of his sublime woe. But no sooner have

they left him alone, than he finds a fitter audience assembled around him in the old elements of nature; and; like the voice of one of their own tameless torrents, does he break out into his famous (miscalled) soliloquy. Soliloquy it is none, for he was never less alone than when now alone.

‘O! divine ether, and swift-winged winds;
And river-fountains, and of ocean waves,
The multitudinous laughter, and thou earth,
Boon mother of us all, and thou bright round
Of the all-seeing sun, you I invoke!
Behold what ignominy of causeless wrong
I suffer from the gods, myself a god.”

We are glad to find that the professor uses the word “laughter,” instead of “dimple,” of the ocean waves. It is stronger, and more suited to the lofty mood of the supposed speaker. But in what “part of the Old Testament” is the “broad, strong word laugh retained in descriptions of nature?” The floods, indeed, are said, by a still bolder image, to “clap hands,” but nowhere to laugh. It is the Lord in the heavens who laughs; or it is the warhorse who laughs at the shaking of a spear. Inanimate objects are never said to laugh, although it were but in unison with the spirit of Hebrew poetry. The word “multitudinous” does not exactly please us, nor give the full sense of *αυαριθμουν*. We are almost tempted to coin a word, and to translate it the “*unarithmeticable* laughter of an ocean’s billows.”

Lines are scattered throughout, which, in their strong, pike-pointed condensation, remind you of Satan’s terrible laconicisms. The chorus, for instance, says—

“Dost thou not blench to cast such words about thee?”

Prometheus replies—

“How should *I* fear, who am a God, and *deathless*.”

Satan says—

“What matter *where*, if *I* be still the same?”

In the interview with Hermes, he retains the dignity of his bearing, and the fearlessness of his language. And how he mingles poetry the loftiest, and protest the most determined, in the description of the new horrors which he sees approaching his rock; the “pangs unfelt before;” the hell charged upon hell; that are at hand! The earth begins to quake below him. The sky gets dark over his head. The thunder bellows in his very ears. Hermes leaves him, and the lightning succeeds, and “wreathes its fiery curls around him.” The dust of a whirlwind covers him. Winds from all regions meet, and fight, and fluctuate around his naked body. In the distance, the ocean, laughing no more, appears, mingling its angry billows with the stars. And as this many-folded garment of wrath wraps round, and conceals Prometheus from view, his voice is heard screaming out above all the roar of the warring elements the closing words—

"Mighty mother, worshipped Themis,
 Circling Ether that diffuseth
 Light, a common joy to all,
Thou beholdest these my wrongs!"

Shelley was, and had a right to be, a daring genius. He had the threefold right of power, despair, and approaching death. He felt himself strong, he had been driven desperate; and he knew that his time was short. Hence, as a man, he was purged, earnest, resolute, and stripped, as one that was soon to join a spiritual company. Hence, as a poet, he aimed at the boldest and greatest things. He must leap into death's arms from the loftiest pinnacle possible. But all his genius, determination, and feeling of having no time to lose, were counteracted in their efforts by a certain morbid weakness; which was partly the result of bodily suffering, and partly of the insulated position into which his melancholy creed had thrown him. He was a hectic hero; a Titan in a deep decline. Tall, swift, and subtle, he wanted body, sinews, and blood. The only thoroughly manly and powerful things he has written are some parts of the "Revolt of Islam," the "Cenci," as a whole, and the commencement and one or two passages throughout the "Prometheus." The rest of his writings—even when beautiful, as they generally are, and sincere, as they are always—are more or less fantastical and diseased. The "Cenci" itself, the most calm and artistic of his works, could never have been selected as a subject by a healthy or perfectly sane mind.

"Prometheus Unbound," is the most ambitious of his poems. But it was written too fast. It was written, too, in a state of over-excitement, produced by the intoxication of an Italian spring, operating upon a morbid system, and causing it to flush over with hectic and half-delirious joy. Above all, it was written twenty years too soon, ere his views had consolidated, and ere his thought and language were cast in their final mould. Hence, on the whole, it is a strong and beautiful disease. Its language is loose and luxuriant as a "Moenad's hair;" its imagery is wilder and less felicitous than in some of his other poems. The thought is frequently drowned in a diarrhoea of words; its dialogue is heavy and prolix; and its lyrics have more flow of sound than beauty of image, or depth of sentiment;—it is a false gallop rather than a strong and kindling race. Compared with the "Prometheus" of Eschylus, Shelley's poem is wordy and diffuse; lacks unity and simplicity; above all, lacks whatever human interest is in the Grecian work. Nor has it the massive strength, the piled up gold and gems, the barbaric but kingly magnificence, of Keats' "Hyperion."

Beauties, of course, of a rare order it possesses. The opening speech of Prometheus—his conversation with the Earth—the picture of the Hours—one or two of the choruses—and, above all, the description of the effects of the "many-folded shell," in regenerating the world, are worthy of any poet or pen; and the whole, in its wasted strength, mixed with beautiful weakness, resembling a great forest struck with premature autumn, fills us with deep regrets that his life had not been spared. Had he, twenty years later, a healthier, happier, and better man, "clothed, and in his right mind," approached the sublime subject of the

"Prometheus," no poet save Milton and Keats was ever likely to have so fully completed the Eschylean design.

The last act of this drama is to us a mere dance of darkness. It has all the sound and semblance of eloquent, musical, and glorying nonsense. But, apart from the mystic meanings deposited in its lyrics, Shelley's great object in this play, as in his "Queen Mab" and "Revolt of Islam," is to 'predict' the total extinction of evil, through the progress and perfectionment of the human race. Man is to grow into the God of the world. We are of this opinion too, provided the necessity of *divine* sunshine and showers to consummate this growth be conceded. But Shelley's theory seems very hopeless. We may leave it to the scorching sarcasm, invective, and argument of Foster, in his "Essay on the Terro Romantic." The Ethiop is to wash himself white; the leper is to bathe away his leprosy in Abana and Pharpar, not in Jordan! We will believe it, as soon as we are convinced that human philosophy has of itself made any human being happy, and that there is not something in man, requiring both a fiercer cautery and a nobler balm to cure. "The nature of man still casts 'ominous conjecture on the whole success.' Till *that* be changed, extended plans of human improvement, laws, new institutions, and systems of education, are only what may be called the sublime mechanics of depravity." And what, we may add, *can* change that, short of an omnipotent fiat, as distinct as that which at first spake darkness into light—chaos into a world? Of lyrics, and dramas, and poetic dreams, we have had enough; what we want is, the one master-word of Him who "spake with authority, and not as the scribes."

The great Promethean rock shall be visited by poet for poetic treatment no more again for ever. It is henceforth a "rock in the wilderness," smitten not into water, but into eternal sterility. But although no poet shall ever seek in it the materials of another lofty song, yet its memory shall continue dear to all lovers of genius and man. Many a traveller, looking northward from the banks of the Kur, or southward from the sandy plains of Russia, to the snowy peaks of the Caucasus, shall think of Prometheus, and try to shape out his writhing figure upon the storm-beaten cliffs. Every admirer of Grecian or of British genius shall turn aside, and see the great spectacle of tortured worth, crushed dignity, and vicarious valour, exhibited with such wonderful force and verisimilitude by Eschylus and his follower.

And those who see, or think they see, in the story of this sublime, forsaken, and tormented Titan—the virtuous, the benevolent, the friend of man—a faint shadow of the real tragedy of the Cross, where the Man God was "nailed," as Prometheus is said to have been, was exposed to public ignominy, had his heart torn by the vulture of a world's substitutionary anguish—and at last, at the crisis of his agony, and while earth and hell and heaven were all darkening around him, cried out, "*Why hast thou forsaken me?*" (a fearful question, where you dare not lay the emphasis on any, but must on all the words), cannot but feel more tender and awful emotions as they contemplate this outlying and unacknowledged type of the Crucified, suspended among the crags of the Caucasian wilderness.

THE PALLADIUM.

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THE BARDS OF THE BIBLE.*

SCHILLER, in one of his exquisite lyrics,† represents Jove as proclaiming to men that he had given up the earth to them as their inheritance, and bidding them divide it among them, as becomes brothers; whereupon each, we are told, seized that which pleased him, and when all had been partitioned, at last, from afar off, came the poet. Arriving too late to find anything which he could appropriate, he bewailed his hard fate in strains which reached Jove upon his throne, and drew down upon him the reproach:—"If thou hast lingered too long in the land of dreams, complain not of me. Where wast thou when they were dividing the earth?" "I was," replied the poet, "with Thee. My eyes were fastened on thy countenance; my ears were captivated by the harmony of thy heaven. Pardon the spirit which, intoxicated with thy splendour, has omitted to secure its earthly portion." And Jove did pardon that aspiring, yet gentle and loving spirit, and assigned to it a portion, richer and nobler than any earth could furnish:—

"What can be done? said Jove; the earth is given;
The field, the chase, the mart are gone from me;—
Since 'tis thy joy to dwell with me in heaven,
Come when thou wilt, for thee the path is free."

Thus, in truthful fable, has the poet described the true poet's sphere and privilege. The dwelling-place of such an one is, indeed, with God. His eye is filled with the vision of the Creator's glory. His ear listens to the melodies that swell or whisper around the throne of the universe. The things of time and sense are viewed by him on their Godward side, and in the light which falls on them from above. He looks on earth as angels look on it; not merely as a place whence toil may evoke material wealth,

* The Bards of the Bible. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

† "Die Theilung der Erde."

or a scene on which the little passions, and wayward impulses, and selfish interests of men, may play out their transient drama, but rather as the footstool of the Omnipotent, on which the pressure of his majesty rests, and which He has covered with the manifestations of his glory. To the true poet, the beauty of the fields, the grandeur of the "everlasting hills," the mystery of the great deep, "and all the dread magnificence of heaven," are full of God. The changing seasons, the alternation of day and night, the interchange of storm and sunshine, are to him but "the varied God"—the foldings of that many-coloured vestment that is wrapped around the unsearchable presence of Him who "covereth himself with light as with a garment, and stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain." Gifted with a "vision and faculty divine," the poet sees all things as if alive and sentient by the power of the all-pervading Spirit. His intuition is akin to inspiration; and so men in all ages have venerated him as one whose voice is the organ of Deity. The old Romans had but one word for poet and for prophet. The old Greeks called him by a divine name, the ποιητής, or maker. The old Scandinavians called poetry "the beverage of the gods," and honoured the poet as one who had feasted with Odin. In all countries, and among all tribes, this faith has subsisted, and the poet has had reverence as one for whom heaven's gate stood ever open, and whose privilege it was to be a dweller with God.

It would be well if poets were duly conscious of the sublimity of their vocation, and more jealous of its dignity and sacredness than they often are. Alas! they have so frequently degraded their office, and used their lofty powers for unworthy ends, that men in these later times have begun to doubt if poetry be indeed divine, and to regard all such claims as those above advanced on behalf of the poet as fanatical and foolish. We sorrowfully admit the premise, but indignantly deny the conclusion. Because a divine gift may be abused, does it follow that therefore the gift is *not* divine? Because an angel may be seduced by an earthly love from the starry sphere, and may fold his wings, and rest content with an earthly paradise, and even stoop to ignoble toils, does it follow that the proper place of angels is not in the presence-chamber of the Eternal, and that it is not their privilege always to behold the face of the Heavenly Father? And if it be so that poets have too often forgotten that theirs is a sacred vocation and a celestial privilege, let the blame rest with the individuals who have been thus faithless to the trust reposed in them; but let not the gift which God has bestowed for noble and worthy uses be on that account blasphemed. If the genius that might have soared into the empyrean, has ingloriously stooped to what is low, false, grovelling, sensual, or devilish—has sought to become the apologist of evil—has endeavoured to throw the ornaments of genius around the hateful form of vice, or has used its heaven-sent powers to smooth the too easy descent to hell: let him who has thus profaned his office suffer such disgrace as would be incurred by a priest who had defiled the altar at which he was commissioned to serve; but let not the office he has dishonoured, or the altar he has insulted, bear his reproach. Rather let men take occasion, from the failings of the functionary, to maintain all the more earnestly the dignity of the function, that so the original purpose of Him by whom all good gifts are bestowed may be

vindicated, and those on whom they are conferred may be awakened to an ever-deepening sense of the responsibility under which they rest.

All true poets have a feeling of the loftiness and sacredness of their art, even though, through infirmity and temptation, they may have grievously fallen short of what it requires. "It is not without grief and indignation," exclaims Cowley,* "that I behold that divine science, employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence, either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolising of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or, at best, on the confused, antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity, as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like, there is none that he so universally and so long usurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God, who is the Father of it." It would have been well had the author of these sentences at all times remembered his own doctrine, and given less occasion himself for that pious grief and holy indignation which, he avers, had been inspired in him by the delinquencies of others. Nevertheless, what he here says is just, and may be taken as expressing what all true poets, in their innermost hearts, feel as to the purpose and dignity of their art. It is of God; He is the father of it; and it is only as it is used for the work of God, that it is used for purposes befitting its character and worth.

Poetry being thus of divine origin, it may be supposed that, when God condescended to address Himself to men, he would not overlook this as a fitting vehicle of his communication. May we not go further, and say, that, for certain parts of that communication, the language of poetry is the only fitting vehicle? For that which is merely dogmatic, or merely legislative, the language of prose may suffice, or be preferable. But the dogmatic and legislative parts of revelation are neither the whole of it, nor the most important part of it. These form but the basis on which the superstructure of a subjective religion, in the proper sense of that term, is to be raised—the germ out of which a holy, heavenly, godly character is to be evolved in each individual. God's object in speaking to men at all is, not so much to make moralists and theologians of them, as to bring them to Himself—to recover them from their alienation and rebellion, and rebind them in holy love and trustful confidence, and sincere adoration to Him who is the fountain of their being, and the centre of their felicity. For this purpose, their whole nature must be addressed. It is not enough to enlighten the understanding or direct the judgment; if the heart, the soul, the imagination, the higher reason of man, be not captivated and pervaded by what is divine, the victory will not be secured, the regeneration will not be complete. Praise does not spring out of theoretical abstractions. Adoration is never excited by legislative enactments. Devotion will not be sustained by dogmas. It is possible for a man to know all mysteries, and yet it shall profit him nothing as respects the reality of religion. Unless there be love, and wonder, and awe, and hope, and ardent desire, kindled in the soul as by a live coal taken from off the altar that burns its mystic fires be-

for the very face of God, there will be nothing heavenly, or leading to heaven, in the man's religion. It will be of the earth earthy; excellent, it may be, for a form; very good to dispute about; unsurpassable, as an instrument of ecclesiastical authority; but, for all that concerns the life, and power, and fervour of godliness, utterly valueless. It is the manifestation of God alone that will avail to create a true piety in the soul of man. There must be a vision of Him who is invisible, before we can have that in us which will endure. The heart of the Heavenly Father must be displayed, ere the heart of the wandering and benighted child can be recovered. We cannot love, or even truly adore, a Being who sits shrouded in impenetrable splendour, or reveals himself only in hard dogmas and stern injunctions. It is when He comes forth from his pavilioned glory, and takes shape amongst us as one who in very deed can dwell with man upon this earth, and speaks to us, as the Being who made us and all things, and who knoweth our frame, and hath enstamped upon all creation the visible images of those majestic ideas which have ever been present to his eternal mind, and will employ these images, which custom has made familiar to us, for the purpose of lifting us up to communion of mind with Himself; then, and then only, is it that, in accordance with the laws under which He has placed us, our souls will open to his teaching, and be subdued and captivated by his grace. And what is this, but in other words to say, that, to speak to us effectually, He must speak to us in the language of poetry?

We may even go farther, and say that there can be no revelation to man, such as he now is, except in language that shall partake of the nature of poetry. For, let it be considered what revelation is, and to what part of man it is addressed. Revelation is not the announcement of a mere physical or historical fact, which may be received by a simple effort of apprehension; nor is it the statement of a conclusion capable of being deduced by a logical process of the understanding; nor is it the exposition of a theory on which the judgment may pronounce. It is essentially a presentation to the mind of something divine—something appertaining to God, to his being, his perfections, or his operations; and this can be addressed only to the higher reason in man, that faculty which is described in the Bible as that which evidences the unseen, and renders substantive and real what is as yet merely the object of hope. Now, it is only through the medium of the imagination that such knowledge can be conveyed to us. God does not convey to us *directly* by a species of intuition these new truths; He must, therefore, present them to us by figure, and picture, and analogy. There are but the three ways of it, logical inference, intuition, pictorial representation; and the two former being excluded by the nature of the case, there remains but the last. This last is of the nature of poetry.

Whether our first parents, during their abode in Paradise, held immediate intercourse with God, and were permitted directly, and as it were unconsciously, to imbibe their knowledge of Him by intuition, it is not for us to say. Perhaps it was so. Perhaps they thought and felt God, without the aid of any intervening medium of intelligence. Perhaps their songs of praise were as natural and spontaneous as were the songs of the birds that made the trees of the garden vocal with their melody. Perhaps God taught man poetry and music just as He taught

him thought and speech—perfectly and at once. But that state of primeval intelligence and bliss has for ever passed away. Man must now learn of the Almighty by slower and less perfect means. In his present state, he sees through a glass darkly. The vision of the divine glory would be too intolerably bright for his now feeble powers. He can endure only the reflection of it, cast on him from type and figure, and caught by the inward eye of imagination. Adam may have taught his sons some of the bright lessons of his better days; and one can fancy Eve singing her first babe to sleep with some half-remembered angel's song, "heard from the steep of echoing hill," when as yet she was privileged to listen to "celestial voices in the midnight air," and now sung by her, partly amidst a mother's hopeful smiles, as she gazed on her child, partly amidst regretful tears, as she thought of what a heritage of sorrow her sin had brought him. But the lessons and the songs of Paradise soon passed from the memories of man, submerged in that tide of evil, which rose with continual swellings, until it ascended up even unto heaven; and since that time, earth has never been near enough to the upper world to learn aught of what is there, save by pictures and images sent down by God's grace to show to men "the pattern of things in the heavens."

For these reasons, the Bible, which contains God's revelation of Himself and his ways to man, is a book full of poetry, even in those parts of it which wear the outward form of prose. In the eloquent language of the author of the volume now before us—

"The Bible is a mass of beautiful figures; its words and its thoughts are alike poetical; it has gathered around its central truths all natural beauty and interest; it is a temple, with one altar and one God, but illuminated by a thousand varied lights, and studded with a thousand ornaments. It has substantially but one declaration to make, but it utters it in the voices of the creation. Shining forth from the excellent glory, its light has been reflected on a myriad intervening objects, till it has been at length attenuated for our earthly vision. It now beams upon us at once from the heart of man and from the countenance of nature. It has arrayed itself in the charms of fiction. It has gathered new beauty from the works of creation, and new warmth and new power from the very passions of clay. It has pressed into its service the animals of the forest, the flowers of the field, the stars of heaven, all the elements of nature. The lion spurning the sands of the desert, the wild roe leaping over the mountains, the lamb led in silence to the slaughter, the goat speeding to the wilderness, the rose blossoming in Sharon, the lily drooping in the valley, the apple-tree bowing under its fruit, the great rock shadowing a weary land, the river gladdening the dry place, the moon and the morning star, Carmel by the sea, and Tabor among the mountains, the dew from the womb of the morning, the rain upon the mown grass, the rainbow encompassing the landscape, the light God's shadow, the thunder His voice, the wind and the earthquake His footsteps—all such varied objects are made as if naturally designed from their creation to represent Him to whom the Book and all its emblems point. Thus the quick spirit of the Book has ransacked creation to lay its treasures on Jehovah's altar—united the innumerable rays of a far-streaming glory on the little hill, Calvary—and woven a garland for the bleeding brow of Immanuel, the flowers of which have been culled from the gardens of a universe."

The poetry which God has thus been pleased to employ as the vehicle of so much of his written communication to men, has especial claims upon the attention and study of the critic. Laying aside for the

moment its sacred character, and the deeper inspiration which belongs to it, it has qualities and attractions of a mere literary kind, which entitle it to the most thoughtful and discriminative study. A great part of it is older than any other poetry extant; some portions of it form, perhaps, the first poetry ever committed to writing; one fragment of it may be regarded without scruple as the first piece of poetry ever composed. It possesses a character peculiar to itself, which, amidst all the variety of form it assumes, adheres to it, and distinguishes it from all other poetry, even Oriental poetry, the genus to which it must be said to belong. In all the higher qualities of poetry, it stands pre-eminent. In simple truthfulness to nature, in easy unconscious majesty, in tenderness of pathos, in vividness of imagery, and in energy of action, the highest efforts of Homer fall below those of the bards of Judea. Pindar has nothing so animated, Æschylus nothing so august and awful, Catullus nothing so sweet and musical, as the lyric poems of the Hebrews exhibit. The pathos of Euripides seems forced and artificial, beside that of the unknown author of the book of Ruth—shallow and tearless, beside the intense wail of the book of Lamentations; whilst his ethical apophthegms, exquisite as they often are, become but as “the wise saws” of a maundering dotard, when placed by the side of the pregnant sentences of the Jewish sages, whose wisdom is concentrated in the book of Proverbs. The “sweet singer of Israel” abides without a rival among the sons of song. The harp of Isaiah, like the bow of Ulysses, no arm but his own could string. The “dews of Castaly” conferred no such inspiration as that which came down “on the secret top of Oreb or of Sinai.” The muse that was baptised with water, though from the Pierian spring, was no rival for her who was baptised with the Holy Spirit and with fire.

And yet how little has this, the first poetry in the world, engaged the attention of professed critics! Dr Blair, as became a clerical professor of rhetoric, introduces it in the course of his review, but he despatches it in a single lecture, and that marked by even more than his usual shallowness, and want of power and point. Hazlitt has allotted it somewhat less than a page and a-half in his “Lecture on Poetry,” about half as much as he allots to Dante, and nearly the same as he thinks due to Ossian! Sandford, in his hasty but brilliant “Discourse on the Rise and Progress of Literature,” dismisses it in five sentences, just and hearty in their commendation, but ludicrously inadequate to the subject, even in a sketch such as he had engaged to draw. Of those who have made the poetry of the Hebrews the subject of special treatment in works devoted to the subject, the only two hitherto much known in this country are Lowth and Herder. Of the merits of these writers, Mr Gilfillan gives a decided, and, upon the whole, just estimate; assigning to Herder the superiority over Lowth, both in depth of acquaintance with the subject, and in importance of result accruing from his studies of it. In this judgment we fully acquiesce, though we are inclined to claim for “the British bishop” a somewhat higher meed of praise than Mr Gilfillan has seen meet to assign him. He was something more than merely “elegant,” and “his step round the awful sanctities of Hebrew song,” we cannot help regarding as, occasionally at least, something more than “the light and

trembling step of a timid lover." Lowth was not a man of ardent or impassioned temperament, and he had been trained in a school which prescribed the classical writers of Greece and Rome as the supreme standard of taste and good writing. But he was immensely superior to the mass of those who wrote criticism in his day on the model of Longinus and Quintilian. He was no trivialist, "content to dwell in decencies for ever," no dilettanti admirer of petty beauties, no fastidious detector of little blemishes, who overlooked, or was incapable of estimating, the general worth and power of a composition. He had a clear perception of literary excellencies, was a discriminative observer of the qualities peculiarly characteristic of different writers, and could take in a large and scholarly view of the whole merits of any author whose compositions he criticised. As to his "timidity," we do not think his lectures show any glaring traces of that. We believe many readers have thought his criticisms on the sacred writers a little too bold; and when we find even the fierce and audacious Warburton finding fault with the *strength* of some of his expressions, we need not wonder that in milder bosoms the feeling was still stronger. Our wonder is, that Mr Gilfillan should have seen any timidity in Lowth's criticisms; they are quite as bold, we think, though not as brilliant, as those of Herder. The truth is, that Herder had more of the poet than of the logician in him, whilst, with Lowth, the reverse was the case; and to this is to be ascribed, we think, the difference in point of warmth and depth of sympathy, in reference to the Hebrew poets, which they display in their books. It is also to be borne in mind that Herder wrote with the unrestrained freedom of one who was conveying his thoughts in his mother tongue, whilst Lowth had to struggle in the fetters of a dead language. Mr Gilfillan puts in a word, in passing, laudatory of Lowth's Latinity, and in this he but echoes the opinions of all scholars, British and Continental; but, if Mr Gilfillan's admiration of the bishop's Latinity had led him, in imitation of his example, to clothe his own periods "in the tongue of Cicero," he would have found, we suspect, that such a task was a sad represser of enthusiasm, and that an occasional sinking to tameness was almost inevitable to the man on whom it was imposed. That Lowth could write, not only with vivacity, but with power and effect, is shown by some of his compositions in English, especially his Letter to Warburton; but, to be lively and animated all through a long volume, written by help of grammar, dictionary, and phrase-book, and with a continual fear of breaking the head of Priscian haunting the writer, passes, we suspect, the limits of human possibility, and ought not to be demanded of any ordinary mortal.

From this brief apology for an old friend, to whom we stand indebted for much pleasant and profitable reading, we pass to notice more particularly the volume now before us. After the utmost has been said for Lowth and Herder, it must be admitted that ample room remains for a fresh treatment of the subject of the Poetry of the Bible. The advanced state of critical science in the present day, the higher style now in vogue of critical writing, the larger and more comprehensive range of aesthetical survey familiar to the better class of writers and readers in these times, as well as the improved state of Biblical learn-

ing among us, all conspire to render it desirable that this subject should be anew investigated and discussed in a manner befitting the attainments, and adapted to the taste, of the age. We are happy that this task has been undertaken by Mr Gilfillan. We know no writer of the present day more remarkably fitted to do it justice. A practised critic, familiar with a vast range of poetical literature, possessed of quick and profound sympathies with genius in all its utterances, belonging to no narrow school either in aesthetics or in theology, and able to give utterance to vigorous thinking and vivid emotion in appropriate language, Mr Gilfillan's literary fitness for the duty he has here undertaken must be universally confessed. But it is not by literary fitness alone that a writer is to be qualified to treat aright such a subject as "The Bards of the Bible." For a theme like this, it is requisite that he be also a sincerely religious man—a man of reverence and devotion—who, in applying criticism to the sacred writers, will not forget that through them the voice of the Almighty spoke to men. He alone approaches this theme aright who feels that it is holy ground on which he treads, and who seeks to purge his mind from all worldly impurities and vanities in approaching it, as the worshipper of old had to leave his shoes without the circle that had been consecrated by the presence of Deity. A mere formal and carnal criticism will make poor work, if it does not make sad havoc, of such a subject. Something congenial there must be between the mind of the sacred writers and that of the commentator who would rightly expound their meaning, or illustrate their excellencies; and such congeniality cannot exist except in the bosom of one who is under the influence of that same faith and reverence and hope which reigned paramount in them. In this respect, Mr Gilfillan is altogether qualified for his task. Enthusiastic in his admiration of genius wherever and by whomsoever it may be displayed, candid and catholic in his literary tastes and judgments, he yet never forgets the immense difference there is between the loftiest efforts of mere human intellect and the writings of those who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." He admires the one; he bows before the other. The former are to him so many lesser luminaries, to whose light he opens with gladness his eye that it may shine upon him; but the latter is the sun of his intellectual astronomy, in whose perennial lustre he lives and moves. Let him tell us in his own powerful words how he thinks and feels on this head:—

"The Book, we thus are justified in proclaiming to be *superior* to all other books that have been, or are, or shall ever be on earth. And this, not that it foretells coming books, or includes all their essential truth within it; nor that, in polish, art, or instant effect, it can be exalted above the written masterpieces of human genius;—~~what~~ comparison in elaboration, any more than what comparison in girth and greatness, between the cabinet and the oak;—but it is, that the Bible, while bearing on its summit the hues of a higher heaven, overtopping with ease all human structures and aspirations—in earth, but not of it—communicating with the omniscience, and recording the acts of the omnipotence, of God—is at the same time the Bible of the poor and lowly, the crutch of the aged, the pillow of the widow, the eye of the blind, the 'boy's own book,' the solace of the sick, the light of the dying, the grand hope and refuge of simple, sincere, and sorrowing spirits;—it is *this* which at once proclaims its unearthly origin, and so clasps it to the great common heart of humanity, that the

extinction of the sun were not more mourned than the extinction of the Bible, or than even its receding from its present pride of place. For, while other books are planets shining with reflected radiance, this book, like the sun, shines with a new and unborrowed ray. Other books have, to their loftiest altitudes, sprung from earth; this book looks down from heaven high. Other books appeal to understanding or fancy; this book to conscience and to faith. Other books seek our attention; this book demands it—it speaks with authority, and not as the Scribes. Other books guide gracefully along the earth, or onwards to the mountain-summits of the ideal; this, and this alone, conducts up the awful abyss which leads to heaven. Other books, after shining their little season, may perish in flames, fiercer than those which destroyed the Alexandrian Library; this must, in essence, remain pure as gold, but unconsumable as asbestos, in the general conflagration. Other books may be forgotten in a universe where suns go down and disappear, like bubbles in the stream; the memory of this book shall shine as the brightness of that eternal firmament, and as those higher stars, which are for ever and ever.”

Mr Gilfillan's genius and his merits as a writer have been recently so fully discussed in this journal, that we feel it unnecessary to say anything further in regard to them, except to remark that, in the work now before us, both will be found displayed even more strikingly than in any of his former productions. We have no hesitation in affirming, that this is the ablest work he has yet laid before the public. It displays the brilliancy of his imagination, the fervour of his genius, the extent of his resources, the soundness of his critical judgment, and the fire of his eloquence, in a manner which will satisfy his admirers that their high estimate of his powers was not mistaken; and lead those who have acted as his detractors, we trust, to some sense of salutary shame for the attempt they have made to defraud him of his just place in the republic of letters. The latter may still, indeed, find in this volume something on which to found, if they so choose it, their nibbling and ill-natured censure. Mr Gilfillan's idiosyncrasy is too strongly developed, and his manner of speech is too independent and fearless, not to betray him occasionally into statements and expressions which, to minds of a colder temperament, and the admirers of a more timid eloquence, may give offence; and nothing is more easy than to pick out a few such *maculae*, and parade them, as affording a fair specimen of his style. But such cheap and petulant criticism will ultimately do harm only to those who are mean enough to indulge in it. Mr Gilfillan has taken too high a place in public estimation to be touched by such ill-fledged arrows; or, if hitherto he was at all within the range of such small archery, his present flight will certainly bear him far beyond it. We hope, also, that this elaborate, earnest, and truly religious exposition of the literary excellencies of the sacred writers, will go far to obliterate the sort of dubious jealousy with which some good people, who seem to think it impossible by any means “to reconcile divinity with wit,” have been disposed to regard Mr Gilfillan's devotion, as a clergyman, to literary pursuits. The deep piety, the sincere Christianity, the honest evangelical convictions of the man, are apparent in every page of the book. It must be evident—now at least—to all, that, if he has been more diligent than most of his brethren in gathering the treasures of Egypt, it has been that he might bring the spoil as a richer offering to adorn the tabernacle of the Lord.

In illustration of these remarks, we think it due to the writer to quote a passage or two from different parts of his volume. We shall select such as afford a specimen, as well of the brilliant eloquence, as of the religious fervour by which the work is marked. The following passage occurs in a very able chapter on the general peculiarities of Hebrew poetry:—

“The Hebrew poet was nothing, if not sacred. To him the poetical and the religious were almost the same. Song was the form instinctively assumed by all the higher moods of his worship. He was not surprised into religious emotion and poetry by the influence of circumstances, nor stung into it by the pressure of remorse. He was not religious only when the organ was playing, nor most so—like Burns and Byron—on a sunshiny day. Religion was with him a habitual feeling, and from the joy or the agony of that feeling poetry broke out irrepressibly. To him, the question ‘Are you in a religious mood to-day?’ had been as absurd as ‘Are you alive to-day?’ for all his moods—whether high as heaven, or low as hell—whether wretched as the penitence of David, or triumphant as the rapture of Isaiah—were tinged with the religious element. From God he sank, or up to him he soared. The grand theocracy around ruled all the soul and all the song of the bard. Wherever he stood—under the silent starry canopy, or in the congregation of the faithful—musing in solitary spots, or smiting with high, hot, rebounding hand, the loud cymbal—his feeling was, ‘How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.’ In him, surrounded by sacred influences, haunted by sacred recollections, moving through a holy land, and overhung by a heavenly presence, religion became a passion, a patriotism, and a poetry. Hence, the sacred song of the Hebrews stands alone; and hence we may draw the deduction, that its equal we shall never see again, till again religion enshrine the earth with an atmosphere as it then enshrined Palestine—till poets are the organs, not only of their personal belief, but of the general sentiment around them, and have become but the high priests in a vast sanctuary, where all shall be worshippers, because all is felt to be divine. How this high and solemn reference to the Supreme Intelligence and Great Whole comes forth in all the varied forms of Hebrew poetry! Is it the pastoral?—The Lord is the shepherd. Is it elegy?—It bewails his absence. Is it ode?—It cries aloud for his return, or shouts his praise. Is it the historical ballad?—It recounts his deeds. Is it the penitential psalm?—Its climax is, ‘Against Thee only have I sinned.’ Is it the didactic poem?—Running down through the world, like a scythed chariot, and hewing down before it all things as vanity, it clears the way to the final conclusion, ‘Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.’ Is it a ‘burden,’ tossed, as from a midnight mountain, by the hand of lonely seer, toward the lands of Egypt and Babylon?—It is the burden of the Lord; his the handful of devouring fire flung by the fierce prophet. Is it apologue, or emblem?—God’s meaning lies in the hollow of the parable; God’s eye glares the ‘terrible crystal’ over the rushing wheels. Even the love-canticle seems to rise above itself, and behold a greater than Solomon, and a fairer than his Egyptian spouse, are here. Thus, from their poetry, as from a thousand mirrors, flashes back the one awful face of their God.”

In introducing his remarks on the poetry of Amos, Mr Gilfillan, in allusion to that prophet’s want of literary culture, says—“As Burns among the poets, is Amos among the prophets.” The parallel is an obvious one so far; but, ere he closes, the author finds occasion to introduce a contrast between the two, which could have suggested itself

only to a sincerely religious mind, and which only a really honest "preacher of righteousness" would have ventured to utter:—

"Amos has had a singular destiny among his fellows. Many herdsmen tended cattle in Tekoah, or gathered fruit from its sycamore trees, but on him alone lighted the spirit of inspiration. It came to him as, like Eliphaz, he was employed in his peaceful toil; it hurried him to duty and to danger; it made him a power among the moral princes of the land; it gave his name and his prophecy a place in an immortal volume; and from gathering sycamore fruit, it promoted him to stand below the 'tree of life,' to pluck from it, and to distribute to after ages not a few clusters, as fair as they are nutritious, of its celestial fruit. All honour to the bold herdsman of Tekoah! Nor can we close, without alluding again to the unhappy poet whose name we coupled with his at the beginning—who left the plough, not at the voice of a divine, but of an earthly impulse—whose snatches of truth, and wisdom, and virtuous sentiment, were neutralised by counter strains of coarse and ribald debauchery—who struggled all his life between light, which amounted to noon, and darkness, which was midnight—who tore and tarnished with his own hand the garland of beauty he had woven for the brow of his native land—whose name, broader in his country's literature than that of Amos in his, is broadened by the blots which surrounded, as well as by the beauties which adorned it—and of whom, much as we admire his genius and the many manly qualities of his character, we are prone to say, Pity, for his own sake and his country's, that he had not tarried 'behind his plough upon the mountainside,' for then, if his 'glory' had been less, his 'joy' had been greater, or, if ruined, he at least had 'fallen alone in his iniquity.'"

As a fitting pendant to the above, we may cite the following:—

"Standing above the prospective wreck of all such abortive replies, the author of Job discloses that path which the 'vulture's eye hath not seen,' and the gates of which no golden key can open—'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.' Simple the finger-post, but it points out the truth. Here, at last, we find that portion of the universal knowledge, truth, or wisdom, which satisfies without cloying the mind—which reflects the inner man of the heart as 'face, face in a glass'—which gives a feeling of firm ground below us, firm if there be *terra firma* in the universe—and on which have reposed, in death, the wisest of mankind. Newton laid not his dying head on his 'Principia,' but on his Bible; Cowper, not on his 'Task,' but on his Testament; Hall, not on his wide fame, but on his 'humble hope;' Michael Angelo, not on that pencil which along coped with the grandeurs of the 'Judgment,' but on that grace which, for him, shore the judgment of its terrors; Coleridge, not on his limitless genius, but on 'Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame.' Often must the wanderer mid American forests lay his head upon a rude log, while above it is the abyss of stars. Thus the weary, heavy-laden, dying Christian leans upon the rugged and narrow Cross, but looks up the while to the beaming canopy of immortal life—to those 'things which are above.'"

One of the finest chapters in the volume is that on the poetry of the Gospels, in the course of which, the author is chiefly occupied in delineating the character, and describing the teaching, of our Lord. The chapter concludes thus:—

"Thus faintly have we sought to depict the character and eloquence of Jesus. Scripture writers did not, nor needed to do it. They never say, in so many words, Christ was very eloquent, very wise, very humble, very merciful, or very holy. But

they record his Sermon on the Mount; they show him taking the Pharisees in their own snare; they register his tears at the tomb of Lazarus; they paint the confusion of the witnesses, who came, but could not bear testimony against him; and they tell of his washing his disciples' feet. We have, alas! no new facts to record of him; and must say of that life so marvellous, yet humane, 'It is finished.' But even as the most splendid object in the sky is perpetually painted, yet always new, as the sun is unceasingly rendered back by the wave of the ocean, the dewdrop, and the eye of man, so let it be with the Sun of Righteousness. Let his blessed image be reflected from page to page, each catching more fully than another some aspect of his glory, till he shall himself stand before the trembling mirror of the earth, 'as he is,' and till 'every eye shall see him.' Then, probably, it may be found that all the proud portraits which the genius of Taylor, and Harris, and Rousseau, and Goethe, has drawn of him, are not comparable with that cherished likeness of his face and nature which lies in the bosom of the lowly Christian, like a star in a deep-sunken well, the more glorious that it is solitary and seldom seen, for ever trembling, but never passing away."

We could add largely to these extracts, but our space is rapidly contracting, and we must desist. They will, we trust, suffice to give our readers some idea of the interest and power of that work from which they have been taken.

We forbear any analysis of the volume, as none could be given within our allotted limits, such as our own judgment would approve, or such as would materially aid our readers in forming an idea of what they may expect from the work itself, supposing them yet to be personally unacquainted with it. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with saying, that Mr Gilfillan has treated the whole subject of Biblical poetry with unexampled fulness, and in a style which not only makes his work the best yet given to the world on that subject, but one of the noblest pieces of literary criticism, in any department, which our age has produced.

The author tells us, in his preface, that, "in order that his book may be tried by its own pretensions," he "deems it necessary to premise that, while containing much literary criticism, and a considerable proportion of biographical and religious matter, and while meant to develop indirectly a subsidiary argument for the truth and divinity of the Bible, its main ambition is to be a prose poem, or hymn, in honour of the poetry and poets of the inspired volume, although, as the reader will perceive, he has occasionally diverged into the analysis of Scripture characters, and more rarely into cognate fields of literature or of speculation." In these words, Mr Gilfillan very fairly describes his work. It is, perhaps, a poetic eulogy on the poetry of Scripture, quite as much as a critical analysis of it, and judgment upon it. To this, we suppose, few will object, assuming it to be competently executed; for, after all, the true office of literary criticism on such a subject is to catch the genuine spirit and utterance of the writers, and bring them home to the hearts and imaginations of others. This, Mr Gilfillan has, in our judgment, most successfully accomplished.

In the critical estimate he has formed of the different sacred writers, we, for the most part, concur. Some of his delineations strike us as singularly felicitous, especially where he strikes off, in a terse line or

two, the literary characteristics of those whose writings he is surveying, or the personal peculiarities of the individuals whom he notices. How graphic, for instance, is the following :—

“The ‘glory of Solomon’ is a troubled and fearful glory: how different from the meek light of the life of Isaac—most blameless of patriarchs—whose history is that of a quiet, grey autumnal day, where, with no sun visible, all above and below seems diluted sunshine—a day as dear as it is beautiful, and which dies regretted, as it has lived enjoyed!”

Take also the following picture of Isaiah :—

“He was a prince amid a generation of princes—a Titan among a tribe of Titans; and of all the prophets who rose on aspiring pinion to meet the Sun of Righteousness, it was his—the Evangelical Eagle—to mount highest, and to catch on his wing the richest anticipation of his rising.”

Speaking of the occasional streaks of delicate loveliness which vein the dark marble of Ezekiel’s sculpture, he says :—

“In this point of his genius, Ezekiel resembles Dante. Like Dante, he loves the terrible; but, like Dante too, the beautiful seems to love him.”

From some, however, of these apophthegmatical judgments, we feel constrained to dissent. It does not appear to us an absolutely certain matter that, “be the author of the book of Job who he may, he was not Moses;” we think, both external and internal evidence conspire very strongly to support the ancient opinion, which Mr Gilfillan thus oracularly sets aside. We can by no means regard Moses as “the Homer of his country;” saving the one element of antiquity, we can trace no special affinity between the serene, stately, cultivated, and princely leader and lawgiver of the Jews, the “king in Jeshurun;” and the simple, ardent, many-sided rhapsodist of Chios, who looked on nature and man with the eye of an inspired child, and wandered about, singing his ballads of love and war, from palace to cottage, alike welcome in either. What Mr Gilfillan means by saying of St Paul, that “his system is a dark but rounded orb,” we cannot well conceive, having always regarded dialectical clearness and method as among that apostle’s most conspicuous qualities. And when Mr Gilfillan describes the Apostle Peter—the main instrument of the triumphs of Pentecost, the acknowledged president among the apostles, a recognised pillar in the church, and for many years one of its chief directive minds—describes him as “the Oliver Goldsmith of the New Testament,” we feel as if something worse than an error in judgment and a violation of good taste had been committed.

We should relish Mr Gilfillan’s writing more, if there were a little more of repose in it—if it were less bustling and strained. But, let him write as he likes, we shall be glad to receive another such volume from his pen—only we would rather he should *not* “develop further his views of the reconciliation of man in another, and probably a fictitious form.” He will commit a great mistake if he does.

CARLINGTON CASTLE: A TALE OF THE JESUITS.

CHAP. IV.

THE long-expected period arrived at last; and Dora opened her eyes on the day that gave her independence. There was somewhat, perhaps, of proud exultation in her heart, as she gazed from her window over the wide scene, reposing in the soft light of the early dawn, which henceforth was to own no rule but hers; but there was more of a strong, loving nature's desire untrammelled to fulfil its vocation; and her heart swelled at the thought of the happiness it would now be in her power to confer on that grateful and devoted people. Dora had ere now received visits from nearly all the neighbouring families, and returned some of them. She was not, however, aware, that, in despite of her commands, and notwithstanding all O'Brien's convenient failures of memory, several of their Protestant neighbours had been excluded, and the very names she would least have wished excluded, omitted in the list of invitations to the fete with which her birthday was to be celebrated. The morning was brilliant, the air soft and warm, and Dora's heart, revelling in the consciousness of a liberty her late annoyances had rendered more valuable, and radiant with anticipations of future happiness, was unclouded as the sky above her. The guests arrived early. Dora welcomed many of them in the park, where the festivities had already begun; and the greater part of the morning was spent in wandering from one gay group to another, listening to the national melodies, and watching the merry dances of the peasantry. Wherever Dora appeared, she was hailed with acclamations; and shouts of "long live your ladyship," "many happy days may ye see," "great be yer honour and glory," resounded around her.

Late in the afternoon, a carriage drove up. Two ladies and a gentleman alighted from it, and were introduced to Dora by Mr Mowbray, as Sir Eustace, Lady, and Miss Fitzgerald. She was too much interested by the appearance of the group, to observe the scowl upon the brow of the priest; but she could not avoid remarking it, when Lady Fitzgerald regretted having missed her when she had called a few days before.

"I did not know of your visit," she said; "how careless you must have thought me."

"Nay," replied Lady Fitzgerald, "I only regret that we have not sooner enjoyed the pleasure of meeting you; but I trust we shall often see you at Ballyrowan. Indeed, I must prefer my claim as a relation to an early visit."

"A relation!" said Dora, involuntarily; then suddenly checked herself, from a mingled feeling of surprise at her own ignorance of this, and dread of giving pain by acknowledging it. But Lady Fitzgerald's quick eye had already marked her embarrassment, and but too easily divined the cause.

"You did not know how near a kindred I claim, Miss Mowbray," she said, while an expression of sadness crossed her features. "I am the sister of your mother, by a former marriage; but, whilst still young, I

embraced the Reformed Faith, and since that hour I have been an alien to my father's house."

"And are you, then, my aunt?" exclaimed Dora, while she gazed with delight on the noble form and countenance of the relative thus unexpectedly discovered. "Thank heaven, that at last we have met! Henceforth we shall no longer be strangers."

Lady Fitzgerald was moved. "How you resemble your mother, Dora! I could fancy that I once more hear and see her. I must, indeed, love you for her sake."

They passed, as she spoke, into a wood that skirted the park; and for a time Dora forgot that any one else in the world claimed her attention.

"Shall we return to your guests?" said Lady Fitzgerald, at length; "they will complain of your absence."

"I suppose we must," replied Dora reluctantly; "but we shall enjoy many quiet days together, I trust; and you will tell me of your early days, and my dear mother."

As they returned to the park, they were met by Mr Mowbray.

"I have been searching for you, Miss Mowbray," he said coldly; "your absence at such a time appears somewhat neglectful of your friends."

"I have not been very long absent, uncle, and I hope my friends have been enjoying themselves in the meanwhile;" as much as I have done, she would have added, but, as she looked up, the dark scowl of the priest's brow checked her, and she silently passed on. With instinctive quickness she read her uncle's dislike of her Protestant relations, and his dread of her forming any intimacy with them; but the attraction of Lady Fitzgerald's society, linked, too, as it was, with the memory of her mother, was rapidly acquiring a power that would not easily be overcome.

The day passed gaily on. About noon tables were spread beneath the trees; and as Dora, still accompanied by her new friends, passed from one group to another, her health was drank ever and again, with many a good wish from the warm Irish hearts around her.

"Who's that, Mrs O'Sullivan," said an old woman to nurse, who, in virtue of her office, was presiding at one of the tables.

"Whist wid ye, said nurse; "will ye ever larn manners; isn't the gentles widin hearing of yees?"

"I ax yer pardon, I mint no offence; they're far enough off now, anyhow."

"Well, thin, its sister of the last lady she is, that was the mother of my darlint, but she's a hiritic," lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper; "and so the master, Heaven rest his soul, didn't like her to be comin' much about; but the mistress took on sore about her, and, indade, I thought it was a pity, for they were so fond of ahe other. They may say what they like of thim hiritics, but she's a kind lady and a charitable; and, to my mind, it would be more like Christians to be praying for her conversion than to be kaping her outside her own people's door-stone—the saints betune us and harm."

"Amin," said the old crone, crossing herself devoutly after nurse's example. "And the young gentleman, is he a hiritic too?"

"No, shure," said nurse; "wasn't his father of the thrue faith? aint they a handsome pair as they walk side by side there?"

“Handsome enough, shure,” answered her companion; “but don’t be settin’ yer heart on him, for its widin the forbidden degrees.”

“And shure what’s asier than to get a dispinsation from his Holiness. But don’t you be thinkin’, Biddy Flanagan, that I’m settin’ my heart upon iny one foor lady. Isn’t it dukes and yerls she’ll have to pick and choose amongst, bless her.”

“And that’s thrue for ye; but the lands lie so convanient; and whin did ye see a handsomer couple than they’d make?”

“Isn’t she like her father,” said nurse; “shure I could think I heard him spakin’. The saints make his bed in heaven! Isn’t it him that’s the happy man, to have left the like of her to follow in his steps?”

“Long may she reign over us,” said the other; “but didn’t ye think the praste looked mighty black upon our lady betimes?”

“Whist,” said nurse; “it’s not for us to be spakin’ against his rivi-rence, for there are others in the house, if I’m not mistaken, that will not give my lady her own. Shure I wish them a good journey and a fair wind back to their own country.”

Nurse was waiting, as usual, to attend her darling’s toilet, and to pour forth her congratulations on the events of the day. “Come away, jewel,” she said; “shure there’s not the like o’ ye in this blessed world-to-day. Thanks to the Virgin, that my ould eyes have lived to see it.”

“You must come down and see the ball to-night, nurse,” said Dora, as she threw herself into an arm-chair, and prepared to submit to the duties of the toilet.

The day was sultry, and the windows were thrown wide open. Suddenly, Dora’s attentibh was attracted by the cry of some creature in distress. She rushed to the window, and saw a white dove in the grasp of a falcon, but it had not secured its prey. With one rapid flutter the bird freed itself, and flew straight into Dora’s room, and her white dress was dyed with its blood as it passed over her head.

“Wirasthrew, darlint,” exclaimed nurse, as a cloud darkened her brow, “what’s brought the bird to ye?”

Dora had somewhat of her country’s superstition; and when she heard nurse’s exclamation of distress, she said, “What is it, nurse; the dove is not a bad omen, is it? but the blood! the blood!”

“Whist, my darlint; sure there’s no bad omen coming near ye, dear. Sorrow a thing but good’s in the flight of a pigeon; and for the blood, there’s nothing in it, shure, but the hearts ye’ll be braking wid yer beautiful eyes, that ’ud wile the fish out of the wather, if ye’d but look at him, the crathurs! So don’t be looking so sorrowful, darlint of my soul, but let me see the smile that’s the light of my heart, and go down to the noble lords and ladies that’s waiting for a sight o’ yees.”

Soothed by the old woman’s love, and assisted by nurse, Dora tenderly washed the blood from the wings of her little fugitive, and placed it in a basket, safe from the talons of its pursuer. A look of melancholy overspread her face while he bent over it. “There’s a weight on my heart, nurse,” she said, “when I look at that poor wounded thing, as if it bore some likeness to what I may one day be. Tell me, nurse, will you never forsake your bird, if she should be wounded like it that lies trembling there?”

"Is it the sowl in my body I'd be forgetting to think of? Shure its that I'd be doin,' before the light of heaven could come between you and yer ould nurse, my blessed child. But don't be spaking of misfortin that way, dear. Shure the prayers of them that's gone away, and Mary and the saints are betune you and harm. And didn't I, cuishla machree, walk a station for ye when ye were beyant the seas. But come, lady, darlint, put away yer sorrowful thoughts, and put on yer beautiful dress; it will make my jewel look like a queen—a queen of hearts, as ye are, to be shure. The company below stairs will be thinking long for yees, dear."

Dora was soon ready. When dressed in rose-coloured crape over white satin, and wreathed pearls in her glossy ringlets, nurse clasped her hands, and gazed in an ecstasy of joy. "Blessings on ye, lady of the world. Was ever the like seen since the Queen of Sheba?"

There were others as rapturous, though not so loud in their admiration, as nurse.

"How lovely she looks," whispered Lady Fitzgerald to her daughter, as she entered the room. "You cannot remember your aunt: but, oh! she is her very image."

That evening was, perhaps, the happiest Dora had ever known. All the sad forebodings that oppressed her but a little before were forgotten, as she moved through the brilliant scene, listening to the music, and taking her part in the dance. Nor was it without a thrill of pleasure, that she saw herself the centre of attraction and admiration. With the exception of the slight acquaintance which morning visits had enabled her to form with some of the party, all were strangers to her; but her new found relations had already given her a sense of protection which her uncle's guardianship did not afford.

CHAP. V.

"How long is it since you were at St Cloud," she said, when Sir Eustace mentioned having visited it.

"Nearly four years. I went to see a Spanish lady, with whom I was acquainted, take the veil."

"I was there," said Dora. "It was the profession of Sister Maria di Grazia. She took the veil shortly after my arrival."

"No! and I was ignorant of your being there!"

"Did you know Sister Maria," she inquired, after a short pause. "I loved her more than any one in the convent. She was gentle and affectionate; but so melancholy, I hardly ever saw her smile."

"Her fate was, indeed, a miserable one," said Sir Eustace. "She was, as you know, a Spanish lady of rank, and attached to an English officer, with whom I was intimately acquainted. He was a Protestant, and her family forbade their union. With her own consent, he concerted a plan, in which I assisted him, to carry her off. All was arranged, and so far successful. Already she was safe under our protection; but, anxious to secure her from all possibility of being taken from him, my friend insisted on having the marriage ceremony performed by an English military chaplain, who was in our secret. The ceremony was but just begun, when we were surprised by a band of armed men. Resistance was utterly hopeless; yet we rushed among them. A few seconds, and

the unequal contest was at an end. My friend lay wounded at my side; and the cries of the helpless girl died away in the distance, as she was borne off by her enraged relations. For some time, my friend continued unable to move from his couch. I made every effort to learn the fate of Donna Isabella, but was unable to obtain any information. At last, I succeeded in learning that she had been placed by her family in a convent in France, with the intention of forcing her to take the veil. My poor friend, on hearing this intelligence, insisted upon going to France, at the risk of opening his half-closed wounds, in the hope of rescuing her. Alas! his strength failed long ere our journey was completed; and, entreating me, if possible, to see and convey to her the assurance of his undying love, he expired in my arms. I hastened to St Cloud as soon as I had performed the last duties to my unfortunate friend, and arrived a few days before that appointed for the profession of Donna Isabella. She was so strictly guarded, that all efforts to obtain an interview were in vain. By means of a lay sister, I conveyed a note, informing her of the sad event. We met for the last time the day she took the veil. We exchanged a farewell look. I saw that her heart was broken; but the calmness and peace of her countenance gave me hope that she might find that rest and consolation in the Church, which she had for ever lost in the world."

"I believe she does," said Dora thoughtfully; "her reputation for sanctity is very high. Perhaps it is better for her as it is. Had she been united to a heretic, her—" She paused, and coloured deeply.

"What were you going to say?" inquired Sir Eustace.

"That—that—perhaps she might have become a Protestant," answered Dora, as the remembrance of her aunt's faith rushed to her mind.

"And if she had become so from sincere conviction, why should we have regretted it? I am of the same faith as you, and for many reasons I prefer the Catholic Church, though I believe many go to heaven who are not within her pale; but she might have married a Protestant without changing her faith. I hate all coercion in matters of religion, and think that in these, as in worldly affairs, rational beings should choose for themselves."

CHAP. VI.

A few months had passed, and Dora sat by the sea one lovely afternoon in the end of autumn. A change had passed upon her, greater it would seem than so short a time could have wrought. An expression of thought and care was impressed on her fair young brow. Her cheek was pale, and her earnest eyes looked as if they were gazing into hidden depths unseen by all around. Her smile was sweet as ever, but more rarely seen, and was rather given to the feelings of others than emanating from her own. A quiet, almost matured, dignity of manner had taken the place of her girlish vivacity, and those who loved her before, almost revered her now. As she sat on the sea beach alone, the autumn winds sighing around her, and the heavy waves booming at her feet, her gaze looked abstracted from all visible things. Much had passed during these few months thus so rapidly to mature the girl into womanhood. The first change that came to Dora was the loneliness that soon after her birthday fete surrounded her at Carlington. She did not feel this when

wandering in her beloved haunts around the castle. She would spend hours in such solitude; but, when she returned, the old halls were so dreary—there was no bright face or kind smile to welcome her there. Father Adrien discovered in Dora's character a degree of strength far beyond what he had imagined; and he saw that his influence must be firmly established, if he would acquire the power over her, which the interest of the Church demanded. Dora had formed many plans of embellishing her estate, and improving the condition of the peasantry. She was impatient to put them into execution, but unforeseen difficulties arose on every side. She was hedged in by what her uncle had already done; and there was scarcely one design of her own that was not, by some means or other, subverted. Aroused at last to indignation by the constant frustration of every wish, she spoke to the priest, and asserted her determination to act independently. He listened with calmness, but his countenance assumed an expression of pain.

"Then all my prayers have been in vain, my daughter! Is that reigning fault of your character yet so unsubdued? It is not that the things you desire are in themselves sinful, but the virtue to which you are specially called is that of passive obedience; while you are deficient in this, all deeds of charity are less than nothing."

Dora was silent. A chord was touched which her uncle knew would vibrate powerfully. She was perfectly conscious that an unbending self-will was the prominent fault in her character. To this, since she had left the convent, Father Adrien had especially directed her attention. He taught her to detect and confess its most secret workings; and the penances he imposed were disproportionably severe. Shut up as she was to his influence, and spending so much time in solitude, an almost morbid self-condemnation had acquired a deep hold of her sensitive mind, and the shaft aimed by the priest stuck fast in the already wounded spirit. Day by day, Dora became more enchained, while a misdirected conscientiousness paralysed her efforts to free herself. A temporary relief at last came. One bright summer afternoon, while she was indulging in gloomy meditations, she was interrupted by the arrival of a party at the castle, and with delight recognised the carriage of Lady Fitzgerald. She knew they had gone to London almost immediately after her birthday, but had not heard of their return, and it was with a thrill of gladness such as she rarely experienced that she hastened to welcome them.

"I have come to carry you off, my child," said Lady Fitzgerald, when the first salutations were over. "I have been longing to see you again, and must now really insist upon taking you to Ballyrowan."

"You will not find me a very unwilling captive," said Dora, smiling. "But when did you return? I rode to the lodge a few days ago, and heard you were not then expected."

"We arrived only last night, so I have lost no time in claiming my prize. But I must hasten you off, for we have a long drive, and shall hardly be in time for dinner."

In a few minutes Dora was ready. Her uncle had gone that morning to Dublin for a few days. The thought arose in her mind, whether he would approve of her visiting a family, at least partly Protestant. "They are my relations," she answered mentally. "I have already determined not to suffer any difference of faith to interrupt the intercourse

of friendship. If I disavow all communion in religion, that is sufficient."

She went into Miss Beauford's room as she passed, to apologise for leaving her.

"Lady Fitzgerald wishes me to accompany her home; but I will not go, if you dislike being left by yourself, aunt."

"No, I never feel lonely," said Miss Beauford; "but I think it would be proper to wait for your uncle's permission, before you accept an invitation from a heretic family."

"Oh! I have determined not to give up my mother's relations; they cannot move my faith."

She bade her aunt a hasty adieu, and in a few moments was in the carriage.

A sense of delicious liberty gave her spirits their old buoyancy, as she drove rapidly along the beach with Lady Fitzgerald and Cecilia. They arrived at Ballyrowan after a delightful drive of two hours. Dora had never been further than the lodge, and she was charmed with the beauty of the place. It was of a style very different from Carlington, and possessed none of its gloom. That part of the lawn which surrounded the house was laid out in flower gardens, and all the arrangements within and around presented a combination of comfort and taste. A small party of friends had accompanied the family from town; and the conversation at the dinner table was marked, not only by cultivation, but also by a liberality of sentiment to which Dora had hitherto been a stranger. Sir Eustace spoke little: he seemed rather to draw out the sentiments of others than to express his own: but, in all he said, there was a force and interest that gave zest to every subject on which he touched. His remarks were peculiarly suggestive, and opened to Dora more than one train of ideas, which she treasured in her mind as matter of future reflection. The evening was spent in music; and, as it passed swiftly on, she waited not to inquire why she seemed to breathe a purer atmosphere; or where was the spell which had so long bound her spirit, the power of which she had hardly been conscious of, till she felt relief from its grasp. It was not till she retired to her room, that she remembered these few bright days would quickly pass, and she must return to her dreary solitude and uniform routine; but she concluded her nightly orisons, threw herself upon her bed, and in sleep forgot the pressure of that thought.

CHAP. VII.

When she opened her eyes, the morning sun shone brightly around her; she banished the cloud on her heart, resolved to enjoy to-day, whatever might await her on the morrow. She spent part of the forenoon alone with her aunt. Lady Fitzgerald expressed much surprise when she heard of the solitude in which her life was spent.

"You formed acquaintances on your birth-night with most of the neighbouring families. There are not, indeed, many resident proprietors, but enough to form a very agreeable society; why have you not cultivated them?"

"My uncle does not wish me to visit at present."

"I know you must reverence your uncle as your guide in religious matters, my child ; but, with regard to your mode of spending your time, surely you are at liberty to do as you please ?"

"I have, indeed, a right to choose for myself," replied Dora ; "but we may sometimes be required to give up our rights in struggling to bring the will into subjection."

"Yes," said Lady Fitzgerald, "the will must bow to the principles of right, but not to the arbitrary rule of an individual."

"I do not bow to the command of an individual, but to the Church ; but will you tell me *now*, dear aunt, what you promised of your early history?"

Had Dora been conversing with one of her own faith, she would gladly have continued the subject, for the balance between free-will and obedience was the subject of many deep and painful thoughts ; but she was afraid to pursue the controversy with a heretic. Her aunt observed this, and urged it no farther ; but immediately complied with her request, by relating her history.

"You have often heard, I daresay," she said, "descriptions of your mother's paternal home. It was a wild, lonely castle, on the northern coast, far distant from hence. My mother died in giving me birth. My father was naturally of a stern and unsociable temper, and rendered more so by the loss of her gentle companionship. He was secluded almost entirely from society, and the early years of my life were spent with no other companionship than that of a French Protestant lady, who had been selected as my instructress. Her religion, I have no doubt, would have prevented her being chosen for such an office, had not her excelling accomplishments overcome this difficulty ; and, relying upon her promise never to interfere with my faith, my father intrusted me to her care. To this promise she strictly adhered ; but I soon discovered that her religion was different from my own ; and, with the restlessness of a mind thirsting for knowledge, and shut out from every other source of information, I was persevering in my inquiries, while her guarded answers only increased my inquisitiveness. Nor was I satisfied with searching into the nature of the Protestant faith alone. I also began to investigate my own, and reject whatever did not commend itself to reason. I have described to you a progress of mind that occupied years. The result was, that, at the age of eighteen, I declared myself a Protestant. My avowal was followed by a sentence of banishment from my father's house. Then, Dora, came the first trial of my life. It was a desolate thing to be cast off by kindred and friends ; and, within the last few years, new ties had been formed, which it almost broke my heart to tear asunder. My father had married again, and in my young stepmother I had found a friend. Your mother was then a lovely child of three years old, whom I loved as my own. But the wrench must be made, and I strove to bear it. I could not yield my mind again to the enslaving superstition from which it had escaped."

She paused for a moment, while a glow of enthusiasm covered her still lovely features. Dora involuntarily relinquished the hand she held, and turned her large dark eyes upon her with a look of pain and reproach.

"Forgive me, my child," said Lady Fitzgerald. "Oh ! that our opinions on this important subject were less widely severed."

"May the Holy Virgin enlighten you, and bring you back to the arms of the Church," said Dora, raising her eyes to heaven with a look of fervent supplication. "Go on, dear aunt, I long to hear more."

"The blow could not be delayed," continued Lady Fitzgerald; "nor did I wish that it should. Once resolved, I did not seek to linger in the home from which I was an outcast. On the morning of my departure, my father refused to see me. One long agonised embrace from my kind young mother—one fervent kiss on my baby's cheek—and I bade adieu to my home for ever. I strained my eyes to catch the last glimpse of its old towers, but the rocks and trees soon hid them from my sight. Madame Banelli met me in Dublin. She had been dismissed on the discovery of my change. Though she had never attempted to influence me, I knew she rejoiced in my decision; and her affection in part consoled me for all I had lost. She accompanied me to England, for my own country had become distasteful to me. I resided at Brighton for some time, under her protection. I there first met Sir Louis Fitzgerald, at the house of a mutual friend. Our intimacy had made some progress before I knew the faith he professed; and when I did learn that he was a member of the Romish Church, my first impulse was to break it off, not from any idea of sin, but because I believed the intolerance that had driven me from my home was universal in the Romish Church; but I was mistaken. Sir Louis was mild and liberal in his views; and, when I urged the difference of our religion as a reason for rejecting the offer of his hand, he allowed me such entire freedom in following the dictates of my conscience, and placed in such attractive colours before me the happiness of mutual toleration, that my scruples were soon overcome; and, unconscious of either error or danger in the step, I became his wife. He was invariably kind; and I enjoyed with him as much happiness as could be wished for under our circumstances, for our hearts were separated on the vital point of religion. There we had no intercourse. My children, too, were educated in different faiths, according to the marriage contract. Madame Banelli resided with us for two years. At the end of that time, she died in my arms, gratefully blessing my husband's kindness, which had provided so happy an asylum for her closing life. Released from the promise that before had restrained her, and for which she greatly blamed herself, she fully and freely conversed with me on all subjects of religious belief, and often expressed her fear that I had changed my creed more from conviction of errors in the Church I had left, than from a well-grounded faith in the tenets I had adopted. This fear she expressed more earnestly on her deathbed, and implored me to study carefully the Holy Scriptures, nor be satisfied until my faith rested on the declarations of inspired truth alone. When days of trouble and sorrow came upon me," continued Lady Fitzgerald, after a short pause, "I found the value of her advice, and followed her directions. In doing so, I became acquainted with the true source of her peace. I sought and found Him who is the Saviour of every penitent sinner. Since the time He first revealed himself to me, He has been my support in sorrow, my guide in difficulty, and He will be my strength in death. But now, my child, we must return. I fear we have been already too long absent."

"I have much yet to hear from you, dear aunt," said Dora, as they entered the house; "much of my mother's history, and many questions I wish to ask you, if you will allow me, about yourself."

She looked up with an earnest expression, half fearful she was asking too much, but one glance at her aunt's countenance reassured her. It expressed both confidence and affection; but it spoke, too, so much of sad and mingled feeling, that it deepened the interest already awakened in Dora's heart. They entered the saloon together. Dora was almost surprised at the quickness with which Lady Fitzgerald vanished every trace of emotion, and at once appeared to those around her the calm disengaged woman of the world. It was a lesson she, too, must learn ere long.

EDUCATION, WHAT IS IT?

THE term education, derived from two Latin words—*e*, "out of," and *ducere*, "to lead or draw"—indicates a drawing out. Education is, therefore, a process. It is a series of acts; a lengthened chain of influences tending to draw out the human faculties. Now, to lead is a gentle act. We do not drive what we lead, but gently conduct it along. We lead the child which is just beginning to tread firmly on the earth. We lead the blind. We lead the sick and the infirm. Goodness and pity actuate those who lead. Leaders, too, are wiser and stronger than those who are led. Hence education is the act of a superior mind. It is high culture mildly and genially operating on low culture, or on the rude and untutored.

If to educate is to draw out, it is not only a gradual, continued, and gentle, but also an attractive operation. We draw a child to our knees by kind words and bright smiles. We draw our friends around us by benign dispositions and good deeds. The churlish do not draw, but repel. Men stand at a distance from the cold. Eloquence is attractive. Amusements are attractive. Accordingly, education is an attractive process. It comprises that which draws children to the educator, and that which draws out their powers in a pleasing as well as an effectual manner. Again, education, as a drawing out, implies materials. What are the materials out of which the educator has to draw his results? The materials are a human being, a child. Hence the materials are *all* that a child is, not a part of a child. It is, in consequence, with all the faculties that an educator has to do. The extent of his operation is determined by the qualities on which he has to operate. What are those qualities? They are physical, intellectual, moral, and religious; for the child has a body, a mind, a heart, and a soul. Each of these in their numerous features; each of these in their reciprocal relations; each of these, in their separate and in their combined action, demands the attention of the educator. But, in drawing out a body, we aim at some specific object; we have an end in view. Why are a child's faculties drawn out in education? If by "why?" we mean "on what account?" the answer is, "because the child possesses those faculties."

They were given to be developed. But if one, so all were given to be developed. Here education is universal in its comprehension as well as in its extent. It has a regard to the poor man's child as well as to the rich man's child. It knows no distinction of condition or outer form. Having to do with the human faculties, it finds a task wherever it finds an undeveloped capability.

In undertaking this task, however, at what does education aim ? The aim is determined partly by the materials ; it is to draw out the latent faculties of the young. Partially ? No restriction is involved in the idea. If we are to educate the faculties, we are to educate them as far as they are capable of education, otherwise we leave our work incomplete. Hence, the extent of man's capability is the measure of his education. We fall short of our duty, if of ourselves we set any limit to our efforts. The only limit that we can recognise is the limit which nature may have set. Education may be termed a boundless task ; for, as yet, no limit has been found to the expansibility of the human mind.

Our aims are also determined by our power. Men grow as rich as they can. The conquering general stops at nothing short of an absolute impossibility. Education, then, is to be measured by the educator's power. Here, however, we must look, not to the individual, but the species. Society is the great educator. Society is represented by its best minds. The highest culture of the day, therefore, is the measure of a child's education. In education, we undertake to bring up the child to the attainments which, in the course of many ages, society has made. We attempt to place the child in our own position. We take as our model the great men of the past and of the present age. We impart to the young the accumulated treasures of centuries. But, mixed with these treasures, we find inferior elements. Truth and untruth have come down to us intimately blended together. In men of the brightest genius we see some spots. In ourselves we are conscious of many defects. Reflection on these leads us to a standard of excellence, while we contrast what we are, with what we ought to be. Hence arises, in our conceptions, an ideal culture. This ideal culture becomes our educational model. The light of the past we would transmit without its darkness. Our own good that we love, we wish to see reproduced in our children, unmixed with our evil, which we deplore. In painful thought, we speculate on what we might have been, and on what we might have done, had we possessed better guidance or more tractable wills ; and amidst our regrets, and perhaps our self-reproaches, we resolve that those who are to take our places shall enjoy the highest advantages that we can command. To aim for our children at anything short of perfection, seems a kind of impiety. We are, therefore, led to form the conception of an ideal culture, and to take measures for securing an ideal excellence in the education of the young. And that the rather because it is only by a faithful pursuit of ideal excellence that the educator can attain that perfection of character, which with every individual is, or ought to be, the aim of his life. An inferior aim in education is better than no aim at all. And, therefore, it is so far well that parents endeavour to prepare their offspring for the engagements of their several callings. A youth, who is expert and trustworthy in business, is not only of value in the social commonwealth, but is also in a fair way of

applying himself with effect to such personal culture as may issue in something like a good education. But to say nothing of the imperfect discipline ordinarily pursued with a view to commercial and professional life, a dexterity which ends in gaining subsistence, or accumulating wealth, offers no sufficient aim to a being of high moral and religious capabilities. Whatever subordinate aims we may have, that only can be the aim of existence which involves the cultivation of all our powers, and that in such a manner, that those which are highest in character, and most prevailing as well as durable in influence, may possess the supremacy and exert the sway to which they are entitled, and in which is involved the well-being of our faculties in general. Hence moral perfection is the only true aim of human existence. At nothing short of moral perfection, then, must the educator aim. But if he aim at moral perfection, he aims at ideal excellence: and, in aiming at ideal excellence, he is aided onward to moral perfection. Besides, if you pursue ideal excellence, you act in unison with natural impulses, which, existing in the child, strike their roots more deeply, and send up more copious and more urgent influences, in proportion as the several powers are developed, and the general character is improved. Ideal aims last as long as life endures; and under auspicious circumstances, are more potent and more operative in its closing period, when other objects become impracticable, and other pleasures fade away.

Education, then, when viewed in the light in which it has now been placed, is the gradual and gentle development of the human being in all his capabilities, undertaken for the express purpose of giving full scope to our natural endowments, in order that our faculties may be in the highest state of culture, and especially that our moral nature may possess undisputed ascendancy, and exert unqualified control.

This definition will enable us to discriminate between education and some other things which are sometimes mistaken for it. Instruction is not education. To instruct, is to furnish the mind. We instruct, when we communicate knowledge, or call forth ideas. Instruction is an auxiliary in education. We may employ instruction as an instrument, but must not rest in it as an end. Now, what but instruction is the greater part of that which is called education? In the general discipline of school, there is much instruction, but little education. The communicating of the rudiments of learning is not education. Our children are not educated by being initiated in the qualities of numbers. Instruction in penmanship is not education. An acquaintance with history is not education. You educate the memory, not the child, by leading it to repeat by heart a long string of perhaps useless dates, or almost numberless verses of heathen poetry. Instruction is, indeed, indispensable; but it should be so conducted, as effectually to promote education. That instruction is the best, not which loads the mind with facts, but which is most conducive to the development of the faculties. The chief end of instruction should be to draw out the mental powers, and give aid in the formation of the character. He is the best instructor who is most skilful in leading his pupils to think.

There was a time when a good education was identified with a critical familiarity with the dead languages. Those only were honoured with the name of scholars who were acquainted with Greek and Latin.

Scholarship among the bulk is still confined to a certain dexterity of the tongue and the fingers. The science of numerical computation, disregarded by adepts in grammar, forced itself into honour by its manifest advantages in commercial pursuits. With the extension of man's acquaintance with the globe, and his consequent want of a means of astronomical investigation, mathematics, awakened from the sleep of centuries, were grudgingly admitted to a share in the honours of scholarship. But these studies, though they hold high rank in a course of liberal instruction, fall very short of constituting education. In their highest character, they are nothing more than mental discipline. That discipline, if wisely conducted, may greatly conduce to education ; but, in ordinary hands, it leaves the mind of youth scarcely less ignorant than it is unformed. Large numbers of boys, who have passed through our grammar and commercial schools, enter life with a positive distaste for intellectual exertion, which is not compensated for by the possession of useful knowledge or practical skill. The whole system of what is called education among the middle and the higher classes in the country, loudly demands revision.

Before the needed change can come, education must be studied as a science. As hitherto contemplated by us, education has appeared as a process. It is the process by which the human being is formed. A process of such a nature has its own principles. The study and the systematic exhibition of those principles constitute the science of education—the most important of all sciences. Yet how partially is it studied ! Late years have, indeed, done a little for its promotion. Still, it is but sparingly that the science is admitted in our great seats of learning ; in only one or two of which it holds a dubious place. Neglected, for the most part, in our universities, it receives no large share of attention in our literature ; but, by the bulk of working educators, it is almost wholly disregarded. While the science of education is little known, the art and practice of education may well be in a very defective condition. In truth, the bulk of our educators are mere empirics. This may, in general, be asserted even of the better class. In our higher schools, precedent and routine are blindly followed. Educators rarely understand their business. They instruct others in the same manner as they were themselves instructed, and are as adverse to improvement as they are incapable of change. Little acquainted with the materials on which they have to operate, the purposes that they ought to pursue, and the means by which educational results may be secured, too many of them are inefficient when faithful and industrious, and careless and indifferent when not cold, dull, and unimpressive. Life needs to be infused into our educators. They need education. They must themselves live, ere they can call forth life in others. They cannot impart an interest in culture which they do not feel ; and they will never feel a rational and lively interest in their work, until, by diligent study, they are led to understand the principles on which their art depends. If, however, a good educator must combine a knowledge of the science with skill in the practice of education, then, obviously, education as an art demands exclusive attention. Education, in consequence, must be raised into a profession. In the dignity of its aims and the importance of its discipline, it stands second only to religion.

So high a calling claims the devotement of a life. The educator has before him a work which requires all his energies. Such an office admits no rival. For such an undertaking, a specific training is indispensable. Yet, what is the fact? The educator, as such, has scarcely an existence among us. We have many persons who combine the work of education with other pursuits; but very few educators. "The art and mystery" of the cordwainer engrosses the energies of thousands of individuals. The soldier is exclusively given to the trade of war. But nearly all the higher education of the country is in the hands of men who were trained for the Christian ministry; and, in very many cases, hold a pastoral charge. If we descend to the humbler classes, whose educators are so often persons who, in assuming the work, consulted their convenience and their need rather than their aptitude, matters are not in a better state. The evil, great as it is in the educators of boys, is worse, and truly lamentable, in female educators, many of whom, possessing a mere smattering of knowledge, know little of the great art of communicating information; know less of the aims and the processes of true education; and scarcely possess any other requisite than what is found in a certain superficial culture and refinement of manners.

We have spoken of education as a process. A process it undoubtedly is. But, in order to comprehend the term, and to form an idea of the facts in their full import, we must somewhat modify the notion involved in the word process. By process, we ordinarily understand something definite and tangible—a sharply defined and systematic series of influences, originating with and conducted by some visible human agency. Education is, indeed, such a process as this. But it is more—it involves something less palpable, but more deep and more pervading. There is such a thing as spontaneous education—an education through which we are conducted independently both of other men and of ourselves. We may specify the educational influence of our locality, and the educational influence of our social condition. Locality has a great power over human beings. In one view, all men are subject to local influences similar in kind. It is on one earth, and under one heaven, that we all live. We all breathe the same vital air. The same sun shines on every member of the human family. In this unity of influence lies one great cause of the identity of our nature. The majesty of the skies, and the fertility of the earth, have, in all countries, and in all ages, conspired to awaken in man's mind a recognition of a common Creator. In not very unequal portions does happiness come to all. All are subject to infirmities, decay, and death. Joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment, the mystery of dark nights, boundless space, and the narrow tomb, have universally called forth dim perceptions or vivid fears of a spiritual world, no less solemn in interest than endless in duration. In our moral and spiritual nature, we are all one—one in essence, how diverse soever we may be in culture. The red Indian, who worships the Great Spirit, in that homage stands nearer to Fenelon, Milton, and Channing, than the highest of reasoning brutes stands to the lowest of human beings. Now, these universal influences begin their operation in the very dawn of a child's existence. Long before they are appreciable, do they work on the young mind. Could we tell the tale of our infancy, so as to interpret to ourselves or others what was going on in the depths of our soul,

we should have to speak of what was wrought in us by the clear blue sky, the brilliant stars, the deep shadows of night, the fresh breath of morning, the lovely flowers of spring, and its dulcet notes echoing on every side—we should have to speak of these as marvellous to us, as sources of thrilling pleasure,—as sights and sounds that now soothed, now stimulated, and always moved us in the very depths of our being—we should have to say how the whole world around us, in its combined operation, made us very happy, made life dear ere we knew what life was; and, linking us to home, and to father and mother, threw over us wreaths of joy and peace, which, fragile as they seemed, were chains more durable than adamant, and stronger than death.

Such an influence, however, admits of numberless diversities. No two localities are, in their aspects, precisely the same. Here, the prevailing scene is frost and snow; there, ever-burning sunshine. In one spot, vegetation is scanty, stunted, and of short duration; in another, it exhibits a rankness of growth and a splendour of beauty for which we, in these dull climes, have no descriptive words. Children brought up under influences so diverse must be very different in character. No human hand could give the same shape and hue to two minds, one of which was born and bred in tropical, the other in arctic regions. Whatever original diversities there may have been in the several progenitors of the races of men, these diversities were probably far less than those which were superinduced by local varieties of soil and climate. So long as he remains subject to the influence, what could raise the negro, who vegetates in full sensual luxury in the sweltering vales of Central Africa, to the ceaseless exertion, the bodily activity, and the nobility of mind, which characterise the inhabitants of temperate and northern regions?

Of great moment, too, is our social position. The great laws and the essential conditions of our being are invariable. Yet, if our lot is affected by our character, equally is our character affected by our lot. The pampered child of luxury cannot be the same as the poor man's son, who was born in squalidness, and brought up in dependence. Compare the bright eye, the expanded brow, the erect attitude, and the noble bearing of the youthful Swiss, bred in the liberty of his native mountain air, with the half-idiotic expression of countenance and manner visible in that young slave, the son of slaves, whose mind remains inert, whose tongue is bound, whose sphere is narrow, all whose training has made him fear, fawn, crouch, and deceive.

The education of circumstances is, indeed, most various and most powerful; and the more important is it, that this education should be rightly understood and fully appreciated, because, to a great extent, it is under our own control. If men make institutions, institutions, in one sense, make men. Compare the condition and character of the pauper child, with the condition and character of the child of the independent artisan. In food and clothing, there is little dissimilarity, but that one brand of pauperism scars the whole life. How inferior, for all the great purposes of existence, is the child whose mother is too rich, too delicate, and too self-indulgent, to be her own nurse, in comparison with the child whose unspeakable advantage it is to have for a mother one who is wise enough to know, and strong enough in heart to fulfil, the

sacred duty of nourishing the body and forming the mind of her offspring.

In one view, the whole of indirect education is the education of circumstances. Whatever is done for, rather than by, us, forms a part of this influence. All that comes into, rather than out of, a man, forms a part of this influence. What we receive passively, unconsciously, in the ordinary, even tenor of existence, from the cradle to the grave, is our indirect education, the education of circumstances. The nursery, the school, our homes, our country, our employments, our companions—all these prevailing powers enter into the education of circumstances. In multiplicity and effect, these influences are like the particles of light or the drops of rain. They are found in the mother's smile and the mother's gentle word; in the father's manly bearing; in the aims, conversation, and mutual intercourse of all the members of the household; in the temper of our educators and the dispositions of our servants; in the moral tone of visitors and guests; in every word and look, at every meal, during every walk. No, parent, you can neither go out nor come in; you can neither rise from nor retire to your couch; you can neither acquire wealth nor become poor; you can neither extend nor contract your establishment; you cannot give an opinion, utter a wish, nor even hold your peace, but you exert an influence on your child's character, which must affect his happiness, and may be as durable as existence itself. The severer ministers of life—darkness, tempest, sickness, death—educate our children. They are educated, also, by all the gentler outgoings of Providence, the ordinary round of family scenes, the morning prayer at the family altar, the gathering at eventide, the fireside tale, the musical party, the Christmas log, and the summer excursion. Specially effective is the whole drama of marriage, birth, and death, with its interwoven joys and sorrows. These are the real educators of families. Other influences are but occasional, outward, transient. These are constant, inward, permanent. Our educators? We are all educators, one of another; the social whole educates every part, and every part combines to educate the social whole. We are under education when we traverse our streets, when we contemplate the features of the illustrious dead, and when we witness the commemoration of great events.

In regard to the education of circumstances, the ancients were more wise and more consistent than we. Thrice a-year did all male Hebrews repair to the capital of their country. What his religious festivals were to the Israelite, that to the Greek were the Olympic and other games. With that intellectual and highly cultured people, education was recognised and practised in its true qualities. To the eye, by lovely forms; to the ear, by beautiful melodies; to the eye, the ear, the soul, by the majestic examples of severe tragedy; by poems, venerable for their antiquity, impressive in their religiousness, and highly refining, because exquisitely chaste in their diction; by the highest, and only the highest, productions of great men, in whom the bard and the prophet (as was then believed) united their inspiration; by the images and the memory of distinguished heroes, wise statesmen, and great benefactors; by the bustle of the forum, the symmetry of the temple, the softly dropping words in the portico and the grove, did the ancient Greeks make their educational appeal. And from this combination of mental and material

comparisons, did they bring forth the power which in time rendered their men superior to their divinities ; enabled a handful of soldiers to withstand and drive back the swarming myriads of Oriental despotism ; and has caused the name of Athens to be the universal symbol of intellectual refinement.

Let our British educators take example from the Athenians. Room, ample room, is there for improvement. The subject, we fear, has received little direct and sustained attention. Meanwhile, there are around us circumstances most baneful in their educational efficacy. They are heard in the braying drum ; they are seen in that martial array ; there they are in those discharges of fire-arms ; and there, in the glow, smoke, and confusion of that mimic fight. In full array are they found, too, on the racecourse, with its multiplicity of degradations. Our large towns present them in almost every part. Side by side are they with the palace, and at the very doors of our halls of legislation. You may see them in those gaudy allurements to vice presented by our gin-shops, and in those damp cellars, those narrow streets, those dirty lanes, those filthy cellars, those stagnant pools, all crowded together within the precincts of the city. Time it is that a change came over the spirit of the land. The education of circumstances withstands and greatly restrains, if it does not, in some localities, counteract, and make head against the education of schools, books, homes, and temples. Never shall we have an educated people, until we have purified the atmosphere in which they live and breathe.

There is yet another kind of education : we mean self-education. This, also, is of very high importance ; and if we rank it below the spontaneous impressions of which we have just spoken, it is because, in most persons, those impressions go far to give the tone to existence, and the bias to character, and so to modify every after influence. The self-educated are sometimes spoken of disparagingly. They are certainly now and then one-sided, over-confident, hard, if not conceited. And, in regard to scholarship, a thorough training, and sound, comprehensive acquirements, can scarcely be made apart from the line of traditionary transmission, though it must be added that our schools and colleges have given many dunces to the world. Self-education begins late ; but, when entered upon in earnest, it cannot in any case fail to produce high results. With the bulk of men, there is nothing which deserves the name of self-education. Devoid of any controlling power, they are buffeted hither and thither, always, it may be, in conflict—yet always beaten, unless, indeed, as too many do, they sluggishly yield themselves to the current of circumstances, with no other care than to float down the stream with the least trouble. When, however, a will strong by nature is, under educational influences, guided by wisdom, and tempered by goodness—when a person, actuated by such a power, earnestly undertakes his own training, then there arises a certain greatness of character which, in any sphere of life, commands admiration, and, under favourable auspices, confers on the world a philanthropist, a poet, or a prophet.

Hence we are led to see that education must be regarded as a result as well as a process. A man of a good education, is one who has fully reaped the advantages of the discipline through which he has passed. But, in this, we must specially be on our guard against delusion. What

are called educated men, have often very little claim to the honourable title. Theologians, lawyers, men of business, abound; but there are in the world few educated *men*. Intellect does not constitute man. The heart is not the man. Dexterity in the exchanges of trade does not make a man. He only is well educated, who is educated in all his faculties. And here, in our general description of education, we must enter into some particulars.

In actual life, education, considered as an expressly intended process, regards only the intellect which it develops very imperfectly. But why should the other faculties be neglected? The possession of those faculties involves a right and a duty. A child having a moral capacity, has a right to have that capacity cultivated. A youth possessing a conscience is under an obligation to reverence and obey its behests, and so to make it more keen in its edge, and more constant in its action. Right and duty vary with endowment. They cover the same ground. Our privileges and our obligations are co-extensive with our gifts. Use and perfection were the aims of the Creator in the faculties he has bestowed on man. Hence, every capacity is a proper subject of education. The body ought to be educated. Strange it is, that this truth is practically admitted in many of our domesticated animals, but denied in man. To what but careful training does the British race-horse owe his fleetness, and the British dray-horse his Herculean muscle? We take great pains to produce cattle for show; but, among our fellow-creatures, allow stunted races, and scrofulous families, to perpetuate themselves through generations. Still greater than this is our neglect. With most men, the capabilities of the frame, its elasticity, its effectiveness, its nerve, vigour, and happiness-giving power, the capabilities of the frame in general, are left all but wholly undeveloped. What dexterity, too, might there be in the fingers, to which now we are utter strangers. The human hand is the most perfect of instruments. Yet even speculation has scarcely ever made it a subject of specific culture. To the eye, a rudimental education is given by nature. How much more remains to be effected by art, may be conjectured by comparing the eye of the botanist with the eye of the rustic. In regard to the sense of hearing, you may learn what additional delicacy and power may be derived from education, if you will study the countenance, and mark the hand of the conductor of an oratorio, or call to mind the facility with which the Indian on the trail tracks his enemy by the aid of his ear. Why, moreover, should the voice be untrained? Mere voice, it is true, will never make a distinguished vocalist: but it is use and pleasure we are seeking, not display or profit; and it is duty to which we are giving audience. How harsh, how repulsive, are the voices of many, especially among the humbler classes! It would be a good work to soften down these rough and grating sounds. It would be a better work to make them melodious, and harmonise them into the music of joy or adoration. And why are not our pleasing domestic intercourses made more pleasing, and at the same time more profitable, by the charms of simple music? In this particular, a commencement has been made. Hullah and Mainzer have here rendered some service. Their endeavours have been seconded by a few enlightened persons, and their instructions have not been wholly neglected by the people. But we cannot forget that

we write for the British nation, and how small a portion of its population have yet enjoyed even the opportunity. Probably the actual number that has attended on, to say nothing of profiting by, the instructions of the benevolent men whom we have just named, falls far short of the number of those unhappy persons who, in our large towns, are enticed by the charms of music into saloons and casinos, where they are subject to the most licentious and debasing influences.

But before the body can be what its endowments make it capable of being, industrial training must form an essential element in education. Hitherto, industrial training has been recommended almost exclusively in connection with our primary schools. We recognise its importance here. Industrial training is of special consequence to the poor. How important that a poor man's child should be taught to make the most of—to turn to the best account his bodily faculties. Those faculties are his capital—his only means of gaining his livelihood—his only resources for procuring independence. It may be supposed that a poor man's child will have labour enough on leaving school; of the quantity of the labour he may then have to perform, we here say nothing;—but what is its quality? *

Did the labourer's son receive a good industrial training while at school, how much *power*—individual, domestic, social power—that is now left undeveloped; how much capability now wasted—would be made productive of advantageous results; what a vast increase of the means of usefulness and happiness would there be. The worth of a human being in society is what he can do; his worth to himself is what he is! At present, that worth in both cases is very inconsiderable. Even agricultural masters might rise in their respect for the labourer, were the labourer a more efficient instrument in their hands. An industrially educated peasant would be held in higher estimation than their ordinary labourers now are, if only because such a peasant could render services more numerous and more valuable. And surely high would be the advantage conferred on the labourer, if he were taught how—in leisure hours, or unemployed seasons—to make his own shoes, instead of going unshod, or badly shod, as many do at present. Nor would the good be limited to peasants. The handicraftsmen in our towns are, for the most part, miserably deficient in the practical art of even gaining a livelihood, should the respective occupations to which they have been trained fail them.

But not only do artisans require industrial training, both during and after the period of school instruction: as great, if not greater, is the need of industrial training on the part of what are called “the upper classes.” Never can the mind be healthy, never can the mind work with full efficiency, if the body is inert. Change of employment is rest; and passing from hand labour to head labour, would give a zest to both. How very much might the comforts, the conveniences, and even the luxuries of life be multiplied, if hours, which are now spent in tedium, because passed in doing nothing, were occupied in pursuits, from which in some shape—whether in decorations for the person, or

* Had space permitted, we should have quoted a few paragraphs from the Report of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools for 1848-9, upon this point; but we can only refer our readers to that valuable document.

utilities for the house, or refreshments for the table, or innocent gratifications for the eye and the ear—pleasure or profit might be drawn! And then think of the addition that would be made to proper self-respect, when hours now wasted were turned to a good account, and when all man's native resources were in full development and constant exercise.

The capabilities to which reference has been made, present themselves in the outer form of man. Far more numerous and far more important are the capabilities which we meet with, when we enter into man's spirit; midway, we find a power which is a dweller, partly in and partly without the soul—we mean sensibility. In our present defective modes of education, no faculty perhaps is so commonly unsound. Morbid sensibilities appear on every side. In part, these disorders are referable to moral causes; they are, in part also, to be ascribed to bad physical arrangements. We know not but the physical lies nearer the source of the evil than the moral influence; but we are very sure that our ordinary mode of training the young, and our ordinary manner of spending our days (in both of which we seem to have almost wholly forgotten that it is in animal frames that we live, and that air, light, and exercise are as necessary as food), are totally incompatible; as with vigorous bodies, so with healthful sensibilities. And yet who needs be told, that on the state of our sensibilities individually depends a very large share of our happiness, and a very large share of our personal and social efficiency.

Advert, however, to the moral faculties. In what plan of actual education is there made a specific provision for their development and regulation? In this, from the university down to the ragged school, all our institutions are nearly a blank. In the nursery, and generally in our homes, something is attempted; but, for the most part, blindly, inconstantly, and to little good effect. True it is, that a mother's heart, which is here the source of light and power, has intuitions of high wisdom, and patience untiring, and love inexhaustible. Yet the best, natural sentiments require enlightenment; and when mere feeling predominates, error is inevitable. And in moral education, errors are of a very serious nature.

Then, there is the imagination, with all its associated faculties of awe, wonder, admiration, fear, hope, and love—those masters, and sometimes tyrants of our breasts. In most hearts, they are a chaos of bewildering emotions—a perennial source of unrealities, false dread, unfounded expectations, illusory aspirations, nugatory strivings. Yet this is the very soil of religion. Here is sown by the hand of the Creator the seed out of which ought to spring the recognition of Himself. When shall we be wise—when shall we make first in education, that which is first in importance? Surely it is the springs of our existence that ought to receive our chief care. For a well-considered process of education would give special attention to the order of time in its discipline of the faculties. The proper order of time is obviously the order pursued by nature in unfolding our capacities. The field which nature presents first, is the field which we should first cultivate. What is that field? The emotions. Our emotional nature is called into being on our mother's lap. A child feels long before it reasons. In the earliest day of our spring, there appear in the soul green blades and lovely buds of feeling. The

neglect of these germs and shoots is most common, as if their character would not go far to form and colour the whole of existence. Reason is a late growth. Yet it is usual for educators to appeal to the logical faculty at an early period of life. No study is more abstract than the study of grammar. But neither parents nor instructors are satisfied except grammatical studies are forced on the attention of mere children. This breach of natural law, like every other, entails a heavy penalty. Failure and vexation fall to the instructor; more than this, the pupil is wearied, harassed, and repelled. Great is the danger which he runs of acquiring a distaste for study, and an aversion to books.

Not only order but proportion would be observed in a wise process of education. Here, to some extent, it would be necessary to bestow the largest share of attention where nature had been least bountiful; for, unless some proportion prevails in the strength and culture of our faculties, our education is not good, our character is defective, our happiness is imperfect. Disproportion in the mind, as disproportion in the body, entails disorders, spasm, it may be, even palsy. The beauty and the efficiency of our frames ensue from the due balance of our muscular powers. Similar proportions should be diligently sought for in the mind. Yet our actual culture does the very reverse. Men's callings in life disturb the order of physical nature; presenting the broad shoulders of the smith, the brawny leg of the dancing-master, and the proverbial corpulence of the alderman. Equally do our professions interfere with the due proportions of our minds. Here, have we the keen perspicuity of the lawyer; there the dexterous plausibility of the theologian; and there, again, the unscrupulous morality of the trader. Instead of these specialities, we want men; for a partial, we demand a general culture; and, in place of educational disproportions, we require equipoise, in order that we may have beauty and strength. And beauty and strength of mind and character would be augmented almost indefinitely, by an education which, beginning with the dawn of life, and cultivating all the faculties, should work harmoniously with the world without, and the laws of the Creator within our minds, and which, studiously attentive to order and proportion, as well as to the proper ends of existence, should secure, in succession, the loving and genial agency of the parent, the more systematic and more comprehensive influence of the schoolmaster, and, finally, the set, deliberate, and never-ceasing effort of the pupil himself. An education of this nature would go some way to banish evil from the world. How greatly would it conduce to the happiness of individuals, of families, of society at large. Faculties which are now peculiar to classes, would, in combination, belong to individuals generally. Conceive a man educated after this model: He has the eye of the botanist, the ear of the musician, the voice of the vocalist, the agility of the roe; a skilful hand like the mechanician, a cultivated taste like the scholar; a heart warm as the child's, and as well-regulated as that of the sage; in reasoning, he is ready and armed, in impulse, he is well guarded; in morality, he secures the practical, and aims at the ideal, and his religion is duly tempered between reason and enthusiasm. Such a man we of this generation shall never behold; but an approach to such excellence is worthy of every effort, and it is something to lay the first stone in so grand an edifice.

VOICES OF THE ANGELS.

Dost marvel and murmur
 That sorrow and tears
 Encompass thy life-path,
 And fill thee with fears?
 Hast heard the sphere-music?—
 By river and sea,
 In tempest, in sunshine,
 It singeth to thee.

All trial is sacred,
 And strengthens the mind:
 All error is helpful,
 If love is behind.
 A strong surge precedeth
 Each influx of soul;
 But the burden it beareth
 Is—"Be thou made whole."

Flesh fears persecution,
 Shrinking back, is subdued;
 The soul, by endurance,
 Is help'd and renew'd.
 Then love those who wrong thee—
 See God in the right:
 Through suff'ring learn valour—
 Add might unto might.

Know that conflict, and hardship,
 And slander, and scorn,
 Rouse forces within thee
 That wait to be born.
 Deep, deep in earth's bosom
 The ore lay conceal'd,
 Till the throes of the earthquake
 Its presence reveal'd.

Then labour, and faint not!
 The day-star appears,
 With light pure and steadfast,
 Rebuking thy fears.
 Look not to the future,
 Think not of the past:
 However environ'd,
 Faith triumphs at last. K. B.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.*

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND is certainly one of the most graceful, pleasing, and intelligent of our modern lady-writers. She may not be a woman of positive genius, like Hemans or Baillie; but all her productions—and she has written much in her day both of prose and verse—testify to her possession of an intellect at once acute and highly cultivated. Her “Lives of the Queens of England,” a series forerunning that on the female royalties of Scotland, now partly in our hands, obtained the decided approbation of the public, and very deservedly. It was superficial to a certain extent, beyond question, though not so much from any failure on the part of the authoress to consult the best sources of information, as from the want of skill, seemingly, to base thereon those profound and philosophical summations, which distinguish the true master-hand in history. We can scarcely charge this, however, as a fault upon Miss Strickland; since, were we to do so, the lady might readily defend herself, by pointing to the popular character and purport of her work, as one in which deep reflection and extensive original research were neither reasonably to be looked for, nor likely to have been very acceptable, or even useful, if proffered. We must recollect the chief objects in view, and content ourselves if these have been well executed. Miss Strickland, after all, could scarcely have been expected to bury herself for months, like a petticoated Tytler, in the “dowie dens” of the British Museum, all uncatalogued as its shelves are, in order to rake up some dozen or so of new facts about our bygone British Princesses. “Uncatalogued,” however, by the way, we must not now call the great National Library, since the appointed cataloguers, after years of labour, have actually got through the letter A, have attacked the Bs, and will probably, in the course of the next five years, come in sight of the Cs, like the Ten Thousand Greeks on their march under Xenophon.† Accessible or inaccessible, however, as the knowledge contained in the Museum Library may be, we repeat that we blame not Miss Strickland here for not more laboriously hunting out originality. She has consulted all printed authorities diligently. Omissions and mistakes form totally different matters; and, if any such defects occur in her “Queens of Scotland,” the fair authoress must pardon us for alluding to them without reserve.

* By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. 1. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

† The late Dr Thomas Gillespie of St Andrews tells somewhere a good anecdote relating to the Etrick Shepherd, which may not inaptly be given here, while casually alluding to the famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks from Persia. The Shepherd, while walking on a hillside one day with Dr Gillespie, suddenly startled his companion by standing still, and exclaiming energetically, *Θαλασση! Θαλασση!* As this Greek expression, signifying “The sea, the sea!” was the very one used by the enraptured Ten Thousand when they came in sight of the Euxine, and saw in it a period to their toils and dangers, the classical doctor was amazed at the exclamation of his friend, both because the ocean was not in sight, and because he had never dreamed of the Shepherd being so learned a Theban. Following the looks of the honest Bucolican, however, he soon found a key to the mystery. The Shepherd had his gaze fixed on a buxom damsel, who was engaged in washing (perhaps tramping) clothes by the burnside below; and his admiring exclamation had no reference whatever to “Oceanus old,” but simply to “The lassie! The lassie!”

Having, by this general commendation of Miss Strickland, guarded against any misinterpretation, we would now ask, *en passant*, and before going farther, where in the world this biographical sort of work is to end? The lives of men and women, of different classes of society, have of late been taken unlimitedly, the execution being in some cases dexterous, and in others rather ruthless and butcherly. Plutarch set us a standard example, certainly, of biographical writing, but he selected his subjects on the score of their great merits and superior eminence in the world. Now-a-days, the mere profession and place create the claim to the honours of the Memoir. All of this order and that order are placed promiscuously before us, from strings of Lord Chancellors, down to lists comprising every poor Player that ever fretted his hour upon the stage. This looks very like book-making for mere book-making's sake. But ours is a tome-compounding age, and must, we suppose, be allowed its swing; only, if the system survives much longer, we shall confidently expect to be presented by-and-by with the "Lives of the London Draymen, accompanied with special notices of the heroes of the Haynau affair, by an Eye-witness of their proceedings"—or with the "Lives of the Edinburgh Cadies, by Dugald Mactavish, long time a member of that honourable corps." Or what says the reader to the Annals of the Speech Criers? Or the street Ballad Singers? Even, in the case of Miss Strickland, we are not safe from such inflictions; for, though her present work be addressed to really worthy objects, who shall assure us that the Lives of the Ladies of Honour will not follow, in long procession, those of their royal mistresses? The thought is appalling, especially when we consider what the actual *lives* of these *dames d'honneur* too often were. *Dû avertant!*

The new royal series of Miss Strickland is entitled "Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain." It is painful to commence with fault-finding, but we are bound to declare this heading most grossly inapplicable, since no Queen of Scotland whatever receives a word of notice, until after an "English Princess" had connected the royal line of Scotland with the succession of Great Britain. The long roll of the queens-proper of Scotland, who preceded Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV., Miss Strickland has deemed altogether unworthy of attention; and yet she fondly imagines herself to have done all that the case demanded. "Who were the Queens of Scotland?" she complacently says; "this work will, we trust, answer that question satisfactorily." The last, four of some hundred regal dames or so only are given, and yet the account is assumed to be a satisfactory one of the whole of the Queens of Scotland! Our Caledonian bile is here some deal stirred, we confess. Far be it from us to assert, that the earlier queens-proper of the north of Britain merited individual notices in each and every case, but the lives of not a few were replete with interest and romance, and several of them, assuredly, were much more deserving of notice, from the worth of their characters, than some of Miss Strickland's royal English heroines. In proof of this averment, we may point specially to one striking instance, that, to wit, of Margaret, wife of Malcolm III., and sister of Edgar Atheling, the last heir of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy. Besides the stirring vicissitudes of her early days, caused by the treachery of the Godwins and the Norman in-

vation, the career of Margaret, after she had wedded the king of Scotland, presented many impressive features. It seems even highly probable, that this princess was largely instrumental in establishing those legal, social, and moral improvements, which have rendered her husband's reign a chief land-mark in Scottish history. This supposition is founded at once on her talents, her accomplishments, and her piety. Her consort, Big-Headed (Canmore) as he was, had received so wretched an education, that he could not even decipher one word of a printed book. Fordun tells us, that, "although he could not read, he used often to turn over the leaves, and kiss the prayer-books, and books of devotion, which he had heard *his wife* say were dear to her." Here we find indirect yet strong evidence, as well of a cultivated and pious mind in Margaret, as of her influence over her spouse. But her repute for piety is still more strongly marked by the fact, that she was placed as a saint in the Roman Calendar at her decease, and the 10th of June assigned for ever as the day of her celebration-feast. When it is considered, therefore, how many of the permanent constitutional laws of Scotland originated in the reign of Canmore, and that he himself was utterly illiterate (putting his seal to deeds, for example, by "biting the white wax with his tooth"), it is not going too far to ascribe much of the good done by Malcolm III. to the counsels and aid of his accomplished queen. Margaret lay sick when informed of the death of her lord at the siege of Alnwick. "She was not at all dismayed (says an old author), but thanked God that had thought her worthy to undergo those trials she hoped would refine her soul, and consume the dross of her sins. She then let a few tears drop from her melting eyes, and emitted many pious ejaculations to heaven, whither her happy soul, now disengaged from all attachments on earth, in a few minutes followed!" In political respects, even, this royal lady was an important personage. The third Norman monarch of England, Henry I., was glad, for reasons of state, to obtain the hand of Matilda, daughter of Malcolm and Margaret; and it was through her that the Plantagenets finally claimed to represent both the Saxon and the Norman dynasties. But Margaret left sons, through whom all the following kings of Scotland might have asserted a right to the English throne, on the score of royal Saxon descent, clearly superior to that of the Plantagenets.

Now, we put it to our readers, nay to Miss Strickland herself, if this royal lady (casually noticed, if we remember rightly, in the account of the English Queens) did not merit an ample memoir in any work professing to give a history of the Queens of Scotland? Many similar cases of omission, resulting from the circumscribed plan of our authoress, might be cited, such as those of the two consorts of Robert III., the rivalry of whose several descendants long troubled poor Scotland; but to only one still more glaring instance of omission shall we here particularly advert. A work which does not devote half a volume, at the very least, to the story of Jane of Somerset, consort of the first James, has no title, say we, to be called a history of the Queens of Scotland. No, Miss Agnes! It is of no use to hold up your hands deprecatingly, and tell us that the story of the fair Jane was alluded to in the lives of the Queens of England. It deserved half a volume, we reiterate, and, moreover, here—*here*, where you profess to give the annals of the queens of the "north countrie." On the head of omissions, then, we come, and cannot but

come, to the conclusion, that these are so many and so great, as to render the title of the work before us a misnomer wholly. It should have been styled simply a history of the four last Queens of Scotland—for Anne of Denmark, wife of James VI., was an English, as much as a Scottish Queen, and, as such, received her meed of notice in the royal Anglican series.

It gives us much pleasure to avow that the objections now made to the limited plan pursued by Miss Strickland, involve nearly all that is really unfavourable in our view of her work. The annals of Margaret Tudor, queen of James IV., occupy two-thirds of the volume before us, and present by far the most extended and satisfactory account of that princess which has ever been put in type. It gives any thing but a flattering picture, on the whole, of the daughter of Henry VII., and shows her to have possessed only too many of the characteristic qualities of her brother Henry VIII. With the able assistance of Miss Strickland, we shall glance at the career of the lady.

The life of Margaret Tudor seems to have been but one long scene of trouble and discontent, ambition and avarice constituting the most notable features of her temperament. When sent to Scotland to her royal *fiancé*, Margaret had barely attained the age of fourteen. Her passage northwards formed a continuous and brilliant ovation; sheriff handing her over to sheriff, and noble to noble, till she passed from the English into the Scottish counties, there similarly to be met and entertained. King James first saw his betrothed at the Castle of "Acquick" or "Acqueth," as it is styled by John Young, Somerset Herald, who attended the English princess, and has left a curious description of her northern reception. Our readers would hardly make out "Acqueth" for themselves, and must know, therefore, that the place meant is Dalkeith. James IV., at this time about thirty, was a prince of princes in aspect—

"For hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curl'd beard and hair;
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists,
And O! he had that merry glance
Which seldom lady's heart resists."

So aptly quotes Miss Strickland from Scott. Scarcely had Margaret been installed in her apartments on arriving, when a cry of "The King! The King!" rang through the Castle of Dalkeith; and with the impetuous gallantry of his nature, attired simply in his hunting dress, James presented himself before, and saluted his young bride. Whoso desires to see the details of the subsequent royal marriage, may consult our author's, or the epithalamial poem of Dunbar, "The Thistle and the Rose." Margaret, now Queen of Scotland, on the third day after the nuptials, gave a striking indication of her discontented nature, since, notwithstanding all the feastings and tiltings provided for her amusement, she thus wrote to her sire, in a letter which has been preserved, "Sir, as for news, I have none to send, but that my Lord of Surrey is in so great favour with *this king here*, that he cannot forbear the company of him at

no time of the day. He and the Bishop of Murray ordereth everything as nigh as they can to the king's pleasure. I pray God it may be for my poor heart's ease in time to come. They call not my chamberlain to them, who, I am sure, could speak better for my part than any that be of that council. But, if he speak anything for my cause, my Lord of Surrey hath such words unto him that he dare speak no farther." This letter breathes not the homesick despondency of a young creature suddenly thrown among strangers. The effusion is that of an ambitious woman, already yearning for domestic and political rule, though but three days wedded, and in a new land. Such like facts (and history abounds in them) really give to us the very disagreeable impression, that palaces must resemble moral hotbeds, in which both the passions and the perceptions find most premature development. Of the conduct of the young bride, Miss Strickland speaks out very plainly and impartially, calling her "a sullen spoiled child," on whose "thankless and murmuring spirit" the attentions and indulgences of her lord were thrown away, or served but as food for "vanity and presumption." This view of the case is so far correct certainly; but, besides her ambitious temperament, Margaret must be allowed to have possessed very considerable natural abilities, not unakin to those of another and greater female of the Tudor line, her niece by the paternal side, Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Margaret bore and lost three children, before she had Prince James, afterwards James V. This royal child was put under the governance of the famous Scottish poet, Sir David Lindsay; and, by the way, Miss Strickland sadly misquotes some verses addressed by that bard to James in after years, on the subject of his princely pranks in youth. Lindsay tells us, as the work in our hands quotes him—

"How, as a packman bears his pack,
I bore your grace upon my back.
Sometime you strode upon my neck,
Dancing with many a bend and beck.
The first syllabs that thou did'st mute
Were 'Pa Da Lync' on the lute."

Our authoress explains the last two lines as signifying, "Play, Davy Lindsay, on the lute." The proper printing, pointing, and reading, indubitably are—

"The first syllables that thou did'st moot
Were, 'Pa Da Lyn?' Upon the lute
Then played I, &c."

"Pa Da Lyn," is simply and plainly the first effort of a child to enunciate, "Where's Davy Lindsay?" The context indeed puts the right reading beyond doubt; and, as Sir Walter Scott took the pains to clear up the passage in a note to *Marmion*, it surprises us to find Miss Strickland indulging in what we believe to be a perfectly novel interpretation of her own, and moreover accommodating thereto both spelling and punctuation.

The Queen of James IV. began to have serious cares thrown upon her some years after she was wedded, in consequence of the dissensions betwixt her high-spirited consort and her brother Henry VIII. The de-

ceased Prince Arthur of Wales had left her a valuable legacy; and this legacy Henry would not deliver up, saving on conditions highly distasteful to King James. At length, when the English Sovereign had embroiled himself with France, the Scottish King not only sent aid to the latter power, but declared open war on his own account with England. It was natural for Margaret to regret this division between her husband and brother; and to regret it above all, because Henry had then no male heirs of his body, and she firmly hoped to see her son mount the English, as well as the Scottish throne. To deter King James from his proposed southern expedition, she resorted to most extraordinary steps; the apparition of the old man in the Church of St Michael, at Linlithgow, and the summons of Plotcock at the Cross of Edinburgh, being now almost universally admitted to have been devices of hers. There is one passage in the brief address of the Linlithgow spirit to the king which goes far, in our opinion, to fix the trickery upon the queen. To stir up James the more against Henry, the fair Queen of France, Anne of Brittany, had sent him a costly ring, and named him her chosen knight. The pride and jealousy of Margaret had been grievously galled by this semi-amorous message, and it is even on record that she curtain-lectured her spouse for preferring to "please the Queen of France, rather than her, the mother of his children." Now, let the reader remark, that the antique pseudo-ghost of St Michael's, in speaking to the Scottish Sovereign, pointedly forbade him to "*mell or follow the council of women*, which, if he did, he should be confounded and brought to shame." This injunction savours strongly of female jealousy. Miss Strickland has acutely pointed out, moreover, how easily, by the connivance of a certain magistrate, Queen Margaret may have got up the similar farce of Plotcock or Platcock (Pluto) at the Cross of Edinburgh:—

"They were employed one night heaving down the cannon called the Seven Sisters, which the king had had lately cast by his master-gunner, Borthwick, when, about midnight, a strange scene took place at the Mercat Cross. A summons was shouted forth, called by the proclaimer 'the summons of Platcock,' which it was implied was the name of some fiend, 'requiring certain earls, lords, barons, and gentlemen, and sundry burgesses, designating each individual by name, to appear before his master in forty days, wheresoever he might be.' But it does not appear that the person who played this audacious prank dared mention the king. The ghostly summons was evidently a parody on the recent requisition of King James to his feudal militia, which he had called out to do him their bounded service against his adversary of England, for their usual forty days, bringing their arms and provisions. Not only the warlike yeomanry, but those burgesses of Edinburgh who owed military service, were called upon to do their duty by the king. One of them, Mr Richard Lawson, who either had been, or was afterwards, provost of Edinburgh, being very ill at ease, probably not remarkably relishing his liege lord's call to the battlefield, had stepped out for air on the balcony of his house, when the fiend at the Mercat Cross, just opposite, was vociferating the list of those who were to fall. Richard Lawson, to his horror, heard his own name as a summoned one; 'whereupon, hearing the voice, he marvelled what it should be; so he called out to his servant to bring him his purse, and took out of it one crown, which he threw over his balcony, saying—'I for my part appeal from your summons and judgment, and betake me to the mercy of God.' Verily' continues our author, 'he who caused me chronicle this was ane sufficient landed gentleman who was in the town of Edinburgh at the time; and he swore, after the field, there was not one man

whose name was called on in Platecock's, or Pluto's summons, that came home alive, excepting only Richard Lawson, who appealed against it.' But it is most probable that Richard Lawson was the very person who contrived the incident. As he was one of the civic authorities, he had particular opportunities of arranging ought that was done or acted at the Market Cross; he was the only witness of the matter; and he was evidently of the peace or queen's party. James IV. was peculiarly liable to superstitious impressions, it is true, but only when his conscience was offended or sore on any subject. He treated the farce played at the Mercat Cross with the contempt it deserved, when it was duly related to him in the morning."

The fatal battle of Flodden was the result of the persistence of James in his hostile designs. Before leaving for his death-scene, however, the king had reconciled himself with his queen; and Miss Strickland has, for the first time, obtained full proof that he confided to her the repository of his treasures, placed in her hands many valuables, and gave specially to her, in trust for his son, the last subsidy from France, being not less than 18,000 golden sols, or crowns of the sun. Not one doit of all this treasure did Queen Margaret ever account for, or devote either to the use of the young prince, or to the general service of the country. When the hoards of the fallen monarch were anxiously sought for, she kept the secret to herself, and baffled all inquiries. Indeed, the character of Margaret began but to be developed, in some measure, after she became a widow. By the testament of the late king, she was appointed tutrix to the prince, and, in short, Regent of the kingdom; and, when she assembled a parliament at Stirling, in December, 1513, her assumption of that office received a general, or rather unanimous assent, though the next male heir to the throne had usually held the regency, during royal Scottish minorities. But, as Miss Strickland well says, "All the hope that remained to the people of averting the fury of Henry VIII. centred solely in the queen—being founded on the near relationship of herself and the infant king to the southern sovereign." The will of James IV., however, positively denuded her of all authority in the event of her forming a second marriage.

Did this injunctive clause check the self-willed Tudor from indulging anew in thoughts of matrimony? By no means. After giving birth to a posthumous prince, who was named Alexander, Queen Margaret, now about twenty-five years of age, fixed her affections on a fresh object speedily; and that object was a youth of nineteen, head of the Douglasses of Angus, and grandson of old Bell-the-Cat. A private union took place; but it soon became known, and the Scottish Council formally deposed the queen-regent, nominating in her stead the Duke of Albany, then in France, and next of kin to the king, James V. At first, Margaret resisted the decree of deposition and the recall of Albany; but she was, in the end, compelled to submit, and receive him into the kingdom of Scotland graciously. Nay, she went further by-and-by. Being quickly disgusted with the shallow and vacillating character of her youthful spouse, the Earl of Angus, she conceived the project of an union with Albany, who was a singularly handsome man, and in the prime of his years. Unluckily, he had a wife abroad; but a couple of divorces constituted a trifling difficulty in the eyes of a Tudor. By her own letters, it is clearly shown that Margaret long dwelt on this new marriage scheme, as offering the best chances for permanently establishing her

own power in Scotland. In the meantime, Albany was forced, by the will of the late sovereign, to proceed to remove the young king from under her charge. She again resisted, but fruitlessly; and finally, though on the eve of giving birth to a child by Angus, she thought fit to fly clandestinely to England. The chief object of her escape, however, was frustrated. She had intended to carry off with her her two royal boys, but the attempt failed. Her wretched journey to London, and uneasy deliverance of a daughter by the way, are detailed most interestingly in the volume before us. Angus deserted her on the road very basely.

Queen Margaret was kindly received by Henry VIII. and his consort, Katharine of Arragon, and spent one year in London (from May, 1516, to May, 1517), occupied chiefly, as far as we can see, in extracting all that she could from her brother's pockets. She plagued Henry and Wolsey incessantly, and alternately, with begging letters. She also was vile enough to sell habitually the interests of her adopted country for the promotion of her own grasping and selfish ends. "She betrayed all the private affairs of the Scottish Government (communicated to her by her correspondents) to her brother's Council." As to "the incessant complaints of poverty, and even destitution, which form a species of begging chorus to all her epistles," says Miss Strickland, "her word, either spoken or written, was not to be trusted." Be this as it may, she certainly contrived to "make up her pack," as the Scots say, at the English Court; seeing that, when the Regent Albany's departure for France led her to return to Scotland, she carried thither "jewels, plate, tapestry, arras, coin, horses, and all things of her brother's gift liberally, albeit she entered England in great poverty." •

The Scottish Council had promised to give to her all her ducs as queen dowager; but they also had scented, and demanded an account of, the late king's treasures, left in her charge for her son's use. This untoward claim seems to have embarrassed the royal dame from the first moment of her return. Her outcries for money recommenced; and, in her rage at the Scottish Council, she went the length of urging Henry VIII. to seize the ships and goods of private and unoffending Scottish traders to England, telling him that he might, "of reason," do this, *her* demands not being satisfied. A still more odious sentiment is added, "I wot well, ye will never get any good of Scotland by *fairness*!" Other means of self-aggrandisement failing, Margaret, lastly, used all her influence to get Albany back from France, and succeeded. She likewise sought to divorce Angus. Miss Strickland cannot here contain her honest indignation:—

"When she had received all she could obtain of her brother and England, she then stretched out her rapacious hands to Albany and France; and this course she pursued until, like many other greedy persons, she lost her market, owing to the utter contempt into which she sank in the estimation of all parties. Margaret was the example and forerunner of the hideous corruption and demoralisation which occasioned intense suffering, both to her native and adopted country, for the ensuing two centuries. Very curious as psychological study, is the historical tracking of these dishonourable traits in the effect they had on the people at large. The rapacity, falsehood, and contempt of the marriage vow shown by the Queen of Scotland, and the King of England, her brother, being imitated by their favourites and nobles, gradually spread downwards, and corrupted the classes nearest to their influence. Margaret

took bribes from her brother to keep Albany away, and wrote at the request of the Scottish council to France to bring him back."

Now commenced one of the ugliest phases in the life of this genuine sister of the Eighth Henry of England. Albany was specially hateful to the latter, whose habitual policy, in relation to Scotland, may be clearly gathered from a letter of Wolsey, in which that good Christian prelate coolly tells his master, that he had "taken measures to encourage all Scotch rebels, so that they may continue divisions and seditions." For these ends, an English faction was kept up beneath the Tweed; the evil influence of which could only be obviated by a strong and well-knit Scottish party. Albany was the most likely to form such a party, and Henry abhorred him accordingly. Thus it fell out, that when the duke not only returned home, but entered into the most intimate relations with Queen Margaret, the moral monarch of England flew into a thundering passion, and wrote letters to Albany himself, charging him with "dishonourable and damnable abusing of our sister, inciting her to be divorced from her lawful husband (with what corrupt intent God knoweth)." The liaison of Margaret with Albany was assuredly so close as to give strong grounds for scandal. "There was marvellous great intelligence between them (says Lord Dacre) as well all the day as much of the night." Henry and Wolsey desired the Pope not to sanction a divorce with Angus, assuring him that it was only sought to accomplish the bad end of leaving Margaret free to wed Albany. So far, however, the queen-dowager succeeded in her aims, as to get Angus banished from Scotland. But, in the winter of 1522, an event took place which materially changed her prospects. She had been a woman of no common amount of beauty, but an attack of confluent small-pox deprived her, in a few days, of almost all her personal attractions. Her vision was left partially distorted for life, and a look even of a sinister kind superseded her former charms of countenance.

The career of Queen Margaret now grew more troubled than ever. Albany became once more the object of her hate, having deserted her for a daughter of Lord Fleming; and upon that latter nobleman, accordingly, her letters pour forth the most hideous charges. She never rested, in short, until she had driven the good-natured, though not very able, regent anew into exile, and assumed his place virtually. While her son James (Alexander had died early) was in his minority, Margaret kept the kingdom in hot water by her contentions with the nobles, and particularly with her spouse, Angus, who, having returned home, became the chief man for a time in Scotland. This same royal mother, when Henry VIII. wished to affiance her son to his daughter Mary, literally sold the hand of James prospectively to France, for a present to herself of 30,000 crowns. She even scrupled not to boast to an Englishman, at the time, "It were long before I have so much from England." She, moreover, habitually betrayed, for money and gifts, the councils of her own son to England, notwithstanding that James ever showed to her the warmest affection. He even forgave her when, after a great deal of scandal, she wedded a third husband secretly, namely, Henry Stewart, a very young man, and brother to Lord Avandale. This step the dowager took, before the Pope, at least, had liberated her from her ties with Angus. James V. even created his new stepfather Lord Methven (or, as he is

styled in the English letters, Lord *Muffin*), and endowed him with the barony of that name. But this husband did not please her ultimately, any more than Angus. Twelve years after their union, she entered a suit of divorce against him, and had provided, as she says, "famous witnesses" on her part, when King James, utterly scandalised, stepped in, and "most undutifully" (as she has it) put his veto on the whole proceedings. So that she had to adhere to Methven to the last, will she, nill she; and finally, she died, in her fifty-second year, at his seat of Methven Castle, on the 25th October, 1541. So ended the turbulent career of this bold, bad woman.

Miss Strickland has touched, but not minutely, on the subject of the offspring of Queen Margaret by Lord Methven. It is a question of some historical interest. Our authoress says simply, that a son and daughter were born to the pair, and that "both died early in life." Bishop Burnet is indeed quoted to the effect that "a Master of Methven" fell at Pinkie in 1547, and that James V. styled a young Henry Stewart, in a charter, his "brother-uterine." But she speaks of the errors of the Bishop as "systematic," and entirely undervalues his testimony. The presence of a Master (eldest son and heir) of Methven at Pinkie, however, depends not on the word of Burnet, being distinctly recorded by Leslie and other older annalists. Now as the liaison of Margaret and Lord Methven commenced shortly after 1520, their marriage being acknowledged in 1525, and as the queen died in 1541, who but a son of hers could be at Pinkie as Master of Methven in 1547? No son by Lady Janet Stewart of Athole, the second wife of Methven, wedded in 1544, could possibly have fought on that field. The results of the Methven marriage are peculiarly important, because some have found there an explanation of that grand historical riddle, the Gowrie Conspiracy. The father of the unhappy John, Earl of Gowrie, undoubtedly married Dorothea Stewart, a daughter, or at least descendant of Harry, first Lord Methven, some time consort of Queen Margaret. Did this Dorothea spring from the queen, or from Lady Janet Stewart? Such is the problem. If from the first, Earl John of Gowrie, her son, stood so near to the throne of the Tudors, that we might well account in this way both for ambitious aspirations on his part, and for deep jealousy on the part of James VI. That Queen Margaret bore various children to Methven, was long understood in Scotland; and as Crawford, the able genealogist, admits, "the story of the royal parentage of Dorothea was universally believed" at one time. Lord Strathallan, in his "History of the Drummonds," distinctly says, that "Dorothea, daughter to the Lord Methven, was begot on the body of Queen Margaret;" and his lordship was a neighbour and relative, who lived not very long after the period. In some notes of conversations, again, with Queen Mary of Scotland in her captivity, left by John Somer, that princess is said to have advised that Queen Elizabeth should cultivate the friendship of the Earl of Gowrie, "because of the affinity he bore to her;" and it is well known that Elizabeth did really receive at her court, and treat Earl John with most unusual courtesy. Dorothea Stewart, however, may not have been the immediate daughter of Queen Margaret. Dorothea was wedded to the first Earl of Gowrie, in 1561, and, as Margaret died in 1541, at the age of fifty-two, and had probably borne no children for several years previously, the Countess of

Gowrie would have been rather old (for a bride of that period) at the time of her nuptials, supposing her to have been the offspring of the queen. The Rev. James Scott, in his memoir of John, Earl of Gowrie, adopts the supposition that she was a daughter of the young Master of Methven slain at Pinkie. It is by no means an improbable conjecture, in our humble opinion; for we must hold it proved, in spite of Miss Strickland and all the world, that Margaret Tudor had at least one son by Methven, who lived to the years of adolescence, and may have had children.

In truth, she may have had several others by him, though before the divorce from Angus permitted the acknowledgment of a new Methven marriage. In letters of the date, for example, it is mentioned that she, at one time, confined herself for a week or two upon some slight pretext or another, though all believed that "she was forced to retire on account of the birth of her *first* child by Harry Stewart." These words of Wolsey's Scottish correspondent, Dr Magnus, it will be noticed, indicate clearly that *other* children followed. It is very possible that the dubious position of the mother, during the first years of her connection with Methven, may have caused all the mystery enveloping their offspring. Lord Cromarty tells us, that, at the Revolution, a shoemaker in Perth was confidently asserted to be of the line of Margaret; and Crawford, writing in 1726, states, that many then living were aware of a poor person of the same stock having been sought out and provided for by the directions of royalty. On the whole, we imagine it probable that the Gowrie house was connected with a child or grandchild of the blood of the Tudors. It would be hard to say, indeed, how many children may have lost their due station in the world, through Margaret's selfish haste in forming new ties ere she had cast off the old.

In this sketch of a genuine Tudor princess, we have, of course, drawn freely upon the labours of Miss Strickland, whom we would again commend and thank heartily before concluding. Magdalene of France, and Mary of Lorraine, queens successively of James V., complete the first volume of the Scottish series; and not less than two additional tomes will be devoted, we learn, to Mary Stuart. That memoir, we imagine, Miss Strickland purposes to make her serial masterpiece. We doubt not but that she will render it very interesting, and even imbue it so far with novelty, seeing that, to our amazement, she announces her possession of a totally fresh batch of "Secret Letters," from the pen of Queen Mary, lately discovered in the archives of the Stuarts of Moray. As that family descend from the daughter of the famous Regent, natural brother of Mary, this treasure is likely to have been of his collection and bequeathment, and must therefore be alike valuable and authentic. Really we had thought that the materials for Mary's annals had been thoroughly exhausted. But such would seem not to be the case.

In the volume now before us, Miss Strickland, we reiterate, has presented us with a vast accumulation of facts, never previously thrown together connectedly, on the Lives of the Queens of James IV. and V. It has been already said that she cannot be regarded as a profoundly reflective or philosophical annalist, but she has given to the world a work excellently written, on the whole, and deeply interesting.

ESTELLE SOUVESTRE.

BY MRS CROWE.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER the porch of a pretty farmhouse, situated in that charming valley through which the river Seine flows, when it leaves Rouen, there sat, one fine July evening in the year 1820, two young girls of the ages of sixteen and eighteen, from their resemblance evidently sisters, and yet so extremely different in almost all respects, that it would not have been easy to say where the likeness lay. It is impossible really to convey the idea of a person by description, unless you can combine it with example and comparison; words are feeble to paint images. I will therefore not attempt to describe the persons of Estelle and Alice Souvestre further than to say that, though they were both handsome, Estelle had considerably the advantage of her sister from the much more exalted character of her beauty; and that, although they were very nearly of the same height, a discerning spectator, whilst he called Alice a pretty girl, would have probably pronounced Estelle a beautiful woman. They sat hand in hand, and both were weeping; Alice, with all the passion and demonstrative grief of a child; whilst the tears flowed silently down Estelle's cheek.

"Nobody loves me," sobbed Alice.

"Nobody?" echoed Estelle, reproachfully.

"Nobody that I want to love me," said Alice.

"And yet those love you whose affection you could least dispense with," returned Estelle; "but the love we possess we are too apt to undervalue."

Alice pouted her pretty lip in a manner that denoted she thought otherwise, and that the love she could least dispense with was exactly that she could not obtain.

"If I thought Victor calculated to make you happy, dear Alice, Heaven knows how deeply I should regret his choice," returned Estelle; "for a love I cannot requite can only occasion me pain; but I should be much more grieved to see you married to him than I am to witness your disappointment."

"I daresay you would," answered Alice, spitefully.

"Don't be unjust, Alice," said Estelle. "You know that my grief in either case would be without any reference to myself. If I had not discovered Victor's real character, it might have been different. I don't deny his attractive qualities, but I know his vices; and, however much your tears distress me, I thank God you have no worse cause to shed them."

"And who told you of his vices, as you call them, but Noel Devergy? Do you suppose I don't know his motives?"

"I am sure he had no motive but to serve me," said Estelle.

"And himself," added Alice, with a sarcastic smile.

"How could it serve him?" asked Estelle.

"Bah!" answered Alice; "do you think I'm blind? Do you think I don't see that he wants to marry you himself?"

"Noel Devergy want to marry me!" exclaimed Estelle, absolutely laughing through her tears at so ridiculous an assertion. "Why, he scarcely ever speaks to me. All his attention is paid to you."

"Because he knows you would not think him good enough for you. But I'm not ambitious; and I'll never marry if it's not for love."

"There I think you're right."

"Yes, if I can contrive to love somebody that is well off, and that everybody else approves! But I mean to marry to please myself; and I had rather live in a cottage with love than in a palace without."

"So would I," answered Estelle; "but the love must be for a good man. Love in a cottage, with extravagance and vice for your companions, would not be very pleasant."

But Alice was persuaded that, had Victor loved her instead of Estelle, as she had flattered herself, she should have been perfectly happy in spite of those faults, which appeared to her only spots in the sun; and certainly she was not the only damsel in the village that entertained the same opinion, for Victor Rivel possessed many fascinations which it was not easy for inexperienced hearts to resist. He was cousin to these two young girls, who were the daughters of a sort of gentleman farmer, called Alain Souvestre; a man who, having good blood in his veins, would have ranked with the gentry had he not been poor. But he had begun the world poor, and poor he had continued, partly from ill luck, and partly from unfitness for his calling; so that the small profits of his farm were barely sufficient to maintain and educate his two motherless daughters with that degree of respectability their pretensions to gentryhood demanded. Except their straitened means, however, the family had few cares, for Alain was a tender father: and, till love stepped in to disturb their harmony, a perfect affection had subsisted betwixt the sisters.

Souvestre had a sister named Rivel who had been early left a widow, with a beautiful boy, whom she had doted on and ruined by injudicious indulgence. When he had finished his education at Paris, she wished him to study the law under a notary at Rouen called Devergy, but he had acquired habits of dissipation and extravagance in the metropolis that unfitted him for the dull life of a provincial town, and he would very soon have abandoned Monsieur Devergy's office, had not the charms of his cousin, Estelle, reconciled him to the change. His passion did not make him indolent or virtuous, though for a time it kept him from the extremes of vice; and, as he possessed many charms of person and manners, he might have won Estelle's heart, had she not been early warped off his real character by M. Devergy's son, who was thoroughly acquainted with it. But Alice fell into the snare that Estelle escaped, and the admonitions that had availed with the elder sister were perfectly inefficient with the younger. It was in vain that Estelle told her all she had heard and believed; Alice believed only what she liked, and would listen only to the dictates of her own will. However, when Victor found he had no chance of success, his visits became very rare, and Estelle trusted that Alice's pride would work her cure, the more especially as many painful rumours reached them regarding his way of

life, insomuch that Souvestre at length forbade him his house; a proceeding which caused much ill blood betwixt him and his sister, Madame Rivel.

However, after some interval, news came that the young man had finally abandoned the notary's office, which, indeed, he had rarely attended; and, after extracting from his mother all the money she had, was gone to Paris; a step which nobody lamented but herself and Alice, with whom a considerable intimacy had arisen; for, although this dissolute son was draining her purse and making the misery of her life, the mother could not bear to hear him blamed, nor could she pardon Estelle and her father for what she considered their harsh treatment of him. The next intelligence they had of him was, that, his money being all gone, he had enlisted into the army, a situation for which he was pronounced better fitted than any other. "He will be forced to behave well there," said Souvestre; "and if he's shot, it will be the best thing that can happen both for himself and his friends."

After the departure of Victor, a renewal of intercourse took place betwixt Madame Rivel and Souvestre, and the brother and sister maintained more friendly relations than they had done for some time previously, the conditions of the pacification being tacitly understood; namely, that whilst the mother abstained from praising or apologising for her son, the uncle should abstain from reviling him. Of Alice's attachment to her cousin, Souvestre had no suspicion, Estelle feeling that to tell him of it would be only occasioning useless pain, since not only did Victor not respond to her passion, but he was moreover gone from the neighbourhood with no prospect of returning for several years.

Shortly after these events, Estelle left her home to reside with the Countess de Fayolle in the capacity of companion and nurse, her father's indifferent circumstances inducing him unwillingly to consent to the separation, Monsieur de Fayolle being his landlord, and he (Souvestre) not a little in arrears with regard to the payment of his rent. Estelle disliked the change, too, very much in prospect; but more than one circumstance tended gradually to reconcile her to what she had considered a state of dependence. In the first place, the Countess treated her with the greatest kindness, and became by degrees so much attached to her, that she scarcely liked her own daughter better; and, in the second, the young Viscount, Armand de Fayolle fell desperately in love with her. As Estelle was not without very good sense, this latter circumstance, however flattering, caused her, in the beginning, more alarm than satisfaction, and she avoided the young man's advances by every means in her power; but the excellence of Armand's character, and the evident sincerity of his love, on the one hand, and the unexpected countenance given to the attachment by Madame de Fayolle on the other, in process of time dissipated these apprehensions, and induced her to open her heart to feelings and hopes she would otherwise have never dared to indulge.

Still there was little prospect that this affection, now in its infancy, was destined to enjoy an exemption from the fate that usually attends "love shot from its sphere." If the Countess's tacit encouragement sustained their hopes, the knowledge of the inexorable opposition that awaited the lovers on the part of the Count, whenever he discovered

their secret, was enough to overwhelm them with despair. An implacable aristocrat himself, he had been forced by the extravagance of his predecessor, who had transmitted to him an almost revenueless title, to make a *mésalliance*. He had married the heiress of a *financier*, and for two-and-twenty years he had been making her dearly expiate the honour of bearing his name. Naturally of a delicate constitution, his savage violence had completed the ruin of her health, and she had for several years been wholly confined to her chamber, and often to her bed. But most provokingly she would not die; and, indeed, since Estelle came to live with her, she appeared to have made some progress towards a recovery that had been pronounced at least improbable. Deserted by her husband, her daughter at school in Paris, and her son necessarily much from home, her loneliness had augmented her disease, but in Estelle she found a companion and a friend to cheer her solitude and chase sad memories from her pillow; and, moved by affection and a just appreciation of the young girl's character, she ardently wished to see her the wife of Armand. She had been forced to marry the Count for his title, and he her for her money; she had seen and felt what a marriage of interest was, and she longed to secure a union of affection for the son she adored.

Such had been the position of affairs for a considerable period, when one morning at an early hour Souvestre presented himself at the Château de Fayolle requesting to see his daughter. The purport of his visit was to make inquiries about Alice. "Was she with her sister? had Estelle seen her?" when Estelle answered, "No; why do you ask?" the father sank into a chair, and, placing his hands before his face, burst into tears.

"I see it all," he said; "she's away with that scoundrel, Victor Rivel." At first Estelle could not believe it; Victor, who had declared himself irrevocably attached to herself! Besides, he was hundreds of miles off with his regiment; but when Souvestre had told his story, she saw too much reason to believe his apprehensions well founded.

"For the last three weeks," said he, "I have had a vague suspicion that she was concealing something from me, and she has often staid out a much longer time than I could account for, without being able to explain what she had been about when I questioned her. Still, as I never saw her with any of the young men of the neighbourhood, I believed most of her time was spent with her aunt Rivel, of whom she seemed lately to have become very fond. It was not till two days ago a rumour reached me that Victor was hidden in his mother's house, and was supposed to have deserted. Upon hearing this I forbade Alice to go near my sister's till that fellow was gone. She shed a great many tears, and said it was very hard she might not assist her own relations when they were in trouble; whereupon I told her that if I had any reason to suspect she did not obey me, I would deliver Victor into the hands of the Provost-Marshal as a deserter. I was in hopes this had frightened her, for she said no more on the subject: but last evening she was not in the house when I came in to supper, nor has she been home all night."

Estelle hoped she would be discovered concealed at Madame Rivel's; but Souvestre, who had already been there, had found the house shut up and apparently nobody in it.

This was a great blow to both father and daughter; nor were they much more reconciled to the matter when, at the expiration of a week, Madame Rivel reappeared with the certificate of a marriage betwixt Victor Rivel and Alice Souvestre, the ceremony having been performed by her late husband's brother, who was in orders. She excused herself for the part she had taken in the transaction, by declaring that she had only done it to prevent worse mischief, since Alice was determined not to abandon Victor, and would rather have gone with him unmarried than not at all.

Estelle feared this might be true; but whether it was or not, the misfortune was irremediable now, and all they had to do was to bear it as well as they could; but the blow fell heavy on Souvestre, who doated on Alice because she resembled her mother, and he never held up his head again as he had done before. On Estelle, too, this step of Alice's was a severe affliction. Her sister's alliance with a man of blasted reputation reflected disgrace upon herself, and removed her still further from Armand de Fayolle. She blushed when she thought of entering so noble a family with such an ignominious connection attached to her; and although neither the Countess nor her son knew what had occurred, it was never absent from her own mind. The continual brooding over this idea depressed her spirits, rendering her thoughtful and reserved, insomuch that it became visible to everybody that there was something wrong with her. To add to this, Estelle had, by and by, another source of anxiety. Her father's melancholy seemed to be taking a fast hold of his mind, causing him to neglect his business, besides injuring his health. His circumstances, which were not prosperous before, were fast deteriorating; and Estelle began to wonder where the money was to come from for the next rent-day. It is true, she knew that she had only to mention their embarrassments to the Countess or to Armand, and they would be relieved from them; but her delicacy and pride shrank from a degradation the memory of which would cloud the sunshine of future and better days.

This depression and uneasiness was not unobserved by Madame de Fayolle, who at length obtained a partial confession of the cause, one day when Estelle, who imagined her to be asleep, had seated herself in the adjoining dressing-closet to peruse a letter she had just received from her father. A large mirror that hung opposite the Countess' bed reflected the figure of the young girl, who she saw was in tears.

"What is the matter, Estelle?" she said. "Why are you weeping?"

"It is nothing, Madame," answered Estelle. "Only a note from my father."

The Countess inquired what there was in it to distress her; and, after some questioning, succeeded in extracting an avowal that her father had fallen into a state of despondency that caused him to neglect his affairs, which were rapidly falling into confusion.

"And the rent-day's at hand, I suppose; is not that it, Estelle? And the Count is not an indulgent landlord. Dry your tears, child, and bid your father banish the subject from his mind. I'll provide for the emergency. Give me a pen and ink, and I'll write to Chardon to bring me the money."

One of the disadvantages of Estelle's situation was, that it was one

of almost constant confinement, the Countess (with the not unusual selfishness of an invalid) scarcely ever allowing her out of her sight. But on this occasion, being seized with a fit of remorse on that head, she bade her carry herself the cheering intelligence to Souvestre.

"Tell him to keep his mind at ease in regard to his rent, and that you will henceforth pay it." Estelle knelt down by her bedside, and kissed the wan, thin hand that lay on the coverlet.

"How good you are to me!" she sobbed.

"You know, Estelle, I look upon you as my daughter," said Madame de Fayolle, significantly leaning forward and kissing her forehead.

Estelle blushed to the eyes, and made haste to hide her conscious face; for, although she had observed with surprise that the Countess took no alarm at Armand's evident admiration of her, but rather encouraged it than otherwise, this was the first time that she had verbally intimated her approbation of the connection.

When Estelle reached the farm, she found her father very much excited by a rumour that had reached him, to the effect that Alice had been seen in the neighbourhood apparently in great distress. "I wish I knew where she was," he said, "for I daresay that scoundrel has deserted her, and she's ashamed to come home."

It appeared, on inquiry, that the rumour originated with a little girl, who said that, being sent one morning very early to fetch water for the kettle, because her mother was ill, she had seen Alice Souvestre at the door of Madame Rivel's house, which was situated at the outskirts of the village. She saw her lift the latch and knock with her fist, and then go round to the kitchen-window and knock there; whereupon she, the little girl, had called out to her that Madame Rivel was gone away, and there was nobody there. The child added that Alice started when she heard her voice, and seemed annoyed at being observed. "She looked very pale and thin," said she, "and her clothes were very shabby; and when I told her Madame Rivel was gone, she clasped her hands and said, *Oh mon Dieu!*"

Victor's mother had left the place in consequence of her brother's resentment, and the ill odour into which she had fallen with the little public of the neighbourhood, on account of the part she had taken in the marriage of her son and Alice; but it was highly probable that the young people knew nothing of this removal; and the conclusion Souvestre and his daughter came to was, either that Victor had deserted his young wife, or that he was somewhere in hiding, and had sent her to procure assistance from his mother. However this might be, their inquiries elicited no further information; but this vision of one so dearly loved and mourned—the pale face and wasted figure, the clasped hands, and the ejaculation betokening so much anguish—struck cold upon the hearts of her father and sister. By night and by day, sleeping and waking, she was before them; and a sad foreboding haunted their minds that this rumour was but the foreshadowing of some evil tidings about Alice.

CARDINALS, THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

THIS article is designed to be historical, and not controversial. At a time when so much was being said respecting the appointment of Cardinal Wiseman, we were prompted by curiosity to make some inquiries respecting the rise of cardinals, and the precise place which they occupy in the Church of Rome. In the Bible, not a shadow was to be seen, either of the name, or of the thing, which it signifies. Among the office-bearers appointed by Jesus Christ, we meet with apostles, and elders, and bishops, and deacons, and doctors, but no trace of a cardinal is to be found. Their origin must therefore be sought in another development of Christianity than that which took place under Jesus Christ and his apostles. Finding no mention of cardinals in the Word of God, we attentively considered the many able and eloquent speeches recently delivered against the papal aggression, but could only learn that a cardinal was an elector of the pope, and one of his privy counsellors, and that he wore, as the *insignia* of his office, red slippers and a red cap. How the cardinals came to be the sole electors of the popes, and why they wore red slippers instead of black ones, we were impatient to learn. It was also understood that the recently appointed official ought to be styled *His Eminence*, and it was natural to desire further information respecting the origin of a title so exalted. With these views, the pages of Cardinal Bellarmine were consulted, where only so much was ascertained as to stimulate curiosity to further inquiries. A little more was learned in that highly entertaining volume, "Polydori Virgilii Urbinatis, De Rerum Inventoribus," which contains an account of the origin of both pagan and popish rites, ceremonies, offices, festivals, and titles. The greatest amount of information, however, was found in a book entitled "Il Cardinalismo," or History of the Cardinals, an Italian work, which was translated into English in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and which is a volume distinguished by extensive and exact learning, and pervaded by a severe literary taste, and by a spirit of pure and elevated morality. These, together with a volume published by pontifical authority, and entitled "Rituum Ecclesiasticarum," were the sources—and they are all popish—whence the facts contained in the following paper were drawn; and they are mentioned, not merely as vouchers for what is afterwards stated, but, also, that those who feel interested in such inquiries, and who are unacquainted with accessible books on the subject, may know where to apply for further information.

The name cardinal signifies chief or principal; and is derived from the Latin word *CARDO*, a hinge. Hence, by a pun upon the Latin root, one of the popes said they were cardinals, because they were *cardines*, the hinges of the church militant, upon whom its door was to be turned. Like many other things of great eminence, both in the physical and intellectual world, the origin of cardinals is involved in much obscurity. Once they did not exist in the church at all. Our readers must not, however, suppose that they sprang from nothing, and are an exception to the general rule, that every effect must have a cause. Polydore Virgil remarks, that as mediæval writers, who wished to flatter princes, traced their origin backward to Ulysses, or Achilles, or the pious *Æneas*, so when the cardinalate had reached the summit of its power and splendour,

and was possessed of extensive patronage, those writers who wished to pay court to their eminences, exerted their ingenuity in showing that cardinals existed from the most remote antiquity, not only from the days of the apostles, but from the times of Samuel and the Hebrew republic. As an example of this, he refers to one author who thus proves the divine origin and great antiquity of cardinals. "Quod in 1 Regum* lib., cap. 2, 'Pulcherrime scriptum est; domini enim sunt, CARDINES, terræ et posuit super eos orbem.'" In our version the verse runs thus, "For the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them." In the Latin version, the word corresponding to pillars is CARPINES, and, by help of the pun before referred to, the writer finds in this passage divine authority for the cardinalship. "The hinges of the earth are the Lord's, and he turns the world upon them." And these hinges must mean the cardinals; for, says he, "as a gate or door is governed by its hinges, so the Roman Church is governed by the counsel of the cardinals."

The best informed authors are of opinion, that the name cardinal was first conferred on *places*, and thence derived to *persons*. That word signifies chief, or principal, and those churches in Rome which were the most distinguished for their standing, for the number of the Gentiles which had been converted in them, or on other accounts, were called the cardinal churches, to distinguish them from other places less principal. "So that the title of cardinal was first given to places, that is, to the principal churches, but it was afterwards applied to the persons who governed them: at first they were called the *Holy Cardinal Churches*, but afterwards it became *the Cardinals of the Holy Church*." ("Il Cardinalismo," p. 68.) There are three orders of cardinals—cardinal-bishops, cardinal-priests, and cardinal-deacons. These orders were thus originated. The presbyter who ruled over a cardinal-church, came, from the place, to be called a cardinal-priest. Rome being divided into a number of deaneries, the chief of which were called cardinal; and the deacons who resided in these were called cardinal-deacons. In like manner, there were certain episcopates which were called cardinal, and the persons filling these came in course of time to be called cardinal-bishops.

The origin of these titles cannot be traced to any precise period. They were the offspring of time, rather than of authority, and were of gradual growth. In the days of the apostles, and for some ages thereafter, no such distinctions were known, as either *cardinal-churches*, or *cardinal-office-bearers*, of any description. While the church was in adversity; while she wept in widowhood beside the streams of the Pagan Babylon; while her services were interdicted and required to be performed in caves; while she was animated by the tempest-beaten hardihood of a faith that had been cradled in storms, and never known a lasting calm; while her members and rulers were all true to their exalted Head; while their hearts, purified by the furnace-fires of sanctified sorrow, like molten gold, flowed into one another in ardent charity, the affectionate appellation of brethren sufficed for all the followers of Jesus Christ. But after the church, by virtue of a much-enduring faith, had triumphed over all the powers of the empire, and trodden under her feet that ancient system of idolatry, beneath whose shade Rome had grown

* First Samuel in our Bible. The Popish Bibles have four books of Kings.

to greatness, and which was hallowed in the memories of her patriotic children by all the glorious recollections of renowned names, from the days of Romulus downwards; after the Pantheon had been emptied, and the names of Jupiter, and Mars, and Minerva, and the myriads of heathen gods and demi-gods had been eclipsed for evermore by the brightness of that one name, to which "every knee must bow;" after the standard of Christianity had been planted on the seven hills of Rome, and floated proudly over the palace of the Cæsars, the church was smitten with the curse of ambition, and with intense eagerness the contest for pre-eminence began. When the walls of Jericho fell down before the blast of the trumpets, blown by the priests, in the name of the Lord, a private individual took "a wedge of gold and a Babylonish garment, and secreted them in his own tent," and, by this forbidden act, brought wrath on Israel. But when the strongholds of paganism fell before the sweet sound of the silver trumpet of salvation, the wedge of gold and the Babylonian garment were taken by the rulers of the church, and enshrined within the inmost temple, beside the ark of the covenant. When the earthly house of that tabernacle in which paganism dwelt was dissolved, the disembodied spirit fled for sanctuary, and laid hold on the horns of the altar. There it was not only protected, but adopted, baptized, consecrated, and set up anew for the worship of mankind. The first step towards this was the corruption of the clergy, by means of covetousness, pride, and vanity. When the church had risen to power, "the number of ministers began to increase, and out of these, in process of time, they chose the best and most learned for the senate and counsel of the church, and then the distinction of places began. They that had the greatest employments were called cardinals, and they who had the lesser, priests and deacons." ("Il Cardinalismo," 69.) Before this, priests and deacons had been promiscuously, and without any distinction, admitted into the ecclesiastical assemblies, but they were now excluded, and the government of the church lodged entirely in the hands of the superior clergy. Even after the title cardinal had been conceded to the occupants of the superior charges, the cardinalate was inferior to the episcopate. In those times the cardinalship was only a step towards a bishopric. As the office of a bishop was the higher of the two, so the privileges attached to it by the holy mother church were greater. It possessed a much more abundant degree of that infallibility which resides in all its plenitude and perfection in his holiness. For the conviction of a bishop, seventy-two witnesses were required; and, if there was one less than that number, the accusation was accounted void. Thus, while in the presence of no more than seventy-one persons, a bishop could commit no sin; whereas, if a cardinal committed a crime in the presence of forty persons, this number was accounted sufficient for his conviction, and no more than twenty-seven were required for the conviction of a poor deacon. (Il Cardinalismo.) In course of time, however, the case was reversed. The cardinalate was not an indigenous plant in the church, yet, being planted in a congenial soil, and, falling in with a long succession of congenial seasons, it grew, and became great, and overshadowed all the native trees, and it shot far aloft, until it equalled the highest cedars in the garden of God, and cardinals became the equals of kings and emperors. Then, to be a bishop, was only a step towards being a cardinal. So much, at one period, was the episcopate

considered inferior to a cardinalship, that a certain bishop of Naples, when he saw their eminences come forth in their Pontificalibus, having their mantles, and red caps on their heads, and the foot-clothes and trappings of their mules, also, of scarlet, the splendour of the sight so dazzled the poor prelate, that, says the author of "*Il Cardinalismo*," "he turned to me and told me, 'In Rome, it is better to be a cardinal's mule, than a prelate of the church.'"

The chief cause of the ascendancy of the cardinals, was the union of the temporal with the spiritual monarchy, in the person of the supreme Pontiff. Pepin, and Charles the Great, his son, having bestowed several secular principalities upon the pope, so many important affairs were daily occurring, that the settlement of them could not be delayed till the next meeting of bishops, and it was therefore found necessary somewhat to alter the previous model of the church. The author to whom we have so frequently referred, illustrates this fact by means of an image so fine that it proves him to have been a man of true genius, and which, as well as many other parts of his work, in despite of the awkwardness of the translation, is tinged with a certain soft and sorrowful tenderness, which proclaims the heart of its author, though he was an Italian, to have been ill at ease in the Church of Rome. "The church in its minority," says he, "was like the *Galley of Salamin*, that, by the appointment of the Athenians, was never to sail but upon some religious design, it being sufficient now and then, upon occasion, to call their councils, to negotiate and regulate the most important affairs of Christendom, but, after the acquisition of so many states and seignories, they were forced upon new ways for the conservation of their temporals. For this reason, it was judged necessary to establish a council, or senate, that should be always near his holiness, and that it should be composed of cardinal-priests, and deacons, and rectors of the principal parishes of Rome, as those that were more capable to consult and determine in matters of the greatest importance, both in spirituals and temporals, which succeeded, without much difficulty, the ministers of Rome (to prevent any resentment in the bishops that the administration of the affairs of the church was taken out of their hands) endeavouring to persuade them, that what was done was for the benefit of Christendom, that it was unfit the bishops should leave their charges with so much inconvenience to the people, and come so often to Rome to treat of affairs that more properly belonged to those who had no cures to distract them; and thus were the poor bishops constrained to truckle to the cardinals, and become inferior, that had been superior so long."

At first, the cardinals were chosen only from among the priests and deacons who ministered in Rome, and this practice continued about an age and a half, when the bishops, perceiving the great injury done them, succeeded in bringing it about that the cardinals should be chosen out of the whole bishops of Italy, all foreigners being excluded from that privilege. Afterwards, it was agreed that they might be chosen out of all the provinces of Europe and Asia, without exception of any, it being but reasonable, as St Bernard says, "*that those who judge the whole world, should be chosen out of all parts thereof*."

According to Cardinal Bellarmine, the offices of a cardinal are three. "The first is common with other deacons, priests, and bishops: for all the cardinals have either the offices of a bishop; of a priest, or of a dea-

con. A *second* office is, the right of electing the supreme pontiff. *Lastly*, to assist his holiness, and help him by their prayers and their counsels in administering the affairs of the universal church." The same writer thus defines the relative authorities of bishops and cardinals. "A bishop, if we consider the *potestas ordinis*, is superior to a cardinal-presbyter or a cardinal-deacon, inasmuch as a bishop ordains presbyters, and confirms the baptised, which a cardinal, priest, or deacon, cannot do. On which account, also, the sovereign pontiff calls himself a bishop, and not a cardinal, and he styles all the bishops venerable brethren, while he calls the cardinals beloved sons, as he does the rest of the laity. For the same reason, if we shall consider jurisdiction over his own church, that is, of a bishop over his diocese, and a cardinal over his title, or deaconry, a bishop is greater than a cardinal-presbyter or deacon: for ordinarily the diocese of a bishop is greater than the place from which a cardinal has his title; and, besides, a bishop within his own diocese has the most ample jurisdiction, peculiar to himself, *as ordinary pastor*, of making laws, of dispensing with them, of punishing, of granting indulgences; but a cardinal-presbyter or deacon, in the place from which he has his title being as a parish priest, subject to the bishop, can do nothing, unless in so far as the bishop shall permit. But if we consider the matter in reference to the government of the universal church, a cardinal-presbyter or deacon is superior to a bishop who is not a cardinal; for those who are simply bishops are never admitted to a share in the government of the universal church, unless, which happens most rarely, they are called to a general council. But cardinals almost daily are present with the pope, nor does he enter upon any affair of importance without their counsel. And hence it arises that bishops may be judged, may be created, may be deposed, by the cardinals as the coadjutors of the supreme pontiff, while, on the other hand, these things cannot be done by bishops to cardinals, and thus, absolutely considered, a cardinal takes the precedence of a bishop who is not a cardinal."* Thus Bellarmine, in a roundabout manner, arrives at that supremacy of his own order, which the author of the "History of Cardinals," with more honest plainness, thus enunciates: "All the cardinals, both bishops, priests, and deacons, have the pre-eminence over all bishops, archbishops, primates, and patriarchs, who are all obliged to acknowledge them for their supreme judges, as assistants to the pope, as the supreme council of the church, and principal citizens in the Christian commonwealth, as parts and members of the pontifical body, as organs of their power, as lieutenants to God's viceregent, and coadjutors in a monarchy that is both spiritual and temporal."

The cardinals alone fill all the chief places in the secular government of Rome. Out of the general college of cardinals, there are several *congregations* formed, which, for that reason, are called the congregations of cardinals. These are fifteen in number; namely, that of the holy office, of the bishops and regulars, of the council, of the immunities of the church, of the state, *de propaganda fide*, of rights, of water, of streets, of the index, of consultation for the government of the church, of good government, and of easing of grievances, of the mint, of examination of such as are designed to be bishops, and of the affairs of the consistory.

* De Clericis in Bellarmine's works, tome, ii. p. 110—112.

In the "Book of the Sacred Ceremonies of the most Holy Roman Church," a long and highly entertaining account is given of all the steps gone through in the creation of a cardinal. Our limits not permitting us to enter on this at length, we shall merely insert from that work the form of address used by the pope before presenting the cardinals with the red cap. "My most beloved sons, ye are now endowed with the greatest and most excellent dignity; ye are called to the apostolic college as our counsellors and rulers together with us of the whole world; it will be yours to judge between cause and cause, between blood and blood, between leper and leper (*inter lepram et lepram*). Successors of the apostles, ye shall sit around the throne, ye shall be the senators of the city, and the equals of kings, and the true hinges of the world upon which the door of the church militant is to be turned. Think within yourselves, what kind of men, what talents, what integrity, this dignity requires—humility, not pride; generosity, not avarice; abstinence, not intemperance; continence, and not lasciviousness; knowledge, not ignorance. This office demands all virtues, and no vice. If heretofore you have been vigilant, you must now watch still more against that malignant enemy, who never sleeps, and is ever thinking whom he may devour. If before you have been liberal, now pour forth your wealth on all laudable objects, and especially in cherishing the poor of Jesus Christ. If you have been abstemious in the use of meat and drink, now, above all things, beware of luxury. Let avarice be unknown; let cruelty be far from you; let arrogance be driven into exile. Let the sacred books be always in your hands; day or night, be either learning something yourselves, or teaching others. Perform works by which your light shall shine before men; and, in fine, be such as you judged cardinals ought to be, before you were raised to this elevation." This speech being ended, and the newly-appointed cardinals having kissed the foot of his holiness, each of them in the order named bends the knee, and is presented by the pope with a red cap, who, in presenting it, uses these terms:—"To the praise of Almighty God, and the ornament of the holy apostolic see, accept a red cap, the illustrious ensign of the dignity of cardinalship; by which is signified, that, even to death and the shedding of blood, you ought to manifest your zeal for the exaltation of the holy faith, the peace and quiet of the Christian people, and for the prosperity and dignity of the most holy Roman Church. In the name of the Father, and the Son, &c.*" The cardinals were habited like simple monks and friars, till Innocent the Fourth, in the year 1250, ordered them to wear the red cap. Boniface the Ninth afterwards enjoined them to wear red and purple habits. To make their pontifical robes the more splendid, Paul the Second added the silken mitre, the red bonnet, the gilt staff, and red cloath for their mules. These red habiliments were no doubt used in imitation of the dresses worn by the senators and the high priests of ancient Rome. The robes of knights and senators were adorned with purple knobs, the ensign of their orders, those of the senators being broader, and hence they were called *laticlavii*. A purple robe was also worn by the Pontifex Maximus and the Flamens. Hence that line of Ovid, "*Illic purpurea canus cum veste sacerdos*"—"The hoary-headed

priest with the *purple robe*." Hence, in Minutius Felix, we find Cæcilius accusing the Christians, "that, being half-naked themselves, they despised the dignity of the priests and their *purple robes*." In thus adopting the insignia of the senators and priests of pagan Rome as the livery of the Church, there was probably a design to gratify patriotic associations, by bringing the modern into harmony with the ancient city. Had this been still to do, in more recent times, it is to be thought more caution would have been shown in the selection of the colour. They would, at least, have been a little more sparing of their purple and scarlet, were it only to prevent the profane imaginations of heretics from being reminded of a certain woman, seen in vision by the last of the apostles. When one thinks of the cardinals, clad in scarlet from top to toe—red caps, red slippers, red cloaks, and that even the trappings of their mules are red, and all this by the formal appointment of the infallible head of the Church, it is scarcely possible, even for those who have least of the enthusiasm of prophetic interpretation, to fail being struck with the following description from the pen of John the Divine:—"So he carried me away in the spirit into the wilderness, and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, and the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls." Have none of the speculators on prophecy heretofore interpreted this as meaning that scarlet and purple were to be the livery of the Church, worn by its head, and the special ornament of the prime supporters of his power? If no one has hitherto fallen upon this, we make a free gift of the discovery to the first student of the prophecies who has the genius to discern its merits, and hope that he will work it up into a theory of *eminence*, and clothe it with a garment of words, as ornamental to his ideas, as purple and scarlet are to the persons of the cardinals.

It will be necessary now to say a little respecting the title of cardinals. At first they were called *reverendo*; then they took the title of *reverendissimo*, which they kept for many ages, till it began to be usurped by the bishops, and then they exchanged it for *illustrissimo*, with which they were willing to have remained satisfied. Pope Urban the Eighth, however, "upon the anvil of ambition, would forge a higher and more sublime title than that with which the cardinals were contented. Many and various were his thoughts about this matter, troubling and distracting himself (as is reported) several hours in the night to find out greater titles and prerogatives. At first, he thought to have given the title of highness; but, desirous to give the cardinals some title that might be peculiar to their dignity, it was some trouble to his spirits to consider that title was common to other princes. At last, after much watching and ambitious study, he found out the title of *eminence*, which was received with great applause by all the cardinals, who gave the pope solemn thanks that they were made *eminetissimi* in his kingdom." ("Il Cardinalismo," p. 95). The assumption of this new title discomposed all the princes of Christendom, and especially of Italy, and several conferences were held to concert measures which should prevent them from becoming inferior to the cardinals. At last, after several debates, they resolved to leave the title of *excellence*, and take up the title of *highness*, which is used at this day in Christendom as the highest of titles." When the princes began to treat about assuming the title of *highness*,

the cardinals, jealous of their new honours, endeavoured to obstruct them, and Urban the Eighth declared that he would give the princes no other title than that of *excellence*, which they had so long enjoyed. On the other hand, the princes threatened, unless they received the title which they had chosen for themselves, they would refuse to give to cardinals the title which had been chosen for them by the pope. A secretary of state, having one day received a letter from a cardinal to the prince his master, with no other title but that of *excellence*, sent it back, with this note, "My master receives no letters from those who know not his merits." Another prince, having received a letter from a cardinal, also without the title of *highness*, as soon as he had read the address, returned it to the person who brought it, saying, "That the cardinal had a drunken secretary who did not know what titles princes deserved." In the end, the cardinals, to prevent the loss of the title of *eminence*, found themselves obliged to give the princes the title of *highness*.

The power of the cardinals consists chiefly in this, that they alone can elect the popes, and that they alone can be chosen as popes. The steps by which they attained these privileges are highly interesting, but on these, and a number of other particulars, we are forbidden by our limited space to enter at present. The pope creates the cardinals, and the cardinals create the pope, and together they claim to be the governors and judges of the world. The pope claims to be above all kings; and, in a passage before quoted, he styles the cardinals the equals of kings, and at the papal banquets, cardinals and kings, when present, were intermixed, the cardinals having the preference, the order being, first a cardinal, and then a king. To raise men to this high rank by his simple word, and to make it good for them against all opposition, is an instance of the wonderful powers which the popes possessed over Christendom in former times. The author of the "History of Cardinals" tells an amusing anecdote illustrative of this. One day, it was disputed between a papist and a protestant, whether the pope was Christ's vicar on the earth, the protestant denying and the papist zealously affirming. After bandying words with one another for half-an-hour, the papist, turning to the protestant, told him that he would give him so clear and perspicuous a reason as would leave him nothing to reply, but shut him up to believe in the catholic faith. "I was present, and began to open my ears, the better to understand so efficacious a proof, and whilst, with great attention, I expected the result of the dispute, the Catholic told the Protestant, Sir, you know the omnipotent God, by the virtue of two words only, created out of nothing the vast mass of the world which we enjoy, and, with two words, his holiness the pope, like another deity, creates cardinals. God said, *Fiat Cælum* only, and on sudden the heavens were framed, and the light, and all other the works of His divine hand. In like manner, the pope, by the power of two words, *Esto Cardinalis*, raises, as one may say, from nothing to the highest dignity in the church, a person who perhaps had not so much as the least hopes or thoughts of it. Judge, then, if the pope be not another God upon earth, seeing, in his admirable administrations in the church, he uses the same power and method God Almighty observed in the creation of the world."

MESMERISM IN EDINBURGH.*

BY AN EDINBURGH DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

It is some twelve years since I first saw anything of Mesmerism. The subject was brought before the Royal Physical Society, and illustrated with the help of certain cases of mesmeric sleep, by James Gall and Alexander Dove. It was discussed with much enthusiasm and acerbity during four successive nights of meeting, and the hall was always crowded. Advocate Colquhoun, the earliest of the disciples of Mesmer in Scotland, mingled in the debate; so did Dr Simpson; and so also did George Thompson, the orator. These gentlemen all spoke, with differing degrees of decision, on the side of the communicators. At the instigation of the late Professor Reid of St Andrews, and of the present Professor Forbes of King's College in the University of London, and representing the opinions which they held at that time, I opposed the claims of Mesmerism in general, and the rhetoric of orator Thompson in particular, with all my might.

The public experiments of one Lafontaine, which were described to me by medical friends whom I considered to be competent witnesses, made me suspect I had been guilty of the crime and misdemeanour of scientific presumption. At length, the experiments of another peripatetic who came to Edinburgh, of the name of Craig, convinced me of the reality of the trance, and filled me with intellectual perplexity concerning the nature of what were then called phreno-magnetic phenomena. Subsequently to this avatar of Phrenological Mesmerism, I one evening witnessed many of Spencer Hall's best experiments, in company with Simpson, Forbes and Goodsir. I also saw Mary Todd, the clear-seer, when she was brought to Edinburgh, and made a good many experiments on her powers. Altogether, then, what with the things that have been done before me, what with a stray patient now and then of my own, what with the reports of friends from London and Paris, and what with pretty extensive reading on the subject, I am now a Mesmerist, though neither an adept nor an enthusiast. Truth to tell, I do not know what to believe, and what not to believe, in certain departments of this nebulous but light-bringing science. Beyond the simple trance and a few minor phenomena, I only know that there lies a vast quarry of most important and primitive fact in that direction.

This confession of adherence can have no weight with any reader, of course, merely as connected with an anonymous penman like me; but

* The word Mesmerism is preferable to all other epithets, because it implies no theory; and all credit is due to Mesmer for having won the attention of mankind to this class of phenomena, how crude soever his ideas on the subject may prove to have been. As for Electro-biology, the fashionable phrase of the hour, it is simply nonsensical. Biology means the doctrine of life; but what light has Mesmerism yet thrown on the nature of vitality? Nor is there a tittle of evidence that electricity has anything to do with the matter. Rypophagon is an absurd enough name for a razor-paste, but it at least signifies an edge-eater, which such a paste undoubtedly is; whereas Electro-biology is both outlandish and utterly destitute of any human meaning.

it is no secret, in certain circles, that a somewhat similar confession might be drawn from Sir William Hamilton, Sir David Brewster, Mr Combe, Dr Simpson, Mr Robert Chambers, Professor Henderson, Dr John Russell, and many more of our eminent men. Were I to go beyond the limits of the Scottish metropolis, and enumerate the great names in British, European and American science, now more or less identified with a certain amount of belief and experience in Mesmerism, the reader would be amazed to find how much he has been absorbed in his parish affairs, and how unobservant of the progress of the world! I say the world; for it is the able, thoughtful, ingenuous, fearless few who constitute that unresting entity. The vast multitude, whether learned or unlearned, is possessed of absolutely no existence in history whatever.

Certain of the scientific men, as well as hundreds of the lecture-going laity, of Edinburgh have of late weeks been arrested and perplexed by the experiments in Mesmerism of two American strangers. Mr Lewis, a man of colour, and Dr Darling, a transatlantic physician, have been mesmerising the lieges by the dozen. Public lectures and private sittings have once more been the rage. Queen Street Hall and the drawing-rooms of certain medical professors and literary dons have been swarming with timorous victims and puzzled spectators. All sorts of people have been thrown into the trance; all sorts of people have been brought over to the belief of that phenomenon. What is more to the purpose, more than one man of science, worthy of the name, has been aroused to a profound sense of the great importance of the subject. In the meantime, strange questionings are being raised in the minds of the thoughtful as to the speculative direction in which all these things may be leading the careless and the bold. Nay, there are few heads so strong, but the sight of some of the mesmeric phenomena is able to make them unsettled. Men's theories begin to quake. All are puzzled, many are perplexed, some are troubled, and a few are seized with a panic of alarm; while one or two ardent spirits, perhaps as audacious as they are brave, are secretly exulting at the nearer prospect of the world's old wine of thought being shaken on its lees.

In these circumstances, it must be profitable to take a cool survey of those mesmeric doings; for it is highly probable that they are by no means either so portentous, or even so striking, as they seem. After simply and clearly describing the sort of phenomena at present before the public, then, I shall do my endeavour to throw a gleam of theoretic light upon them, how feeble soever it may be. But my preliminary narrative shall not relate to any of the cases of Mr Lewis or Dr Darling; it shall record some experiments of my own, conducted in the manner of the latter mesmerist. Not one of the following experiments is original. They are all mere repetitions; but I have observed them watchfully for myself, and they shall not go without a commentary. They are only a portion of the experiments which I have made; and they have been both selected and arranged with a view to represent a fair average of the things now engaging the general attention. They are a type of what hundreds have been seeing in Edinburgh since last November. They will, therefore, serve the purpose of a graduated and eclectic report upon the doings of the American experimentalists; and, in that point of view, they will be interesting to distant and uninitiated

readers, while they may help to collect the thoughts of many who have wondered over similar and even more surprising things. It needs only be added, that the method adopted for the induction of the mesmeric state was very simple. The subject of experiment was seated, made to hold a common shilling on the left palm, requested to gaze continuously upon the coin, and exhorted to abandon himself to what sensations soever should begin to come over him. A kind of self-absorption in one monotonous act of sensation seems to be the thing that is wanted.

I. Miss B. (the K. B. of the "Palladium") was the subject of the first experiment in this little series. She is a tall, dark, powerful woman, capable of great nervous tumult, but usually placid, mild, and even soft. Contradiction and distress carried her to the verge of distraction on one occasion. Her father was paralytic from the age of forty-three. Altogether, however, she is one of the healthiest, strongest, serenest, and most self-possessed of women, notwithstanding of these indications. After having concentrated her gaze for some minutes on the coin, her palm began to darken in hue. It deepened to a mahogany brown. The edges became even darker. When she closed her eyes, or when they were closed for her, she felt indisposed to open them. She subsided, in fact, into a pleasing half-sleep. She did not wish to come out of it; but she could lift her eyelids when she pleased. There was no catalepsy. No second person had any power over her by word or sign.

II. Mrs R., of a sanguine-lymphatic temperament, healthy, aged twenty-seven, in the eighth month of pregnancy, experienced the following things. Her palm became white and puckered, like that of a dead washerwoman. Pearly bands intersected it here and there. The Georgian head disappeared from the shilling, and a baby in miniature lay in its place. It was then found that, though she could turn her hand upon the wrist-joint, she could not raise her arm from its position by her side. She was otherwise quite her own mistress.

III. Miss M., some twenty-three years old, blond, round, lymphatic-sanguine, found the edges of the shilling and of her palm become black soon after she began to peer into the coin. Speedily the whole palm was as black as darkness. A word addressed to her at once banished this effect, but silence and renewed contemplation speedily restored it. Even the left arm was free, however. Blackness of the hand and general repose, never a moment amounting to self-oblivion, were the only things produced.

IV. Susan, a tall, pale, nervous, dyspeptic cook, differed from the last subject only in finding that the left arm and hand were rigidly fixed in the position in which they had been holding the piece of money. She retained perfect self-command in all other respects.

V. Mr W., a student of design and drawing from Newcastle, seventeen years of age, nervous-lymphatic, rather fair, full, gentle, intelligent, full of promise as an artist, saw nothing unusual in his palm. The carpet beyond, however, became chequered, confused, dark. His self-consciousness remained vivid. Yet when his hands were taken and placed together for a minute or so, and when he was told he could not separate them, he found much difficulty in doing so. The difficulty diminished in proportion as he got them forced asunder. After they were a foot or so asunder, the spell was broken. I defied him to step

towards me. It was in vain. He walked steadily across the room, but it required an effort on his part. I gave him a purse to hold, and then defied him to hinder it from falling to the ground. He hindered it, but it was with the utmost difficulty. It was painful to hold it fast, it was pleasant to loosen his grasp. But for his resolution and perseverance, it would have come to the ground. This patient described the difficulty of separating his palms, of walking towards me, and of holding the purse, as a difficulty he seemed to feel in the will rather than in the organs. It felt like a strong and constraining unwillingness to separate, to walk, to hold. The sensations of a patient have certainly little to do with the scientific question of Mesmerism, but it may be useful to record such ingenuous and thoughtful observations. It must also be remembered that the sensations of an experimentalist are equally irrelevant to an inquiry of this nature. It is to no purpose that he feels a fluid or what-not go out of him. He must also rid himself of all preconceived ideas concerning polarity, the power of his will, and all other foregone conclusions, if it really be in his heart to investigate this eccentric sphere of nature with success.

VI. Alice, a young servant, leuco-phlegmatic, yet easily flurried, prone to hysteria, short, thick, pale, rather fair, docile, pliant, particularly attachable, first found the edges of the shilling and of her palm grow dark; the whole hand next turned black, then hand and all disappeared from her sight. She was now entranced. Yet you could partially awake her by speech. She heard you and answered, but it was in the manner following. I experimented upon her for half-an-hour, as is about to be described. On finally awaking from this state, she passed into violent hysterics; and, on recovery, she assured her mistress that, from the moment of her hand disappearing from sight, her mind was a blank as to all the curious things that transpired around and within her—from that moment till she became hysterical, she had no memory, rather no knowledge. Such total self-negation is by no means necessary to the success of the experiments I made. The majority of Dr Darling's cases remain perfectly self-conscious, though not self-governing, in the ordinary sense of the word. The more frequent condition, in fact, is one just intermediate between that of Mr W. and this girl. This is all the better for the present case, however. It renders it less complicated on the one hand, and more typical on the other.

1. Unspoken to, unsolicited in any way, Alice was, in this state, insensible to tickling, and to little injuries that would have caused her pain when awake. I presume she might have been operated upon like Dr Esdaile's numerous subjects in India, like Dr Simpson's dead-drunk patients in Scotland. But this is a minor matter in the present connection; for the production of anæsthesia by Mesmerism, whatever Mesmerism really be, is already established on grounds that cannot be shaken. It is now one of the facts of science, and one of the most important in its probable consequences. It is what Coleridge calls a central fact; ever so many things and thoughts radiate from it in all directions. The idea of it is what Kant denominates a *fontal idea*; rivers of result, both practical and speculative, begin to flow from it. The discovery that insensibility, anæsthesia, or dead-drunkenness as it has just been plainly called, is safely producible by the breathing of intoxicating

vapours, as it is unsafely producible by drinking intoxicating liquors, is as nothing to it. All honour to the American physician who introduced the process of etherisation; and proportional honour to Dr Simpson for finding that chloroform is decidedly better for the purpose than ether; but the insensibility produced by these strong drinks in the state of vapour is a coarse effect in comparison with the trance of Mesmerism. As a scientific truth, the former is nothing new, and it ends where it begins. As a practical thing, indeed, it has to be confessed, that it has as yet the advantage over the latter of being applicable to almost all cases with something like certainty. That is the practical superiority of chloroform. But the mesmeric trance or state—I know not what to call it—reaches far beyond the surgeon's table or the bedside of the obstetrician.

2. Having been called upon once or twice in a firm voice, Alice now opened her eyes. She was then bidden shut her eyes, and she did so. She was thereupon told she could not open them, do what she might; and she strove to do so in vain. She strained with both eyelids, she raised her eyebrows, she pulled up her brow, she made every effort; but it was ludicrously in vain. After a slight wave of my hand before her face, she was informed that she could easily open her eyes then; and she opened them in a moment.

3. She was told to stretch forth her hands, and join them palm to palm. Being then assured that she could not separate them, it was to no purpose that she tried to force them asunder. A strong man endeavoured to pull them from one another, but he could not do it. I could not do it myself. They were lockfast. But, as soon as I pressed the united hands softly in mine, and said that then they should easily separate, they parted with the utmost facility.

4. I gave her a shilling and bade her grasp it tightly in her right hand. She did so; and then I defied her to hold the piece from falling. She tried to grasp it more firmly, but her fingers gradually irresistibly opened from the shilling, and it fell to the ground in about twenty seconds. The converse of this experiment was tried with success.

5. I defied her to touch my forefinger, fixed in the air within easy reach of her hand; and it was in vain she struggled to do it. On the other hand, she could not withdraw her index from mine, when she was quietly dared to do so.

6. A little book was placed upon her outstretched palms. She knew I said it was a book. No, said I, it is a bar of iron, very heavy; it weighs you down; you cannot bear it up, it will have you down. She proceeded to declare it was too heavy. She appealed to us for help; and, at last, with every natural sign of a great weight, it bore her to the ground.

7. After she had been recovered, the book still lay on the floor. She was told to lift up the book. She bent to do so, but, as soon as she touched it, I defied her to rise. She stood rooted to the ground and in that position of constraint, like a caryatid, until she was set free by a word. In fact, I fixed her in many odd and difficult postures.

8. Having more or less completely awakened her, I told her to make her hands go round one another quickly, as children do in their game of knive-knack; and she did so freely, able to stop when she chose. Indeed she did stop, thinking she had done enough; but I

bade her resume it. She did so, of course, and then I defied her to stop doing it. She resisted, she wrestled, she succeeded in slackening the pace of revolution; but round they went. A strong man also tried to oppose their spinning, but it was all in vain. Round they went, as if they were driven by steam. I could not stop them by common means any more than another. I could do it only by dismesmerising them; and the process of dismesmerisation consisted in a single waft of the hand. When I waved my hand over hers, I also said that they would then cease revolving; and they ceased.

9. I asked her if she could tell me any letter of the alphabet, and she did so. A waft of my hand before her face, with "Now you cannot," and she could not mention one of them. Her memory, in so far as the alphabet was concerned, was gone. She searched it in vain. The expression of innocent perplexity and futile effort on her countenance was interesting. A waft of my hand, with "Now you can," and she could run over her A B C in a trice. A lady whom she knew and loved was placed before her. She told us the lady's name. "Now you cannot," and she could not for the world. The name of her master was temporarily obliterated from her mind, or rather her brain, in the same manner.

10. A glass of water was placed in her hand, and she refreshed herself with a mouthful of it. Having been asked, but only in a casual manner, she said it was very good water. A waft of my hand, with "Now it is beer," and on tasting it she declared it was beer. By a similar process, she was made to say it was brandy, puckering up her mouth as if it were hot. She also said she saw the glass of water get cloudy, become altogether white; and on putting it to her lips she affirmed it to be excellent milk. This kind of experiment is very obscure. But it loses much in the telling. One needs to see it in order to do it justice. This remark indeed is applicable to all these phenomena. The celebrated Treviranus assured Coleridge that he had seen things in connection with the pretensions of Mesmer which he would not have believed unless he had seen them; and also that he could not expect anybody to believe them on his word.

11. I told her she should presently become warm, very warm, hot; and she at once proceeded to show all the common signs of becoming so. She said she was very warm, she seemed to grow languid; she sighed, she tried to cool herself. I said the chair on which she sat should presently grow so hot she could not bear it. Her sensations immediately rose to pain. She cried that she was burning. She at last stretched out her arms in anguish, and screamed for help and delivery from the hot chair. A waft and a word, and she was at her ease. To believe that the least mimetic of uncultivated girls could act so inimitably were a much harder thing than to believe almost anything else. By a similar process, if so simple a matter can be called a process, I made her grow cold, shiver, freeze; and her acting, if such it must be called, was as consummate.

12. I bade her go to sleep. I dared her not to go to sleep. She resisted, but to sleep she went. I then tried to dismesmerise her wholly. Some mesmerists use strong contrary passes, as they call them, for that effect; some blow upon the eyes and brow; some stir the atmosphere

of the patient with a handkerchief, as if they were driving away some clinging vapour or other. Dr Esdaile observes that a full current of air, coming on a deeply-entranced patient on the surgical operating table, awakes him instantly. I believe that any pungent impression on the surface of the body, or on some considerable part of it, is sufficient for the purpose. Not a local operation, not an appeal to a special sense is to be compared with a sudden impression on some considerable portion of the periphery of the nervous system, as a means of recalling the patient from this trance. Poor Alice, however, passed into a fit of hysterics during the process of awakening; and there is little wonder, for we found she was sublimely tight-laced!

And now comes the question of questions. Supposing these strange things to be true, what do they signify? what is the meaning of them? To what law do they point? How are they to be explained? In what manner are they, seemingly so eccentric and cometic, to be brought into the established system of science? By what means shall these wild facts be reduced to coherence with one another and with the theory of nature? Above all, with the help of what clew shall the further and thorough investigation of the whole matter be prosecuted?*

These questions are more easily put than answered, for mesmeric authors have hitherto been peculiarly vague, ambiguous, feeble and confused in their responses. Mesmer himself attributed his effects to the action of a cosmical fluid; and this fluid has now been identified by certain of his followers with odyle, a new imponderable essence which Baron Reichenbach supposes to be the agent in his experiments on the nervous system with crystals and magnets. But there is no intelligible, one might surely say no possible, connection between either pouring an electroid fluid into a patient, or pumping it out of one, and then discovering that patient to be capable of manifesting such psychological phenomena as have just been described; and the reader must know that such things are the least of the wonders of Mesmerism, if credible men and women by the hundred are to be trusted.

Other mesmerists take delight in referring the marvels they operate to the potency of their own particular wills. The strong will full of faith is the magical wand of these authors and thaumaturgists. But that does not solve the difficulty. It only states it in another form. *Natura abhorret vacuum*:—but how, why does Nature abhor a vacuum? The faithful strong will works irresistibly upon the weak:—but why and how does it so operate? Besides, there is no experimental warrant for so purely psychological a statement of the case. In truth however, it is excessively difficult to describe even the simplest of experi-

* Mr Lewis talks largely of odyle. He throws it into fit recipients from his own pluperfectly odyliferous person, and that explains everything! You might as well say the moon and stars pour down a subtle, imponderable and invisible fluid called astryle, and so we go to sleep: but the sun arises and sheds abroad another fluid, no less than solyle, and so we awake! It is just the old story; words instead of thoughts: an explanation that needs to be explained; an open-sesame which no secret obeys. Dr Darling has as little to offer by way of rationale. He shows no more signs than Lewis of having manfully learned and luminously thought upon the subject. He has secrets indeed to tell you, which are no secrets. He speaks of the power of his will, and what-not. In short, he is just like the rest of those nomadic exhibitors in their principal characteristic; that is to say, he is without light—*cui lumen ademptum*.

ments in this complicated department in language which is altogether pure of some hypothetical tincture. The candid scientific mind is sure to feel dissatisfied with its most impartial narrative of cases. For my own part, I am extremely diffident of the descriptive paragraphs given above.

But perhaps the reader is desirous of knowing what sort of explanation I have to offer of the things which have just been set down, being willing to take the description for what it is worth. Truth to tell, I have none that is positive or complete. But we must beware of demanding too much from the mesmerist by way of a perfect rationale. There is very little yet known concerning the more ordinary phenomena of nervous action. Who can explain the nature of sleep, of dreams, of the waking state, of perception, of memory, even in so far as these are physiological in their bearings? It is therefore too exacting to look for anything like an exhaustive theory of mesmeric facts. It is the main business of the experimentalist to discover facts and to state them purely. Facts are always independent of theory at any rate. They are fixed, but it is generally floating and temporary. Yet it may be possible to limit our theoretic views with advantage. It may be profitable to perceive and to state with clearness the negative side of so great a question as this of Mesmerism, to descry what it is not, and perhaps to catch a hint of the direction in which the desired explanation is to be sought. Bearing these things in mind, I will venture to make a few general observations upon the experiments I have described, taking them as a graduated type of the class they belong to.

I. In the first place, there are two very distinct things for consideration. There is a state of nervous system induced upon the patient, of which the principal symptoms or marks consist in the kind of effects you can by experiment provoke in that patient; and there are these experimental effects themselves. These effects cannot be called out in a person awake, or in a person asleep; only in a person *mesmerised*, taking that word as correlative with the terms *awake* and *asleep*. There are then three different states of a human nervous system; that of being awake, that of being asleep, and that of being mesmerised. There may be more; but there are only these three for us at present. The phenomena manifested or producible in the waking and in the sleeping states are well known, at least as facts; and they excite no wonder, because they are familiar. The actual and potential phenomena of the mesmerised state, on the other hand, are still under discussion, are still little determined, are still little known and less believed. Just as the states of sleeping and waking are capable of all degrees of admixture with one another, so to speak, so is it possible, so does it seem to be a fact, that the state of mesmerisation may be more or less complicated with that of waking or with that of sleeping. It would even appear that a partial awakening of the subject is the essential preliminary of the most interesting experiments, somewhat as visions and dreams are phenomena transpiring in a state of transition from the sleeping to the waking state. The completed trance is one of total insensibility and self-unconsciousness, similar to the self-unconsciousness and insensibility of sleep at first sight, but discovered to differ from these by experiment.

II. The mesmeric trance cannot as yet be induced on every body.

It can be easily induced upon only a few. The native patients of Dr Esdaile in India are peculiarly facile of its reception. It is observed that weakly nervous-lymphatic temperaments are very favourable to the induction of the state in question. A certain feebleness of the nervous system, or of parts of the nervous system, may possibly be necessary; but we are not in a condition to say as much. Many cases seem to oppose such an idea; and this part of the subject is still very obscure. It now behoves experimenters to clear it up by a multitude of orderly observations. If the temperaments, the phrenological developments, the antecedents, the morbid tendencies, the habits, the actual sanitary condition of a thousand mesmerisable subjects were carefully collated by competent observers, one might generalise some common property in them and find the clew. It may be possible to do more. It may be possible to learn the art of temporarily inducing the mesmerisable habit of body on every one by some governable agent or other; perhaps by some purely negative and harmless procedure. This is, in fact, the one great problem for the surgeon who wishes to perform painless operations, for the accoucheur, and for the mesmeric physician. Let an unmesmerisable person be tried before a meal and after one, before sleep and after it, after the exhibition of this medicine and after that, in all conceivable sets of circumstances in short. In speaking of an unmesmerisable person, I simply mean one who does not fall easily into the trance, for I am not prepared to deny that every one is mesmerisable by perseverance, as some affirm. But the great stroke of art were to render the thing of easy and universal application. This is not the place, of course, to present any more practical and particular suggestions concerning this portion of the subject in hand.

III. As for the process of producing the state of mesmerisation in a fit and proper subject, I can only say that I imparted no fluid nor influence to the patients described above, that I knew of. I affirm this with particular emphasis regarding Alice. It was not I who mesmerised her, so far as I am aware. She mesmerised herself, to all appearance. Sitting on a chair, gazing intently on a shilling lying in her left palm, she fell into the trance. The circle of action was complete within herself and the coin. There was no observable, certainly no intentional, operation of my nervous system upon hers. I merely went up to her and found her in a trance, of which the subsequent experimental results were some of the signs.

This tallies with the findings of Braid of Manchester. It is not a shilling that is necessary. He used the head of his pencil-case or any bright object. Darling employs some sort of zinc or pewter button, with a nodule of copper in the centre of it. The dervishes of the East gaze into their own navels. I have found a large topaz do very well. Anything will do.

It would appear, therefore, that mesmerisation is really effected by, and within the patient's own frame, just like sleep. If the contemplation of a coin, a button, a pencil-head, a crystal or a navel produces it, then it is illogical to suppose that anything is given forth from the operator who uses manipulations. Manipulation is one means of inducing the self-concentration, favourable to the lapsing of a subject into the trance. It remains to be proved that it is the best, or even a very good one.

But good, bad or indifferent, it is clear that manipulation does not produce its effect by imparting anything; else how could a coin or a button do the very same? One might almost conclude, without hesitation, that Mr Braid is in the right. Yet it is not impossible that the contemplation of the bright object only produces a preliminary state of the system after all. It is possible that it only creates a vacuum, or opens an adit, as it were; and that then some fluid or influence rushes softly and imperceptibly into the subject from the operator or from any neighbouring organisation. This is the last refuge of the fluidist. All that I can say to it is that neither I nor my assistants were sensible of any fluid or virtue going out of us. We did nothing and we felt nothing. But suppose, for an instant, that there did proceed some strange fluid or mysterious influence from my person into that of the patient, a thing I neither intended nor observed, pray, how should such a circumstance render the state of trance more intelligible? Such a gratuitous hypothesis only complicates the affair in hand.

IV. As for the secret process whereby the contemplation of a shilling on her palm mesmerised Alice on this occasion, and as for the state wherein such mesmerisation consists, nothing is known. But neither is anything known of the process whereby fatigue produces sleep and of the state wherein such sleep consists. These two pairs of things are equally unknown. It were easy to speculate on the nature of sleep and also of this mesmeric trance; but it is not speculations we want, it is discoveries. In the meantime, we must be content to confess our total ignorance of both one and the other; of both common sleep and mesmeric sleep. It is only the phenomena of the mesmeric state that we can study as yet.

V. These phenomena are to be considered simply as so many facts, in the first instance. Those which are described in the present article are specimens of a few of them. Practised mesmerists could relate many more. Mesmeric authors are full of narratives far transcending ours. According to them, some entranced patients have gone *in the spirit*, according to the most favoured hypothetical phrase, to the other side of the world, to the sun and the moon, into the bodily structure of patients for whom they prescribe, into the thoughts of unsuspecting victims, anywhere and everywhere, in short, in quest of a stolen tea-spoon or of Franklin the explorer, to diagnose your liver or to search your soul! Some of their patients float, and cannot be submerged, like the witches of another time; others rise into the air and set gravity at defiance! They speak in unknown tongues, see visions, behold the dead, confer with angels, are seized with the gift of prophecy, and reenact the whole miraculous world of better times! It appears also that Swedenborg, the illuminated Swede, whose thought has organised a wide-spread church, did confidently predict that the whole world should be forcibly convinced of the realities of his angelic and saintly conferences by the year 1852!

Now, whatever be the spirit of truth that lives within this body of form, the really scientific mesmerist must not be scared. We must begin from the beginning. Starting from the simple trance itself, let him multiply experiments with forethought and distinct purpose, let him record them in plain language without enthusiasm and without

fear, let him deny himself all theoretical phraseology, let him repeat every experiment many times with many witnesses, let him proceed from lower ground to higher, let him collate and compare his narratives of observation again and again, let him suspect himself at every turn, let him work patiently year after year like an exploring chemist or astronomer, let him exhaust his whole life upon his experiments if need be; let him take his life in his hand and risk his good name, his honour, his worldly fortunes, even his future fame itself, in the cause, like another Columbus or John Kepler; nay, let him assume his task as a religious burden, as a high duty; let him watch and pray. This may sound strangely in some ears, but it is true. Not until a man of capacity and genius, not perhaps until a series of such men, shall have lavished life upon the subject, shall this vast and thrice complicated chaos of truth be brought into order. Have not Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Newton, Herschel, Laplace, Bessel and many more been expended upon astronomy? As yet there has been only one man in Mesmerism and his name is MESMER. Reichenbach will yet approve himself the second.

VI. It must be unnecessary to observe that the investigator will not proceed with the laborious task of discovering, determining and describing the facts of nature in this direction without speculative views. It is impossible to carry on researches of this sort without some initiative idea. Bacon compares the busy but mechanical men, who observe and observe without some provisional theory to guide them, to a mob of idle boys who turn up every stone in the watercourse to see if there is a trout beneath it. It was Newton who said that no great discovery was ever made without a bold guess, the same Newton who proudly but nobly asserted that he alone discovers who proves. The great new observer of mesmeric truth, then, will never be without his thoughts, his sagacious conjectures, his tentative generalisations, his approximating idea, his working hypothesis. Unless he be a man of a firm and intrepid turn for scientific speculation, unless he have a wondrously keen eye for the subtler resemblances of things apparently unlike, unless in fact he be a capable theorist, he needs not adventure in this bewildering path of inquiry at all. Science suffers far more from insufficient theoretic power in her votaries than from insufficient powers of observation. But he will be cautious of his temporary theories. He will keep them beneath his feet, suffering them to have no power over him. He will be ready to immolate them at a moment's unquestionable warning from the oracle of nature. He knows that a single fact is stronger than all the theories of the world; and he will not indeed honour his thought less, but he will honour nature more. Yet, for all that, he will never be without his protemporary solutions.

Since, then, the most severe of intellectual disciplinarians, even the Baconian man of science himself, cannot possibly subsist intellectually among a crowd of novel and tantalising observations without instinctively shaping them into some notion in his mind, there is no wonder that the public intellect is athirst for some liquid thought in which these more elementary phenomena of mesmerism may be dissolved and become transparent. Everybody craves some sort of explanation, at least of the experimental results, if not of that mesmerised state of nervous system

in which they are evoked. These results are terrifying to many minds; some they perplex, others they agitate. It is accordingly desirable to say something which may settle the thoughts of people regarding them in some degree, even though it may not altogether satisfy the inquirer. It would be necessary to have all the facts of the science before us, however, to do that with any precision and breadth. This is, therefore, not the place to present a complete hypothesis or theory of mesmerism, supposing such a theory to be forthcoming, since only a very trifling portion of those facts have been brought under the notice of the reader. Inasmuch, however, as it is precisely that portion which are being at present obtruded on the attention, I had almost said the alarm, of the public at this present time by Lewis and Darling, there may now be offered a remark or two concerning them, calculated, perhaps, to dissipate confusion of ideas and also to allay anxiety. It must be carefully borne in mind, of course, that such remarks are nothing but hints, and they are certainly made with much diffidence, as well as in all sincerity.

1. It has already been affirmed that the mesmerised state was not superinduced upon the person of the girl Alice by the proceeding of any fluid or virtue from me into her, that I know of. That I know of, I say; for that is all that can be said in such a case. It is now to be affirmed, with equal emphasis, that the described experimental results did not seem to be called out in her, when thus entranced, by any volitions of mine. In the first place, I sometimes did not will the result at all, nor yet expect it to supervene. In the second, I was never conscious of a continued act of volutation, such as one experiences when one strives to remember a forgotten name, such as one feels when one presses long against a physical impediment. In the third, I could not hinder the result after announcing it, save and except by dismesmerising her or by announcing another. I could not pull her hands asunder, though I willed it and tried it with all my might. I do not assert that volutation on the part of the operator, as he is called, never works effects on subjects of mesmerism; only that it did not do so in these instances. All that I did was to announce, speak, or predict the result. In so far my will was concerned of course; I willed to speak, but the word spoken was the cause of the effect, not the will which originated the word. Once spoken, it was out of my reach, if I remained silent or inactive. The whole effect was wrought within the patient herself. The circle was completed by the subject nervous system and the word it heard. This seems to be an important observation, always remembering that I apply it solely to the case under examination.

2. Let us beware of demanding too much explanation even here. Can anybody render a reason for the patent and familiar fact, for example, that by beating the air into winged words, as they have been admirably described, one shall fill the mind of a hearer with images, reminiscences, thoughts, hopes, loves, aspirations, terrors, worship, self-renunciation, faith? Yet it may not be impossible, by a few words more written on this page, to bring the effect of my announcements upon the mesmerised nervous system of Alice into some intelligible connection with all that is known concerning this very phenomenon of common perception. Let us try, for the merest glimpse of something like a common nature between the new and the familiar is worth the effort.

3. What is it that transpires within the brain when one perceives a quantity of wine? We can trace the physical, external, purely optical part of the phenomenon with precision, but no more. We find an image of the thing seen painted upside down on the retina or nervous lining of the eyeball. A feasible enough conjecture can be made, perhaps, as to the process whereby that inverted image is turned upside up, but that is all. Why should that image, even when supposed to be turned, be followed by the perception of the image? Hartley constructed a doctrine of vibrations to explain the thing, but it does not explain it: it only removes the difficulty one step further back; for how does the vibration, once it has reached the imaginary centre, produce the perception of the image on the retina? The formula of Hartley, however, is good as a sort of algebraic statement of the merely cerebral part of the phenomenon. Let it, then, be understood as such for a little. A vibration, a motion, an influence, a something, call it $x \ y \ z$, passes from without inwards, inwards to the brain from the external retina, as the preliminary to the perception of every visible object.

Again, what transpires within the brain when one thinks wine as a visible object? Why, the converse of what takes place when one sees wine; the feebler converse, for one never thinks wine with the vividness wherewith one sees it; a vibration, a motion, an influence, a something sent outwards from within; not $x \ y \ z$, but $z \ y \ x$. It is a feebler converse in the state of health; but let the brain be inflamed, delirious, or the subject of certain morbid conditions well known to physicians, and that feebler converse becomes so morbidly vivid as actually to simulate the character of a perceived sensation. The object which is merely thought is projected so pungently on the retina that it is seen. It is next to impossible to convince the patient that he does not see what is not before his eyes at all. In many cases it is impossible. Such is a formal statement of the process whereby "a dagger of the mind" becomes transformed within the morbid nervous system into a dagger of the senses. It is inadequate as a real statement of perception and of spectral illusion, but it is impregnable as a formal exposition. It is figurative, but it is logically coherent and fairly carried out. It is a shadow, but it is a shadow of the truth. There is no better in science as yet.

Once more, is not the nervous system of the entranced patient temporarily in a morbid state? Suppose, for a moment, that it is just in that kind of morbid state productive of spectral illusion; just in that state in which an object, which is merely thought, shall be projected from within outwards on the senses as an object of actual sensation. Say that it is in a state similar to that of a patient labouring under chronic *delirium tremens*. In addition to that, it is also self-unconscious in some degree. You awake it more or less before you can make experiments. (Many of the phenomena take place even when the cerebrum is apparently wholly recalled to conscious activity).^{*} Well, to such a more or less disentranced patient, you say that some water is wine. The concep-

^{*} Yet this self-consciousness is observable in such cases only in the interval between experiments, properly speaking. Such patients easily emerge from the partial entrancement to which they are reduced, but they appear to be reënchanted during the process of each experiment.

tion of wine is introduced into her. She thinks wine, and her thought of wine is quickened by the temporarily morbid state of her nervous system into the similitude of a sensible wine, a wine she can see and taste.

I think the same idea might be extended, with the requisite modifications and commixtures, to all the experimental results described above, and to many more; but I leave it with the reader in its germinal state, and he will apply it for himself. It should be remarked, however, that the apparently self-conscious state of many of Dr Darling's subjects, in the intervals of the experiments, is no objection to this view. Some subjects remain mesmerised; others come easily out of it. But the preliminaries of each experiment remedies them; and anything like total remedies is by no means essential to the applicability of this hypothesis. Besides, it is thrown out here without the slightest pretensions to discovery, or permanency. It may disarm certain wild speculations of their power in the meantime, and it is not impossible that it may suggest juster thoughts in better heads.

Though constrained by editorial necessity to be so very brief in the conveyance of these observations and hints, it is impossible to leave such a subject without commenting on a very strange aspect it is sometimes made to assume. Those highly illuminated authors, who deal with the more exalted and questionable phenomena of Mesmerism, have never been slow to insinuate, and they have frequently made bold to assert, that these phenomena are nothing more nor less than the miracles of the Church and of the Bible. Since these more mysterious mesmeric pretensions are not now in presence, and since it is not improbable that they might be rejected on their own evidence, the trial of that singular question is not competent before my readers and me, now sitting on a far humbler case. But even in connection with those less aspiring experiments, which have lately been arresting the attention and stirring up the sceptical spirit of Glasgow and Edinburgh, surmises the most sinister are being whispered in the ears of the unthinking. Certain newfangled spirits go about troubling the weak. Unstable neophytes, who never did, never do and probably never shall think a single thought for themselves, begin to mutter something about the turning of water into wine. It is evident, in fact, that their tender brains are semi-mesmerised. The genius of the place and of the hour has seized hold of them and entranced their faculties. It cannot but be so; for certes the mind that can perceive, I will not say any analogy, for analogies are everywhere, but any identity between the tasting of water as wine by a mesmeric subject and the recorded miracle at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, is bound and bound again by an enchanter more potent than Mesmer.

Consider the two cases for a moment. The mesmeric patient, sitting spellbound, and visibly out of himself, in the midst of some eager spectators, puts his lips to a glass of water, being told that it is wine, very good and real wine; and he confesses it is so, being really and truly convinced by quasi-sensation that it is. The experimentalist does not suppose it to be wine; he does not even say as much, except to the subject of his experiment, to whom he lies for the sake of science. None of the gaping on-lookers is deceived for a moment, not even the mesmerisable. The whole affair is paltry as a scene, although intensely

interesting as science. A comic spirit can hardly help laughing while it is being enacted; and it is not easy to describe it to the absent without being ridiculous, or at least without exciting his sense of the ludicrous. It is only its great scientific value that saves it.

The narrative given by the Evangelist, of the beginning of miracles which Jesus did, presents a wondrous contrast to this scientific experimenting. It is Hyperion to a Satyr. The multitude of merry guests, the oriental pair, the governor of the feast, the busy serving-men and handmaidens, the silent figure of the Great Teacher standing aside in thought, his disciples hanging on his lips, his mother waiting on his eye, the waterpots of stone before, and glimpses of the hills of Judah beyond, make a noble spectacle for the imagination to consider. There was no selection of the guests, there was no exception of them, there was no fantastic process of any kind; every one was welcome to taste of the strange vintage, servants and all beheld the wonder, and Christ himself believed and knew the water to be wine.

"Look here, upon this picture and on this!"

There is no further argument necessary in this connection. Those who explain the marriage scene by Mesmerism do, preliminarily, accept the accredited version of that scene as fact. It is enough, therefore, to show that Mesmerism and the miracle being both assumed as true, they are two totally different things. They belong to different sorts or classes of phenomenon altogether. Even for such interpreters as reject the idea of supernaturalism, they fall into two kinds of fact, at least as different from one another as chemistry is from astronomy, or as the properties of dead matter from those of living beings.

NAPOLÉON CROSSING THE ALPS.

[The following sonnet was written after visiting Paul de Laroche's wonderful painting of "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," at present exhibiting in Hill's, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, and which has attracted such a vast number of admirers.]

SONNET.

Beautiful demon! in thy soar sublime,
Through dazzling desolation to destroy:
Those fascinating, fearful eyes decoy
Thy myriad minions on through curse and crime,
To build for Thee a tower to reach to heaven!
Hail to the artist's triumph, which has given
The thrilling vision to the Alpine snow;
And bid the eternal hills for ever glow
With war's dire meteor-chief.—

A mightier King

Laughs at proud Lucifer's audacious flight—
Already, in His far Omniscient sight,
Sees him in other snows with prostrate wing,
Beholds him chain'd to yon volcanic Isle,
The vulture preying on his pride the while.

X. X.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE: CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Palladium.

Edinburgh, 13th January, 1851.

SIR,—I am happy indeed to learn that you have now taken up in right earnest the subject of a National Institute for the advancement of British science, literature, and art. As you have opened the pages of the *PALLADIUM* for the discussion of this most important question, and have invited your readers to communicate their ideas on the subject, it may be excusable in me to offer a few remarks, even although my object shall only be to show the gratification I feel at the prospect of science, ere long, assuming in this country the high national rank which it justly holds in France, and deriving from the national purse a support in some measure commensurate with its importance. At a time when the great truth is rooting so firmly in the mind of the British people, that the quiet triumphs of peace, not the glittering trophies of war, constitute the *true glory* and greatness of a nation—at a time, too, when the public mind has been stirred into a keen sense of the importance of universal enlightenment—one would think that the claims of science and literature for national support should be readily perceived and acknowledged. In a country like ours it seems quite anomalous that no national provision should be made for the progress of knowledge; and the fact is by no means very creditable to us.

I think it has been already remarked, or at least indicated, in the *PALLADIUM*, that the present advanced condition of science in Britain is almost mainly the result of private enterprise and private wealth; and certainly it must be admitted (however derogatory the fact may be to our national glory and liberality), that many of those brilliant discoveries which have contributed to the welfare of the nation, have been the result of the patient and painfully persevering researches of men who, entirely unknown to fortune, and in some cases only known to a posthumous fame, have wasted the best years of their life in their arduous, unencouraged labours, with often the barest necessities for the support of life. In manifold instances, the labourer in the field of scientific inquiry is surrounded by all the cares and harassing affairs of business, so ungenial to the devoted student, and in such cases the opportunities for scientific labour are necessarily few and isolated. This may be said of a very large proportion of the scientific men of our country; the annals of British science teem with the names of distinguished men, whose active professional duties have allowed only brief intervals of leisure for scientific investigations. Instances indeed occur where the devoted student sacrifices the comforts of social and domestic life for the sake of science, although it is a maxim not unworthy even of a philosopher, that "*one must mind what one makes one's bread by.*"

If splendid results are sometimes arrived at by inquirers under such circumstances (and history's page speaks loudly to the fact), how much more successful might we reasonably expect the labours of the same men to prove, were they steadily pursued without interruption, and

aided by the important advantages which might be afforded by a National Institute. True, indeed, is Professor Playfair's remark (and pointedly was it quoted by Sir David Brewster, in his eloquent address to the British Association last year):—"To detach a number of ingenious men from every thing but scientific pursuits; to deliver them alike from the embarrassments of poverty or the temptations of wealth; to give them a place and station in society the most respectable and independent, is to remove every impediment, and to add every stimulus to exertion." The additional impulse which would be thus given to the progress of knowledge is incalculable, and the result is to be fervently wished by every follower of science. It may be said that such a position as that indicated, of exclusive devotion to science, is already occupied by a large and important class of learned men in this country—the Professors of our Universities. It must, however, be borne in mind, that even theirs is not in all, or even many, respects a favourable position for scientific research. The legitimate duties of our Professors are to teach the principles of science to our youth; and the arduous labours of the class-room often leave little leisure for original investigations and discoveries.

I will not venture to extend my remarks on the present occasion in regard to the importance of a British Institute in raising our rank among the nations; but one fact I may be allowed to remark upon, viz., that in many departments of science, it is exactly those obscure subjects, which are most in want of elucidation, that offer the fewest points of attraction to the student, and are at the same time invested with difficulties the most formidable. For instance, our knowledge of some of the lowest or simplest tribes of organic beings is exceedingly unsatisfactory, and forms a most important *desideratum* to science, as a complete knowledge of the structure and physiology of these tribes is essential to the elucidation of those of a higher order. Yet no inducement is held out to the student to enter upon such a course of investigation; on the contrary, it is girt about with doubt and difficulty. But even should the naturalist spend a laborious lifetime in the study of such a subject, he finds, when he comes to publish the result of his investigations, that, while his labours are duly appreciated by a select few fellow-students, capable of discriminating, the want of any general appreciation is exhibited in the painful fact of his purse being called upon to provide for the great bulk of the expenses of printing his book. It is such researches—having for their object the elucidation of the obscure and hidden mysteries of Nature—that really tend to the advancement of science, and extend her dominion; yet the reception which such labours receive at the hand of the reading public, is proverbially uniform, and presents a strong argument for the establishment of an Institution such as that which you now propose; and, at the same time, opens up a field of usefulness which might well be occupied by one of its branches. The Ray Society has done something of late years to rescue from oblivion valuable observations and discoveries in Natural History, which would otherwise have been wholly lost to science; but it must be confessed that the exertions of this Society—depending entirely, as they do, upon the private support of naturalists themselves—fall far short of providing even the means of publication

to the most persevering and most successful of our scientific labourers. Even the very existence of such a Society—whose sole object is declared to be the publication of *original researches in Natural History, which no respectable bookseller can be found to publish at his own risk*—is an extraordinary fact, and one that proclaims loudly the neglect which science receives at the hand of a nation, whose greatness is in no inconsiderable measure due to the trophies which her philosophers have cast at her feet.

I earnestly wish you God-speed in this good cause. With one at your right hand, who has the subject so much and so devoutly at heart, as the illustrious Brewster, there is little fear of your ultimate success; and I confidently trust that your labours may ere long be rewarded by the establishment in our land of a National Institute of Science, Literature, and Art.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

G. LAWSON.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

TUESDAY, the 4th instant, is the day on which the Legislature resumes its sittings; and, in connection with that interesting event, a few illustrative remarks may not be unseasonable. Occurrences which take place during the recess almost invariably give rise to the most exciting discussions, and whether these terminate in practical measures, or dissipate in mere talk, they tend to give colour and character to the session. Let us go back for examples. The fearful famine which depopulated parts of Ireland began to develop itself in 1846, and it gave character to the proceedings of the session of January, 1847: the first measures introduced were bills for suspending the corn and navigation laws. The recess of 1847 saw food not only at dearth price, but there were super-added monetary derangement and commercial failures to an almost unexampled extent. So imminent was the danger, that ministers, instead of waiting till February, 1848, for the assembling of Parliament, called it together in November—then came the cry of agricultural and colonial distress, and this, in conjunction with anarchy and assassination in Ireland, gave character to the proceedings of the session of 1849. For the session of 1850, the groan of agricultural distress again excited a large share of attention. Mr Disraeli undertook to give three knocks at the door of the House of Commons, and if the call for relief was not responded to, he was to do something of terrible import, but that something remains yet to be done.

The recess now about to close promised, at the outset, to form an exception to the general rule. From the middle of August to the end of October, there was nothing astir. Church and state, agriculture and commerce, seemed alike quiescent. The penny-a-liners—a set of men whose means of existence depend upon a good harvest of agitation—declared that their avocation was gone. About the beginning of November, however, the manna began to fall—the papal bull blazed forth—the atmosphere of opinion became surcharged; and, as an inevitable consequence, the means of giving form, and substance, and circulation to the outbursts of oratory which followed, were brought into full play.

In connection with this, a curious incident may be mentioned. Just as the ebullition of anti-papal sentiment was at its height, the Bishop of London was called upon to deliver his quadrennial charge. This was to take place upon a Saturday, at St Paul's Cathedral. A trial of temper of no ordinary kind awaited the right reverend dignitary. During the week, he was called upon by a person, who represented himself as connected in some way or other with the morning daily papers, and who solicited permission to take copies of the bishop's charge, to be forwarded to the papers after it should have been delivered. The bishop consented, but with a stipulation. The charge was very long, equal to eight or nine newspaper columns. The person was to be allowed to "manifold" six copies; but, when made, they were to be delivered to the bishop, who undertook to return the copies at St Paul's Cathedral, the moment the address was delivered. Subsequently, a correspondence took place between the bishop and the conductor of one of the daily papers, on the subject of an authorised person being sent to take a copy of the manuscript. The upshot was, that persons attended, by invitation, at Fulham Palace, from three of the daily papers, to assist each other in transcribing the voluminous document. This was on the evening previous to the delivery of the charge. The bishop displayed his usual courtesy, and, in the hope that it might save the gentlemen trouble, mentioned that he had allowed copies to be taken in the earlier part of the week. "It may astonish your lordship," said one of the gentlemen, "to be informed, that your address is in types in the office of two of the daily newspapers." "Impossible!" exclaimed his lordship, "there were only six copies taken, and they are locked up in my desk." "I tell you the truth," was the reply; "nay, more, I have a 'proof copy' of the address in my pocket, and it is right that your lordship should be told that there is a danger of the address being published before it is delivered!" A fraud had been perpetrated. The deceiver, aided by his assistants, had taken *seven* copies; six were handed to the confiding bishop to "lock up," the seventh was conveyed to a printing-office, where copies were printed, and sold to such of the daily papers as were willing to pay the price. In no instance, however, was the document published till the delivery had taken place.

Well, the Papal affair will give character to the session of 1851; and Lord John Russell may lay his account with having his performance tested by his promise. This will give zest to the debates; and the threat of the thirty-one Irish members that they shall convert the rules of debate into the means of obstructing the passing of a coercive measure, is good security against anything like haste. The meaning is, that these persons shall make motions for adjourning the house, adjourning the debate, and the like, so as to waste time and weary patience. The Protectionists, with Mr Disraeli at their head, adopted these tactics last session in reference to the Irish Franchise Bill, and succeeded in staving off for one night the discussion of that most unpalatable measure, by moving adjournment after adjournment. Any taunt, therefore, from that party, against the Irish malcontents for adopting a similar course, will elicit an awkward reminiscence. It is just the old story of "dying on the floor" over again; but, instead of one, thirty-one patriots are to expire in company.

The Commons will assemble without any great change in its *personnel*. Mr William Williams, the new member for Lambeth, will again take his place, not at the feet, but at the side, of his Gamaliel, Mr Hume. Mr Charles Pearson, whom he succeeds, afforded another instance of a man who could exercise great power over a popular assembly failing to make way in the House of Commons. Old Mr Raphael, the millionaire, will be missed by those who look for accustomed faces. It will be remembered that Mr Raphael brought Mr O'Connell into difficulties in consequence of his allegation that the Liberator had played him false in an election transaction where money had passed between them. Mr Raphael's penchant for a seat in Parliament is inexplicable. He did nothing but go out and in. He seemed to have neither friend nor acquaintance in the house; and for a speech, it was out of the question. Mr Law, the late member for Cambridge University, will be missed too. At the least, he was twice the size of Mr Raphael, and had hosts of friends. He was the personification of a true Tory: he eschewed "progress" with the same heartiness that he eulogised the civic functionaries whom he presented to the acceptance of the judges at Westminster Hall, in his capacity of recorder of London. It is worthy of remark, that there is no man on the "Papal" side of the house qualified to uphold the policy of his chief with anything like rhetorical power. Mr Reynolds, the member for Dublin, is the most likely, but the question is not in his way. It is too grave to be dealt with in the spirit of humorous recrimination, and in that lies Mr Reynolds's strength. It is possible, however, that the occasion may give birth to the man.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

• **Mrs GRAY'S HISTORY OF ROME.** London: T. Hatchard.

This volume contains the history of the Emperors of Rome from Augustus to Constantine. It treats of a very important period of Roman history, is ample in its details, and popular in its style. The work is worthy of high commendation; for, whilst it is full, and not merely a sketch, it is produced at a price which brings it within the reach of all.

DESCARTES' DISCOURSE ON METHOD. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.

This neatly got up little volume contains the famous Discourse of Descartes on the method of rightly conducting the reason, and seeking truth in the sciences. It is in itself very valuable, and is here translated with elegance and accuracy.

PLEASURES OF MUSIC, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. C. FERGUSON.
London: Groombridge & Sons.

Unlike many of the volumes of modern poetry, "The Pleasures of Music" has received such a hearty welcome from the public, and been so extensively patronised by poetry purchasers, that the author has been induced to put forth a second edition, and encouraged to abandon his fictitious name. We don't wonder at its success, for it is a delightful bundle of pieces, bound up in a tasteful cover.

THE PALLADIUM.

MARCH, 1851.

MESMERISM IN ITS HIGHER PHENOMENA.

BY AN EDINBURGH DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

I HAVE referred to the higher phenomena and more special wonders of Mesmerism.* Many of them have already been mentioned by name indeed, though not described, in the course of my observations on the recent exhibitions in Edinburgh. It was to certain of those more incredible marvels, it may now be added, that the learned and speculative, but not incautious Coleridge referred, in reporting the opinion of Treviranus on the subject of mesmeric experimentation. Subsequently to his conversation with that great authority, the British philosopher confesses to having studied the existing literature of this occult sphere of inquiry for some nine years. The result of this purely literary investigation, for such it appears to have been, was a total inability to decide either for or against the asserted quasi-miracles: as the reader may find it stated more at large in a note to Southey's Life of Wesley. I say quasi-miracles advisedly; for it is my scientific conviction that, were all the alleged phenomena of the more transcendental mesmerists demonstrated to be good and true, they could easily be proven to belong to a totally different plane of causation from the miracles of the New Testament. The scientific discrimination of those two classes of things were no very Herculean task, to my thinking; and, in truth, it is upon such a conviction, matured and ready for defence, that these articles of mine proceed.

But the reputable and well-written authorship of Mesmeric science has increased enormously, not only in volume, but also in pretensions, since the day in which Coleridge wrote his ingenuous confession of a philosophical scepticism. Now that the simple trance, anæsthetic and whatever else it be, is an established fact; and now that hundreds of trained and cautious minds are becoming convinced of the

* See the PALLADIUM for February, 1851.

reality of a greater or smaller number of the minor phenomena evoked by experiment in patients subject to that trance, it is no stretch of candour to speak of Mesmerism as a science. It is a science in embryo, but it is growing. Already can one descry something like a determinate and organic shape coming out of the germinal chaos of fact, from and within which it is being developed. It is not indeed a respectable science as yet; but it was long till the Copernican Astronomy, now the queen and mother of sciences, became respectable. The theological thought of its age, embodied in the Church of Rome, opposed and oppressed it long. Our own Sir Thomas Browne, a physician and a man of still enduring genius, a Protestant and even something more, although he claims "the honourable style of a Christian," set it down in his book of *Vulgar Errors*. Even the Lavoisierian Chemistry, that simplest and most luminous of modern births, was far from respectable for some ten years of its life, as Dumas has explained. If such sciences as these, little complicated and susceptible of absolute and crucial refutation or establishment, did not at once grow into the world's esteem, it may well be supposed that a subject like Mesmerism will be very long of receiving scientific entertainment and inquiry at the hand of Royal Societies and Colleges of Physicians. It is the most complex of scientific objects. There is immense difficulty in the way of making accurate observations, of describing observations with precision and without a bias, and of determining the scientific value of observations once they are made and recorded. The phenomena themselves are fleeting, casual, not producible at will, and very startling. Then they are, in their nature, complicated with physical, physiological, pathological, psychological conditions. They appear so wonderful, so revolutionary, so mysterious, even so awful at first sight, that the experimentalist and his disciples are shaken from their propriety in the majority of instances; and it is not easy to read the lucubrations of such rhapsodists, in the sceptical cool of one's study, without a smile. Yet the enthusiastic and visionary literature of Mesmerism is not the least interesting thing about it. Those wild books are just another part of the whole phenomenon to be studied by the self-possessed man of science; for what must the phenomena of Mesmerism really be, seeing they inspire such a multitude of not unlearned heads with such "an infinite deal of nothing?"

The number of Mesmeric works is now immense. German, French, English and American students have crowded round the terrible, yet fascinating subject. From what little I have read of that vast, and in many respects respectable body of literature, and from all that I can learn from other students, it is my impression that it contains very little matter which is valuable in a scientific point of view. The Germans platonise and mystify instead of barely narrating their cases and comparing instances. The Frenchmen bluster and avoid induction, while they deal in an endless multiplicity of insignificant details. The English are plain-spoken, but they are timid. They all seem to be deficient of a wide scientific culture. Never done experimenting and talking and moving, they think they are in progress: but they have not, scientifically speaking, advanced a step beyond Mesmer:—And, of course, a world of incoherence is allowable to an originator; so all honour to Mesmer. Not that Mesmer was the first to work mesmeric effects; for

such things have probably been always more or less common in the world, but without either the operators or the subjects ever suspecting them to be the results of natural causation. Nay, I have seen sculpturesque drawings, taken from Egyptian vaults, in which the process of mesmerisation by passes over the face is represented unmistakably and even characteristically; so that the trance was actually recorded as a fact in the thirty-thousand-fold stone book of Hermes Trismegistus. In other words, it appears that the literary, scientific, philosophical, mystical and all-dispensing priesthood of old Nile were really acquainted with this phenomenon; although it is impossible to say how much they knew about it, and what their views of it can have been. The time when there was corn in Egypt while the rest of the world lay in dearth, however, has passed away without a record of their stores; so that Mesmer is to all practical intents and purposes the first conscious and scientific thinker and writer on the strange phenomena which now bear his name, notwithstanding of the learned citations from Van Helmont and older authorities on which he rests:—

“ With our humanity infirm upon us,
My God, it is a fearful thing to stand
Alone, beneath the weight of a great cause
And a propitious time ! ”

Exclusive of Mesmer himself then, who was hypothetical rather than inductive, as perhaps became a first discoverer, Baron Reichenbach the chemist is the only man of science who has entered this dim and dangerous region with the clear forethought and the rigorous afterthought of an incorruptible scientific method. He approaches the subject from the opposite point of the compass, however, to that at which Mesmer and his disciples come upon it. He begins from the physical aspect of the question; and, indeed, it is hardly fair as yet to classify him as an author on Mesmerism proper. He cannot help himself however, he is getting fairly sucked into the dark and troublous stream, and he will certainly be known to future ages as the first great contributor to the right investigation of mesmeric phenomena. I reserve the discussion of his celebrated experiments on a new fluid or force, which he inferentially supposes to reside in crystals and magnets, as well as to be manifested in solar and lunar radiance, in chemical action, in the ever-active body of man and so forth, till another time.

In the meanwhile, the general literature of Mesmerism is far from uninteresting: it is only confused and unprogressive. Here it is dazzled, there it is darkened by cross-lights. It is a party-coloured tissue. It is literate enough. It is also religious for the most part. It is learned in the hands of men like Eschenmayer, it is ingeniously and profoundly speculative with Ennemoser, it is mystical with Kerner, it is melodramatic with Puysegur, it is fantastical with Dupotet, it is sensible enough with Elliotson, it is practical with Esdaile. In short it is everything by turns and nothing long. At least it is everything but what it ought to be; everything but what it must become, before it will be able to approve itself a veritable gift from Heaven and a benefaction to mankind. It is not scientific; simply, cautiously, severely, gradually, experimentally, inductively, learnedly and also fearlessly scientific. It

is accordingly little deserving of study, except by the psychologist and the curious.

In case, however, the reader of the *PALLADIUM* should like to know something of the sort of things embalmed in the quaint and multifarious wrappings of that literature, and preserved as incontestible matter of fact for the use of believers, the rest of this paper shall consist of a little innocent talk more or less relating to the so-called higher phenomena of Mesmerism. But I shall make no extracts of cases from the regular books and periodicals of the (young) science; preferring to describe my own experience, limited as it has been. It will render the narrative more lifelike, and the reader will get proportionally closer to the things related. At the same time this method of procedure is adopted with no vain intention of scientifically contributing anything, in the way of facts, to the growing substance of Mesmerism. I have too profound a reverence for fact in science to entertain any such futile purpose. I saw the things about to be described two, three and even more years ago; and, although notes were made of them at the time of observation, they are not worthy of scientific confidence. It was by a wondering onlooker, rather than a scientific observer, that the experiments were made and recorded. It is only for literary reasons, then, that my own memory and notes are drawn upon instead of the professed record of the subject in hand. It is in order to make the story more vivid and real, as has been said above. It is to render the images of the cases, about to be conveyed to the reader, more like the images of direct perception and less like the feebler images of memory. After that purpose has been subserved, he may consider the whole affair as a work of fiction, if he choose. They will be equally useful to him, whether he take them for the pure invention of the writer's dream, or regard them as historically true. For whether they be historically true or not, they are representatively so. Precisely such things, in the midst of others more wonderful still, are everyday described by the regular mesmerist; which is all I wish to say at present. Such in short are some of the marvels contained in the voluminous pages of mesmeric authorship. Yet I am not disposed to make any secret of my own conviction that the following phenomena were real and true, although too ill-observed to satisfy the demands of science. My conviction is therefore not scientific and positive: it is personal and hypothetical; and it may accordingly be uprooted by future investigation. But pending the progress of a stricter inquiry, the following narrative is assuredly "a round unvarnished tale;" and it represents what still seem to me to have been the objects of actual observation to myself and others.

"Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen."

"Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this."

It is now nearly seven years since a circumstance reached my ears, which arrested my attention more than anything connected with Mesmerism had ever done. Rheticus, then a student of theology and now

a preacher of great local renown, had just written an article for the *Witness* newspaper, depreciatory of the whole subject of Mesmerism, as then attracting the notice of Edinburgh in the form of phreno-magnetism. His friend Theophilus, probably the most learned and brawny theologian now in Scotland, called upon him while the manuscript was yet in hand, and it was read. The writer thereupon proposed to mesmerise the hearer, and made a few sportive efforts after the manner of the peripatetic who was then perplexing the town. To his surprise, and also to his confusion as I believe, Theophilus went over! In short, the rhetorician became a mesmerist; the theologian became a patient. It was as difficult as it was strange and even somewhat ludicrous to conceive of such a Titan as our theological hero transmogrified, by a few passes of the hand, into a mere psychological instrument to be played upon by the like of Rheticus and the rest of us; and we were all immensely curious to see the sight, half afraid that Rhea might avenge herself of the insult done to her gigantic child.

An evening was appointed for some experiments to be made in my presence. Accompanied by the late David Scott, who was impenetrably unbelieving of all such things, by a studious person now well-known to the public of the *British Quarterly Review*, and by a practical chemist accustomed to accuracy of observation, I kept the tryste with eager punctuality. Theophilus, tall, large-boned, with light brown hair and the corresponding complexion, lean, pale, highly nervous, with a brain which is small when compared with his whole bulk, giving the physiologist the idea of a frame too large for its circulatory and cerebro-spinal centres, strong rather than healthy, amazingly accomplished in intellects, vigorous in thought, sturdy and eloquent in expression, amiable as a soft young child, pious, and altogether a majestic fellow, sat down on a chair facing towards a window. The intending fascinator shut down the fingers of his right hand, except the fore and middle ones, which he stretched out from his fist like a hay-fork. Raising his hand he placed it before the patient's face in such a direction that the latter could fix his eyes on the tips of the extended fingers. He had not done so a dozen of seconds when the sitter suddenly began to breathe hard and quick and short, to gasp with rapidity; and in less than thirty seconds he fell back entranced, the disturbance of the respiration having subsided as suddenly as it had come on. He was insensible; you might pinch him, prick him with pins, tickle his nostrils with a feather all to no purpose, so you did nothing else:—all which was duly-notified by those who were by that evening. This was the completed trance: and it was clearly produced by and within the nervous system of the subject. The finger-points of his friend were nothing more in this case, than the shillings on their left palm were shown to be in the cases related in the last number of the *PALLADIUM*.

When Rheticus attempted to rouse him by a little shaking and by calling aloud to him, he seemed as if he were going to come out of the trance. But he didn't; he came only a little way out of it. He could hear, speak, answer questions, still keeping his eyes shut, and sitting up in the chair like an automaton, or rather, as Archdeacon Hare suggests, a heteromaton or machine to be moved and swayed by another, man being the only true automaton or self-mover. In this intermediate state

then, in this condition of partial disenchantment, he was allowed to remain for about half-an-hour, while the experimentalist showed us his experiments:—And this is a good place to remark, that it is not in entranced subjects that any of the psychological experiments of the mesmerist are made, but in more or less disentranced or dismesmerised ones. The sense of hearing, the organs of speech, have to be set free. The completed trance is fit only for surgical operations. It is only in different and yet unstudied degrees or stages of dismesmerisation that the psychological wonders are brought out. You might as well make experiments on a statue as on a patient in the completed trance. A similar statement is to be made concerning the more familiar state of the nervous system called sleep. There are no dreams in the state of completed sleep, any more than in death. It is only in the man who is more or less awake that visions and such things transpire; and it is important, as well as curious, to observe that one emerges from sleep and from the mesmeric trance not by a leap, but by a succession of steps or planes. The permanency of the partially dismesmerised states at or on these successive planes, is the very condition, or *causa sine quâ non*, of the making of what are called mesmeric experiments, from the determination of the acts of a victim by the words of another, up to the catechising of a clear-seer by the inquisitive. And now for our experiments upon the reverend Theophilus Stonehenge, first self-converted in less than a minute into a mere image of himself, and then partially disenchanting by the touch and the voice of his tormentor.

His nervous system was soon found to be in a very peculiar state. He was perfectly self-oblivious, at least he was as little self-conscious as a dreamer who mingles in endless visionary scenes, and yet remembers nothing about them when awake, or rather he was less so, for such a sleeper awakes and knows that he has been dreaming. But it is to be mentioned beforehand, in this case, that the subject not only knew nothing of all that he had been doing and saying during our experiments, but he did not know he had been saying or doing anything whatever. In fact, it was perhaps the most interesting thing that occurred in the course of the evening, to see this highly cultivated man and masterly thinker listening to our recital of his manifestations as if they referred to a third and absent party.

You could play upon that fine and powerful brain as you chose. Theophilus, said the experimentalist, you must understand that Dr Greenhorn has read a paper before the Royal Society which has astonished the bigwigs not a little. I can well believe it, was his quick reply. Yes, he has demonstrated it to be a popular error that it is dangerous to fall from a height. Is it possible? exclaimed he with a tone of conviction. Nay, he has even proved by an undeniable syllogism that the safety of so falling is in the inverse ratio of the height; what do you think of that? Why I must believe what is proved. Well, continued his friend, this room is in the fourth storey of the house as you know, there is the window, will you leap down just to illustrate the thing? Certainly, said the wooden figure with shut eyes; and the window was opened. He rose, bent on his knees, and moved his arms back and forward with clenched fists like one about to spring; and he would certainly have gone over, but for the shutting of the window and

the interference of several strong hands. No man could have acted the settled purpose so much to the life, and certainly not this least mimetic of grave students.

You could initiate any train of thought in him by a word. What of the Eleatic Philosophy? said I; and away he started on a learned disquisition concerning the Eleatic doctrines and schoolmen. But another word, a brief question, stopped him in full career; and away he spun in the direction indicated by that new conception introduced into him by a phrase. No subject came amiss, philosophical, literary, serious, comical, and even the most foreign to his habits of study and conversation. Midway in an exposition on Mesmerism, which he discoursed upon with fluency, though with no more illumination than he would have done if awake, his friend Rheticus pulled him up by asking if he had heard that Lord John Russell had begun business in the area-flat of the house as a cobbler? No! exclaimed he with wonder, not with a trace of doubt; and then he quietly added that it was not surprising, for his lordship had long been a cobbler in politics.

It is needless to prolong the description, for a word is enough. Suffice it then that you could direct him into any track by a question, by a command, by a phrase. Having been made to pass from one incongruous topic to another, he could not tell you what he had been discussing last. After a number of experiments, he was brought out of the trance by rubbing his brow just over the eyes, from the middle outwards on both sides, and by blowing on his face. As has been noticed above, he knew nothing of all that had transpired. Now this case seems to illustrate the hint thrown out in my former sketch. By a symbol, by a word, you introduced a conception into his mind, or rather (physiologically speaking) into his brain through the mind; everything connected with that conception in him arrayed itself around or radiated from it by the law of association; and having been bidden, he poured it out. This is not materialism of course, for nobody is better aware than the psychologist that there are physiological or cerebral conditions to all thinking. As for the idealist in philosophy, he has only to translate my phraseology into his own dialect, and it will hold good for him also; just as the language of the theory of caloric, for example, continues to be a very good representative expression of the truth for the chemist who has abandoned that theory, and who refers the phenomena of heat to a force and not to a fluid.

Wishing to attempt the production of clear-seeing in this interesting patient, I begged him to let me mesmerise him, and he kindly consented. Having first thrown him over by the very same means as had been used by his friend, I held my hands a few minutes over the two sides of his head, moving them from place to place without effort, but never allowing them to touch his hair, with a view to deepen the trance as I thought. I cannot say that I was sensible of any fluid or influence passing from me to him, but neither can I assert that there was no such transference. I merely acted on a hint I had drawn from the work of M. Teste, a French mesmerist; and there was certainly no sensible sign of anything like action and reaction going on between the subject's head and my fingers. I am not at all clear that those passes of mine over his brain had anything to do with what followed. On being finally

called out of this second trance, he suffered from headache; and we could not ask him to submit again, nor have I had another opportunity of making any more experiments. But before his restoration to himself on this occasion, there ensued the following dialogue between us:—

Without rousing him in any other way, I addressed him in a compressed whisper. "I wish you to go to London," said I. "Well, I am there." "You must now go to the Greenwich Railway." "But I don't know the road." "Ask that policeman." "He has told me," said he, sitting up as before with his eyes shut. "I am at the terminus now," continued he. "Well, you must take your place." "I've done so." "Off you go then," said I with perfect gravity. He then made a long half-whistle, expressive of rapid motion, and said "Now we're down." I desired him to proceed to such and such a house in such and such a street. He said he had gone, and then there followed a dim unsatisfactory account of the house, its whereabouts and its arrangements, but nothing particular or emphatic. He was now called out of his trance, or rather his partial trance; but he knew not a word of our conversation, and laughed at what we told him he had been saying as heartily as any of his observers.

It is by no means clear that this was a case of clear-seeing. If it were, it was a very obscure one. It might perhaps have been more pronounced if I had known better how to manage him. It is to be noticed however that I knew all the road he had gone. It was to a house I had once lived in that he was sent. Images of the way and of the house were in my mind, that is to say (physiologically speaking) in my brain, while he strove to do my bidding. It may therefore have been an instance of what certain authors have called double consciousness, a case in which the subject sees nothing the image of which is not present in the cerebro-spinal axes or nervous systems of the operator and himself. It is to be confessed however that the present example is not very significant, as a specimen of the higher phenomena of Mesmerism, but it is curious in itself; and it is particularly memorable as connected with a man so widely known, esteemed and loved as the gifted subject of these experiments. It is recorded more on that account than on any other. Be it remembered however that those phenomena, which may be less striking to the spectator, are often the most useful to the investigator for that very reason. It is in her transitions, her middle states, her passages from one phenomenal sphere to another, that the secret of nature is most likely to be caught.

Some time before these observations were made, there had been brought to Edinburgh a young woman who had been found at Glasgow to be susceptible of a highly lucid state, as the mesmerists call it. Her name was Mary Tod, a clairvoyante or clear-seer who excited not a little sensation wherever she went, so long as her susceptibility continued. Some time before her first child was born however, for unfortunately for the curious she was married, her lucidity departed from her. Her husband and she had been making money as usual by her powers, if such they may be called; but they ceased while their possessors were living by them from city to city in England. Tod and his wife were thus suddenly reduced to common work and even poverty. A friend of mine found them in very needy circumstances owing to this calamity, since it must be called so for the nonce, and very properly

argued that it was a proof of their joint integrity in the mesmeric portion of their little career.

My curiosity concerning poor Mary had been excited some time before I saw her. I heard of her from all sorts of people, as seeing absent persons and things, as describing distant houses and rooms with particular accuracy, as telling excited questioners something of their past lives, as puzzling everybody, amazing some and terrifying a few. They told me how she had been sent to see me; how she had described my person, costume and occupation; how she notified most unusual and eccentric arrangements in my house; how she had counted the number of books on a shelf in one of my working rooms; and how in short she watched and reported me, though we were some three miles apart. At last I went to see her at the house of an eminent physician. Our company consisted of one of the present professors of theology in the College of Edinburgh, of four doctors of medicine, of two advocates and of one practical chemist. She was a very ordinary young woman to look at, very unintelligent to speak to, and every way an inferior person. Heavy, bashful, stupid-looking, she was of a lymphatic habit of body, doughy complexion, dingy brown hair and clumsy make. Entranced in a few seconds, she immediately sat up, fixed and statuesque, and as unlike the thing she had been some moments before as could well be conceived. In this state she responded to questions, quietly and fairly put, in a manner not to be forgotten. It seemed to me that she emerged from the completed trance into this partially disentranced state spontaneously. She sat up of her own accord. In a similar manner certain sleepers either never go into completed common sleep, or at once spring back to one or other of the dreaming levels.

Many questions were put to her by different people that night, but I shall record only one experiment. While one of our friends was engaged with her, having desired her to go into the library of the house, and while she was in the act of describing a case of stuffed birds there, which she had never seen, a well-known physician and I went to the said library without telling the rest of the company. The room was dark, we began boxing one another, he left me, I went on my knees and spoke one of King Lear's adjurations. On returning to my friends, I learned that she had suddenly stopped in her description of the birds, and exclaimed in her compressed whisper—"Oh, there is the strange man with the long hair, he lives in the queer house three miles away—and the little man, they are fighting—the little one has gone away. Oh, it is not good, it is not good, he has gone on the ground, he is saying bad words, I will go to him, it is not good." She had thereupon risen to stop my dramatic invocation, and that in a state of high excitement, but they had immediately dismesmerised her.

Being desirous of examining this patient in circumstances more favourable to a scientific investigation, I had her out to the "queer house three miles away." My only assistants were the reviewer and the practical chemist already mentioned; and everything was done with order, while the results were written down at the time. But it is difficult to retain one's self-possession in such circumstances, when one is almost wholly inexperienced. We therefore made no observations of any scientific value; but our experiments, though not a whit better than

were made by dozens of people in Edinburgh at that time, will give the wholly uninitiated a notion of the sort of things asserted concerning clear-seers. At the same time, I refrain from saying anything more than ordinarily startling, because I wish these fugitive narratives to be moderate. They are undertoned rather than exaggerated, as many might bear me witness. They are a low average of the phenomena said and believed to be manifested by lucid subjects. It is better to be below the mark than above it, even in a merely literary sketch like this. It does not pretend to be a scientific contribution to Mesmerism, as the reader has already been given to understand: it is only an experimental illustration of the current literature of the subject in hand. If it were within the scope of my purpose to do something scientifically for the science of Mesmerism, I should follow a very different course. I should make experiments over and over again, upon many subjects, with the utmost rigour of law, during long years, before many chosen witnesses of different habits of mind, painfully, suspiciously; and then, having considered them from every conceivable point of view, and in the light of every attainable hypothesis, I would write my book, and leave it to its fate without solicitude:—all which, however, I have not the slightest intention of either doing or trying to do.

The patient having been mesmerised by me, not by her husband as usual, and having sat up, I entered into conversation with her. What passed between us is not very fit for publication. Suffice it that she certainly puzzled me not a little by going to Callander, entering a house neither she nor I had ever seen, and speaking of certain ladies she saw in different apartments in the same. I subsequently found she had been right as to the number of rooms in the house, as to the number and general outward character of the inmates, and some other particulars. But the second experiment of the evening was more precise. The reviewer had requested his sisters to disarrange the house in which they lived as fantastically as they chose. In answer to his questions, Mary Tod numbered and loosely described the rooms of the house; she did the same by the inmates, mentioning a young widow who had arrived on a visit after our friend had left home, "one whose husband had slipped away," and insisting on the new arrival even against dissuasion; she told us how an arm-chair was on the top of the table in the dining-room, with the fire-irons crossed upon the arms; she described at large a specific set of disarrangements in the furniture of the same room; and she told us the hour by a clock in the lobby. Not to confuse the reader with too many details, notes were made of all these particulars, and she was subsequently found to have been right in all points. The clock had been put egregiously wrong, and then made to stop; but the hour which she had given us from the clock she saw, was the very hour to which the hands of the actual clock were pointing. There appears then to have been something more than double-consciousness in this case, and hundreds of such things have been reported to me by others. In fact, it is a good, though by no means an exalted instance of clairvoyance, clearseeing, dimseeing, farseeing, the immediate perception of distant objects, or call it what you will. I heard far stranger things than these about Mary Tod, and that from credible sort of people; but I must keep by my brief, and deal only in my own more limited experiences.

The experiment of double or transmitted sensation was tried that evening.* A number of glasses had been previously filled with sundry liquors. Turning away from her, but taking hold of her hand, I tasted one of them, and in a few seconds she seemed to be tasting something too. She described the taste; she named the liquid when it was a common one; she echoed my successive sensations of taste, in short, as I proceeded from glass to glass. She twisted her lips, and expressed a sense of much annoyance at one of them. She said—"It is sour, and also it is bitter;" it was alum mixed with sulphuric acid in water. I need not say every attempt was made to render coincidence or collusion impossible. When one of my companions suddenly pulled a hair from the back of my head, and that of his own wicked accord, she started and uttered a low scream of sympathetic suffering; an experiment we then repeated with variations. The result of this set of trials, in fine, did assuredly seem to indicate a direct sympathy of her sensational system with mine. All more pungent impressions on the periphery of my cerebro-spinal axis appeared to be transmitted to hers.

The only original experiment which was made in the course of the evening was also a somewhat curious one. Over her eyes, which were quite closed at any rate, were bound two white kerchiefs; the room was darkened by the closing of the window-shutters, and it was impossible she could see anything whatever in the common way. Not a ray could reach her eyeball, much less her optic nerve. No visual image could be painted on her retina by any optical possibility; at least, so it seemed to us, and so it must seem to every candid reader, although it is perfectly true that the absent are always some hundred times cleverer than those who are present at such experiments. In fact, everybody is capable of being made the victim of humbug, collusion, oversight and mistake in the simplest matter of fact: everybody, that is to say, except one's self. A philosophical lecture is never above one's self: it is only above the rest of the audience. An original work is never dangerous to one's self: it is only dangerous to the weaker brethren; that is to say, to the whole world, saving and excepting one's self, and those other selves who think with one. In fact, everybody trusts himself more entirely than he can trust anybody else. But it is quite possible for this sense of individuality to grow into a vice of the mind by mere excess and exclusiveness, and I therefore beg the reader to peruse the following paragraph without a predetermined opinion against it. If he would read it with confidence and trust, I am sure it would do him good; for, since an overweening self-confidence in matters, both of fact and doctrine, is the characteristic of the present age, it might exercise his spirit in another direction. It will certainly draw largely on his faith.

Having gone into another room, I drew a right-angled triangle on a slate, and fetched it to the darkened chamber where our sybil sat erect, with her eyes bandaged and bandaged again. I put the slate in her hands. She stretched them out before her, stiff and steady; so that the slate was held a little lower than her shoulders, and some foot and a half from her face. "What do you see?" "I see lines, white lines, they are on black." "How many?" "One, two, three, and they are joined together." "If they are joined together, you must see a figure, a shape made by the lines?" "Yes." "How many angles has it?" "Angles,

"angles, angles!" was her reply, pronounced in a tone of perplexity. "Corners," said I; and she immediately answered, "One, two, three, but one of them is not well made; they cross one another." I thereupon went to the light with my slate, and found the sides crossed one another at one of the angles, the figure having been carelessly made. The figure was now drawn more correctly in all other respects. In a right-angled triangle, the right angle is equal to the sum of the other two angles, as every school-boy knows; and it was necessary to make it actually so in this particular figure of mine. Having returned to my patient and given her the slate again, I said, "Is it all right now?" "Yes," she said; "and the biggest corner is next to me;" and so in fact it was. "Well," continued I, "do you see the other two corners, the smaller ones also?" "Yes." "Do you see all the three corners at once?" "Yes." "Is the largest corner bigger than the other two corners put together, or is it smaller than the other two put together?" To this final question she answered with rapidity and unusual decision of manner—"It is exactly the same."

It is impossible, however, to form anything like an adequate conception of such scenes as these without having witnessed them. There is nothing like one's own experience after all. An arid narrative only half believed is far below the truth; a graphic one enthusiastically perused is just as far above it; and a moderate one by no means conveys a sense of the mingled sublimity and meanness of the thing. The ordinary look of the patient before the trance, the freedom and beauty of the stony attitude into which she is thrown, the high look her common figure has put on, the expression of absence in her whole air and demeanour, the whisper in which she speaks, the childlikeness of her phraseology, as well as perhaps the vulgarity of her pronunciation and the narrowness of her thought, must all be witnessed by the student for himself. Nothing is more striking, it may be added, than to see the poor, self-conscious, timorous, ignorant and uninteresting creature, to which she shrinks on being called out of her trance. You could not help wishing that she should remain for ever in the state of enchantment, were it not that she retains no memory, or rather has no knowledge of all that has taken place during her ecstasy when she awakes. Yet it is affirmed that she remembers in one trance what she experiences in another; as if she had two lives, a common and an enchanted one, each continuous in memory with itself but not with the other. The only illustration of this assertion that has fallen in my way has already been mentioned. Having several times been sent to see me at work in my study, she instantly recognised me in her trance at the physician's house, when one of the doctors and I went into the library while she was engaged in describing the case of birds to another of our friends, the ~~rest~~ standing by as witnesses. At the same time, there is no evidence that such a memory is spontaneous and discursive. It appears to be capable of being awaked only by the presentation of objects, or by the initiative words of the questioner. Altogether, the lucid subject has never appeared to me to be in a higher, a more enfranchised, a purer state of being than ordinary, as is the general way of speaking among mesmerists. She has seemed, on the contrary, to be deprived of personality and freedom, to be a mere nervous machine, to be a thing

rather than a human being, a mirror, a dynamometer, an indicator;— and this plunges me right into the theory of mesmeric lucidity.

As for the common talk about the soul or spirit being loosened from the body by the mesmeric operation, and made free to dive into all depths, climb all heights, and travel whithersoever it listeth, even when it chooses to pass into the world of spirits, it is nothing but moonshine. A soul away from its body with leave to return is a far greater marvel than any of those things it is called upon to explain. Having no experience of the capabilities of disembodied spirits, knowing not one fact appertaining to any such subject, this favourite hypothesis actually consists in the supposing of nothing in order to account for something. It is a very easy and convenient theory, while it is also sufficiently sentimental and religious-looking, but it is a mere scape-goat. It saves the trouble of all further thought. It appeases the curiosity, while it gratifies the ideality and wonder of the mind unaccustomed to demand distinct conception, well-grounded analogy and probable evidence, if not strict and sufficient generalisation, in a scientific hypothesis. In fact, it is better that all such unreasoning souls as it satisfies should just hold by it, for they must be incapable of even following anything like a scientific investigation of the matter, and the liberated spirit is a fair enough figurative or poetical image of the scientific truth which has yet to be discovered. That truth has yet to be discovered certainly, but it is better for the man of science to know that, once for all, than to satisfy himself with a crude and hasty doctrine; and it is quite immeasurably better than to suppose that the vulgar twaddle, about souls away from their bodies with leave to return, is a scientific doctrine at all. It is something to be conscious of unmitigated scientific perplexity in these days, and nothing is so well fitted to throw a man into that state of mind as the unbiassed contemplation of mesmeric facts.

But, as the reader will readily inquire, do I really believe the things recorded above, and all similar things that have been reported by other observers? And, if I believe so much, why not believe the still more marvellous narratives of respectable foreign writers? why not believe in floating witches, in ecstasies standing in the air, in the healing of diseases by means of amulets, in conferences with disembodied spirits and angels, in unknown tongues, in the insight of clear-seers into the very nature of things, not to mention such inferior phenomena as geographical trips to the moon and the planets and the sun?

In answer to these quaint and searching questions, I am certainly ready to allege and to corroborate my belief in the narrative I have written; I believe in it as a narrative; that is to say, such things did most surely seem to my friends and to me to take place before us. Nor can I for a moment suspect anything of the nature of collusion, for we took good care to secure ourselves against the possibility of it. The report of the cases is assuredly a fair copy of what transpired in our presence and hearing. It contains at least the truth of appearance; and there lurks the great difficulty. The truth of appearance is not always the truth of reality. One could swear to the sun's being seen to pass over the sky, but the sun never did. To say so were to say what is true, but it were also to say what is false. Now I am doubtful of the point of view from which my friends and I viewed our phenomena; I fear lest

we may have given as much as we got. Perhaps we took half the entertainment with us, for there are two to every bargain. We wished to witness wonders. Then the difficulty of description is very great, for language is a mischievous colourist. On the whole, I must declare that if nobody else but we three friends, knit as we were by the dearest sympathies into one mind, had made such experiments, I would now reject them as illusions of the past. But this is not the case. Thousands of people have witnessed precisely the same sort of things, and hundreds have recorded their observations. That these observations, including my own, have been ill reported, I mean ill reported for purely scientific purposes, I do not only allow but proclaim; yet it is impossible to withhold a certain amount of belief in them, when I find them so well confirmed by my own experience; a certain amount of belief in all such phenomena as I have witnessed, and an honourable scepticism in such as I have not. Jealous of fact in science, I am loath to consider such narrations of lucid cases, as I have yet met with, to afford anything like a sufficient basis for the erection of a true generalisation regarding the nature of the phenomena in question. The principal value of the whole imbroglia of mesmeric experience, statement and speculation, as it now lies before the world, consists in the indubitable fact, therein and thereby made manifest, that Mesmerism is a subject teeming with results. It shows us our total ignorance of the waking state, of sleep, of dreams, of visions, of spectres, of the whole subject of neurology; and casts a lurid sort of light athwart the shallow and pretentious notions generally entertained concerning the nature of nervous action. It shakes old theories to their fall, but nothing is yet to be seen arising in their place. It opens great deeps of possible discovery before the explorer; and that is a great thing to do, although the points of light which it presents are but few and faint, as well as uncertain and perhaps deceptive. Holding such an opinion concerning the body of mesmeric literature, I should not say another word in the present connection, but simply relegate the subject to some future day of judgment, awaiting the arrival of a new and better array of facts. It is impossible however to resist the temptation, offered by the present opportunity, to lay certain suggestions before the ingenuous student, which may be applicable to the phenomena of clear-seeing, supposing it to be really a phenomenon and not an illusion; and which may, in any case, perhaps yield a feeble ray of light to the experimental inquirer. These hints may be very wide of the mark; probably they are so; but it cannot be unprofitable to consider them in the meantime with attention, for the poorest phosphorescence on the walls of such dark places is better than no light at all.

It is desirable to set the things to be studied in order before the mind. There is first the completed mesmeric trance; and there are secondly certain phenomena produced by experiment in subjects partially disentranced. The phenomena included in the second division of the subject are, first, the apparent governing or directing of the mesmerised nervous system by a nervous system in the waking state; secondly, the phenomenon of double sensation; thirdly, that of double consciousness; and, fourthly, that of clear-seeing. The first of these appearances were visible in Alice and in Theophilus, the third and fourth were

dimly seen in Theophilus, and clearly in Mary Tod, who also showed the second of them in perfection. Having already confessed to having nothing to say regarding the state of trance any more than regarding that of common sleep, there are only the four classes of phenomena to be held in view in the present discussion. Having also spoken on a former occasion of the first of these classes, I have only to add a few observations about double sensation, double consciousness, and clear-seeing. They shall be nothing more than the veriest fragments of a possible hypothesis.*

I. Neither the eye nor chemical analysis discovers any difference in the matter of which the different parts of the nervous system are composed. The grey and the white or the cortical and the medullary matter of the brain, indeed, are very distinguishable; but it is impossible to tell a nerve of volutation from a nerve of sensation by inspection. Still less is a nerve of touch, as such, to be discriminated from a nerve of taste, of smell, of hearing, or of sight. Even if there be some radical but imperceptible difference between a nerve of sensation and a nerve of volutation, it is positively extremely probable that there is none between the nerves of the special senses. It is in the highest degree likely that any nerve of sense, spun into the appropriate form and then covered with the appropriate external apparatus, would serve for any of the specific senses. Woven into a fine nervous sheet or retina and then enclosed in an eyeball, for example, it would be capable of vision. If the sensiferous nerves of my left palm, then, were to be drawn out to the requisite fineness, spread out on a palate there, and built into a regular mouth with all its appurtenances, it is clear that I should then be in possession of two organs of taste. To speak plainly, I should have two veritable mouths, in so far as the specific sensation of that sort of apparatus is concerned; one in my head, where it ought to be, the other in my hand, where it has been carved by a few grotesque strokes of the scientific fancy.

Few high and abstract truths are so well understood as the idea of the universal relatedness of the parts of nature. The change of a single particle's position would alter the centre of gravity of the world. The universe is so full that it could not hold another atom, yet so free that the annihilation of a single atom would make it loose. Every word one speaks, every step one takes, every movement one makes, does most certainly shake the earth, vibrate through the air, leap from planet to planet, reach both the sun and Neptune, climb the zodiac, pulsate through all the milky-way, go over from firmament to firmament, and wander through immensity in a never-ending series of physical effects. The nervous system is a little world. Its parts are bound together by an incomparably more pungent sympathy than those of the common creation. Every phenomenon that transpires in any one of its organs is shed into every other. Eye sympathises with eye, ear with ear. The stomach acts upon the brain, the brain reacts upon the stomach. The feeling of shame brings a blush upon the cheek. Pride exalts the port. Horror

* The more curious reader may be referred to the unfolding of such a hypothesis, contained in the June and September numbers of the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review* for 1849, by the present writer.

raises the hair. The figure shrinks beneath the influence of fear. The breath sweetens under love. There is no end to the illustrations of this principle ; but it is with only one particular of the general truth that we have to do at present. That particular is this :—An affection of one portion of the nervous system is transmitted to every other portion of the same, but each portion gives evidence of such transmission (having taken place) through its own characteristic property. A stone falls upon your toes, the sensiferous nerves of the part are affected with pain, the brain perceives the pain, the voluntative nerves withdraw the foot even without intention, and so forth. What is the flash of light consequent on sudden and great anguish but this ? In the waking state, however, our secondary or transmitted sensations are exposed to correction on every side, so that they never mislead us, nay, they can hardly be said to take effect, except in the most obscure manner.

• What should happen then, agreeably with these principles, in the case of our supposititious monster with two mouths, when a particular sensation of taste is impressed upon the primary palate ? Why the taste if potent enough, and if all the nervous roads of communication were clear of the correcting influences, should extend itself in one form and in another to all the organs, but it should reach the mouth in the left hand literally as the particular taste that it is or was. Salt being tasted at the ordinary mouth, salt should be tasted at the extraordinary one too. But the salt is perceived as a sensation through the former, from without inwards, $x\ x\ z$ being its proper formula ; whereas the secondary or transmitted taste of salt is sent through to the palate on the palm from within outwards, $z\ x\ x$ being the expression of its direction.* The secondary taste reaches the secondary palate as a *quasi-conception*, the feebler inverse of a sensation physiologically speaking ; and it will appear to be an actual sensation only in the nervous system which is morbid in such a fashion as to convert the physiological impression of a conception into a similitude of the impression made by a sensation, and so to mistake thoughts for things.

These considerations are not inapplicable, by way of temporary or provisional hypothesis, to the phenomenon of double sensation described above. The nervous system of the mesmerised has been shown (or, more strictly speaking, it has already been supposed) to be in one or other of those morbid conditions in which conceptions are solidified into quasi-sensations. Even when partially disentranced for the sake of experiment, it is almost wholly self-unconscious. When a person in the waking state touches such a patient, he may possibly be said to acquire two nervous systems ; his own, which is awake and corrective, the subject's, which is a mere nervous instrument for the time being. The mouth of the latter, for example, is just the supposed mouth in the left hand ; only it is not the experimentalist that is conscious of its experiences, it is the slightly disentranced subject herself. He tastes some wine ; it is shed over to her as a conception of wine, speaking physiologically ; that physiological effect of the conception of wine is a quasi-sensation of wine to her ; and so she tastes it too.

* Such readers as are not familiar with those modes of speech had better recur to my paper in the *PALLADIUM* for last month.

II. The phenomenon of double consciousness is very dimly explicable upon the same principles. The experimentalist conceives the image of an absent friend: that image is shed faintly down upon the retina of his eye from within outwards, faintly in comparison with the original optical image; but being sent through the nervous-system of the patient, standing, as has been supposed, in the relation of neurogamia to him, it reaches her as a quasi-sensation; and thereby she sees the absent. The word *neurogamia*, invented by Burdach, expresses the marriage of two nervous-systems into one; and it surely contains within it some hint of the secret of Mesmerism. It is needless to enlarge on this division of the subject, especially as it is only fitful glimmerings of suggestion that I have to offer.

III. But what shall be said of clear-seeing? Perhaps the less the better. Yet it may not be amiss for the future investigator to bear one great cosmical principle in his mind. Every phenomenon or thing in the act of appearing, as that participial Greek substantive literally means, every movement in nature moves everything in nature. Every phenomenon repeats itself everywhere, but with incomparably more activity in the nervous-system of man than anywhere else. It is the law of our ordinary state that we perceive only a limited number of those sympathetic impressions, the most forcible ones; but the less forcible ones are effective for all that, and thence the doctrine of cosmical influences. Now the whole of nature is phenomenal, is in the act of appearing or becoming, is in ceaseless transition, is unresting as well as unhalting. Every atom wheels and throbs so that there is actually a sense, be it ever so transcendental in appearance, in which the whole of nature is continually painting itself on that thousandfold canvass, the nervous system of man, if we could only see the picture. That multitudinous image however is only potentially there, not actually; and I am glad of it, for there were an end to all discovery if we could read off everything by intuition. But what of the peculiarly situated cerebro-spinal axis of the slightly disentranced mesmeric subject, such as we have seen it to be, in connection with these hyper-physical statements? It is evident she does not see my friend in his botanical garden at Bombay by means of solar radiance reflected and refracted hitherwards from his shining figure; it is equally evident that she does not go thither in the spirit, returning every moment to tell through the body what she is seeing; but it is possible, if far-fetched and somewhat desperate, to suppose that she visits the Bombay which is demonstrably imaged within the boundaries of her own nervous system. I add no more. I only wish the indulgent reader may have understood what has been said, for language is a very lame creature on such roads, especially when ridden by a bamboozled man. Truth to tell, I am not a little bewildered by my excursion, being quite uncertain whether I have been riding on solid and unmistakeable ground, or plunging over the dark and sinking ways of cloudland, the spectre-huntsman of a spectral chase!

CARLINGTON CASTLE: A TALE OF THE JESUITS.

CHAP. VIII.

IN riding with Cecilia and Sir Eustace, Dora was much struck with the appearance of the peasantry, so different from any she had before seen in Ireland—the clean and smiling aspect of the cottages—the cultivation of their little fields, and the air of comfort blended with the romantic haunts which everywhere met her view. She expressed with ardour the delight and surprise she felt.

“What is the reason,” she asked, “of the great difference I see between the peasantry here and those at Carlington? The race of people and their religion are the same. I see the soil is much richer, but that can hardly account for the difference.”

“No, that has comparatively little to do with the state of the people,” replied Sir Eustace. “The soil of Ireland is amply sufficient for the support of its people, in even its less fertile parts; but, though something has been done here, I cannot look around without regretting that it is so little. The curse of absenteeism rested upon this as upon almost every part of our unhappy country, and the few years of care and culture that have been bestowed upon it have not yet overcome its effects.”

At this moment, they were startled by the sudden apparition of an old woman, who had been cowering under a furze bush in their path. She was wrapped in a dark mantle, and her wild elf locks streamed unheeded from beneath a cap or curch that partially covered her head.

Her figure was of an extraordinary height, and there was in her whole manner and appearance a mixture of wild enthusiasm, with power and energy that almost awed the beholder. Her picturesque appearance, the force of her language and gestures, and the noble, yet careworn expression of her features, might have represented a sybil of the olden time.

Dora's horse started and reared as the old woman planted herself directly in front of it. Sir Eustace instantly seized the bridle, but she was an experienced horsewoman, and immediately reduced it to order. An emotion which her momentary danger had not called forth was, however, awakened when she met the coal-black eyes of the hag fixed upon her, with what seemed to her an almost unearthly gleam. It was impossible, too, to escape, for she had laid hold of the bridle of her horse.

“Good day to you, Hester Phlanaghan,” said Sir Eustace, who saw Dora's terror; while he brought his horse close to her side. “You have come far over the hills to-day.”

Hester seemed as though she heard him not, while she continued to gaze into Dora's face.

“Ohone! Ohone!” she exclaimed at last, letting go the bridle, and throwing her hands with a wild gesture above her head—“to see the touch of sorrow on a brow so young and fair! The autumn bolt will fall on the spring day, and the winter's cold in the heat of the summer's sunshine. The doom is upon ye, lady; the cloud is dark over yer head; but a strong hand, and a true heart, and an unbelieving ear will bear you through all, through all, through all,” she exclaimed, as she passed her

hand across her brow, as if some vision had appeared and interrupted the chain of her thoughts—"yes, through all. The storm will pass, and you will rise unscathed above it, though the spring-flower will have withered and the blossom fallen from the tree."

She turned hastily from them without noticing Sir Eustace and Cecilia, plunged into the wood, and quickly disappeared.

Dora had become very pale. "Who is that?" she inquired, in a tone that bespoke her emotion. "Who is that strange old woman?"

"She is a native of Conamara," replied Sir Eustace, "but has haunted this place, I believe, for the last twenty years. An accumulation of misfortunes have fostered what must have been a naturally wild and eccentric turn of mind, and she now wanders about the country, gaining a livelihood by the charity of the people. But not even in the depth of winter has she ever been known to pass the night under a roof. The coldest nights are passed by her, wrapped in her cloak, beneath the shelter of some rock or bush, or at most a ruined barn. I fear she has startled you."

"Her sudden appearance did for a moment, but her mysterious words, what can they mean?"

"Nothing," said Sir Eustace, "but that the old woman's brain is crazed. Surely, Miss Mowbray, you cannot suffer such vague prognostications to trouble your mind for one moment."

But Dora was troubled. A shadow had fallen on her brow, which did not leave it during the remainder of their ride.

"There are those in the world that hold communion with unseen spirits," she said gravely, "and eyes that can see behind the veil which hides the future from our sight; but, although the shadow may thus fall too soon across our path, it is weakness to be so disturbed. Whether the future brings weal or wo, let us be ready to bear it."

During the rest of the day, Dora could not shake off the impression of this scene, but the influences around her were too sweet and soothing for it to weigh very heavily upon her mind. In a few days, all the visitors had departed, and she was left alone with her relations; but she felt herself so perfectly an adopted child of the house, that she could hardly realise that another home claimed her, and these bright days must pass too soon. The mornings were spent with Lady Fitzgerald and Cecilia, the afternoons occupied in riding, and the evenings in music. Nearly a fortnight had thus passed swiftly on, when one day, on returning from a long excursion, as Sir Eustace was assisting her to alight from her horse, Mr Mowbray descended the steps to receive her. Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet, the shock could hardly have been greater. A few moments she trembled so that she could hardly stand. By a quick effort, she recovered her presence of mind, and replied calmly to his smooth, bland greeting.

"When did you return to Carlington?" she said, as they entered the house.

"Last night. I was detained in Dublin longer than I expected, and was surprised to find you absent when I arrived. I am glad your time has been so pleasantly occupied, but I fear you must return home. A friend has accompanied me whom I should wish you to meet."

"To-morrow, you are engaged, Dora," said Lady Fitzgerald.

"Certainly, this was a prior engagement, and my uncle will make an apology to his friend."

"Impossible," said the priest. "Lady Fitzgerald, I am sure, will excuse you. I wish you to accompany me to-morrow."

He spoke still in his bland, calm tone, yet there was a cold determination in his voice and eye which said, "I will have it so."

Dora's cheek became pale. "I will go then," she said quietly.

Sir Eustace looked at her with surprise. She seemed a different being from what she had been half-an-hour before. But he knew not the spell by which she was bound. All night that hopelessness of look and tone lasted.

She was dressing the following morning, when a servant brought a message from Mr Mowbray, to say that the carriage waited. She was surprised, for she had not intended to go till after breakfast. A momentary feeling of indignation arose, but she made no effort to resist the bondage, and, hastily completing her toilet, went to her aunt to say farewell. As she left her room, she cast a sad look around. She felt as if every inanimate thing sympathised with the happy emotions she had enjoyed there. But the priest's voice sounded in the hall, and she hastened on.

"Do you go so early?" said her aunt, as she folded her in her arms. "I had hoped you would at least spend the forenoon with us."

"I did not mean to go so early, but my uncle has ordered the carriage, and I must not now keep him waiting. Will you come to Carlington soon? I shall feel so desolate without you, dear aunt."

"I shall come to see you ere many days have past, my child. Farewell! May God bless you!"

These words, so often lightly spoken, were pronounced in a tone which came from the heart, a heart that knew the world and its snares, and yearned with almost a mother's tenderness over one so young and unprotected, who must tread alone a path beset with danger. Tears filled Cecilia's blue eyes when she heard Dora must go; but an April smile shone through them, as they spoke of rides they would take together, of excursions to be made in the long bright summer days. Dora was soothed by their tenderness. But there was one whom she expected to see at the hall-door, who came not. As Mr Mowbray handed her into the carriage, she heard Lady Fitzgerald ask one of the servants if Sir Eustace was not at home. He had walked out early in the morning. The carriage door was shut, she waved a parting adieu, and they drove rapidly down the avenue.

CHAP. IX.

Dora arrived at Carlington in time for breakfast. She went to her room to change her dress, and had been there but a few minutes when the gong sounded. Her uncle had told her that his friend was an Italian nobleman, with whom he had been intimately acquainted abroad. He had been spending a few months in England, and had come to Ireland, for the purpose of visiting its beautiful scenery, when he met Mr Mowbray in Dublin. Dora liked foreigners in general, and had somewhat

romantic ideas associated with Italy. She was therefore relieved to find that the monotony of Carlington was likely to be broken in upon for a time by the introduction of so agreeable an inmate. Her aunt was alone in the breakfast-room when she entered, and welcomed her with something more nearly approaching to kindness than she had ever before shown, for, in truth, the old lady had felt very lonely during the absence of her niece, and was not sorry to see her return. Mr Mowbray almost immediately entered, accompanied by his friend, whom he introduced as the Conté di Romilli. He was a man in the prime of life, tall, dark, with marked and finely formed features. His noble forehead, dark hair, slightly tinged with grey, and piercing eyes, and perfectly curved mouth, formed altogether a contour so unquestionably handsome, that the beholder wondered why his feelings were not of unmingled pleasure. There was ever in his presence a sensation of treading in the dark. The bland smile and the musical voice told absolutely nothing of the heart of their possessor, and the deep penetrating eye that read the minds of others spoke nothing of his own.

Dora felt all this ere she had spent many minutes in his society. He saw she did, and, exerting all his powers of fascination, in some measure dispelled the feeling, and drew her into animated conversation. The breakfast hour was unusually prolonged, when at last the little party broke up, and Dora went as usual to spend the forenoon in her sitting-room. She felt Carlington less gloomy than she expected, and looked forward with somewhat of pleasure to a renewal, in the evening, of intercourse with her agreeable guest.

During the few succeeding days, she found her home more tolerable. Mr Mowbray was occupied with his friend, and she was more than usual at liberty. The Count's society was even more fascinating than at first. Lady Fitzgerald and Cecilia soon came to Carlington, and were easily persuaded to remain. Sir Eustace joined them on the following day. From the first hour of their introduction, there seemed to exist a mutual aversion between him and the Count. Lady Fitzgerald appeared in some degree to share this feeling.

"How do you like the Count?" asked Dora, a few days after their arrival.

"I do not *dislike* him," said Lady Fitzgerald; "but I think him one of those opaque characters who excite distrust, because you see there is so much concealed."

"But he is very agreeable, and surely you must admire his talents."

"Yes; he evidently possesses a powerful and cultivated mind, but his character appears to me to be very subtle, and I would greatly dread his influence over any one I loved. So take care, my child," she continued, kissing the brow of her niece, "that you do not suffer this foreigner to fascinate you too deeply. It is a painful but necessary lesson to learn as we pass through life, not to yield our confidence until we have tested the ground on which it is given."

"Do not fear for me, dear aunt. The Count leaves us in a few days, and I suppose I shall never see him again. But there is a latent feeling in my own mind, which you have put into a definite shape, which would, I believe, have prevented his ever acquiring any great influence over me."

"Yes, with you I believe it would," said Lady Fitzgerald, thoughtfully.

At that moment she caught a glimpse from the window of the Count and Cecilia in the shrubbery, and a dark shade clouded her brow. Too soon her fears were verified. The Count's attentions to Cecilia were marked, though in the presence of others too insidious to afford an opening for their repression. But Cecilia felt that, whether alone or amidst others, she was ever the first object of his thoughts. She yielded too readily to the fascination, and gave herself up without reserve to the resistless power of one who, but a week before, was an entire stranger. Lady Fitzgerald saw the danger, though by no means aware of its extent; and partially explaining her fears to Dora, prepared to return home. Mr Mowbray had expressed a desire that his friend should become acquainted with the lovely scenery around Ballyrowan; but Sir Eustace was impervious to every such hint, and the desired invitation came not. The instinctive dislike which he had at first felt to the Count had strengthened as their intercourse increased. It was not because their sentiments differed widely that he felt thus. He could have esteemed and admired an open antagonist, but he discerned a deep subtlety in the character of the Count which repelled him, and the Count's antipathy to him was not less decided, though more concealed.

"I have just returned from visiting that poor man we saw yesterday," said Mr Mowbray, on the evening before Sir Eustace's departure, as he met the Count in the saloon. They entered the library together. Sir Eustace was reading there.

"Does he still adhere to his opinions?" inquired the Count.

"He does, and refused the sacraments of the Church."

"Let him then perish in his apostacy," returned the Count abruptly. "His fate will remain an awful warning to others."

"Of what dreadful fate do you speak?" inquired Sir Eustace, whose attention had been attracted by the concluding words, and who now approached. "Has any one been hurt?"

The Count was silent, and looked rather embarrassed.

Mr Mowbray answered gravely—"I spoke of young O'Gorman, Sir Eustace, who, you are aware, lately joined a body of Dissenters. He is now dying, and refuses to confess or receive the sacraments."

"Is he attended," inquired Sir Eustace, "by a clergyman of his own persuasion?"

"He is attended," answered the Priest, while his brow flushed with anger, "by one who has incurred the awful guilt of assuming a name and office to which he has no claim. I hardly expected to hear a member of our Holy Church thus degrade her to an equality with the miserable outcasts from her pale."

"We have ere now discussed this subject," replied Sir Eustace, quietly but almost sternly. "I believe that none are outcasts from God's favour who obey his laws, but that, in every Church, those who do justly and love mercy are accepted of him."

The Count, as Sir Eustace spoke, fixed his eyes upon him with a peculiarly sinister expression; but, on seeing he was observed, withdrew them, and left the room.

On the day after their departure, a light was burning at an unusually

late or rather early hour in a small turret of the Castle. Mr Mowbray was there, and the Conté di Romilli, but their mutual relation appeared changed. An air of haughty authority marked the deportment of the Count, whilst, with the most deferential submission, Mr Mowbray awaited his commands.

"Your plans appear, on the whole, likely to prosper, brother," said the Count; "but Miss Mowbray's character is one that places almost insurmountable difficulties in your way. I never saw greater strength and independence of spirit in one so young, and that indomitable self-will. But the church will find means of breaking that. She must take the veil, and that ere long, but not at St Cloud. We allowed her to remain there far too long: its discipline is too mild for such a one."

"Yet, father," replied Mr Mowbray, in a tone of deference, "had her affections been less worked upon, and her convent-life less happy, the moment she escaped from it the rebound would have been so great, she would long ere now have been beyond our power."

"You are right," said the Count, abruptly. "By what means," he continued, after a short pause, "do you mean to preserve your influence over her?"

"Her obedience to the church. Her conscience is morbidly sensitive, and from her earliest infancy I have showed her that self-will is the sin of her character peculiarly offensive to Heaven. This is the master-key to her whole nature; by means of it, I can retain her under our power."

"It will not long remain the master-key, however," said the Jesuit. "Let her affections once be engaged, and their force will bear down every obstacle. I must confess, brother, I do not understand your policy in suffering her to have unrestrained intercourse with that sceptic and his heretic mother. Let *him* once gain the mastery over her feelings, and our power will be but as dust in the balance."

"You forget, father," said Mr Mowbray, "the bar of consanguinity. They are first cousins. She is unaware, at present, of any influence on her feelings, and, if separated from her relations, I doubt not, would soon be broken into a passive contentment. But her people idolise her, and she is devoted to their interests, and every attempt to remove her from Carlinton would be utterly ruinous. The caged bird exhausts itself most quickly when it beats against the wires of its prison. A rejected suit will cause separation from her relations, the strength of her character will be crushed with its affections. She will then be passive and unresisting in our hands, and a journey to Italy, terminating in a convent of the Ursulines, would be a very easy matter."

"I am not sure of that," said the other; "she will not allow herself lightly to be separated from one such as he. Your plans will fail here, I fear, brother."

"No," returned Mr Mowbray. "You know not, father, the superstitious veneration of her mind. She never will marry against the commands of the Church, and a dispensation, you know, she will never obtain."

The Jesuit appeared satisfied.

"There is one point still," he said, after a short silence. "That doating old woman is still in attendance upon her. My advice has been neglected in this."

"It was impossible to prevent it. I acted as I thought best for the"

interests of the Church. The attachment between her and her nurse is so excessive, and her spirit is still so imperfectly broken, that to contend this point would I am sure only have increased our difficulties."

"Ah! it is well," said the other; "but as soon as possible try to accomplish this. Much may pass of which we cannot have cognisance except by the attendance of a trusty person. And now with regard to our subordinate plan. I do not think Miss Fitzgerald will soon forget me; but you will have many opportunities of ascertaining this, and must give me warning. Meanwhile the fears of her mother and Sir Eustace will be lulled by my disappearance. Now," he continued, "my work here for the present is done. Be faithful, brother, be vigilant, and your reward is secure."

The subordinate bowed obedience, and they separated.

On the afternoon of the following day, the Count left Carlington. He was urged by Mr Mowbray to return when he had completed his tour, and Dora could not help seconding the invitation. It was declined by the Count, who said that he must be in town by a certain day, on his way to the Continent, and that the attractions of their society had detained him too long already.

He went, and Carlington Castle was left once more to its dreary loneliness. To Dora, it was now more than ever dreary. Before, it had been but a loneliness of feeling, but now it was a loneliness of heart. She felt it chiefly when with others; alone, she was not solitary, for then she could hold communion with the spirit that was ever present with her. Her brief sojourn at Ballyrowan had awakened feelings that were never to be destroyed, and an image was ever near her in her lonely hours, that seemed to surround her with a guardian angel's care.

CHAP. X.

Her gloomy life was often broken by visits from Lady Fitzgerald and Cecilia, generally accompanied by Sir Eustace; but during the summer she was not again at Ballyrowan, for, as often as it was proposed, some engagement was recalled or obstacle presented by the priest, which defeated the intention almost as soon as formed. Dora could not but feel that Sir Eustace loved her, though, as yet, it was an intuitive consciousness only, for their intercourse was such a mental companionship as might have existed between a father and daughter. She felt she was perpetually the subject of his observation. Her character, her actions, her very looks, were studied by him with a scrutiny that was often almost severe. She never heard those flattering words from him to which she was accustomed from others, but he seemed jealous of every fault, displeased by every imperfection; yet she shrank not from this scrutiny, for there was such repose in the knowledge of his deep interest, such gentle kindness in his manner, even when most severe, that the awe with which she regarded him gave an additional zest to her confidence.

One evening she felt unusually sad as she sat alone in the library, and, after indulging for some time in a train of musings, she rose to seek a book Sir Eustace had advised her to read. As she opened the volume,

a paper fluttered out. She picked it up, and read the following lines :—

The gayest of the gay is she,
With light and buoyant mind
Yet gaiety is half confined,
By calm reflection, like a sea
Which sleeps behind.

Just look at the foam-crested wave,
Its dimpled cheek and rainbow hair,
Light turning to the summer air,
While stilly rests in coral cove
Its bosom fair.

Or turn you to the birchen bough,
Coquetting with the torrent's spray,
While round the rock so rough and grey,
In close embrace its tendrils grow,
As if for aye.

The lines were carelessly written in pencil, and without any signature, but a date was affixed, that of the morning after her birth-day fete. As she was about to replace the paper, her eye caught a partially effaced address on the other side—"To Sir Eustace F——". In a moment the conviction of the truth flashed upon her mind. She was the subject of these lines. Thus early then in their intercourse had he felt interest in her. She resumed her place in the window, and laid the open volume before her; but the sun had set, and the pale beams of the early moon were streaming into the room ere she awoke to the consciousness that she had not read one line. Happy visions had been floating before her mind. She no longer felt alone and desolate. Consciousness of protection, that there was some one in the world to care for her, gave her spirit the feeling of a home.

THACKERAY AND HIS WORKS.

MR THACKERAY has now finished his second great work, and we have laid it down, on the whole, with a feeling of pleasure. "Pendennis" is at once better, and not so good, as "Vanity Fair"—healthier and kindlier in its tone, but neither so clever nor so interesting. We do not, however, use the words clever and interesting in their best sense; for in "Pendennis" there is no vicious Becky to lure the weak into admiration of the flaring portrait, because of the skill expended in its execution; and the story is also wanting in continuous interest, more than once lagging, and becoming tiresome in the highest degree. But there is a greater absence of those flings at the world, and of a low estimate of human nature, shown both directly and indirectly, that are to be found in all the author's other works. We are glad to perceive this, and hope that, when Mr Thackeray shall have arrived at the full conviction that

mankind are not so bad, and do not stand so much in need of satire and sarcasm as he supposes—and that, even if so, their exercise is ineffectual as a cure, and is productive, at best, only of a little wicked diversion—he will be able to do them more real good, and to impart higher and greater enjoyment, great as that has been, than he has ever yet done. Besides, it is evident that, when vices and follies are thus attacked, every one makes the application to his neighbour, and not to himself. The strange and hidden process by which these have attained to such mastery over the many, is seldom thus to be unveiled and reversed; and it is just where they have obtained the greatest mastery, and the mind has become most blinded, that there is the keenest appetite for ridicule, and that men betray their own defects, by accusing others of them. It is precisely those whose character the most nearly resembles the picture drawn, who are the readiest to repudiate the likeness; while the pure, and the true, and the gentle, “go to their heart, and knock there,” lest haply they may find something “like unto their brother’s fault.” Now, we would venture to hint that, skillful as Mr Thackeray is in the use of ridicule, he is not quite a master in the art. He lays bare and brandishes his weapon a little too much; he would sometimes seem as if he were fighting with the air, and slaying, not the slain, but what never had an existence. Were he to conceal his weapon more, and, after having lulled our suspicions and averted our eyes, then aim at us with one of his sure and sudden side-thrusts, he would be more likely to convince us that we are the men who have done the things of which he speaks, and the zest of his scenes would thereby be heightened instead of lowered. There is much in his “laughter” which is “translatable into grave and weighty truth,” as Coleridge says of Erasmus; but there is much, also, that is strained and unnatural, and, consequently, either overleaps or falls short of the mark.

We have again and again asked ourselves what is the great charm of Mr Thackeray’s writings, and we find it to consist in this, that he can tell, better than anybody else, what it is that people do, and think, and speak about, in the ordinary, and sometimes in the extraordinary, circumstances of life. His description, for instance, of the preparations at Clavering Park for the arrival of the family—how Captain Glanders knew what was in every package, and the French cook fumed because there was not a carriage to convey him from the lodge to the house, to save his polished boots, and of the principal personages taking possession of the family pew, and their appearance and conduct therein; and then of the only too easily understood distiller of “mes larmes,” especially of her exploits at the cottage near Tunbridge, teaching a Sunday school, that she might be vaunted by good simple Smirke, now turned Puseyite, and dating his letters on saints’ days; and to go back to dear old Dobbin, the account of his cheerless life in India, and Miss Glorvina O’Dowd’s attacks on him; how “she bared her shoulders at him,” and “sung at him,” asking him to “come to the bower,” while he remained “in a state of the most odious tranquillity;” and how, on board ship, he began to recover from the instant he heard that Emily was not married, and the ship’s surgeon ascribed it to a new draught he had given him; and the sort of talk that is to be heard among Indians when they meet in England; and how ladies retire to the drawing-room to speak of their

children and their complaints; all this—and much more we could give with pleasure, had we not already said more than enough—Mr Thackeray touches off with a master-hand, and as if at a heat, frequently adding another and another touch, when the portrait seems to us already perfect. Not that there are not passages of higher and deeper interest in the author's works, but there is a volubility and finish about his mere descriptions which tell plainly this is his *forte*.

We do not think, however, that Mr Thackeray is so happy when he makes his characters speak for themselves, nor do they always speak like themselves. There is frequently in his dialogue a want of nature, and ease, and keeping—a slight stiltiness and bustling air—which reminds us of people enacting a character instead of appearing in their own. He sometimes makes noblemen and baronets bully and bluster like butchers, and not like coarse men of their own rank; the sudden rudeness of the younger Sir Pitt Crawley to his wife's mother is quite inconsistent with his character; and the gentle Amelia doubling her fists at Dobbin, when he would persuade her not to admit the vicious Becky into her house; making a drudge of him, tapping him with her parasol, and making him fetch and carry; how does this accord with her former meekness, so well described, her struggles with poverty, why she puts away the temptation to marry the curate, her son's indifference in leaving her, and how, when all things seemed against her, "she strove to think it right she should be so punished, she was such a miserable, wicked sinner"—all showing how everything comes together to crush the crushed? A character like Amelia's could never have so changed.

Then how well Mr Thackeray can describe the inimitable ease and grace of a perfect lady, such as Mrs Pendennis, and yet how some tried to imitate it, while others envied and underrated it; but, when told that Smirke had dared to raise his eyes to her, she receives it in a flaunting, waiting-maid style, and without the dignity, a proper sense of which is no small ingredient in producing grace of manner, and is, indeed, the grand test on all occasions rising above the ordinary. Her conduct, too, on arriving in town to attend her sick son, flouncing past the poor girl Fanny Bolton, and despatching her in so unfeeling a manner, is a scene especially distasteful to us. No woman such as Mrs Pendennis is represented would have so acted towards one who had even been *proved* to be among the most vile and worthless of her sex. Not that she was not weak enough to be unjust; for we are told she would have burnt down the house if desired by that son, whose genius she held to combine the beauties of Shakspeare, Byron, and Sir Walter Scott; but that is not the direction her weakness would have taken at such a time.

Contradictions such as these abound in Mr Thackeray's works, but we are disposed to attribute them to haste, abundant marks of which are to be found in anachronisms, confusion of names, and in such slips as making a man like Major Pendennis, frequenting clubs, and visiting with marquises and men of fashion, not know what it was to be plucked! There are some of the scenes, however, in "Pendennis" written with care, and the dialogue of which forms exceptions to what we have said above, such as Laura's refusal of Pen, his conversations with Warring-

ton and with Laura herself, towards the end of the book, all well sustained throughout.

To artistic skill in the framing of a story, Mr Thackeray makes not the slightest pretensions, and he could also evidently go "on and on nowhither" for ever. He calls up before you his men and women as if with a magic wand, and, by a touch of the same, they disappear again. You feel that many of the pictures are perfect as far as they go, but that the outline is too visible: There is a want of depth and shading; the eye takes in the whole at once, and is satisfied with seeing. The author has never presented to us one of those high characters approaching the ideal, and that we yet feel to be of like passions with ourselves, whose silence expresses even more than their speech, in whose slightest shadow there is a substance from the Eternal, who strengthen our belief in immortality, while they create in us ever more and more a longing after it, and in whose presence we stand mentally uncovered. With such a voice as this, deep and penetrating, Mr Thackeray can speak to us from *himself*, but he cannot make his characters do so; and even his own reflections he frequently spoils by an untimely mixture of the burlesque. He asks us to fancy an old reprobate brought into the middle aisle of a church, and made a text of, and turned to a good use for once in his life, how surprised he himself would be to find that some good thoughts came out of him! but had the author himself given us such a scene, he would, very possibly, have made the picture repulsive, or spoilt the whole in the finishing touch, as he did in the case of that odious Miss Crawley, by saying—"Picture to yourself, oh, fair young reader! a worldly, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing in pain and fear, *and without her wig!*" Picture her to yourself, and, ere you be old, learn to love and pray!" We venture to say that none ever learned to love and pray by such an address, whatever they might have been by the sight. If nothing worse, it is a specimen of Mr Thackeray's bad taste and want of attention to times and seasons. He often treats us to reflections that we marvel how they got there, unless it be to show his own low estimate of human nature. On the death of old Pendennis, he says—"Let a man pray that none of his womankind should form a just estimate of him. If your wife knew you as you are, neighbour, she would not grieve much about being your widow, and would let your grave-lamp go out very soon, or, perhaps, not even take the trouble to light it." Now, as old Pendennis is described, he is just the sort of man whose character could bear an unusually close scrutiny, so that we have here not only a sour and unjust, but also an ill-applied snarl at mankind.

It seems to us not to be Mr Thackeray's gift either to generalise or to individualise, but to present us with descriptive portraiture. He arrests us, and pours out his wisdom to us in snatches, but these unconnected with, and not always naturally arising from, the subject in hand. He can describe excellently the little arts of little souls, the weaknesses of weak women, our ignorance of our own motives of action, and how astonished we shall be when they are one day traced to their source; the correct opinions our dependants form of us; infallibly so, as it appears to us, for we have always found them better judges of the conduct and even manners of their superiors than these are of each other's, and

have often marvelled at the felicitous language they make use of as the vehicle of their opinions; and then Pen's exploits with the actress, especially his letter to the Major, telling that a love like his was "contracted once and for ever," that "at any age she must be the sole object of his love;" his blindness to her glaring defects, his bestowing good qualities on her, as men will do where they are scant, and high ones where they are medium; and the reasons why Laura loved Pen, the influence of outward circumstances in bringing about such things, that doctrine so odious to ardent lovers, who swear much about "roaming the whole world over," "no one else having the power," and so forth. In such a vein as this, requiring a quick eye and keen observation, Mr Thackeray is sure to excel; but when he gives us his reasons, which he favours us with his opinions of mankind in the aggregate and in the abstract, we find a strange discrepancy, and that, as has often been remarked of a woman's reasons, the less said about them the better. He vilifies men, and makes them his best characters. He lauds women, and makes them his worst. Dobbin and Warrington have all the fine qualities he ascribes to women—unselfishness, constancy, and long-suffering patience; Becky is the very incarnation of all the bad qualities he ascribes to men. How applicable to her might be made the formerly noticed address thus, "If your husband knew you as you are, Becky," and all about letting the grave-lamp go out on not lighting it.

In writing, as in conversation, those whose quick observation is duly tempered with the saving fruits of experience will avoid the rash judgments Mr Thackeray often pronounces, such as when he says, "Women are unselfish, but not men." We have no wish to take from the merit of women in this respect, for it is very great; but their whole sphere, their round of duties, their vocation of endurance, is such as to call forth the exercise of this virtue; while, on the other hand, men are endowed with a power we often marvel they use so gently; and if it be common to see women meekly bending under a power they dream not either of questioning or resisting, it is not uncommon to see virtuous and single-minded men tyrannised over by selfish women, and daily suffering from their petty jealousies and caprices. We may classify men and women, and even nations, but not after a fashion like this; we cannot say, here is a field of wheat, and here of tares, for we know that both grow together; and when the great day of reaping shall have arrived, there shall be gathered from every corner of the field of the finest of the wheat.

Mr Thackeray's classification of women, also, is equally distinct and sweeping. He divides them all into the wicked and the weak. The weak and unselfish (do they always go together?), and the wicked and the clever. Of the latter, Becky is the grand specimen—stands, indeed, alone; for Mr Thackeray has lavished all his powers on her, adding one master-stroke after another. Of the former, all are but strengthened or diluted Amelias. It would seem, in his creed, as if no woman could possess beyond the most ordinary intellect, without using it for evil. The character of Laura may be called the single exception to this; but she is not superior to many girls we see around us; and there is nothing to hinder her from ending in spoiling first her husband, and then her children, which would seem to be Mr Thackeray's notion of perfection in a

woman. If he thinks otherwise, he lacks the will or the power to depict one. Of power in woman, as shown by adroitness and cunning, he knows much; but, of their moral power, elevating, and softening, and leavening the dry lump of this world's cares and duties, he knows nothing. Of a high-souled woman, one who can unite firmness with kindness, who has just as much masculine strength of mind as to preserve a certain independence of feeling, so much needed, even in the happiest lot, and to prevent her feminine delicacy from degenerating into weakness; one who can counsel as well as love her husband, weaning him from weaknesses, and urging him on to needful exertion; one of whom a late celebrated statesman, after a union of eight years, could write thus: "She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost." Of such a one does Mr Thackeray believe in the existence? If Mrs Shandon, she whose husband "ruined his family with the utmost sweetness of temper," had known that there is something else demanded of a woman than to sit silently worshipping her husband, she might never have been called on to share his prison, an act of devotion which the noblest women have performed, when needful, as often, nay, oftener, than the weakest. Had Pen's mother early taught him both self-respect and respect for others, he would sooner have arrived at the state of experience in which we leave him, and which many young men, by judicious training—for we suspect these things can be more readily accounted for than is generally supposed—may be said to attain almost before their outset in life. And poor Warrington, too, doubtless also spoiled by a tender mother, must jump at once to his sad experience, by a ruinous marriage! But men must first be ruined in this way by indulgence, and then they indulge themselves by ruining the peace of the poor women in return. The dear creatures, gentle, tender, constant, enduring, indulging, forgiving, must sit at home in unrepining silence, while their husbands, brothers, and sons, roam abroad, living in such a whirl and mystery of iniquity, that, were it known, not a tear should be shed for them, not a grave-lamp lit, nay, their very name extirpated from the earth. This, condensed into a few words, and stripped of all flourish and shading, would seem to be Mr Thackeray's theory; a theory to which he is far from adhering, but a most comfortable one for women. It has been scandalously alleged by others besides Mahometans, that there will be no women in heaven; but Mr Thackeray has reversed the matter, and made it all women and no men!

Mr Thackeray's women, too, all either spoil or neglect their children. He propounds no theory on the subject, but it must be admitted that, perhaps without intending it, he carries out his own notions of a tender mother to its legitimate conclusion. For everybody knows that the next best thing a mother can do, after bringing up her children well, is to neglect them altogether. Accordingly, we have the little

idolised George Osborne turning out a vain, selfish, conceited, rude boy; and the poor neglected Rawdon Crawley, whose mother's few and flaring visits to him in his nursery, and quiet walks with his poor father, are so well described, a gentle-spirited, amiable youth.

Women, indeed, are little indebted to Mr Thackeray for his estimate of their character, and for the influence, ~~on~~ rather want of influence, he assigns them. He praises them and smoothes them over with fine words, then takes his pencil in his hand, and, when we look for a likeness, we find every feature reversed, save one, and that, originally a beauty, exaggerated into a defect. The sex stands in need of no championship of ours, for they have already assumed a place in society higher than which it were not expedient they should rise; but if there were no finer characters among them than those depicted by Mr Thackeray, it would be little matter although they were still to sit below the salt, or stand behind their husband's chair.

It is not alone in his opinions of women that these contradictions are found, for there are traces of want of concentration, and harmony, and keeping, in the whole of Mr Thackeray's works, at least wherever he departs from his own province of amusing description. Not that this careless air is without its charm, for he scatters his good things before us in the most delightfully negligent manner, and often in strange by-paths, so that the unwary treader is in danger of passing over them. He writes like a very young man, like one who is halting between two opinions; and it is because we wish to incite him to better things than he has ever yet given us, and of which we are sure he is capable, that we have dwelt so long on these defects. It would be difficult to tell, from his own account, what his opinions of mankind are. He has evidently a strong tendency to view them with prejudice, besides having a quick eye for defects and absurdities, which may account for many of these contradictions. He depicts good feelings so as to make them border on the ridiculous, the weak, or the pernicious, in their excess.

The character of Warrington, the best ever drawn by Mr Thackeray, we mean the highest and most attractive, is free from these excesses, unless perhaps it may be called an unworthy weakness, some may think not altogether an unpardonable one, his lingering after Laura, his yielding to the temptation of accompanying her abroad, not without fault or danger either, even so far as she was concerned, instead of nobly enduring to the end, and manfully sustaining his sad and wounded spirit under the fate which, in a rash and unguarded moment, he had chosen for himself. Laura, too, is a fine girl, on the whole; but we must see her, or some one like her, expanded into the wider, and more trying and responsible sphere of a wife and a mother, before we can free Mr Thackeray from the charge we have brought against him.

There is another class who are little indebted to Mr Thackeray for his estimate of their character, and that is the aristocracy. We can only say that, if he is read, and admired, and caressed by them, they may well arrogate to themselves the fulfilment of one of the most difficult precepts of Christianity, that of returning good for evil; and it is to us, moreover, a sure and signal proof that the cap does not fit. We hold that, taking into account their strong temptations to idleness and

luxury, and selfishness, they have no more of such sins to account for than may be found among those in lower rank, and that there are among them many who are models of the most exalted virtues, and whose nobility is not in name alone. But Mr Thackeray would seem to tell us very plainly, that if among those in a more ordinary rank of life there are few that are good, in the higher, there are positively none, only a few negatively. We do not recollect a single instance to the contrary, of this, unless it be Lady Rosherville, a good sort of a woman, in spite of her small consequential airs, and her open, but on that account more innocent, scheming to get Laura married. The division is not here into the wicked and the weak, for we have vulgarity added to wickedness, as in the cases of Sir Pitt Crawley and the Marquis of Steyne, who are brutal besides, and also of such as Lady Kicklebury (we beg pardon for so unceremoniously identifying Mr Thackeray with Mr Titmarsh). When Mr Thackeray attempts to depict the manners and general tone of high society, he makes the most signal failure—a failure akin to that which may be seen every day made by those who affect the manners, without being able to catch the tone, of good society. Looking only on the surface, which presents an inimitable air of ease and absence of restraint, they conclude that there are no other ingredients necessary for the production of the desired end, which they therefore mistake for the means; hence all sorts of rudeness, and mistakes, and offences! Just so Mr Thackeray's people of rank have an uneasy air about them, as if they had to maintain a disputed position, and were all *parvenus* together. All around them is heart-sickening surface work, and they have not a thought or a sympathy beyond self; they are, most of them wicked, and all more or less bustling and vulgar, except such meek and unoffending spirits as Lady Jane Crawley, who are kept altogether in the back-ground. Mr Thackeray, as we said before, can *speak about* ease and grace; he can describe a Lady Knightsbridge, who asked you how you were with a peculiar charm; who could never grow old, and would be handsome at any age; but he touches on her lightly, and soon dismisses her, while he revels in the description of a Lady Kicklebury, selfish and heartless; a small, great woman running after greater; mistaking tailors for gentlemen; deceiving and quarrelling with her family, and frequenting gaming tables.

Mr Thackeray's professors of religion are all either hypocrites or Quietists. In the character of Lady Southdown, we have all the usual sneers and devices for turning the thing into ridicule; in that of Mrs Pendennis, we have a weak amiable woman made not a whit less weak by the principle which was said to actuate her life; and this we cannot but regard as a contradiction; for the true spirit of Christianity must ever be an active principle, and, if it does not impart wisdom to the simple and strength to the weak, it is worse than nothing. If to sit wrapt in contemplation, in a true Madame de Guyon fashion, to love and to pray, could make her a saint, as she was called, then Mrs Pendennis was one. But we cannot conceive of love as a negative principle; for, according to our creed, there must be more or less of a martyr-spirit to constitute a fitness for saintship; and this spirit must sometimes be called forth by administering rebukes to those we love. She could leave a Bible in Warrington's apartments where she found none, and impart a charm to

his existence after she was gone, in a manner so charmingly described; but she could not train up her child in the way he should go; she could not deny herself, where he was concerned; and, when we praise the one and blame the other, we can only say, "These things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." It was not until after her pure and gentle burthened spirit had suddenly sunk under a load of maternal fears and anxieties, which a timely and active exercise of the highest, though hardest to be understood, Christian principle might have enabled her to do what human power can do to avert, that her son at length became fully conscious that an angel had been ministering to him, and he knew it not. It is to the faulty *delineation* of the character, as it seems to us, and to illustrate our assertion that the author's female characters either fail in the hour of action or act in a wrong direction, we apply these remarks; not to the character itself, which has much in it that is exceeding lovely in our eyes.

Mr Thackeray's powers of satire were never more happily exercised, than in the character of Blanche Amory, which is excellent throughout, and scarcely, we fear, exaggerated, at least only allowably so. In this light vein of comic satire, he can scarcely be said to have a superior. When he would be more serious, however, he is not so happy; for he sometimes assumes a sort of mock air—half-serious, half-comic—as if he were *preaching* satire and ridicule, covering the whole, moreover, with an air of ambiguity, which has given rise to frequent disputes as to whether this or that passage be in jest or earnest. Now there must be something wrong here; for, throughout all writing of this description, there must run such an evident, though concealed vein of pleasantry or bitterness, that a clever child may detect it; indeed, there is no species of composition in which perfect harmony is more demanded. Who ever thought of inquiring whether Charles Lamb or Jean Paul, those most exquisite of humorists, were in jest or earnest? Did ever any one suppose that Charles Lamb was serious when he wrote to his excellent friend, bringing forward all sorts of arguments to persuade him against committing a heinous crime? Or, again, in his incomparable letter to "Dear B. B.?" Who could misunderstand the design of Archbishop Whately's admirable pamphlet, "Historical doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte." De Foe's celebrated satire, called "The shortest way with the Dissenters," which was written with such skill that High Churchmen as well as Dissenters claimed him as their own; also those of Swift, which are reputed to have met with the same reception, may be said to form exceptions to the rule we have laid down; but at that time men's minds were so blinded by bigotry and intolerance, that they were ready to believe as well as to do anything in the way of extravagance and persecution. Were such publications to appear in the present day, we venture to say, they would give rise to no lengthened dispute as to their real meaning.

Much praise has been given to Mr Thackeray for his style of writing, as to which it is scarcely possible to say too much. He has the most perfect grasp of pure Saxon English; he is vigorous and clear, and always uses the best word for his meaning. He might avoid the use of Cockneyisms, except from the mouths of Cockneys; and we dislike his slang, and all slang. His transposition of the names of the two universities into Camford and Oxbridge is very poor; his description of Pen's life at the

latter may afford amusement to many, although the subject is a trite one—and Pen himself is what the author calls him, no hero, but not a bad young man, going through what hundreds of others have done, who have turned out worthy enough characters in the end.

Under the name of Titmarsh, Mr Thackeray has given us a series of Christmas tales; to which, even as trifles, and pretending to nothing more, we cannot accord much praise. Perhaps the best is “Mrs Perkin’s Ball;” but we are quite sure the worst is that of last year, called “Rebecca and Rowena, a romance upon romance,” and we often wonder that no critic has thought it worth his while to notice such a glaring outrage on good taste and good feeling. We should almost as soon have thought of violating the urn, and scattering the ashes of the mighty departed, as of touching even with a light hand one of the finest efforts of his genus, the most gorgeous fiction of modern times. But this Mr Titmarsh has done in a manner sufficient, according to the Eastern phrase, to make the illustrious dead “turn round in his grave.” It is a bad jest, filled with worse jests, some of them so shocking, sporting with the awful extremities to which garrisons have been reduced in times of siege, that we turn away our eyes in silent disgust. We have often heard it brought as a serious objection against “Ivanhoe,” that it should have ended as it does; but we entirely dissent from this. It was meet that poetical justice, being a poetical fiction, should go out with the other errors of the old school of romance. Scott saw that there was no poetical justice in real life, from which it was his great honour and glory to draw, and hence the sad ending of many of his fictions. Mr Titmarsh’s last two Christmas works have an unhealthy tone about them, and are as unsuitable as possible for a season that is meant to combine amusement with sound wholesome reflection. In turning over the leaves of the former, we have fallen on a passage well fitted to illustrate what we have said of the author’s strange mock seriousness. It is of a quite unhealthy and Byronish cast; about gardens being “dismal and weedy”—that look “fresh and green from a distance;” bowers that are “cushioned with stinging nettles;” and the “rickety huts, and mangy dogs, and ragged beggars,” of the city of the Soldan of Turkey, which, seen from the waters of the Bosphorus, seemed “a very Paradise of Mahound.” This fine flight he concludes thus—“Life is such. Ah, well-a-day! it is only hope which is real, and reality is a bitterness and a deceit.” We thought we had had enough of this “mewling” and “puling,” and that men, even of ordinary capacity, had discovered that, if life is such, it is themselves have made it so. But is the whole passage perhaps a jest? It is not such stuff as jests are made of.

Much is often said about writing merely to amuse, but we cannot well see how this is possible, for some sort of narrative must be carried on, and instruction good or bad more or less directly conveyed; and, if we would instruct, we must be careful to provide good instruction. The appetite for light reading alone has been so abundantly fed of late years, that we trust it is at length nearly satisfied, and that the question, to what profit? will begin to be more and more heard. True, we require relaxation from the cares and duties of life, but we also, and much more, require elevation. It is one thing to laugh at the faults and follies of our neighbours, and quite another to correct our own; and all reading,

the lightest fiction included, must have a correcting and elevating tendency, else it were better for the author that it had never been written. We would the more insist on this point, because we fear the responsibility is not sufficiently felt by authors, and that what will *take* too often fills up the measure of their anxiety. They not unfrequently, too, cry you mercy, by saying they have only written to amuse their leisure hours, or some such thing. Now the question is, not what were our motives in writing, but what and how have we written? And, it is in this way that authors must be content to be judged.

We conclude as we began, by expressing our satisfaction at the improved tone visible throughout Mr Thackeray's last work. It contains, no doubt, all his usual defects as well as excellencies, but the spirit of the whole is subdued and mellowed. He would seem to us to have got into a sort of transition state, and hence we have here less of the buoyancy, and raciness, and strange and almost boyish daring and recklessness, which sometimes astonished, sometimes delighted, and sometimes almost startled us, in "Vanity Fair." His new garb does not sit so easy on him, but it is more human. His growls at mankind are becoming somewhat fainter; and we trust that ere long they will die away in the distance. He does not tell us now so plainly that there is scarcely any faith to be placed in man; or that "if the best and kindest of us could revisit the earth, what a pang of mortification to find how soon our survivors are consoled;" for we believe that the great majority of mankind are not only duly appreciated when here, but "the best and kindest" of them are longer and more deeply mourned for than they themselves would desire, and frequently to the great hurt of the survivors. Nor does he tell us that it is "only a question of money and fortune" that makes the difference between honesty and dishonesty, and that "if you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbour?" For we trust things are not come to this. We are least of all disposed to deny the great influence of outward circumstances on the mind of man, and believe that the purest are often deeply and painfully sensible of how small a thing it is, as they think, that makes them to differ from the wicked. But still they do differ, and the difference is world wide. We have less, we say, of such bitter wailings, and we hail it as an earnest of good things to come. But we have no recantation of the creed; on the contrary, a strong clinging to it still. Mr Thackeray would seem at times to have a thorough faith in what is pure and noble; but it would be impossible to deny that the tendency of his works is not to elevate man or to inspire him with high aims; there are long pages in which he feeds us with nothing but the dreariest moor pasture, diversified only with stones and thistles; he takes away the props wherein we trusted, and gives us none other; he would sometimes seem to believe in nothing but weakness and selfishness, and that every man has his price; and, while we admire the fearless hand with which he exposes hypocrisy, and convention, and heartlessness, we are saddened and sickened by the painful impression he leaves on us; that, on every face and on every heart, there is a mask to be torn away. There are passages of the rarest beauty and the finest feeling, and our hearts expand towards the author; but we turn the leaf, and the revulsion is too much for us. He can describe as if from the heart's

core what it is to go through the furnace of affliction, but we look in vain for the purification, for the "sweet uses." Those contradictions would indicate that there is some strange spell on the author which causes him so to mingle and sometimes to poison his best gifts; but we think we can discover that, underneath this strange and motley surface, there is a heart warm, and true, and tender as a little child's. Let him burst asunder the false bonds that bind him; let him have faith in himself and faith in humanity, and he may yet become an improving and elevating writer.

Mr Thackeray, as has been said in a former Number,* has powers of perception of a high order, but they deal for the most part with the surface of things. To his deficiency in the imaginative power, we must attribute the frequent want of keeping and harmony we have noticed, as well as the loose manner in which his narrative is arranged. He is, nevertheless, a great writer and a great artist. He arrests our attention and enchains us in a manner that makes us almost pardon him for his defects. If, in the drawing of his pictures, there is here a stroke awanting and there an exaggerated feature, the draperies are so well arranged, and the colouring so perfect, that the voice of the mere outward observer pronounces them complete. More intense study, and more entire faith, might yet go far to obliterate these defects, and then our hopes and our prophesying shall not want their fulfilment.

MILTON AT ROME.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MILTON.

GALILEO.

CARDINAL BARBERINI, *a mild Churchman.*

LUCAS HOLSTENIUS, *Keeper of the Vatican Library.*

SIGNORE VALDES, *a liberal Roman.*

ANGELINA, *a young Roman lady.*

Officer of the Inquisition.

SCENE—Rome.

MILTON and SIGNORE VALDES.

"The poet was with difficulty restrained from testifying against
"popery within the verge of the Vatican."—*Life of Milton.*

VALDES.

Signoré, hush! remember you're in Rome,
Where ev'ry stone has ears, and whispers low
Each word heretical in that dread conclave,
Where Terror thrones the despots of the will,

* No. III. Article, "Curren Bell."

Stern arbiters of thought—spiritual tyrants,
 Wringing from nature vanquish'd on the rack
 Th' abjuring lie, or forcing on the brow
 Of victor-martyr the ensanguined crow:
 Therefore, unless you bear a life that's charm'd,
 Keep lock'd within your bosom themes like these,
 Till you return to Britain, where they're current;
 Then give them forth where ev'ry voice acclaims,
 And ev'ry echo swells the freeman's shout!—
 At Rome, as bids the adage, do like Rome.

MILTON.

Complete in heaven's own panoply, my friend,
 I, dauntless, walk the world, my birthright banner
 Inscribed to freedom, waving in the breeze
 Of ev'ry clime, with human spirit fraught.
 All undismay'd beneath my Leader, God—
 The Truth itself—all falsehood I defy,
 And hold my course through good report and evil.
 Think not I come beneath the cowardly mask
 Of silence, to survey your slavish land,
 Dishonouring thus a Briton's proudest boast—
 The freedom of opinion. Mine I'll give
 Free as the air I breathe. I'll sympathise
 With ev'ry sentiment by truth imprest,
 In whosoever bosom it has birth,
 In whatsoever language 'tis divulged.

VALDES.

Enough, there is no reas'ning with a Briton,
 For he will have his way, although it leads
 Him thus uncall'd, to tempt destruction's gulph!
 Now, say, what sight in the Eternal City
 First claims regard: the Church's sovereign Pontiff
 The wide world's wonder, Peter's shrine sublime?
 Or vaunted Vatican, with trophied halls,
 Where Genius glories in her gifted sons?

MILTON.

Your Antichrist upon his seven-hill'd throne,
 In his prefigured persecuting purple,
 And drunk with blood of saints, would be a sight
 To fill my soul with loathing. I have stood
 Already 'neath the earth's unvalled dome,
 Whose dread sublimity compels the spirit
 To prostrate worship of creation's God,
 Who vested mortals with the power to rear
 Such wondrous structure, though polluted more
 Than Zion's was of old, when, from its courts,
 Messiah drove the traffickers, who made

His Father's house of prayer a den of thieves.
 The Vatican, like most devoted pilgrim,
 I long to see. But there's a sight in Rome,
 Above all others, that has charms for me—
 A sight, not on her breast, but in her bowels!
 There is a lonely but illustrious man,
 Expell'd from court, and excommunicate
 By Christless church and priests—a wondrous sage,
 Who, though from day debarr'd, needs not the glare
 Of popish tapers' glimmer. His great soul
 Dwells ever in the sun's inherent blaze,
 And, 'neath the gloom of his dark, dreary vault,
 He, Joshua-like, beholds it standing still,
 While all the tuneful and attendant planets
 Circle his throne. The shrine I most desire
 Is Galileo's dungeon. Lead me there!

VALDES.

Signoré, I've nor power nor wish to serve you
 In this most mad design: but if 'tis granted,
 One word to strengthen Galileo's system,
 Instead of one to urge his recantation,
 And you are doom'd! Farewell! His prison-doors,
 And those of mercy, close on you for ever.

MILTON.

Then, let them close! Shame to the Briton born
 That would demur to visit, in affliction,
 A martyr for the truth, and, heart to heart,
 Embrace him in his dungeon or his flame.
 And if the sage's cell must be my tomb,
 A glorious mausoleum it will prove,
 And Britain canonise her martyr'd bard,
 Who dared t'avouch, in face of tyrant Rome,
 The charter'd freedom of his native land.
 But I would not repay your courtesy
 By placing you in danger. I bring letters
 For your librarian, Lucas Holstenius;
 I'm now proceeding to the Vatican,
 And hope, through him, to obtain the boon I seek.

VALDES.

I scarce may wish for your success, signoré.
 May Heav'n direct your daring soul aright,
 And grant you or deny, as seemeth best!

MILTON.

Amen, good Valdes; tenderly farewell!

SCENE—In the Vatican Library.

LUCAS HOLSTENIUS and MILTON.

"At Rome he staid, feasting both eyes and mind, delighted with the fine paintings and sculptures, as well as with the conversation of several eminent men, particularly Lucas Holstenius, keeper of the Vatican Library, who also presented him to Cardinal Barberini."
—*Life of Milton.*

MILTON.

Where'er my future pilgrimage may lead,
'Twill never lead me to forget Holstenius,
And all his kindness to the British stranger.
How few of young aspirants after knowledge
Can boast such favour as I've here enjoy'd!
You've oped to me a store more dear to student
Than Indian mine to miser. Treasured lore,
The mental wealth of ev'ry age and clime!
You've giv'n my eyes, through rapture's tears, to gaze
On canvass glowing with the witching charm
Of mortal forms 'neath ev'ry passion's sway;
And, chief, where the rapt Raphael gives again,
Veil'd in humanity, to walk on earth,
Him who in heav'n is one with Deity.
You've given your glorious gallery to disclose
Ethereal beings bursting from the quarry,
Free as the light, exulting in the life
Of sculpture's magic—overpowering beauty—
Promethean fable, seeming very truth!*
But there's a portraiture I've yet to see—
One standing not in proper light, like these,
To our admiring eyes, though most deserving—
A wondrous mortal, sent by Heav'n to teach
Mankind to read the solar page aright,
Whilst all his sun-illumined lore has earn'd
For him, is but the darkness of a dungeon.

HOLSTENIUS.

What! Galileo?

MILTON.

Yes—the same, Holstenius.

HOLSTENIUS.

Ah, that's a picture that is overshadowed!
But hush, my friend, if you would die in peace

* "The statuesque grace and beauty of some of Milton's poetical creations were probably suggested by his study of the works of art in Florence and Rome."—*Life of Milton.*

MILTON.

I care not how I die, if at my post
Of duty to my God and fellow-men!
And never will I leave tyrannic Rome,
While there's a ray of hope to guide my steps
To Galileo's cell.

Win me this boon—

Give to your courtesy its crowning charm,
And claim my heartfelt gratitude for ever.

HOLSTENIUS.

Were I to move
In such a cause as this, 'twould danger me,
And not advance your suit: but follow me,
And I'll present you to his Eminence,
The Cardinal Barberini, churchman mild,
Who, of all men in Rome, has most the power
To gain the fearful passport you desire.

MILTON.

This, good Holstenius—this surpasses all
The favour you have yet bestow'd on me.

HOLSTENIUS.

Come then, brave youth, through secret corridors
I'll lead you to the presence.

MILTON.

Lead on, my guide. I feel my bosom burn
Exalting in the prospect that a Briton
May have the power to testify at Rome
The cause of science, freedom, charity.

SCENE—A Hall in the Vatican.

CARDINAL BARBERINI and MILTON conversing as they walk to and fro

BARBERINI.

Poor Galileo! He has gazed so long
Upon the Sun, that Sol, in gazing back,
Has struck the gazer with *coup de soleil*,
And that has fired his brain; and now here comes
A moonstruck minstrel from the British isles,
As mad as he; and, therefore, 'tis no wonder
You wish to come into conjunction with him:
Like draws to like, and fools to folly run.

I wish wise Galileo, in his wisdom,
 Had left the sun to move or to stand still,
 As 'tis ordain'd, applying his philosophy
 To subjects less sublime than solar systems;
 And, what is more, I wish the Inquisition
 Had left Sol's gazer to gaze out his eyes,
 Instead of quenching them in dungeon damps
 Priest as I am, and Cardinal whatal,
 I can't conceive how Suns in race or rest,
 Affect the safety of our church or creed.
 I may not interfere with the decrees
 Of stern Inquisitors, but I can state
 To our most holy court, that there is come
 A raving madman from the bedlam Britain,
 To greet a brother-lunatic in Italy.
 But if your suit at my request is granted,
 And you rush rashly to the sage's cell,
 Like silly bird who sees her net is spread,
 And then be caught, the blame be all your own.

MILTON.

Thanks to your Eminence—the risk be mine,
 Lo it is written, "Is there not a cause?"—
 This is enough for me—the hazard scorning.

BARBERINI.

I shall not fail to urge your suit to-morrow,—
 And, as I find your soul delights in music,
 Come to our hall to-night, an honour'd guest,
 And let earth's humbler strains regale your ears,
 Before you list the music of the spheres.—
 Mad though you be, there's something in your face
 And daring spirit, that impels our grace.

MILTON.

Valé, Beneficent! Your favour'd guest,
 Will gladly listen, in its own bright clime,
 To music's spell, that holds his soul enthrall'd.

SCENE—The fields overlooking Rome.

"At this time, a little incident of romance occurred. He had lain down to repose during the heat of the day in the fields. A young lady of high rank was passing. She was greatly struck with the appearance of the slumberer, who seemed to her eye as one of the inhabitants of heaven, and she composed a few extempore verses on the occasion."—*Life of Milton.*

MILTON (*alone*).

Satiate with all the splendour man has given

To the Eterſnal City, glad I ſeek
 Relief again among the works of God.
 O, not to exile from the glowing Eaſt,
 Bright with eternaſ ſpring, more welcome comes
 His leſs luxuriant home; nor does the child,
 Tired of its lovelieſt toys, more fondly fall
 Back on its mother's breaſt, than I on Nature's.

[*Lies down.*]

Seen through theſe myrtle boughs ſo darkly green,
 O, how delicious ſwells the blue abyſs
 Of thoſe Italian ſkies.

Enchanting land !

When in my purpoſed ſong I would reſtore
 Loſt Paradise, I will remember thee,
 In all thy mirroſ'd beauty, and transfer
 Thy hues to grace the yet unblighted bowers.
 Would that the crowning boon of life were given
 To modern Romans, glorious as the ſky
 O'er their moſt favour'd clime—Freedom of ſoul !
 Without whoſe bliſs, fair Nature's faireſt form
 Wants the conſenting ſpirit for her charms.
 The hour is on the wing—the vengeance hour
 With fury fraught for the deceiving ſpirit
 Of papal Rome—that hour in Patmos ſeen
 In lightning's glory, the ſtrong Angel ſhoutiſg,
 Bab'lon the Great is fallen ! fallen !——
 The Myſ'try of Iniquity foretold
 Will ſtand reveal'd : the Mother of all harlots,
 The Man of Sin, with all his helliſh frauds,
 The brightneſs of God's Preſence will conſume ;—
 Meſſiah reigning, and His empire free.
 O'erpower'd with gazing on Rome's dazzliſg ſcenes
 And noon's exceſſive heat, here to repair
 My waſted powers againſt the banquet hall
 Of Barberini, I will ſteal an hour
 Within theſe ſhades for ſlumber. Never bard
 Was ſo curſed more divinely for his dream.

[*MILTON ſleeps. ANGELINA approaches, reading.*

*On ſeeiſg the ſlumberiſg poet, ſhe ſtands arreſted
 in admiration, and ſoſtly ſiſgs :*

Thou art not of mortal birth !
 Born in ſome enchanted bower,
 Shamiſg all the flowers of earth,
 Thou its ſweeteſt, faireſt flower :
 I may never ſee thee more,
 To thy haunted region flyiſg,
 But thy beauty will come o'er
 All my dreams till I am dyiſg.

[*Exit.*]

MILTON (*awaking from sleep*). •

The very air of this bright clime seems fraught
With heavenly music and angelic forms!
O, could I waking realise the dream
That seem'd to hover o'er my favor'd slumbers!
But we for this must wait till Heav'n reveals
• E'en brighter forms and more angelic strains.

SCENE—Hall in the Palace of CARDINAL BARBERINI.

An Assembly of Italian Nobility. •

“Cardinal Barberini gave an entertainment of music, and waiting for Milton at the door, led him in by the hand, and presented him to the assembly.”—*Life of Milton*.

CARDINAL BARBERINI leading in MILTON.

BARBERINI.

Most honour'd guests,—'Tis known in early times,
When first our pious Gregory beheld
Natives of Albion, slaves, for sale at Rome,
Even in their chains and pagan degradation,
He then pronounced the fair-haired race *angelic*.
I bring you one of their descendants (free
'Mong the freest by their own brave swords),
Deep in philosophy, and rich in lore;
And what in our assembly makes our guest
Most meet to grace our festival, the muse
Has consecrated him a chief in song.
And now look on him, ladies; your bright eyes
Shall be his jury, and I fearless ask
Approving verdict from impartial lips;
Look on our youthful stranger-guest, and say,
If Albion's sons are not angelic still?

The Ladies exclaim— • “

Yes, yes, and thus we verify our voice!

[*Garlands are thrown at MILTON's feet, who gathers them up.* •

MILTON.

Illustrious Dames, and lovely as illustrious—
Your eyes for ever the acknowledged stars
Of Beauty's heaven—Love in every clime
Confesses that his brightest court is held
For ever, O Italia! in thee.
But how may I requite the votive shower
Of fragrant loveliness, that thus has fallen

From your resplendent galaxy on one
 So undeserving! yet, believe a bard,
 From its inspiring influence, will flow
 A tuneful tide of ever grateful song.
 Health to the noble host, whose sire of yore
 The laureate wreath of classic Florence wore;
 And whose descendant, worthy of the name,
 For courteous deeds, and genius, shares his fame.
 Health to the land where Beauty reigns supreme,
 Where all the men are bards, and love is all the theme!

BARBERINI.

Well has our guest repaid the honours shower'd.—
 Before proceeding to the banquet hall,
 What improvisatrice among the fair
 Will grace the stranger with unstudied lay?

[ANGELINA is led forward, timid and blushing, by
 her companions.

ANGELINA.

A Roman lady whisper'd she had seen,
 At noon, while wand'ring 'mong the fields near Rome,
 A fair-hair'd youthful foreigner asleep
 Beneath a myrtle shade, like angel visitant,
 And thus in simple verse I strive to weave
 Th' expression of surprise disclosed to me.

Thou art not of mortal birth!
 Born in some enchanted bower,
 Shaming all the flowers of earth,
 Thou its sweetest, fairest flower:
 I may never see thee more,
 To thy haunted region flying,
 But thy beauty will come o'er
 All my dreams till I am dying.

BARBERINI.

Now, minstrel Milton, for a fair reply.

MILTON.

As the Patriarch, in his dream,
 Saw angelic forms descending,
 O'er the poet's sleep there came
 Vision of an angel bending;
 He, again to Britain wending,
 There to wake a song of Eden,
 Memory of that vision blending
 Will pourtray, an Eve unfading.

BARBERINI.

Bravo! And now, sweet Angelina, lend
 Your arm, like sister, to a minstrel brother,
 And wedded thus, like melody and song,
 Lead him a captive to the banquet hall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—Cell in the Inquisition.

GALILEO alone.—Enter MILTON, attended by an Officer of the
 Inquisition.

MILTON.

Hail, Galileo! great in thy distress!

GALILEO.

What *ignis fatuus* glare has lured thy steps,
 Unhappy stranger, to this fatal place?

MILTON.

By no false light my steps have been allured.
 The Sun of Science, sage sublime, that shines
 Bright as its prototype in lofty skies,
 And quenchless as its beams, has led me on,
 Exulting, to the shrine I most desired;
 That sun which bigot ignorance maligns,
 And vainly hopes in dungeons to obscure,
 Will never wane, while shining in truth's sky.—
 Though now in thee it struggles with eclipse,
 It will break out again in future times,
 And like the radiance of the righteous man,
 Shine more and more unto the perfect day.
 Be steadfast like the sun, and shed like him
 An everlasting lustre o'er the world.
 And if permitted, in my purposed song,
 To vindicate the ways of God to man,
 Thee I'll inwreath with my aspiring verse,
 And glorying "spread thy name o'er lands and sea
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,"
 Till sage and bard like kindred planets blaze.

GALILEO.

My blessing on thee, brave, benignant stranger!
 Thy tuneful voice has cheer'd my sunless cell,
 As the sweet nightingale enchants the dark.
 If aught were wanting to confirm my vow,

Made at the shrine of science, 'tis the thought
That I shall find a place in British song,
Responding ever to the voice of Freedom.

MILTON.

Permit me, reverend father, to enshrine
This happy interview, and bear away
A grateful token of the sacred hour.
Deign, Galileo, to inform the mind
Of youthful bard, aspiring after knowledge,
In all the realms of matter and of spirit,
Fager to listen how the embryo thought
Of some sublime discovery born in heaven,
To cast increasing light on darkling man,
In Time's successive centuries—first dawns
Upon the destined and recipient mind,
To blaze in bright reflection o'er the earth.
Reveal, I pray, how first you greatly dared
T' arrest the rising and the setting sun
In his diurnal course, and fix his orb
Immoveable for ever in the sky.

GALILEO.

Learn, youthful minstrel, learn the simple chain
Of reasoning that first allured me on,
Till it o'erthrew the old erroneous system.—
Twás by a clue analogous I traced
My daring flight along the boundless skies.
The regal splendour of the orb of day
Proclaim'd him monarch of the heav'nly host,
I ask'd if he, the regent of the sky,
Exceeding earth in greatness as in glory,
Would leave his dazzling throne, and through the
 bounds
Of his resplendent realms pursue for ever
One of his lesser subject-planets, earth,
And leave the other five, deserted, drear,
To catch, as best they might, his wand'ring light?
Was it not more in harmony with reason,
That he, enthroned in his unmoving state,
Should sit receiving pleased the tuneful homage
Of all his vassal-stars, who, from his smile,
For ever changeless, cheering, all derived
That charm which garlanded their orbs revolving
With all their blushing fruits and fragrant flowers?—
Or in their clouds receive the bright impress
Of heavenly love, the covenanting bow?
Then was my soul intent to find the laws
According confirmation that the sun—

OFFICER.

Hold! My instructions force me to forbid
 Further discourse on subjects such as these.
 The time allotted for the interview
 Has now expired. The stranger must withdraw.

MILTON.

Farewell, great Galileo, we may meet
 No more on earth, to talk on subjects high;
 But we shall meet where Science will unfold
 Her wonders, not as in this lower sphere,
 Through envious clouds, and darkly through a glass,
 But in high noon of Heaven, and where the sun——

OFFICER.

No more! Begone! and thank my clemency.
 Were Cardinal Barberini not your friend,
 I must have dragg'd you to our holy court,
 To answer for abetting heresy;
 Abusing thus the indulgence of the Church.

MILTON.

O, tell it not in Gath! Again, farewell.
 [GALILEO and MILTON embrace, and part. *Exeunt.*

SCENE—MILTON's lodgings in Rome.

MILTON alone.

"He intended to have staid longer abroad; but hearing of the differences between the King and Parliament, he thought proper to hasten home."—*Life of Milton.*

MILTON.

Once more the lightning glance from her dark eyes,
 One melting word from her most loving lips,
 And Angelina holds my heart in thrall.
 Pause, then, my soul, ere reason is usurp'd
 By love irrevocable.——

My service to my country's all to do,
 And how may it be done, if I'm enslaved
 By foreign charms; yet she might prove——but no——

How would the stormy strife of boisterous Britain
 Accord with maid of soft Italian clime?
 Most selfish 'twere to take such tender flower
 From mild congenial soil, transplanting it
 To a bleak land of fierce contending men,
 Struggling for freedom's glorious consummation:
 And soon, perhaps, to hear her echoes ring
 With cannon's stern reverberating roar.
 Yet how to tear my soul from sweet subjection,
 O! this alone of earth-born trials unmans me;
 Love and the patriot in my breast at strife
 Contending for supremacy.—

Heav'n aid me to decide, that I may ne'er
 Bring self-reproach, or prove my country's shame.

[*Servant enters with letters from England.*

MILTON (*alone reading*).

Now is the conflict o'er, and I am free!
 The beacon of revolt 'gainst tyrant's sway
 Blazes on Albion's hills, and every heart
 That beats with freedom's blood is boiling o'er.
 No passion now but patriot's must be own'd.—
 The hour is come & no moment must be lost,
 For every Briton speeding to the field,
 And every freeman girding on his sword,
 For every voice with eloquence attuned,
 To roll its thrilling thunder o'er the land,
 Till tyrants tremble, and the oppress'd are free!
 One farewell sigh, and every loving wish
 For thee, sweet Angelina. We must part.
 May Heav'n bestow a more deserving lover,
 A life as tranquil as thy placid skies,
 And sometimes dreams of the ecstatic hour.
 Thus, bleeding at the heart, I rend the spell;
 My country calls; my lady-love, farewell!
 I'll bear thine image with me o'er the sea,
 And in each storm of life, thou still to me
 Shalt prove the radiant angel-visit given,
 And hope shall meet thee in the bowers of heav'n.
 Here, danger lurks in ev'ry lingering hour;
 While glory waves me to my native shore!

THE

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION OF 1851

THERE are few occurrences which more forcibly suggest to us the increasing rapidity with which the seasons glide past, as we ourselves grow older, than the annual opening of the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy. It is a very marked event in the circle of an Edinburgh year and looked forward to with eagerness alike, by grave and gay. And now here it is once more, looking at the first glance as like as possible to all its many predecessors. Here are the large portraits and the large landscapes, and the small landscapes and portraits, and the scenes from Shakspeare and those from the Scott novels all hanging in the same places as their representatives of last year. Here are the same groups of idle loungers—the same knots of orthodox critics, puffing the few artists who are the favourites of some ruling clique in our provincial society, and whom to criticise unfavourably is an offence worthy of ostracism. Here are the pert antagonists of the powers that be, bent on pulling down the ancient dynasties, full of *Ruskinism* and modern high art. And here are the usual mob who make a virtue of their ignorance, profess to be “no judges,” but “to know what pleases their own taste,” and go devotedly round the rooms, catalogue in hand, and examine everything in its turn, from those marvellous productions of ingenuity which adorn the highest part of the wall and resemble nothing in the earth or beneath it, to the *chef d'œuvre* of a Turner or an Etty.

Such is the first aspect of these rooms; but, on more earnest examination, do we find things really in this stationary position? or is there some trustworthy evidence of a genuine progress in art? Are the Scottish artists and are the Scottish people attaining anything like a higher and more consistent and intelligent knowledge of it? or are we really destined, as the scoffers say, never to be an artistic people at all? and are all our academies, exhibitions, and art-unions, only the means of annually distributing among the middle classes, a few hundreds of crude landscapes and would-be historical pictures, and encouraging some dozen persons to betake themselves to painting, whose natural position is at the desk or behind the counter? Short as our inspection of this year's Exhibition has necessarily been, we hope to be able to answer these questions much more hopefully than we could have done any former season. Neither our space nor our inclination permit of our running over, newspaper fashion, the whole or nearly the whole of the works of art contained in these rooms, but we shall try to generalise some of the more remarkable excellencies or glaring faults which we have found; and if our artist friends, who may chance to read these pages, should sometimes find the draught bitter, we trust it will also prove itself wholesome; and if our judgment be now and then at fault, we know that they will excuse its errors in respect of the fairness of our intention.

There is one feature more than usually prominent in this Exhibition; it is the great number of exotic works of a high class which stud the walls at something like regular intervals. We highly approve of this

custom. It serves to tutor the eye of the uninstructed public, gives them a higher standard, and keeps the native artists up to the mark, while to the more cultivated observer these pictures furnish a sort of key-note by which they are assisted in estimating and enjoying the surrounding objects.

Few pictures are more worthy of study than Landseer's "Sanctuary," which greets the eye brilliantly but not obtrusively on first entering the north room. From apparently scanty materials, consisting merely of a simple piece of natural scenery and of animal life, there is here produced not only exquisite physical beauty, but deep and refined sentiment. There is wonderful truth in the clearness of that evening sky reflected in the lake, and in the delicate purple of the mountain range beyond, with its double outline, such as none who have not dwelt among and loved such solitudes can fully appreciate. The worn-out stag, with his heavy eye, hanging tongue, and dripping coat, just arrived from the opposite shore, for we see his track on the glassy waters, the long reeds so true to nature, and the wild ducks, roused from their feeding place, and gradually forming into their usual long line as they fly across the loch (leisurely, for it is not by man they are disturbed), all combine with the landscape in producing an overpowering sentiment of the pathetic. It is that peculiar melancholy which seems to have a natural connection with calm and brilliant aspects of nature; as we sometimes feel, when all is not right within, more overcome by the influence of a brilliant noon, or a calm golden sunset, than if the sky were blackened with storms, or even if nature wore that sombre grey which we naturally associate with sadness. Let nobody talk of Landseer as a mere animal painter;—had he never produced a single work but this, and his "Random Shot," lately shown in Edinburgh, he would have proved himself a poet. There is more genuine poetry in these two pictures than in nine-tenths of those which pourtray the life and passions of our own species.

We wish that our landscape painters would study this quality, which we venture to call unity of sentiment. On contemplating a particular scene, whether it be in actual nature, or the product of composition, the painter ought invariably to put this question to his imagination—What is the prevailing character of this; what sentiment is it most calculated to raise in the mind of the beholder? Is it the bright and *riant*, the gorgeous, the sublime, the calm and stately, terrible and gloomy, or the subdued and pensive, of which it is more peculiarly suggestive? Let that be decided, and let the weather, the time of day, and season of the year, and all the phenomena of the atmosphere and of the light be regulated accordingly. To true genius these will be suggested almost intuitively, but the idea seems never to enter the minds of the great majority of our second class painters, though the rule is so simple and obvious that we almost feel ashamed to lay it down, so nearly does it approach to a truism.

We forbear the discussion of the great picture by Turner in the north room, "The Wreck of the Minotaur," and only allude to it as a most striking example of this unity. Every line and every tint of colour in it is replete with the horror and despair which are its theme. The other in the large room is a noble picture, full of rich, heavy, and yet

far stretching atmosphere, and beautiful as a composition both of form and colour. It is much less true to nature, however, than his later works, and much less original, bearing evidence in its forms and in the disposition of the light, of a recent escape from the trammels of Claude and the other masters of the old school. Nor are we sure that it fulfils the requisite we are now considering; we doubt much if that rich deep green is an appropriate tone of colour for "the opening of the vintage." Of this, however, we speak with diffidence, for a work of Turner's is not to be criticised after so rapid an examination as ours has been.

Our old friend Mr McCulloch has made a decided step in advance. He has gained in imagination, unity of purpose, and, above all, in the courage to imitate the deeper and richer hues of nature. His large picture (No. 91), called "Lowland River," is a great work. It has all his exquisite lightness and grace of touch, accuracy of detail in foliage, rocks, and water, with far more boldness and force. His "Peat Moss" (No. 231) and his "Sunset" (172) are also admirable. In the latter, and in the large picture, the "showery effect" with which he used to be so fond of chilling us, would have been fearfully out of place, and accordingly we are spared it. Some years ago, however, it would infallibly have been introduced into some quiet corner of the canvass.

We had looked upon Mr Arthur Perigal as a hopeless mannerist. He annually produced some five or six landscapes, generally representing Highland scenery, correctly enough drawn, with good composition, and in due harmony of tone; disagreeably *muddy* in colour, however, and of a somewhat greasy surface. Their faults were not glaring or offensive, and they, doubtless, were correct representations of the places whose names they bore. They were, however, always more or less *meaningless*; they conveyed no sentiment, more than is unavoidably connected with certain forms of mountains, and arrangements of rock and water. If the scene was naturally grand, no attempt was made to bring its grandeur to bear successfully upon the mind; the most commonplace atmosphere and light were studiously chosen. From a morbid fear, apparently, of representing the exceptional and monstrous in nature, he seldom ventured beyond her merely negative aspects. We are delighted, however, to see this most meritorious and industrious artist making this season some attempts to get out of bondage. His windy picture (66) has life and meaning in it; and his "Sunset" (245) is really a beautiful little landscape—season, hour, and weather, all such as to give the peculiar charms of the scene their full influence. Let him go on upon this path; let him paint bright sunshine, storm, and darkness, the clear light and breezy freshness of morning, and the "gorgeous gloom of evening," even at the risk, in the beginning of his new course, of falling into extravagance, and he may yet affect the imaginations and feelings, as well as the eyes, of those who look at his works.

There are some whose pictures have no meaning at all, at least meaning is excluded from them as much as possible. There are others whose works are not meaningless, but who harp perpetually on the same string. Gallantry forbids our animadverting strongly upon artists of the fair sex, but the truth must be spoken. Miss Stoddart's landscapes are full of sweet and tender feeling, the scenes which she selects are tolerably well fitted to call it forth; but her greatest admirers must ad-

mit that he who has seen one of her works has seen all. Let her take a lesson from nature, who, every hour we live, and every step we take, changes the scene for our instruction and delight; and let her recollect that all skies are not of a faint silver grey with feeble attempts at sunshine, and all trees are not birches or small-leaved elms. Mr Ruskin, somewhere in his book, asks, "What should we think of the poet who should keep for ever repeating to us the same thought in different words?" But what say we to his insisting not only that the thought should be reiterated, but that the language itself should also be identical?

The landscapes of Mr D. O. Hill are as usual, clever and full of feeling, but hasty and careless to a culpable extent, and deformed by the predominance of a certain chalky white, both in its unmixed state, and, it seems to us, combined in some strange manner, peculiar to himself, with all his other colours. His best picture this season is No. 42, "The Haunted Keep." With all its faults, it is an excellent example of what we have called unity of sentiment.

Exactly the converse of Mr Hill's are the works of the celebrated Clarkson Stanfield, of which we have two in this collection, "The Bass Rock," and "Ailsa Crag." Nothing can exceed the accuracy of form and cleanness of handling of these waves, and the structure of the rock is admirably correct. Stanfield is a most minute observer of nature, and possesses a manual dexterity which is marvellous; still, these pictures have little meaning, at least they are singularly *unimpressive*.

But it is time to leave the School of Landscape and approach the painters of man, whether in the form of story or of individual portrait. The grand general principle of both is, as it seems to us, to convey the character and mind of the persons represented, through their bodily features. In the case of portrait, this is confined to the expression of their general character; in historical painting, the general character must be there, but there must be added the peculiar passion or mood of mind, as well as action, which is implied in the particular circumstances in which they are placed. This assumes of course that the form is correct—true in the one case to the individual lineaments, and in the other to the class to which the fictitious being belongs. And still more, it assumes that in both cases the idea of general humanity is thoroughly sustained, and shines through the individual peculiarities. Where the latter is not the case, caricature, not painting, is the result.

The most ambitious effort in these rooms is undoubtedly "The Holy Family" of Mr Deveria, a most meritorious foreign artist, Italian we believe by race and French by education, who has taken up his abode among us. This picture has all the perfection of drawing, grouping, and colouring of the French school, while in conception it is much more elevated. The action of the child playing gently with the face of the Madonna turned up to it with womanly sweetness, is very beautiful, and so far as we know, original, while all the figures are perfectly contemporaneous in their action and feeling. The subject being one suggestive of perfect and typical humanity, not of individual or national peculiarity, the physical development, as well as the feelings and character displayed, is that of man in the abstract, yet not so divested of individuality as to become feeble or negative. This belongs to the class of

subjects in which it is allowable to carry generalisation the farthest. We all know that the beings represented were, historically, of the Jewish race, and had probably in point of fact the Jewish features; but it is in their relation to mankind in general that they have a hold on our sympathy and veneration, and as human beings, apart from race or climate, must they be painted.

We are sorry to see that an artist, possessed of so many excellencies in other respects, as Mr R. S. Landes, should fall into the error of insisting upon all his Scripture personages being of unmistakable Hebrew blood. They should be placed before us on canvass as they exist in our minds and in those of the whole Christian world—as grand, almost mythical characters, and not by slavish portraits of any handsome London member of the scattered tribes of Israel who can be induced to act as a painter's model.

As an instance of undoubted progress, we cannot avoid alluding to Mr J. E. Lauder. His large picture called "One Too Many" is admirable both in form and colour—the best, indeed, of his works which we have seen. His figures are more graceful than formerly without losing in force, and his colours much more pure as well as more true to nature. His works, too, almost always tell their story at a glance. The latter merit is very conspicuous in the scene from "Cymbeline" (No. 184). He is also much less of a mannerist than he was at an earlier period of his career.

We confess to being somewhat disappointed with Wilkie's celebrated "Blind Man's Buff," which has been permitted to grace these walls. We were well acquainted with its exquisite humour, by means of the well-known engraving, and looked upon it as probably the most successful piece of kindly comedy ever wrought out upon canvass. The source of our disappointment we believe to be the want of harmony between the general tone of colour in the picture and its prevailing sentiment of mirth. The tints are unusually sombre and gloomy even for Wilkie, who was at no time a brilliant colourist. Into its wonderful details we are greatly tempted to wander, but to do it justice would occupy an entire article. We only advert to it as illustrative (with the exception of the single defect of colour just noticed) of what we have stated to be the main requisite in this class of art. Every countenance and every figure is replete with character and meaning. All is contemporaneous without a discordant note. Here is no abstract humanity. It would be altogether out of place. Thoroughly human it is, but is humanity displaying itself through the peculiar features, bodily and mental, of the Scottish peasant. We cannot too much lament that Wilkie ever left this his natural walk of art, and allowed himself to be seduced into the painting of fine ladies and gentlemen.

We could gladly spend half a dozen pages in discoursing of, as we would pass as many hours in contemplating, the works of that truly national artist, George Harvey. He affords the best illustration with which we are acquainted, of the principle, that strong national and individual character may be painted, on canvass as well as in fiction, without detracting one iota from the genuine humanity of the subjects. It is indeed only in the walk of art to which the "Holy Family" above

mentioned belongs, we mean that addressed to those religious emotions common to all, or where the attempt is made expressly to embody mere abstractions, as in the larger works of Etty, that complete generalisation is required. Only think of a group of thoroughly generalised and idealised human figures playing a curling match ! Yet Harvey's well-known picture of "The Curlers" is thoroughly *human*, and as thoroughly is it Scottish—as much so as Edie Ochiltree and Saunders and Maggy Mucklebackit are throughout both national and human. Mr Harvey's "Wise and Foolish Builders" is an admirable example of his peculiar art. The children would be children all the world over, full of childish innocence and enterprise. At the same time they are evidently Scottish bairns, playing on a Scottish sea-beach. We could have wished a few of them to be a little prettier; and their colours, though harmonising admirably with the rest of the picture, are deficient in freshness and purity.

Mr Harvey's name is an occasion for passing over to the Portraits contained in this Exhibition. Here is almost the only portrait by that artist which we have seen; and it is indeed a subject worthy to tempt him from the pleasanter walks of fancy. We have seen several portraits of Professor Wilson. Some were wild caricatures; others took all the vigour out of him from the fear of running into caricature. Harvey, we think, has painted the grand old lion-like man as he is. The attitude is easy, unaffected, and most characteristic. The portrait not only conveys at once the idea of his features and form; but, what is much more important, it tells at once what kind of man he is. You not only have the poet, but you have the man of warm and manly sympathies, and the man of physical energy and sanguine temperament. As an instance of correctness of form devoid of characterisation, we cannot do better than notice the other principal portrait in the large room, that of the Lord Justice-General, by the respected President of the Scottish Academy. Though doubtless the features of our venerable Chief-Justice are correctly given, and the picture is, like all the works of Sir J. W. Gordon, in perfect harmony and good taste, surely these traits do not in the least indicate that mixture of the sagacious lawyer with the fine old benevolent yet choleric country gentleman, which appears in every look and movement of the original. The portraits of Mr Graham Gilbert of Glasgow, of which there are several, are also good instances of the same defect. Nothing, however, can exceed the beauty of colour and texture which these works display.

We cannot take leave of the details of the Exhibition without calling the attention of our readers to Mr Noel Paton's little romances with their exquisite finish and fertile fancy. And as an instance of progress of which the Scottish Academy may well be proud, it is impossible to omit the name of Mr John Faed. His "Cruel Sister" is, notwithstanding its disagreeably smooth and fine surface, making it seem as if the figures were seen through some medium more transparent than the atmosphere itself, an exceedingly clever picture, full both of beauty of form and of admirable expression. We must also recommend the study of the works of Mr James Drummond, a rising artist of great merit. His best picture here is his "Good Knight." The scene from the traditionary history of Robert Bruce is extravagant and perhaps impossible; but it

has at least the merit of conveying the impression of most vehement action. We do not know that we ever saw the struggle of a combat more vividly portrayed.

Among the Water Colours and Miniatures we must notice the very clever miniatures of Mrs W. Dewar, a young lady of great merit, destined, if she persevere, to attain a very high place as a miniature and water-colour portrait painter, though we regret to observe that she exhibits none of the latter class of works this season.

Mr Houston has fewer water-colour landscapes than formerly; but such as he has are subjected to a severe test by the immediate proximity of the works of Mr Leitch—and they stand it well.

One more remark and we have done with individual criticism. Everybody has seen and admired the wonderfully finished and brilliantly coloured portrait of "Her Majesty" by Mr Thorburn. Why does an artist of so growing and well-deserved a reputation, risk it by technical blunders? The figure in this picture, beautiful as it is, conveys irresistibly the impression of being a colossal statue, at the very least some twelve feet in height. This is owing to the position of the horizon line in relation to the figure. The figure stands, it must be presumed, at the usual or natural distance from the eye of the spectator, which eye must be on something like a level with the countenance, and it stands on an apparently level piece of ground. Beyond is what is intended to represent a stretch of level country. In these circumstances the horizon line must naturally fall to be somewhere about the level of the head of the figure, or rather above it, but our artist, seduced by the desire of painting the face and bust against a brilliant blue sky, draws the line of distant hills somewhere below the waist! And the result is the very ridiculous one we have stated. If it is necessary to Mr Thorburn's comfort always to project his flesh tints against the heavens, he may easily reconcile the arrangement with possibility, by placing his figures on a lofty balcony or some other eminence, with a distant and bird's-eye view of the landscape beyond.

What then shall we say in regard to the condition and progress of painting in Scotland, in so far as the contents of these rooms is an indication of it? We have seen that there is a considerable amount of individual progress on the part of several of our leading artists, and that it is, for the most part, progress of the best kind, not in mere manual dexterity, but in conception and expression. We may add, that there are promising beginners also whom our limits prevent us from noticing; and there can be no doubt in the mind of any impartial visiter, that the amount of absolute *trash* is considerably less than it has ever been before, though the extent of wall which is covered is nearly the same. These facts surely augur well for us, and afford something like evidence that the means taken for the diffusion of taste for painting and of works of art themselves among the mass of the people, if not always put in force in the most judicious manner, are working slowly and surely in the right direction. We are thoroughly opposed to all artificial bolstering up of the interests of any glass or of any product of human thought or industry, however desirable the result may be. Let encouragement be given from the healthy and natural source, the demand for the article because the community wish to possess it, not be-

cause individuals believe, however justly, that it would be an advance in civilisation were there more of it. In so far as art-unions are the genuine result of the wish on the part of the middle classes to possess works of art by means of combination, such as they could not afford to purchase individually, they are natural and wholesome, and are, we venture to predict, destined to prosper and to benefit art. That the taste is crude and the knowledge shallow, is not a relevant consideration. We had rather see an uneducated man fond of the most wretched penny print, than indifferent to art altogether. It is the business of the well-instructed few to regulate, though not to originate, the movement, and by the selection of the best pictures for purchase, and above all by avoiding favouritism and by regarding quality more than number, gradually to elevate the taste of the masses, and to apply an honest and natural stimulus to the ambition of the artists themselves.

A POSTMAN'S STORY.

PART III.

I WILL confess, in all sincerity, that it was not in the best temper I walked out into the rain and sleet from people who, to my thought, were keeping style, not to say courtship, on what should have been my father's inheritance. High as my late advancement had been in the public service, for which it is my trust I was sufficiently thankful, I felt, as might be expected of an eldest son on that subject, especially after the discourse and conduct of Miss Agnes, she had turned fortune from the door that night in her pride; and truly the part of Providence, which has been so called, they say, by old heathen men who spoke Greek and Latin long ago, might be fitly represented as a queen who walks the world disguised and veiled, so that many pass her without respect, and those who would welcome her royalty, give her but a beggar's answer. These were after thoughts of mine when the affairs of that night were, as the Scripture hath it, numbered and finished; but, for that time, the increasing rain, and the sight of the fine house in which my father had once lived, did not much assist in charming the serpent within me, and I rung impatiently enough. It was the first letter I had yet delivered there. My step-aunts and grandmother were by no means troublesome to the Post Office; as for Mr George, the whole neighbourhood knew that he had no business except among the Frazers; and Master Charles was at what I have heard our young minister (and a wonderful speaker he was) call "the head quarters of correspondence." After three rings, which were neither small nor faint, the Forbeses admitted me to a great cold hall. Their house was, in one respect, like our own, for a lord had once lived in it; but there was no splitting into rooms and flats for poor working people there. It was still a main door of four storeys and a kitchen flat; but the air of the house somehow struck me with the notion

of a scarcity of coals and consumeables generally, which impression the appearance of a very little and thin girl, their only servant, did not tend to remove. My inquiry, if this letter was for Miss Anne, to which I added, as before, "one-and-eightpence to pay," sent her with a rather frightened look in at a door to the right hand. There was a kind of a whisper, and out walked a tall, faded-looking lady, dressed with great gentility, though I could observe it was long since her gown had been new, and everything about her had a scanty, careful look; but she came out greatly confused and flurried.

"I'm told, ma'am," said I, holding up the letter respectfully, though still mindful of Miss Frazer's example, "that this letter is thought to be for Miss Anne Forbes, and the postage is——"

"Oh, it cannot be for me," said she, a great disappointment passing over her face as she saw the handwriting, though her manner grew more composed. "Will you let mamma see it? Do step into the parlour."

I followed her at the word, recollecting the Forbes family were my own near relations. Their parlour had been made for nobility; there were strange figures sculptured on its marble chimney-piece, and fruit and flowers on the ceiling; but the grate contained less coal than the season might have warranted; and round a tea-table, lighted by a single candle, and little better provisioned than our own, sat two ladies extraordinarily like Miss Anne, but that they were a trifle younger, and, I thought, prouder, with an older one, who had been in her day the pleasantest-looking and handsomest of them all. These were my aunts and grandmother-in-law; and, though it was my duty to respect them highly as superiors in age and station, I concluded, from appearances, what was indeed well known in the neighbourhood, that the family supplies were not over large. The advocate's latter years had been anything but provident; his surviving lady, as I have already mentioned, was said to have been an easy housekeeper, and between them there was not much left at his decease. The Forbeses' share in old Frazer's will had been but little; and Mr George and Charles, I must say, notwithstanding their being half-uncles of mine, were, like other very prudent and genteel men of my after knowledge, small helps to their mother and sisters. Yet it was a surprise to all their neighbours, and a great credit to themselves, what respectability the ladies did support by the pure dint of saving, particularly Miss Anne, whose industry in all gentlewomen's ways was, I have been told, matchless. The younger sisters followed her example, but with rather more sharpness of temper; and the three conjointly managed their great house (a room of which they would not let, believing such doings to be low), the little servant, and, easiest of all, their mother. There they were, three handsome, spirited, lady-like girls that had been, growing old together, too proud to look below their father's rank, and too poor to get married in it—a grievous spectacle to my mind, but often to be met with in this good town, on which subject my duty as a postman might enable me to speak more fully. But, waiving all moral reflections for the present, except that Miss Anne's anxiety had a foundation hereafter to be noted, I proceeded to explain the cause of my coming, and the happenings in the house of the Frazers regarding

the letter (which I could not just hold from my grandmother-in-law, when she reached for it civilly), all but Miss Agnes's impudence, having a persuasion that nothing of that kind should be published by the receivers. I saw, by the looks they exchanged at some touches on my residence and family, which came out in the course of the explanation, that they perceived, for the first time, who and what I was; and I felt the scarlet rising under my very hair at the thought of being recognised by such respectable relations, more particularly when Mrs Forbes (good woman, she was always friendly) inquired if my name were William Purdie; and, having answered in the affirmative, she immediately entered into numerous inquiries concerning my mother and the rest of the family, also how I liked my situation, deeply deploring my having to come so far on a wet night with that troublesome letter, and winding up by inviting me to sit down and take a cup of their tea. I knew this to be a tacit acknowledgment of my relationship, but at once declined, pleading my public duties, not, I will confess, so much from inward bashfulness, as from a jealousy I had over the one-and-eightpence. A little of the subject, however, seemed to serve the three younger ladies. Miss Anne waived it, by remarking, that she was sure the letter was not for her.

"None of our correspondents write in that style, mamma," said Miss Jessie, the youngest and proudest, with a small toss of her head; and Miss Janet, with another long look at it, said, in a half whisper—"It's just for our landlady, old Lizzy Freeland."

"Indeed it is," said all the ladies in chorus, as she spelled over the address; and, by their united endeavours, it was at length made out that the letter which had cost me so much trouble, and I may say terror, belonged to an old woman residing in a top flat of Potterrow. That was another run through the rain for me; and, having learned all the particulars of Mrs Freeland's whereabouts from my aunts-in-law, who were really civil at my departure, I left the parlour with a kind good night, and renewed lamentations for the wetting I should get from Mrs Forbes. Miss Anne had stepped out some minutes before, and now met me in the hall.

"William," said she, in quite an auntish way, "you didn't call here for a Christmas-box?"

"No, ma'am," said I. "I called nowhere this year, not thinking myself long enough in the business."

"Well, here is one from me," said she, slipping half-a-crown into my hand; "and, William, when you get a letter for me, say nothing, but give it quietly to the servant, and I'll pay you the postage. Good night."

I pocketed the silver, with many thanks, and some inward compunction, for I knew they were not over rich, and, besides, I did not like to be enlisted, as it were, in a matter of which I did not know the whole bearings by such a near relation; but my mother was poor, and I ran through the rain to Potterrow, being truly anxious to get that letter disposed of, not to speak of the one-and-eightpence.

Mrs Freeland's home was in an old house, opening from a dark, dirty close, and up four steep stairs, which I climbed, taking good care of my feet, and musing somewhat on the distribution of worldly things—

matter much pressed upon me in the course of my vocation. The top was pitch dark; and, while groping about, I stumbled against a door left unlatched that wet winter night, and almost fell into the lobby.

"Post," says I, getting up, and determined to make somebody hear. "I have a letter for Mrs Freeland, with one-and——"

"Come here, whoever you are," said a sharp voice from a room opposite, in which I saw light, and there was no need to repeat the summons. But such a disorderly room I never saw: old clothes and torn papers lay in every corner, a tossed bonnet lay on one chair, and a dirty shawl on another before the fire, which was nearly black. There was a table in the middle, covered with tea-cups, black bottles, and sewing-wares; and on an old tattered sofa lay a large woman, in a dingy gown, with her cap quite off, and long grey hair streaming about her face.

"I'm Mrs Freeland," said she, in answer to my message, which I had repeated pretty loud. "Give me the letter."

"The postage, ma'am, if you please," said I, again mentioning the sum, which, indeed, I dreamt of that night on account of my trouble in getting it.

"One-and-eightpence!" said she; "that would buy a quart of good spirits! Do you think I'm going to throw away money for Bob's rub-bish? And I know it's him wanting something, no doubt; but if you read it to me, for my sight is getting dim, and I have a mortal headache, I'll give you the postage, and a dram too."

"Oh, thank you," said I; "but I'm in a hurry, and don't want a dram; besides, the law of the Post Office is, that a letter can't be opened till it's paid for. If you haven't the money, I'll come back in the morning."

"I haven't the money!" said she, with a fling off the sofa that made me glad the door was open. "None of your impudence!" And she pulled out a large purse, filled, as I could see, with gold, silver, and copper, which she swung before my eyes for a minute, and then, taking out a couple of shillings, threw them to me, saying—"There, read me the letter, and keep the change for your trouble," as she seated herself on the torn sofa, with really a grand air, dingy gown and all; but the black bottles on the table explained at least part of the scene.

I put the money up, with Miss Anne's half-crown, thinking that, as my duties were over for that day, I might as well earn fourpence, and see how the letter read; so, taking the chair to which she motioned me, I brought the candle to my assistance, and broke the seal. Fortunately for me, the inside was more legible than the address; and, making allowance for the spelling, which was extraordinary, the letter, to the best of my recollection, ran as follows:—

"Dear Mother,—This is to let you know that I am well, and in the guard-house, for a heart-sickness I had this morning on parade, but the serjeant said I was drunk. A hard life a soldier has, fighting for his king and country; but, dear mother, I wish to come home, and comfort for your declining days, me and Bridget. Don't believe a word about her dancing to the tambarine. I wouldn't disgrace my family by marrying the like. She is a real gentlewoman from Connaught, and expects a great fortune when her grandfather dies; but, in the meantime, I think my discharge, and something to begin business, might be got out of old

Boyd for what I know about his brother's money and papers. There's a will among them the Frazers would give something to have kept quiet. Oh, mother, if my father hadn't lost old Oliver's good graces, and got turned off that New Year's day, it would have been better for us all. But there's no help for misfortunes. Howsomever, as I was last with him, and got a notion of the hiding-place, just mention to old Boyd that he might hear something to his advantage, and leave me to manage him. If I hadn't listed, and forgot, I would have told it all to you, mother, and will, in my next letter, if you send me a pound——"

"Oh, the prodigal!" cried the old woman, rousing herself from a sort of stately stupor, as I read that request. "Has he not yet seen the evil of his ways? But he'll get no pound from me——"

"Who wants a pound now?" said a woman, who walked in at the open door with a large band-box, she had partly covered from the rain with her cloak.

"It's that scapegrace, Bob," said the old woman.

"O, dear! I wonder he is not ashamed after disgracing us all," said the new-comer, catching sight of me, and, in consequence, putting on the fine lady to the best of her knowledge, as she made room for her band-box on the table, flung her wet bonnet and cloak into a corner, and allowed me to observe that she was a stout, handsome girl, like what the old woman might have been when early in the twenties, with a foolishly proud look, and a mass of shining, though disorderly black hair. Meantime, the old woman scolded at Bob for enlisting, for marrying, and for asking the pound, with such perseverance, that I could get no hearing, for the fact that he was her affectionate son, which immediately followed the request, till the girl, whose grandeur seemed rising every minute over the now open band-box, interrupted her with—"Never mind, mamma, but just come and look at the lovely things I have got for the soiree. Here's a scarf the very image of my aunt Boyd's," and she held up a gay, gauzy thing.

"Your aunt Boyd's a disdainful jade," responded the mamma, "to pass her only sister this day on Prince's Street, without so much as How do you do; but I'll be revenged on her skinflint of a husband. He'll never hear of this," cried she, springing at me and snatching the letter, which she thrust deep into the smouldering fire. The last I saw of it was a flickering blaze; but, having the postage in my pocket, and the love of a quiet life always in my mind, I was down the dark stair and on my way home before that blaze sunk in ashes.

Mrs. Freeland, as I afterwards found out (being curious regarding her from that night's transaction), was the eldest daughter of a master baker, who lived in the High Street and made a sort of fortune, as everybody said, by upright ways; but, when it was fairly gathered, he was an aged widower, fast going down into the valley of the shadow, with only two girls to inherit it. The youngest of them was wooed and wedded by old Boyd, my mother's landlord, after his return from India, and I have been told the dowry did not quite answer his expectations; but the eldest had, by her father's will, the largest and most secure part. It consisted of houses which the old man had bought or built, and they were so bequeathed that she could neither sell nor mortgage them. Dis-

ent acquaintances wondered why her father had made matters so strangely sure; but the intimate knew that more than one eligible match had been unaccountably broken off almost at the finishing point, and Miss Lizzy had always odd ways. These tales were recollected at the old man's decease; but it took place years before our landlord's marriage, while his brother still occupied the Frazers' flat, with an Irish man-servant he had picked up after his desertion from some regiment in India.

Peter Freeland said he "had been a pattrern boy in the County Mayo, till he left it one day by rayson of a weddin'." There was some division of opinion on the latter part of his statement, for its exact meaning could never be learned from him; but the remaining evidence in favour of the former portion was a strong active frame, a dashing air, for his station, and a wonderful tongue, considering that Peter could neither write nor read. The man was still young, and said to have been at least a pattern soldier, till provoked by an insolent corporal, who chose to abuse his country and Catholic religion, on which Peter kicked his officer, and deserted immediately, to avoid the consequences. Perhaps his master had sheltered him from pursuit, or shown some great kindness, which took hold on his memory, for Peter was an attached and faithful servant to him, though the rich man turned a naiser in his latter day, and his temper grew hard and quarrelsome. He and his brother had left their native country together in poverty and youth; they had gathered money in India, and come home to redeem their family property; but, when all was done, a bitter dispute rose between them concerning the rent or occupation of a coal cellar, and they did not speak for years. Most of that time Freeland continued in his service, though it was noted of him that he had a new housekeeper every term, none of womankind being sufficient to please him longer. Oliver was the richest and oldest of the two brothers, but he grew crosser and closer every year, till nobody cared for his acquaintance, but old Frazer; and I was told there was a strong intimacy between them before my great-grandfather went to his account. But to return to Mrs Freeland. On their father's death, she and her sister, who were then known as Miss Lizzy and Miss Jane Livingston, set themselves up for a sort of ladies in a house of their own in the High Street, which was not in those days so ungenteel a place as latter years have made it. The old baker had prided himself on being descended from a certain minister who was notable during the Reformation times, and his daughters added that point to the fortunes he had left them. My mother, who well remembered their doings, used to say that Miss Jane was the vainest, and Miss Lizzy the proudest of the two, but the pride was carried off in her own fashion, for all the old comers to her father's shop, high and low, who paid court to her, were welcome, and among them Peter Freeland got admission to the house. How the Irishman got round Miss Lizzy and her well-secured houses, nobody could inform me; but, within a month's acquaintance, they made a runaway match of it one mid-summer night, to the utter horror and scandal of Miss Jane. She would never live with her sister a day after, but went to board with two maiden ladies, who had been governesses in their youth, but then

kept genteel lodgings at Lauriston, and said they were also descended from that notable minister. Some said it was partly owing to their dislike of losing their only boarder, that it had cost Archibald Boyd five years' hard courtship to win Miss Jane; and others, that he never forgave the two maiden ladies for making him believe in five thousand, when there was but three to her fortune. Which of these reports was the truest, it is not in my power to say. My mother maintained the first; and Tibby Thompson the second, when she did speak of our landlord, which was seldom, and in my judgment less freely than she was accustomed to do of men in general; but they were fully agreed on the happenings that took place within the said five years; how Mrs Freeland took home her husband, and having lost what little respectability she had after her marriage, went on so carelessly with the old practice whispered about in explanation of her father's will, that the whisper grew to a report of her frequent custom to a neighbouring grocer for something stronger than tea or coffee. I am told that she was in the habit of charging all her misfortunes on marrying the Irishman; but, by all accounts, poor Peter had not the best of the bargain. Within doors, she allowed him no authority, and outside she was always jealous of him; on which, being an outgoing man myself, I will not take upon me to decide whether or not she had cause; but the lady's temper when roused was no joke. They had two children nevertheless—Lizzy, the girl whom I had seen, and Bob, the writer of that burned letter—and kept an extravagant and ill-managed house, where want and waste were seen in strange company, till Peter took to drinking, most people said, by way of comfort, and in a time of poverty and anger they separated. Freeland returned to his old master, who had put seven servants through his place in the meantime, and seemed glad to get back his old and trusty man; but the habits he had learned under Mrs Freeland's reign returned one New Year's day with greater force than Oliver's temper could stand, and he turned him off without ceremony. Peter led an irregular life after that, worse than ever my father's was within our knowledge. Sometimes he lived with his wife, and they had great goings on; sometimes he sung ballads and cried sales, for his own support and that of his son, who went mostly with him, growing up the very picture of his latter days, for the boy learned evil early, but with much more craft and care for himself than ever was seen in poor Freeland. At last, Peter said he would, "go to the English harvest, and take his son with him, as he and his father used to do long ago, before he was made a soldier and a gentleman." (Off they went accordingly; but the Irishman never came back, for the typhus fever broke out among the shearers in a parish of Norfolkshire, and a Catholic priest in that quarter wrote to request the price of certain masses for the repose of Peter's soul from Mrs Freeland, and inform her that Bob had gone to London with a conjuror. I could never ascertain whether or not that priest got the money; but it was generally believed that Mrs Freeland burned the letter, her usual way, as it appeared, of settling with troublesome correspondents; and the rest of her days were passed in moving from one to another of her houses, growing always humbler in accommodations, till she was established in the worst

of all her tenements, where I found her, in Potterrow, with her daughter Lizzy, helping her as best she could to spend the rents, which were commonly coaxed or flattered out of her tenants in advance; while Bob, after a few flying visits, always in search of what he called his share, had long ago enlisted, and gone with his regiment to Ireland, where he married, to the serious grief and indignation of his mother, who never ceased wondering why he had not been warned by her example. So stood the story of the Freeands; but there was another tale concerning which Bob's letter set me to inquire, and perhaps it ran rather much in my mind. Old Oliver had not long survived his Irish servant; but, if death cleared the quarrel with his brother out of his memory, it left him no time for reconciliation. The summons was sudden, for it came by a stroke of palsy; and the last housekeeper, having taken up her master's war with Archibald, chiefly because he had once distrained her brother's goods for rent, kept things so quiet, that the news did not reach him till it was too late for word or sign; and, much to his disappointment, Oliver died insensible. Our landlord was heir-at-law, and he and all his friends believed that Oliver must have hidden his money and papers somewhere in the house, having a miserly and old-world dislike of banks; but nothing could he find there, except old furniture, old clothes, and a trifle in silver, though every corner was searched; and many a day's watching of the housekeeper it cost him, even after she married the detective policeman, who was dismissed a month after for disorderly conduct, and took in washing, to support a young family. Oliver's money had not gone in that direction, but, for its sake, he kept the flat tenantless, as I have mentioned, and us from our rest that night before the Frazers came.

It was a matter of much regret to me, when summing up these particulars at my leisure, that I had not interposed between Mrs Freeand's letter and the fire, though mortal man could scarcely have saved it; but I thought one might have been justified, not to say well paid, by vesting a pound in Bob's secret, and offering it at a good per-centage to our landlord. My mother never could be brought to my opinion on the lawfulness of the transaction; but she agreed it might be profitable, and considerations of that kind were becoming weighty with us, for the poverty of which I have spoken was deepening day by day. There was pinching in our house now; coals and bread were saved as they had never been, and I was half ashamed to go to church on Sunday, for want of a new coat. Often was it my wish in those times that the Post Office would only allow us black instead of scarlet, in which apparel I could never bring myself to hear the Gospel, and sit, as we did, nearly opposite Annie McCauselan. We had bad luck with the shop, too. Things spoiled that were never used to do so; old customers found fault, and left us; the returns of the till grew wondrous small, and I believed Mrs Howdison's lodger had the chief hand in their diminution. It is plain to me now, for time interprets many a mistake, that he did not take so much from us, after all; but, having seen some of my mother's givings to him in private, I suspected far more, which brought me to look harshly on my poor father, and at times I confess to have had hard words with my mother too. It's sad to tell, and sore to think of,

now that all's past, but all the family, and even Tibby Thompson, took the same view, and we were very poor.

My memory is somewhat confused on the subject, but Annie maintains it was a Saturday, and she has some cause to recollect the time. Besides, I am inclined to her opinion, from the singular eventfulness of Saturdays in our concerns, which I hope is not superstitiously regarding a day, as the Camerquian minister, my uncle-in-law, has laboured many an hour, I may say, in vain, to convince me; but, laying aside that question, it is necessary, to the candid telling of my story, for me to relate, that, when on my morning rounds, I caught sight of a fearfully ragged man stealing up Mrs Howdison's stair; from which I understood that one of her lodgers had returned from an unusually long absence, and the shop till was likely to be laid under contribution that evening. The day was bitter cold. The letters were all for residents at the tops of long stairs, and the want of a Sunday coat pressed with more than ordinary weight on my mind. It was therefore, if not quite excusable, I think scarcely to be wondered at, that I took a resolution on the spot to know both what he should get, and how it would go. With that determination, I hastened home as early as my duties allowed me, and insisted on taking my mother's place in the shop, when, to my great satisfaction, Tibby Thompson came down to request her and Marion's assistance with her half-yearly washing. My mother was not over willing to leave the shop; but she went, having no excuse, and I remained, hoping to sell something, and looking over our stock, which indeed was getting lamentably low, till Annie M'Causelan stepped in to ask if Marion could lend her a pair of knitting wires.

I have spoken of the great friendship there was between Annie and my sister, as well as the many civilities Mrs M'Causelan and her niece had shown us, so it was no more than might be expected of a well brought up lad for me to invite Annie in, as her nose was blue with the frost, brighten up the fire, and set a chair for her before it, all the while keeping the door between our room and the shop wide open, and the candle conveniently burning on the counter. Annie and I had much to talk of in those days, and it was not often we got such an opportunity. Her father lived in the heart of Fife, with a small farm and a large family. Her mother was long dead; on which account, Mrs M'Causelan had taken her to help in the tavern, and look out for better service, when she was fit for it. My earnings were more than wanted at home, and we had little prospect of a wedding then; but I told Annie all my troubles; and she took occasion to remind me, that the ill-guided man of whom I spoke so hastily was, after all, my father, and must not want while we had anything. So we talked, young as we were, for Annie was a serious, sensible girl, with something uncommon fine in her appearance, though John, in his scoffing manner, used to say that her hand was far redder than her cheek; but my Annie's hands were addened with honest work, and she has still the heart of a gentlewoman. Well, we reasoned long, for I was vexed and contrary; but, seeing that the candle wanted snuffing, I made a long arm, not to miss a word of Annie's argument, and snuffed it with my fingers, flinging the snuff away without the least recollection that my mother had piled a

heap of old paper, and all sorts of leavings, in the nearest corner. Annie brought me to her opinion at last, that it would be wise to consult with my mother, and see if we couldn't commit what little help we had to give him to Mrs Howdison's management; then, remembering that it was growing late, and her aunt might want her, the girl drew her cloak tighter round her, and said she would come for the wires some evening next week. There was no appearance of customers, and I moved out, talking with Annie, some way along the street, but still keeping my eye to the shop. However, as our parting words grew earnest, it is my belief that the shop passed altogether from my mind, till we were both startled by a shout of fire from a passing watchman at the very door, and, rushing back, I found it all in a blaze. That woful snuff had fallen into my mother's gatherings, which must have burned below for some time before it burst out, for, when I saw it, the flames were climbing from shelf to shelf, and the floor, at that side, was in one bonfire. There was a crowding from closes, and stairs, and flats, as the cry of fire passed among them, and terrible news it was for the old houses of Bristo Street. Everybody called for the fire-engines, and said their place was in danger; but, above all their voices, I could hear my mother crying, that her bairn would be burned, meaning me, for, in my desperation, I dashed in to save our goods and chattels, and, having first secured the empty letter-bag, as became a servant of Government, I was just then dragging for the dear life at a certain cupboard containing the most of our valuables, utterly forgetful that it was nailed to the wooden partition, which divided our best room from the shop, and was already crackling on the other side. What might have been the consequences of that forgetfulness, is now more than I can say, but my mother, who had followed, now caught me round the waist, with a cry of, "Willie, dear, let it burn—save yourself!" A tough job she had of it, poor woman, but she brought me clear off, just as, yielding to my last clutch, the burning partition, cupboard and all, fell in, filling the room with fire, which, in less than five minutes, had seized on all the wood-work on the premises.

I remember nothing after that, but a horrid conviction that our property was perishing, that old Boyd would be upon us for rent and damages, and that it was all my doing, on which I set off at full speed, as I will always believe, to summon the fire-engines, though everybody but Annie insisted that they arrived on the spot the same moment that I knocked down old Boyd, passing right over him in my flight, and that John's master caught me running straight to the Frith of Forth, with the letter-bag about my neck, to drown myself, which story, as I cannot fully disprove, I will not dwell upon further, except that Tibby Thomson used to remark, "It was ower feelin' like to be true, of either man or lad;" but she gave us all shelter in her room that night, for, by the mercy of Providence, the fire was overcome within two hours, and the engines went their way, leaving my mother's house at least a foot deep with burned remnants and water, and every stick of furniture and fixture destroyed.

THE PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN.

THE country is now at its wit's end as regards the anti-papal measure of Lord John Russell; but its fate is not easily predicted, for thirty Irish members have bound themselves in writing to become literally "bonds-men," to use all "constitutional" means to arrest its progress in the House of Commons. In carrying out this resolve, there may be a death or two on the floor, for the tactics to be pursued involve a contest in which physical endurance enters as an essential element.

A good deal that is curious is mixed up with the threatened struggle. It means this, that the rules of discussion laid down for the right management of public business shall be converted to a purpose for which they were never intended—the unfair obstruction of a bill by a minority. That is a stratagem, however, which all parties in the House have fallen back upon, more or less, when a purpose was to be served; so the *tu quoque* taunt will not be altogether in abeyance. It was Mr O'Connell who first alarmed the Commons by the threat of dying on the floor, rather than a bill then in progress for the renewal of the Irish Bank Charter should pass in a particular shape. He succeeded in his object, and this is the only instance in which success attended so daring a step. Mr Hume, Mr Roebuck, Mr Bright, and a number of other members who held strong opinions against the bill under which the bishopric of Manchester was formed, adopted the "obstructive" policy too, and succeeded to some extent in compelling modifications; but they abandoned the tactics and the House too, Mr Hume and his adherents leaving, upon the occasion of a vote being called for, their seats in succession, amidst what they must have deemed the unseemly mirth of their opponents. Mr Hume, not long after, took occasion to express his regret at having adopted that course: his conscience had chid him for deserting his duty, and he promised never to do the like again. Whatever Mr Hume's practice may have been, his recorded opinion is, that no minority can, or ought to succeed in "working" the rules of discussion so as to thwart the will of the majority. But how stands the *tu quoque* argument with that "constitutional" and exemplary party which has Mr Disraeli at its head, and Mr Newdegate at its rear? Why, last session they obstructed for a whole evening the progress of the bill for increasing the number of voters in Ireland, under the plea that ministers were proceeding too hastily, the truth being, that a movement was then going on in the Lords which promised to overthrow ministers, and it would not have been quite convenient for the Protectionists to have gone to Ireland with a greatly enlarged roll of electors staring them in the face.

There are two modes by which the work of obstruction may be carried on; and it is important to look at the thing, for if the Irish members adhere to their determination, the whole business of Parliament may be stopped, and it is possible that an important change in the mode of conducting business, so as to avoid such stoppages, may be the result. One mode is to speak "against time," the other is to move "adjournment".

after "adjournment." Both of these means have already been resorted to, but particular notice of the effects will occur more appropriately in the course of our reference to some of the more notable incidents which have occurred since Parliament commenced its sittings.

Both Houses present an unusually gay appearance on the opening night. Everything looks fresh; members pay some attention to their dress; and it is the custom for the movers and seconders of the Address in the respective houses to appear in some description of costume. In the Lords, there is plenty of choice as regards decoration, for almost every member of the peerage is either a military man, or connected with the lieutenancy of his county. In the Commons, there are military men in abundance; but there are men eligible for moving or seconding the Address, not much favoured as regards official status, and who have difficulty in filling up as many particulars about parentage, education, marriage, and pursuit, as suffice to give them a decent place in "Dodds's Parliamentary Companion." What are they to do? There is the court suit, and an excellent substitute it is for the splendours of the scarlet.

The Marquis of Kildare, the heir apparent to the Dukedom of Leinster, moved the Address in the Commons. He appeared in the array of a Deputy-Lieutenant. Another gentleman, also in a red coat and golden epaulets, was seen advancing towards the ministerial side of the House. Who could he be? Why, it's Mr Peto, the great builder. We hardly knew him in his transformed state. He appeared as a Deputy-Lieutenant; and, to the uninitiated in military swagger, he might have passed for a great military hero, instead of an active mason, and a leading member among the Dissenters of England. Well, the speaking commenced; but the poor marquis, red coat and all, could scarcely get on. He became nervous; and, although sustaining cheers filled up the pauses, a painful apprehension was felt that, as a speaker, he was a doomed man. Time and cheers, however, did their work; the marquis brought matters to something like a close. Mr Peto followed; and the commoner at the first stride outdistanced the peer. Mr Peto is at all times a ready speaker; but on this occasion he had prepared himself for a great effort. Some hostile newspapers have been making merry at the fact that he actually read what he had to say, and that he sent up copies of his speech to the reporters' gallery. Suppose he did, where is the harm? Sir William Molesworth does the same thing; and, as that worthy baronet generally speaks a pamphlet, he knows it is good policy to keep on good terms with the reporters by saving them the trouble of extending their notes.

The passage in the Queen's Speech which referred to the papal invasion was so framed as to disarm opposition. "It will be for you to consider the measure which will be laid before you on this subject." Previous notice had been given by Mr Hayter, the Treasury Secretary, that Lord John Russell would ask leave to introduce the anti-Papal Bill on the following Friday, so there was no alternative but to nurse expectation till that eventful evening. After Mr Peto sat down, Mr Roebuck enlivened the debate by his invectives against Lord John Russell and the Whigs; but, as the evening wore on, the speaking lost all interest and the impression was that the proceedings would be brought to a premature close about 10 o'clock. It so happened, however, that a remark

by Mr Bankes, about a fixed duty on corn, brought Lord John Russell to the table, and that involved a speech from Mr Disraeli. So the House rose shortly after midnight; something like spirit having been infused into the later hours, by the displays of the Premier and his vigilant antagonist.

Friday came. The house was full; Lord John Russell moved for leave to introduce his bill. In breathless expectation, members hung upon his lordship's sentences, as he poured them forth for nearly two hours. A feeling of disappointment was palpably exhibited at the close. Members looked at each other; some of the least orderly slyly touched their noses to each other; and in a second or two the House was shorn of its goodly attendance. Mr Roebuck was once more in his element, treated with scorn the *ridiculus mus*, and declared that it was too puny to call for hunting down. This was the strain generally adopted throughout the evening, and an adjournment took place with ministerial consent. On Monday the speaking was resumed; but a proposal to adjourn the second time was resisted and confirmed by a vote of 364 to 59. Lord John Russell was satisfied with that expression of opinion, and consented to the adjournment. On Wednesday the discussion was resumed; Irish members knew their advantage—the house cannot sit beyond 6 o'clock, so if they could contrive to speak a moment over six o'clock, the speaker must adjourn the House. To work they went. At half-past 5 o'clock, Lord John Russell, snatching an opportunity, spoke till within five minutes to 6 o'clock, leaving sufficient time to go to a division. Mr Fagan, however, started up and moved the adjournment of the debate. Mr Lawless followed him, expatiating on the great merits of a speech which had been delivered by Mr Keogh, the member for Athlone, and imploring the House to allow that masterly effort to appear in print before coming to a decision. Mr Lawless succeeded. Six o'clock came, and the House was adjourned. This was a double advantage, for not only was there the delay of another day, but members were obliged to separate, without a day being fixed for the resumption of the debate. This *contretemps* is often fatal to the efforts of an individual member, but ministers have an allotment of days for their own use. Lord John Russell saw his advantage, and resolved to turn it to account. That was the "Budget." Intimation was given that the financial statement, which was fixed for the Monday, would not be brought on unless the point as to the introduction of the anti-Papal Bill was decided. The Irish members were not likely to be much influenced by the Budget; but Mr Hume, Mr Milner Gibson, Mr Bright, and others of the financial reformers, had strong longings after Sir Charles Wood's revelations; and the opinion was that they would exert their influence with the more resolute of the Irish members to allow the discussion to terminate on Friday, the day fixed by Lord John Russell for the fourth debate. The talk did close about midnight; and the bill was allowed to be introduced by 395 to 63—long odds against which to struggle.

The successful introduction of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, as it is called, was followed by a discussion and a division of very different import. On Friday evening, the adjourned discussion of Mr Disraeli's motion, calling upon ministers to take steps for relieving the distress of the agriculturists, was entered upon. It was remarkable for a speech

from Sir James Graham, who proclaimed his continued adherence to the policy of 1846, and warned the Commons, in solemn accents, against risking the peace of the country by reversing that policy. The division list showed that Sir James's eloquence and warning had produced little effect, for a ministerial defeat was only averted by a majority of 14. Last year, the corresponding motion exhibited a majority of 21. The falling off on Friday is clearly attributable to five or six of the Irish members having voted against their principles, to be revenged of ministers for the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. It is curious enough that ministers calculated upon a majority of 14; and the circumstance testifies to the minute knowledge which the government officials must possess of the leaning and intentions of individual members.

On the Monday after (the 17th February), Sir Charles Wood made his financial statement, or, as is commonly said, "produced his Budget." The financial year does not close till April; but the statement was made thus early, it being necessary that the question of the renewal of the income-tax should be decided with as little delay as possible.

The Budget night is one of the great nights of the session. The newspapers make special arrangements for it, "putting on" some of their best men, to report the finance minister, and shortening the "turns"—that is to say, the time allotted to each for taking notes. Sir Charles Wood possesses a good many singularities. In person, he is tall and spare, with somewhat of a "gawky" look; and, as he moves up the floor towards his seat, with his knees almost smiting each other, and with a long, narrow, red box dangling from his middle finger, persons of lively imagination might conceive him to be the member of an orchestra, about to do wonders on the miniature fiddle which lies concealed in the case. Sir Charles is a ready, but not a distinct speaker. Many parts of his sentences are not heard; and in stating figures, he is apt to give the wrong ones first, and the act of correction tends to render him quite a puzzle to those whose duty it is to note what he says. He is, undoubtedly, an able man; and his goodness of temper is a conspicuous characteristic. We never saw him ruffled. We have seen Lord John Russell in a heat, and Sir George Grey is occasionally so excited as to cause a husk in his throat, but Sir Charles Wood remains undisturbed. Some way or other, Colonel Sibthorp—one of the strangest and most amusing men that any country-side can produce—counts kindred with Sir Charles; and the colonel, in the midst of his denunciations of the backslidings of a good-for-nothing—"yes, sir, I repeat it, a good-for-nothing, weak, and profligate ministry," never fails to excite a laugh, by his taking care to include "my right honourable relative."

On the Budget night, Sir Charles Wood rose at five o'clock, and spoke for two hours and a half. There was a numerous attendance of members; the floor and galleries were well filled. Sir Charles took care to bring the rhetorical device into play of keeping his hearers in suspense, till the latest moment; and the intense interest with which his statement was "watched," was well shown in the undisturbed silence which prevailed from beginning to end. He stated his intentions one by one; and as each terminated, there was that kind of sensation and pause which occur when a popular preacher brings a "firstly," or a "secondly," or a "thirdly" to a close.

Calculating on a surplus, Sir Charles proposes to abolish the window-duty, substituting on existing houses a duty equal to two-thirds of what is now paid for window-tax; and on houses erecting, or shall be erected, a duty of 1s. in the pound on the annual value. The duty on foreign and colonial coffee is to be equalised and fixed at 3d. per pound weight, and the duty on foreign chicory is also to be 3d., so as to diminish the temptation to adulterate coffee with indigestible substances. The duty on timber used in shipbuilding is to be reduced one-half; the duty on foreign seeds is to be abolished; and an allowance of £150,000 is to be made from the consolidated fund towards the expense of maintaining pauper lunatics.

Something by way of a wind-up is now called for. Persons who have been connected with the London press for many years say, that they do not remember a session in which so much speaking occurred in the first three weeks, as during the present. From elaborate and ingeniously compiled statistics, which have appeared in the "Morning Post," it appears that during the debate on the Address, the four discussions which took place on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, the two devoted to Mr Disraeli's motion on the subject of land burdens, and the discussion on the first night of the Budget, an amount of speaking sufficient to fill 130 newspaper columns, equal to those of the daily journals, must have been uttered. Of this vast amount of talk, the readers of the PALLADIUM may be able to form a distinct conception, when they are told that 130 newspaper columns are about equal to 780 pages of this magazine, and these, again, are equal to $9\frac{1}{2}$ numbers. Mr Disraeli himself spoke as much as filled seven columns of the "Morning Post," a space equal to 42 pages of the PALLADIUM.

Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is running the gauntlet of opinion. It meets with favour nowhere. Those who support it do so, not because they deem it sufficient for the crisis, but because nothing better is offered. Lawyers assert that it will be altogether inoperative in Ireland; and the opinion has also been started that, as drawn up, the "prohibition" and "penalties" will extend to the dignitaries of the Episcopal Church in Scotland.

The Protectionists are in high spirits at the result of Mr Disraeli's motion; but there is a worm at work there too. The country gentlemen detest Mr Disraeli; and yet they cannot do without him. They view him in the light of a political adventurer; and his Jewish origin, Jewish likings, and Jewish appearance, divest him of all personal attractions in their eyes. Lord Stanley, a nobleman remarkable for ~~his~~ ^{his} neutrality, is said to feel uneasy at the idea of having Mr Disraeli for a colleague. Upon this point, something symptomatic occurred in the House of Lords on the evening immediately following the Budget night. Lord Hardwicke brought on the question of agricultural distress; and, in the course of the discussion, Lord Granville, one of the members of the government, called upon Lord Stanley to state whether he approved of the policy indicated by Mr Disraeli or not. Lord Stanley kept his seat. Earl Fitzwilliam, adopting a coaxing mood, solicited a similar favour. Lord Stanley, however, would not dance to the earl's pipe; he stuck to his seat; and the Lords rose without anything in the shape of a manifesto appearing from the future Protectionist Premier.

Mr Herries, the member for Stanford, is the gentleman who possesses the confidence of the country party; but unfortunately he is somewhat old; and although he speaks fluently enough, still not one-half of what he says is heard in the reporters' gallery. His whole career has tended to make *l'am au fait* at figures; but his oratorical deficiency is a drawback which tells sadly against his efficiency, as the head of the party. Mr Disraeli, on the other hand, is a speaker without rival in the House of Commons. Mr Cobden to our thinking comes nearest him. There is no hurry with Mr Disraeli. He goes on leisurely, almost slowly, but every word tells, and his antitheses are almost invariably of the happiest kind. Everything he touches, no matter how commonplace it may be, becomes at once invested with interest. There is also this peculiarity about him, that while most members, on the occasion of making a speech in which figures are to be founded upon, appear heavily laden with returns and blue books, Mr Disraeli's materials consist of a few crumbled up papers, which he lays carelessly before him.

Amongst the curiosities of the division lists is the fact, that neither this session nor the last did Mr Disraeli succeed in coaxing over a single representative of a Scotch borough to vote for his insidious attempts to restore protective duties. The following table exhibits in figures the elements of which the vote of Thursday, the 13th February, taken on the motion (Mr Disraeli's) that Ministers should bring in measures to relieve agricultural distress, was composed. The tellers are included:—

	For the motion.	Against it.	Absent.
England—County Members.....	107	33	14
Borough Members.....	102	192	44
Scotland—County Members.....	12	12	6
Borough Members.....	0	17	5
Ireland—County Members.....	30	17	17
Borough Members.....	18	12	10
	269	283	96

To this add the Speaker, 1, and vacant seats, 7, and the full number of 656 members is made up.

The minority of 63 who voted against the introduction of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill contains the names of only two Scotch Members—Mr Oswald, member for Ayrshire, and Mr John B. Smith, member for Dunfermline.

NOTE TO GREAT POEM-MYSTERIES, No. II.

WE have seen a note from Professor Blackie, published in the "Aberdeen Banner," contradicting the statement made by us in the January Number of the PALLADIUM, as to the development of Man from the brutes, which we charged him with hinting at in a note to "Prometheus Bound." Respecting and admiring the Professor as we have

always done, we are loath to enter on a controversy with him; but, to vindicate ourselves, we are forced to call the attention of our readers to the following remarks:—

1st, We ask what is the fair inference from such language of his as the following?—"Eschylus did not find it inconsistent with the loftiest views of human duty and destiny to adopt the then commonly received theory of a gradual development." Here the Professor asserts that the views of Eschylus were the loftiest—superior, therefore, or equal to those of Christians—and leaves us to draw the inference that a man may be a very good Christian while believing a theory which the Mosaic record and the spirit of the New Testament alike condemn. That the *imagination* of Eschylus was lofty is unquestionable; but that his *views*, like those of all Pagans, were in many important points detestably low and egregiously false, seems to most people, we suspect, quite as incontestable.

2dly, Professor Blackie finds and states *one* historical analogy in favour of the development theory. Does not this substantiate our assertion that his mind was as yet undecided on the point, but seemed, from the whole spirit and tenor of the note, *tending* in a wrong direction.

3dly, Professor Blackie declines either to bring forward his own view or to confute our "perverse sophistry;" and, till he do one of the two, we beg leave to retain our opinion, that the insertion of the note, on which we animadverted, was uncalled for; that its tendency is dangerous; and that it forms a blot of no little bulk on his otherwise admirable volume.

On the whole, we are sorry that a mind so impulsive, so spiritual, so honest—so exactly the reverse of that of the small, cleverish, and cold-blooded *howling* author of the "Vestiges"—as Professor Blackie's, should have condescended even to parley with a dogma so mean and so monstrous.

THE REVIEWER.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON BEING; suggested by Meditation upon the Infinite, the Immaterial, and the Eternal. By EDWARD SHIRLEY KENNEDY. London: Longmans.

This is a handsome octavo, devoted to the philosophical examination of the ideas of being, time, and eternity. It deserves, and will doubtless obtain, a place among existing treatises on these great abstractions. We are by no means prepared to indorse all the opinions of the author, nor have we space for a critical examination of his theory. Nevertheless we heartily recognise the care with which he appears to have examined the positions he defends, the obvious extent of his reading, the modesty with which he differs from certain philosophers who have gone

before him, and the propriety, and, in many instances, elegance of his style. Many of his positions are worth close examination. The question of the volume, however, is too profound for the multitude; those only who enjoy *otium cum dignitate* are likely to bestow upon it that examination to which it is entitled. To such we specially commend it, and thank Mr Kennedy for this fruit of his study.

MUNRO'S MANUAL OF LOGIC. Glasgow: M. Ogle & Son.

The author of this work says in his preface, that he has been induced to this undertaking "from its having appeared to him, when employed as a tutor in logic, that an elementary manual, more simple in its phraseology and more copious in illustrations and examples, than any of the treatises now in use, might tend, in some measure, to facilitate an earlier and easier acquaintance with the science than is at present attainable." The end contemplated seems to us to be gained. It should be observed, that Mr Munro adopts substantially the views of Sir W. Hamilton, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Edinburgh University.

THE DIVINE LAW OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS EXPLAINED. By the Rev. S. NOBLE. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

This goodly volume belongs to the school of Emanuel Swedenborg. With much of its contents, we have no quarrel; but, with its theory, we are at (we fear) irreconcilable variance.

GLIMMERINGS IN THE DARK; or, Lights and Shadows of the Olden Time.

By S. MERRYWEATHER. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

The "Lights and Shadows of the Olden Time" is a work that gives evidence of great research and geniality of soul on the part of the author. It is full of information on almost everything connected with the olden times:—monastic communities; news and locomotion (a most interesting chapter); witchcraft and magic, philosophy and magic; re-wards of literature; illustrations of literary character and life; felices; miracles and mesmerism; marriage ceremonies; the Bible; slavery in England; and a variety of other subjects. So thoroughly is Mr Merryweather (the name of the author is, in truth, an index to the book) acquainted with the entire subject, and so largely has he imbibed the spirit of the olden time, and so delightfully has he discoursed on these themes, that he has produced one of the most interesting volumes which can be placed in the hands of a lover of books in this reading season of the year.

EIDOLON, or the Course of the Soul; and other POEMS. By W. R. CASSELS. London: William Pickering.

"Eidolon" is the longest and most ambitious piece in this handsome volume. In it, the author tells us that he has "attempted to symbol

the course of a poet's mind from a state wherein thought is disordered, barren, and uncultivated, to that which is ordered and swayed by the true spirit of poetry, and holds its perfect creed." Opinion will very much differ on this point; and, for our parts, though we approve of much that the author says, yet we cannot entirely concur with him. Throughout the volume, there is a fine vein of poetry, mixed up, as of necessity, perhaps, it must be, with less refined and more prosaic material.

BENNETT'S POEMS. London: Chapman & Hall.

This, also, is a handsome volume, and contains a great variety of pieces, all short. Though the poetry is not of the highest kind, yet there is much that is truly natural, and therefore calculated both to interest and delight the reader.

THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF THE REV. R. SHIRRA. By Rev. J. B. JOHNSTON. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant & Sons.

The Memoir of the Rev. R. Shirra, late of Kirkcaldy in Fife, from the pen of the Rev. J. B. Johnston, at present minister there, is a piece of judicious, discriminating, and valuable writing; and the Remains of the subject of the memoir prove that he, in his day, was an able minister of the New Testament, and merited a tasteful and affectionate memorial, such as that which Mr Johnston has raised for him.

CHRISTMAS BERRIES FOR THE YOUNG AND GOOD. SILVER BLOSSOMS TO PRODUCE GOLDEN FRUIT FOR THE YOUNG AND GOOD. London: T. Dean & Son.

Two delightful books for the young, and done up in the most tasteful manner.

THOMSON'S SEASONS, WITH LIFE BY JOHNSON. By G. M. GIBSON, Rector of the Bathgate Academy. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

This is a very neat edition of the "Seasons," enriched by the "Life" by Johnson, and further enriched by an able dissertation on the tuition of the English language and literature by the editor, than whom few have a better right to speak on such a theme. This edition will be found a very convenient one for everyday use; and who should be without a copy of the "Seasons?"

DARA; or, THE MINSTREL PRINCE. An Indian Drama. By Major VETCH. Edinburgh: James Hogg.

We gladly welcome this graceful attempt by Major Vetch to bring home to English readers some of the striking scenes that marked the

close of the Mogul Empire. He brings to the task a vivid recollection of the faded magnificence of that strange empire; considerable power to mould his materials into dramatic form, and a keen sympathy with the hero of his tale—the chivalrous and poetic Prince Dara. We are introduced at once to the court of Shah Jehan, the Great Mogul, at the time when his notable son, Arunzebe, has assumed the dervish gown, the better to conceal his traitorous designs upon his father's crown. A contrast is powerfully drawn between the dark scheming of this prince, and the simple and somewhat Horatian life of his elder brother. The pomp of courts and the pride of place have no charms for Dara; but there bursts forth in him a noble spirit of filial love and loyalty on being informed of his brother's base designs. But let him speak for himself:—

“My praying brother! Ay, 'tis he alone
The brave have most to fear. But even he
Shall not disturb the present with alarm;
And if from dervish guise he should come forth
In rebel arms, these are the terms I'll name:
Touch not my father's crown; and as for mine—
If it is ever mine—there is my sword,
Confront me boldly in the battlefield,
And if you win it let it burn your brow.—
The empire that had chiefest charm for me
Was a beloved and loving woman's heart:
Such once was mine. Alas! that realm was lost,
When Madu from my love and vows was torn,
And given to Stambul's rajah by her sire.
Since then, without this empress by my side,
The throne of Ind appears a joyless seat,
Entrancing minstrelsy, like desert stream,
Still cheers my vacant soul; so to the hall,
With bosoms light as wand'ring minstrels wear,
And give to night its charms, the feast and song.
And oh! my friend, Seyd P'yzoo well avers,
'That poets are the true philosophers.'
The Sage, 'neath far Induction's glimmering ray,
Slow through the wilds of error gropes his way—
Struggles the mystic mind by rules to scan,
And guide to happiness his pupil, man;
Deducing dim, through metaphysic haze,
What most deserves our practice and our praise.
Not so the Bard—to light his path is given
A radiant ray that shines direct from heaven;
And when it falls with influence divine
Where virtue holds in poet's breast her shrine,
He sees at once the halo-rays invest
All that for man is fittest, loveliest, best;
Each moral claim, to him intensely bright,
Shows what is pure in thought, in conduct right
(While vice, confounded by the dazzling beam,
Flies hooted to the night with owl-scream);
Then truth goes forth unfalt'ring to the throng,
In all the thrilling attribute of song.”

No blind follower of the prophet is Dara; he has a creed of his own, and does not fear to express it. It is midnight, and he is gazing alone

on, the silent meeting of the Ganges and Jumna, when his thoughts thus shape themselves:—

“How sweet, with soul exalted, thus to come
From rapturous music, and walk forth to gaze
On God’s majestic temple at this hour!—
‘They call me infidel; but witness Thou,
Within whose shrine I stand, entranced, adoring,
That I was never infidel to *Thee*,
Source of all glory, goodness, beauty, truth,
And melody—great Nature’s seraph-song,
Hymning hosanna through this bright creation,
And thrilling every heart that is attuned
Like mine, to vibrate with responsive chord.
Yes, I can shout, ‘There is no God but God—
Lo, God is great!’ but if our creed
Commands me to confess against my will
That persecuting Mah’met is thy prophet,
And his voluptuous Paradise thy heaven,
I disbelieve, and by my disbelief
Most honour thy perfections!—

Where could Night’s fane be seen in holier charms,
Than view’d from this high terrace? ‘Neath my feet
The monarch streams of India’s mighty realms,
Awful in silence, mingle all their floods,
Then, ocean-like, glide onwards through the plain;
Their wide expanse with moonlight silver’d o’er,
And set with all the stars that gild the sky,
Resplendent pavement of the glorious shrine.
The air that wafts rose-fragrance on its sigh
Is all too soft to ruffle Ganges’ breast;
The swift canoes are resting in their creeks,
And not an oar disturbs the water’s sleep;
And, save yon noiseless shallop gliding down
The silent Jumna, not a speck is seen
Upon the shining flow; and save the lyre
Of its own minstrel, seated at its stern,
No sound is heard throughout the solemn scene.
Oh! were I called on to portray in song
Thy genius, Poesy, I’d paint her thus,
Seated upon that fairy gliding car
With lyre in hand, and flying with the stream,
Unlisten’d to but by the silent stars
From the eternal shore, and ‘neath the light
Of yonder peri-moon, her crescent sailing
Through sapphire skies, at midnight’s mystic hour,
Far in the west, and stooping to her bower.”

The plot is well sustained—a youthful widow is gallantly rescued from the funeral pile, treason is discomfited, loyalty rewarded, and faithful lovers united, and thus

“The curtain cloud of Caledonia falls,
And shrouds the Asian plains and palace-halls.”

EDITORIAL ADDRESS.

THE publication of the PALLADIUM ceases with the present Number. The object which it sought to accomplish was a noble one; and we have steadily aimed at its realisation. That we have failed, we frankly admit; but failure brings no regret save this—that, for the present, we are not permitted to bear our part in preparing the way for a state of society more thoughtful, more spiritual, more loving, and more happy. It was well that we were privileged to make the attempt; many attempts will probably require to be made before success is awarded. Failure disappoints us; but disappointment is not associated with dishonour.

“’Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we’ll do more, Sempronius, we’ll deserve it.”

We have done our best; and we regret that it should have been found necessary to discontinue a Journal which the Press has all but unanimously pronounced well adapted to accomplish its professed object.

The causes of failure we may not dwell upon; but one, at least, should be named—SECTARIANISM. We took our stand on the principle of independence—entire freedom from party or sectarian influence. We knew that the course would be perilous; but, believing that we had some perception of the necessities of the times, and prompted by a strong sense of duty, we dared to make the venture. In entering the arena we were quite aware that we had to grapple with no common foe; and in the struggle the giant proved too powerful for the stripping. He will not always triumph; repeated attacks will weaken his power. May God speed his overthrow! We would not have purchased success by bowing the knee to the idol.

To the Authors who have so ably sustained the character of this Journal, from the first to the present number inclusive, we desire to publicly express our unfeigned thanks. They have done their duty; and the cordial feeling that has, with unbroken flow, existed between Contributors and Editor, is to us, as we resign our duties, a source of unmingled joy. The intercourse we have had with, and the sympathy and encouragement we have received from, many of the finest, the

purest, and the best cultivated minds of our country, have sustained us in the midst of numerous anxieties and arduous labours; and the remembrance of these shall be cherished by us so long as we are susceptible of gratitude, and capable of assisting in the onward march of Humanity.

To the "fit audience" who have honoured us with their approbation and support, we tender our cordial gratitude; and sincerely regret that they should be deprived of enjoyment or profit, which they may have anticipated from the future publications of this Journal. We assure them that the present step is not the result of fickleness or caprice, but the dictate of necessity. The means and the will were with us, but public support was withheld.

It is no small satisfaction to us, that, in bringing this Journal to a close, no individual—Publisher or Contributor—sustains the slightest pecuniary loss. Whatever the sacrifice may have been, it has been cheerfully made; and let the merit or demerit of the undertaking be what it may, the praise or the blame falls to ourselves. The gentlemen whose names have been associated with it as Publishers, it is right that the public should know, had no part whatever in the venture; and it is but due to them to say, that the failure of the effort is in no sense, and in no degree, to be attributed to them. They, too, have done their duty.

We take our leave, assuring our friends that, though disappointed, we are not discouraged; and though we have failed in this attempt we have no lack of faith in the progress of knowledge, and spirituality, and charity.

